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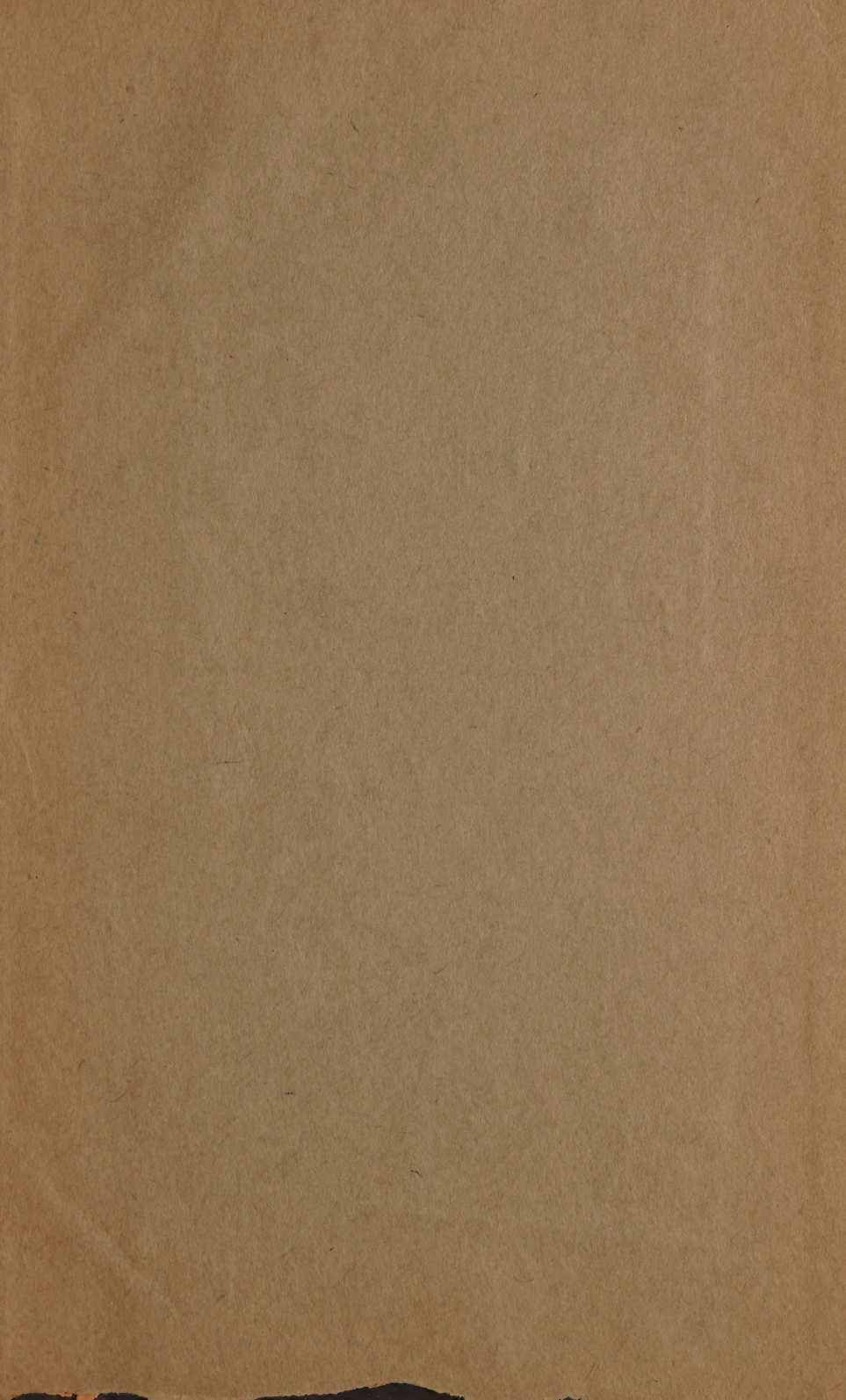
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ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LVII.—NUMBER 339

JANUARY, 1886

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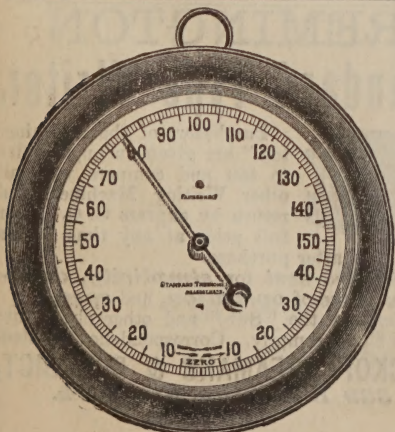
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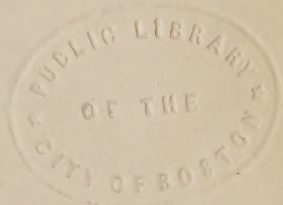
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ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LVII.



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1886

B. H.

386.001

Sept. 22, 1886

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RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LVII. — JANUARY, 1886. — No. CCCXXXIX.

IN THE CLOUDS.

I.

IN the semblance of the cumulus-cloud from which it takes its name, charged with the portent of the storm, the massive peak of Thunderhead towers preëminent among the summits of the Great Smoky Mountains, unique, impressive, most subtly significant.

What strange attraction of the earth laid hold on this vagrant cloud-form? What unexplained permanence of destiny solidified it and fixed it forever in the foundations of the range?

Kindred thunderheads of the air lift above the horizon, lure, loiter, lean on its shoulder with similitudes and contrasts. Then with all the buoyant liberties of cloudage they rise, — rise!

Alas! the earth clasps its knees; the mountains twine their arms about it; hoarded ores of specious values weigh it down. It cannot soar! Only the cumbrous image of an ethereal thing! Only the ineffective wish vainly fashioned like the winged aspiration!

It may have said naught of this to Ben Doaks, but it exerted strenuous fascinations on the sense alert to them. Always he turned his eyes toward Thunderhead, as he came and went among his cattle on the neighboring heights of Piomingo Bald, a few miles distant to the northeast. Often he left the herder's cabin in the woods below, and sat

for hours on a rock on the summit, smoking his pipe and idly watching the varying aspects of the great peak. Sometimes it was purple against the azure heavens; or gray and sharp of outline on faint green spaces of the sky; or misty, immaterial, beset with clouds, as if the clans had gathered to claim the changeling.

"Pears-like ter me ez I couldn't herd cattle along of a mo' low-sperited, say-nuthin' critter 'n ye be, Ben," his partner said one day, sauntering up the slope and joining him on the summit. "Ye jes' set up hyar on the bald an' gape at Thunderhead like ez ef ye war bereft. Now, down in the cove ye always air toler'ble good company, — nimble-tongued ez ennybody."

He thrust his cob-pipe into his mouth and pulled away silently at it, gazing at the smoke as it curled up with delicate sinuosity and transparently blue.

Ben Doaks did not reply at once. There was no need of haste on Piomingo Bald.

"Waal, I dunno but it air a sorter lonesome place, an' a-body don't feel much like talkin' no-ways," he drawled at last. "But ye 'll git used ter it, Mink," he added, in leisurely encouragement. "Ye 'll git used ter it, arter a while."

Mink looked down disconsolately at the vast array of mountains below him on every side. The nearest were all

tinged with a dusky purple, except for the occasional bare, garnet-colored stretches of the "fire-scalds," relics of the desolation when the woods were burned in the autumn; the varying tints were sublimated to blue in the distance; then through every charmed gradation of ethereal azure the ranges faded into the invisible spaces that we wot not of. There was something strangely overwhelming in the stupendous expanse of the landscape. It abashed the widest liberties of fancy. Somehow it disconcerted all past experience, all previous prejudice, all credence in other conditions of life. The fact was visibly presented to the eye that the world is made of mountains.

That finite quality of the mind, aptly expressing itself in mensuration, might find a certain relief in taking note of the curious "bald" itself, — seeming some seventy or eighty bare acres on the summit. Wild grass grows upon its gradual slope; clumps of huckleberry bushes appear here and there; occasional ledges of rock crop out. A hardy flower will turn a smiling face responsive to the measured patronage of the chilly sunshine in this rare air. The solemnity of the silence is broken only by the tinkling of cow-bells, faint, far, from the herds of cattle among the woods lower down on the mountain side.

"I never kin git used ter it," said Mink, desperately. "I never kin git used ter hevin' sech dumbness about me, an' seein' the time go so slow. 'Pears ter me some fower or five hunderd year sence we eat bre'kfus, — an' I ain't hongry, nuther."

He was a tall, singularly lithe man of twenty four or five, clad in a suit of brown jeans. He wore his coat closely buttoned over his blue-checked cotton shirt, for the August days are chilly on Piomingo Bald. His broad-brimmed white wool hat was thrust back on his head, showing his tousled auburn hair

that hung down upon his collar, curling like a cavalier's. He had a keen, clear profile, a quickly glancing, restless dark eye, and his complexion was tanned to a rich tint that comported well with the out-door suggestions of his powder-horn and belt and shot-pouch, which he wore, although his rifle was at the cabin. He maintained the stolid gravity characteristic of the mountaineer, but there was a covert alertness about him, a certain sharpness of attention almost inimical, and slow and dawdling as he was he gave the impression of being endowed with many an agile unclassified mental faculty.

His eyes followed the flight of a bird soaring in great circles high above the "bald," sometimes balanced motionless in mid-air, — a pose of ineffable strength and buoyancy, — then majestically circling as before.

"That thar buzzard 'pears ter be a-lounkin' around in the sky, a-waitin' fur we-uns ter die," he said, lugubriously.

Doaks broke with an effort from his reverie, and turned his languid gaze on the malcontent herder.

"In the name o' heaven, Mink Lorey," he said solemnly, "what is it ye *do* like ter do?"

Despite the spark of irritation in his eye, he seemed colorless, especially as contrasted with his comrade. He had a shock of fair hair and a light brown beard; the complexion which is the complement of this type had freckled in its exposure to the sun instead of tanning, and added its original pallor to the negative effect. He had good features, inconsequent in their lack of any marked peculiarity except for the honest, candid look in the serious gray eye. He too wore a broad white wool hat and a suit of brown jeans.

Mink gazed at his companion with an expression of brightening interest. He found himself and his own idiosyncrasies, even when berated, more agreeable to contemplate than the mountains.

He did not reply, perhaps appreciating that no answer was expected.

"Ye don't like ter herd up hyar, an' the Lord knows I ain't keerin' ter hev ye. Ye hev gin me ez much trouble ez all the cattle an' thar owners besides. When ye wanted ter kem so bad, an' sorter go partners with me, I 'lowed ye'd be lively, an' a toler'ble good critter ter hev along. An' ye hev been ez lonesome an' ez onconsiderate an' ez ill-convenient ez a weanin' baby," he declared, rising to hyperbole. "What *do* ye like ter do?"

Once more Mink refrained from reply. He looked absently at an isolated drift of mist, gigantic of outline, reaching from the zenith to the depths of Piomingo Cove, and slowly passing down the valley between the Great Smoky and the sunflooded Chilhowee Mountain, obscuring for the moment the red clay banks of the Scolacutta River, whose current seems a mere silver thread twining in and out of the landscape.

"Look-a-hyar at the way ye go on," said Doaks, warming to the subject, for there are few exercises so entertaining as to preach with no sense of participation in sin. "Ye went ter work at that thar silver mine in North Car'lina, an' thar ye stayed sorter stiddy an' peaceful till ye seen yer chance. An' Pete Rood, he kem an' stayed too, an' he war sorter skeered o' the ways,—not bein' used ter minin.' An' then yer minkish tricks began. Fust, when that thar feller war let down inter the shaft an' ye hed a-holt o' the windlass, ye drapped a few clods o' dirt in on him, an' then a leetle gravel, an' then mo' dirt. Then he bellered that the shaft war cavin' in on him, an' plead an' prayed with ye ter wind him up quick. An' ye would'n't pull. An' when the t'other fellers run thar an' drewed that man out he war weak enough ter drap."

"I 'member!" cried Mink, with a burst of unregenerate laughter. "He

said, 'Lemme git out'n this spindlin' hell o' a well!'"

He sprang up, grotesquely imitating the gesture of exhaustion with which the man had stepped out of the bucket to firm ground.

"Waal, it mought hev turned out a heap wus," said Doaks, "kase they 'lowed down yander 'bout Big Injun Mounting, whar Rood hails from, ez he hev got some sort'n heart disease. An' a suddint skeer mought hev killed him."

"Shucks!" said Mink, incredulously. He looked disconcerted, however, and then sat down on the rock as before. Ben Doaks went on:—

"An' that war n't enough fur ye. When they hed Rood thar a-pumpin' out water, all by himself all night, nuthin' would do ye but ye must hide up thar in the Lost-Time mine in the dark o' the midnight an' the rain, an' explode a lot o' gunpowder, an' kem a-bustin' out at him from the mouth o' the tunnel, wropped in a sheet an' howlin' like a catamount. He run mighty nigh a mile."

"Waal," said Mink, in sturdy argument, "I ain't 'sponsible kase Peter Rood air toler'ble easy skeered."

"They never hired ye ter work thar no mo', bein' ez that war 'bout all the use ye put yerself ter in the silver mine in North Car'liny."

Despite the reproof, Doaks was looking kindly at him, for the wayward Mink had evidently endeared himself in some sort to the elder herder, who was weakly conscious of not regarding his enormities with the aversion they merited.

The young man's countenance fell. His mischief differed from that of his namesake in all the sequelæ of an accusing conscience. But stay! What do we know of the mink's midday meditations, his sober, *ex post facto* regrets?

"An' what do ye do then,—kase they turned ye off? Ye go thar of a

night, when nobody's at the windlass, an' ye busts it down an' flings the bucket an' rope an' all down the shaft."

Mink was embarrassed. "How d'ye know?" he retorted, with acrid futility. "How d'ye know 't war me?"

"Kase it air fairly kin ter yer actions, — know it by the family favor," said Doaks. "Ax ennybody ennywhar round the Big Smoky who did sech an' sech, an' they'd all say, Mink. Ye know the word they hev gin ye, 'Mink by name an' Mink by natur.'"

Lorey made no further feint of denial. He seemed a trifle out of countenance. He glanced over his shoulder at the rugged horizontal summit line of Chilhowee, rising high above the intervening mountains, and sharply imposed upon the mosaic of delicate tints known as the valley of East Tennessee, which stretches so far that, despite its sharp inequalities, it seems to have the level monotony of the sea till Walden's Ridge, the great outpost of the Cumberland Mountains, meets the concave sky.

Then, as his wandering attention returned to those sterner heights close at hand, the inexpressible gravity, the significant solemnity, which he could not apprehend, which baffled every instinct of his limited nature, smote upon him.

He broke out irritably: —

"What do ye jes' set thar a-jowin' at me fur, Ben, like a long-tongued woman, 'bout what I done an' what I hain't done, in this hyar lonesome place whar I hev been tolled ter by you-uns? I never begged ter be 'lowed ter herd along of ye, nohow. When I kem an' axed ye 'bout'n it, ye 'lowed ye'd be powerful glad. An' ye tole me, ez so many o' the farmers in the flat woods hed promised ter bunch thar cattle an' send 'em up ter ye fur the summer season, that ye war plumb skeered 'bout thar bein' too many fur one man ter kee fur, an' ye did n't see how ye'd git along 'thout a partner. An' ye 'lowed ye'd already rented Piomingo Bald

right reasonable, an' the owners o' the cattle would pay from seventy-five cents to a dollar a head; an' ye'd gin me a sheer ef I'd kem along an' help ye, — an' all sech ez that. An' I kem up in the spring, an' I hev been on this hyar durned pinnacle o' perdition ever sence. It 'minds me all the time o' that thar high mounting in the Bible whar the Tempter showed off all the kingdoms o' the yearth. What ails ye ter git arter me? I hain't tried no minkish tricks on you-uns."

"Ye hev, Mink. Yes, ye hev."

Mink looked bewildered for a moment. Then a shade of consciousness settled on his face. He lifted one foot over his knee and affected to examine the sole of his boot. The light zephyr was tossing his long, tangled locks, the sun shone through their filaments. No vanity was expressed in wearing them thus, — only some vague preference, some prosaic prejudice against shears. Their fineness and lustre did nothing to commend them, and they had been contemptuously called a "sandy bresh-heap." His bright eyes had a fringe of the same unique tint that softened their expression. He dropped his boot presently, and fixed his gaze upon a flitting yellow butterfly, lured by some unexplained fascination of fragrance to these skyey heights.

"Ye can't make out ez I stand in yer way, enny," he said at last, enigmatically.

Doaks's face flushed suddenly. "No, I ain't claimin' ez I hev enny chance. Ef I hed, an' ye war in my way," he continued, abruptly, with a sudden flare of spirit, "I'd choke the life out'n ye, an' fling yer wu'thless carcass ter the wolves. I'd crush yer skull with the heel o' my boot!"

He stood up for a moment; then turned suddenly, and sat down again. Mink looked at him curiously, with narrowing lids.

Doaks's hands were trembling. His

eyes were alert, alight. The blood was pulsing fast through his veins. So revived was he by the bare contemplation of the contingency that he seemed hardly recognizable as the honest, patient, taciturn comrade of Piomingo Bald.

"Waal," Mink said presently, "that war one reason I wanted ter herd along o' you-uns this year. I'lowed I'd make right smart money through the summer season, an' then me an' Lethe would git married nex' fall, mebbe. Lethe's folks air so pore an' shiftless, — an' I'd ez lief live along of a catamount as her mother, — an' so I'lowed we'd try ter git a leetle ahead an' set up for ourselves."

Doaks trembled with half-repressed excitement.

"Ye tole me ez ye an' she hed quar'led," he said. "Ye never dreamt o' sech a thing ez savin' fur a house an' sech till this minit. Ye ain't been ter see her sence ye hev been on the Big Smoky till ye fund out ez I went down thar wunst in a while, an' the old folks favored me."

"Waal," said Mink, hardily, "I know she'd make it up with me enny minit I axed her."

Doaks said nothing for a time. Then suddenly, "Waal, then, ef ye air layin' off ter marry Lethe Sayles, why n't ye quit hangin' round Elviry Crosby, an' tarryfyin' Peter Rood out'n his boots? They'd hev been married afore now, ef ye hed lef' 'em be."

"Why n't she quit hangin' round me, ye'd better say!" exclaimed Mink, with the flattered laugh of the lady-killer. "Laws-a-massy, I don't want ter interfere with nobody. Let the gals go 'long an' marry who they please, — an' leave me alone!"

His manner implied, *if they can!* And he laughed once more.

Doaks glanced at him impatiently, and then turned his eyes away upon the landscape. Fascinations invisible to the

casual gaze revealed themselves to him day by day. He had made discoveries. In some seeming indefiniteness of the horizon he found the added beauty of distant heights, as if, while he looked, the softened outline of blue peaks, given to the sight of no other creature, were sketched into the picture. Once it was a sudden elusive silver glinting, imperceptible to eyes less trained to the minutiae of these long distances, that told him the secret source of some stream, unexplored to its head-waters in a dark and bosky ravine. Sometimes he distinguished a stump which he had never seen before in a collection of dead trees, girdled long ago, and standing among the corn upon so high and steep a slope that the slant justified the descriptive gibe of the region, "fields hung up to dry." The sky, too, was his familiar; he noted the vague, silent shapes of the mist that came and went their unimagined ways. He watched the Olympian games of the clouds and the wind. He marked the lithe lengths of a meteor glance across the August heavens, like the elastic springing of a shining sword from its sheath. The moon looked to meet him, waiting at his tryst on the bald.

He had become peculiarly sensitive to the electric conditions of the atmosphere, and was forewarned of the terrible storms that are wont to break on the crest of the great mountain.

Often Mink appealed to him as he did now, imputing a certain responsibility.

"Enny thunder in that thar cloud?" he demanded, with the surly distrust which accompanies the query, "Does yer dog bite?"

"Naw; no thunder, nor rain nuther."

"I'm powerful glad ter hear it, kase I don't 'sociate with this hyar bald when thar's enny lightning around."

He had heard the many legends of "lightning balls" that are represented as ploughing the ground on Piomingo, and he spoke his fears with the frank-

ness of one possessed of unimpeachable courage.

"That's what makes me *despise* this hyar spot," he said, irritably. "Things 'pear so cur'ous. I feel like I hev accidentally stepped off'n the face o' the yearth. An' I hev ter go mighty nigh spang down ter the foot o' the mounting 'fore I feel like folks agin."

He glanced downward toward the first trees that asserted the right to growth about this strange and barren place. "Ye can't git used ter nuthin', nuther. Them cur'ous leetle woods air enough ter make a man 'low he hev the jim-jams ez a constancy. I dunno *what's* in 'em! My flesh creeps whenever I go through 'em. I always feel like ef I look *right quick* I'll see suthin' awful, — witches, or harnts, or — I dunno!"

He looked down again at them, quickly; but he was sure not quickly enough.

And the woods were of a strange aspect, chiefly of oaks with gnarled limbs, full-leaved, bulky of bole, but all uniformly stunted, not one reaching a height greater than fifteen feet. This characteristic gave a weird, unnatural effect to the long avenues beneath their low-spreading boughs. They encircled Piomingo Bald, and stretched along the summit of the range, unbroken save where other domes — Silar's Bald, Gregory's Bald, and Parsons' Bald — rose bare and gaunt against the sky.

"Ez ter witches an' harnts an' them, I ain't never seen none hyar on Piomingo Bald," said Doaks. "It ain't never hed the name o' sech, like Thunderhead."

Mink placed his elbows on his knees, and held his chin in his hand. His roving dark eyes were meditative now; some spell of the imagination lay bright in their depths.

"Hev *he* been viewed lately?" he asked.

"Who?" demanded Doaks, rousing himself.

"That thar Herder on Thunderhead," said Mink, lowering his voice. The fibrous mist, hovering about the summit of Thunderhead and stretching its long, fine lines almost over to Piomingo Bald, might in some mysterious telegraphy of the air transmit the matter.

"Not ez I knows on," said Doaks. "He ain't been viewed lately. But Joe Boyd, he's a-herdin' over thar now: I kem acrost him one day las' week, an' he 'lowed ez his cattle hed been actin' powerful strange. Joe 'lowed the cattle mus' hev viewed *him*, an' mebbe he war tryin' ter 'tice 'em off."

"Ef ye 'll b'lieve me," said Mink ruminatively, after a pause, "I never hearn tell o' that thar harnt of a herder on Thunderhead whilst I war in Eskaquia Cove, nor in Piomingo Cove nuther."

"Ye don't hear nuthin' in them out-o'-the-way places," said Doaks, with contempt. "But then, them other herders on Thunderhead don't hanker ter talk 'bout him, nowadays. It's powerful hard ter git a word out'n 'em 'bout it; they're mighty apt ter laff, an' 'low it mus' be somebody ridin' roun' from cross the line. But it'll make enny of 'em bleach ef ye ax 'em suddint ef all o' Joshua Nixon's bones war buried tergether."

The mists had spanned the abyss of the valley in a sheer, gossamer-like network, holding the sunbeams in a glittering entanglement. They elusively caressed the mountain summit, and hung about the two lounging figures of the herders, — a sort of ethereal eavesdropping of uncomfortable suggestions to Mink, — and slipped into the dwarfed woods, where they lurked spectrally.

"Waal, ef ye ax 'em ef Joshua Nixon's bones war all buried tergether they'll bleach," Doaks repeated. "See that thar sort'n gap yander?" he continued, pointing at a notch on the slope of Thunderhead. "They fund his bones thar under a tree streck by lightning.

They 'lowed that war the way he died. But the wolves an' the buzzards hed n't lef' enough ter make sure. They hed scattered his bones all up and down the slope. He hed herded over thar a good many year, an' some o' the t'other boys keered fur the cattle till the owners kem in the fall."

He recounted slowly. Time was no object on Piomingo Bald.

"Waal, nobody hearn nuthin' mo' 'bout'n it fur a right smart time, till one day the cattle war all fund, runned mighty nigh ter death, an' a-bellerin' an' a-cavortin' ez ef they war witched. An' one o' the herders, Ike Stern, kem in thar ter the cabin an' 'lowed he hed seen a lot o' strange cattle 'mongst theirn, an' a herder ridin' 'mongst 'em. 'T war misty, bein' a rainy spell, an' he lost the herder in the fog. Waal, they jes' 'lowed 't war some o' we-uns from Piomingo Bald, huntin' fur strays, or somebody fur 'cross the line. So they jes' went on fryin' thar meat, an' bakin' thar hoe-cake, an' settin' roun' the fire; but this hyar man kept on complainin' he could n't help seein' that thar herder. An' wunst in a while he'd hold his hand afore his eyes. An' one o' the old herders, — Rob Carrick 't war, — he jes' axed him what that herder looked like. An' Ike jes' sot out ter tell. An' the coffee war a-bilin', an' the meat a-sizzlin', an' Carrick war a-squattin' afore the fire a-listenin' an' a-turnin' the meat, till all of a sudden he lept up an' drapped his knife, yellin', 'My God! ye lyin' buzzard, don't ye set thar a-tellin' me ez Josh Nixon hev kem all the way from hell ter herd on Thunderhead! Don't ye do it! Don't ye do it!' An' Ike Stern, — he looked like he seen Death that minit; his eyes war like coals o' fire, an' he trembled all over, — he jes' said, 'I see I hev been visited by the devil, fur I hev been gin ter view a dead man, apin' the motions o' life.'"

Doaks pulled at his pipe for a few moments, his eyes still absently fixed

on the purple peak shimmering in the gauzy white mists and the yellow sunshine.

"I never shall furgit that night. Thar war fower men thar: two hed herded along o' Josh on Thunderhead, but Ike Stern had never seen him in life, an' me not at all. Waal, sir! the rain kem down on the roof, an' the wind war like the tromplin' o' a million o' herds o' wild cattle. We 'lowed we hed never hearn sech a plungin' o' the yellemints. The night war ez dark ez a wolf's mouth, 'cept when it lightened, an' then we could see we war wropped in the clouds. An' through all them crackin' peals them men talked 'bout that thar harnt o' a Herder on Thunderhead. Waal, nex' mornin' Stern jes' gin up his job, an' went down the mounting ter Piomingo Cove. An' he stayed thar, too. They 'lowed he done no work fur a year an' a day. His time war withered an' his mind seemed darkened."

"He 'pears ter hev toler'ble good sense now," said Mink, striving against credulity.

"Yes, he hev spryed up powerful."

"Waal," said Mink, constrained by the fascination of the supernatural, "I hev hearn ez Carrick seen the Herder, too."

"He did," replied Doaks. "Arter a while — a week, mebbe — Rob kem up ter me an' axed, 'Whar's them cattle a-bellerin'?' I listened, but I never hearn nuthin'. We hed missed some steers arter Ike hed seen the Herder, an' Rob war sorter 'feard they'd run down inter the cove. He jumped on a half-bruk clay-bank colt an' rid off, thinkin' the bellerin' mought be them. Waal, time passed. I hed nuthin' in partic'lar ter do: cattle war salted the day before. Time passed. I jes' sot thar. I 'lowed I'd wait till Rob kem back, then I'd go a-huntin'. Time passed. I 'lowed I'd furgit how ter talk ef I war n't herdin' along o' sech a sociable critter ez Rob, an' I wondered ef I war

by myself up on Thunderhead ef I'd hev ter talk ter myse'f a little. An' ez I sot thar in the fog — 't war September then, an' we war clouded ez a constancy — I said, jes' like a fool, out loud, suddint, 'Howdy, sir!' Waal, I never *did* know what I seen ez I looked up; mought hev been the mist, mought hev been the devil. I 'lowed I seen a man on a horse gallopin' off in the fog. Then I hearn a power o' jouncin' hoofs, an' hyar kem Rob's colt a-rearin' an' a-pawin', skeered ter death mighty nigh, with all the hide scraped off'n his knees, an' his shins barked bad. I seen he hed hed a fall; so I jumped up an' run down a leetle piece along the trail, an' thar war Rob lyin' on the groun', flunged over the colt's head ez neat an' nip! I run up ter him. I 'lowed he war hurt. He never answered a word I axed him. His eyes war stretched open bigger 'n enny eye I ever seen, an' he said, 'Ye hev viewed him too, Ben, I know it, fur ye've got the "harnt bleach." I know the reason now,' says Rob, 'ez he herds on Thunderhead, — kase his bones war n't all buried tergether, though we sarched nigh an' we sarched fur.'

"Did the Herder tell him that?" asked Mink, with a sudden accession of credulity.

"Naw, ye durned fool!" exclaimed Doaks, scandalized at the idea of this breach of spectral etiquette. "The Herder jes' passed him like the wind, an' the colt jes' reared and flung Rob over his head."

"Waal," said Mink sturdily, "I b'lieve 't war nuthin' but somebody from the Car'lina side, ridin' roun' an' tollin' off cattle."

"Mebbe," said Doaks, non-committally. "Ye can't prove nuthin' by me. All I know is, Carrick seen his face, an' he jes' fell in a sorter stupor fur a year an' a day. I hev hearn o' sech sperits ez can't kill ye, but jes' wither yer time, an' mebbe this hyar Herder on Thunderhead be one o' them."

Neither spoke for some moments. Both sat gazing fixedly at the massive mountain in the likeness of a cloud lowering aggressively over the mean altitudes of the range. What wrath of elements did it hold enchained? What bolts of heaven unhurled? What strange phenomena of being might lurk in those mystic vapors metamorphosed into the solidities of earth — this apostate cloud that asserted itself a mountain? The sky was clear about it now; the mists had all drifted over to Piomingo Bald, veiling the dwarfed forests.

Suddenly there was a vague shiver among them. Into the silence was projected the report of a rifle. The two men sprang to their feet, and looked at each other.

"Somebody a-huntin', I reckon," said Mink. He was beginning to laugh, a little shamefacedly.

"Listen!" said Doaks. "What 's that?"

The cattle were bellowing with fright in the stunted woods. The earth shook under their hoofs. A young bull came plunging out of the mists. He paused as he reached the bare slope, lifted his head, and looked back over his shoulder with great dilated eyes.

"What ails the cattle?" exclaimed Doaks, running down the slope. Mink hesitated for a moment, then followed.

The boles of the dwarfed trees stood shadowy here and there, growing still more indistinct further, and fading into the white opaque blankness of the vapor. So low were their summits that one could see the topmost boughs, despite the encompassing mist.

All the cattle were in the wildest excitement, snorting and bellowing, and, with lowered horns and tails in the air, they were making at full speed for the upper regions of the bald. Each, bursting out of the densities of the fog, separated from the others, seemed to give some individual expression of bovine rage. There might be heard, but not

seen, an infuriated animal hard by, tearing up the ground.

"Waal, I never 'sperienced the like in my life off 'n Thunderhead!" exclaimed Doaks.

Mink said nothing; he sprang aside to avoid the headlong rush of a brute that shot out of the mist and into it again with the swift unreality of an apparition.

Then he spoke suddenly. "Ye never said he rid with a rifle."

"Who?" asked Doaks, bewildered. He was in advance. He looked back over his shoulder. "Who?" he repeated.

"That thar Herder from Thunderhead," said Mink.

"Ye dough-faced idjit, — what d'ye mean?"

Mink pointed silently.

A few yards distant there was a rude barricade of felled trees, laid together after the zigzag manner of a rail fence. It was intended to prevent the cattle from running down a precipitous ravine which it overlooked. Close to it in the mist a cow was lying. There was no mistaking the attitude. The animal was dead. A carefully aimed rifle-ball had penetrated the eye, and buried itself in the brain.

II.

Doaks did not reply.

There was blood upon the ground. An awkward attempt had been made to cut the brute's throat, and, this failing, the rifle had been called into use. He walked up to the animal, and turned her head to look for the brass tag about her horns which would bear her owner's mark. She wore no tag, and her hide had never known the branding iron. His eye fell on a peculiar perforation in her ear.

"Mink," he exclaimed, with a note of anguish, "this hyar critter's *my cow*!"

Mink came up, his countenance adjusted to sympathy. He had little of the instinct of acquisition. He was almost incapable of any sentiment of that marvelous range of emotions which vibrate with such fineness of susceptibility to the alternations of gain and loss. He looked like an intelligent animal as he helped make sure of the herder's mark.

"Ye hed sech a few head o' stock o' yer own, ennyways," he observed, with a dolorous lack of tact.

"Oh, Lord A'mighty, none sca'cely," exclaimed Doaks, feeling very poor. "I dunno how in this worl' this hyar cow happened ter be singled out."

"Mebbe he hed a gredge agin ye, too, 'bout them bones, bein' ez ye herded on Thunderhead wunst," suggested Mink.

"What bones?" demanded Doaks, amazed.

"Why, his'n," said Mink, in a lowered voice.

"In the name o' reason, Mink, what air ye a-drivin' at?" cried Doaks, flustered and aghast.

"Why, the Herder, o' course. Him ez skeered the cattle on Thunderhead. I 'lowed mebbe he hed a gredge agin you-uns, too."

"How 'd he kem over hyar?" demanded Doaks, with scorn, as if the harnt of a Herder were limited to the locality of Thunderhead. "It's a deal mo' likely ter be some livin' man ez hev got a gredge agin ye fur yer minkish ways, an' seein' the critter hed no tag on, an' wan't branded nuther, killed her fur ye."

Mink drew a long breath. "Waal, I hope so, the Lord knows. I'd settle him." An essentially mundane courage was his, but a sturdy endowment as far as it went.

His imagination was of the pursuant order; it struck out no new trail, but, given a lead, it could follow with many an active expression of power. He accepted at once this suggestion, with a

confidence as complete as if he had never credited the grudge of a ghostly herder.

"An' I'll be bound I kin tell ye jes' who 't war," he said, stoutly, producing a corollary to the proposition he had adopted as his own. "'T war that thar pop-eyed fool Peter Rood. I reckon ye hev noticed, ef one o' them black-eyed, thick-set, big-headed men git made game of 'bout ennything, he'll pay ye back some mean way. Stiddier skeerin' me fur skeerin' him, he kems hyar an' shoots that cow."

He thrust one hand in his belt, and turned his bold bright glance on his partner. As he stood at his full height, lithe, vigorous, erect, a touch of freakishness in his eyes, decision expressed in his clear-cut features, a certain activity suggested even in his motionless pose, it might have seemed that the revenge of shooting the cow was the more hopeful project.

Doaks, a philosopher in some sort, and reflective, could discriminate as to motives.

"Rood never done it fur that by itself. I don't b'lieve he would hev done it jes' fur that. But the way ez ye hev been performin' sence 'bout Elviry Crosby air powerful aggervatin'. I hearn tell ez she hev turned Rood off, an' won't speak ter him, though the weddin' day hed been set! I reckon he felt like payin' ye back ennyhow it kem handy."

Doaks drew a plug of tobacco from his pocket, wrenched off a fragment with his strong teeth, and, talking indistinctly as he chewed, continued, the anxiety of forecast blunting the actual pain of experience.

"Ef he keeps this hyar up, Mink, — ef it's him, an' he kems roun' shootin' at cattle agin, — he mought git some o' the owners' stock nex' time, an' they mought hold me 'sponsible. I dunno whether they could or no. I 'low he war 'quainted with this cow, an' knowed her ter be yourn, an' never drempt ez ye hed

swopped her off ter me. I wisht ter Gawd the critter knew ye hed no cattle on the mounting, an' ain't 'sponsible ter the owners, ez ye never traded with them, but arter my contract war made ye jes' went shares with me."

He seated himself on the rude fence in an awkward attitude, his long legs dangling, and drew out a red bandana handkerchief with which he rubbed his corrugated brow as vigorously as if he could thus smooth out the pucker in his brain.

"Waal, waal! this mortal life!" he exclaimed, presently. "Satan won't leave ye in peace. Ye may go an' set yersef up on the bald of a mounting, herdin' 'mongst the dumb ones, an' the worl' an' the things o' this life will kem a-cropin' up on ye with a rifle, an' ye be 'bleeged ter turn 'roun' an' cornsider how ye kin keep what ye hev got an' how ye kin git mo'. I useter 'low ef I war a perfessin' member, *this worl'* would n't stick so in my craw; so I tuk cornsider'ble pains ter git religion, an' mighty nigh wore out the mourners' bench settin' on it so constant, till I war actually feared the Lord would be per-voked ter see me in the front row o' them convicted o' sin at *every* revival, and visit wrath on me. An' I never got religion at last; though I feel nigher ter it on Piomingo Bald than ennywhar else, till Rood, or somebody, starts up like they had a contract with Satan to be-devil me."

Mink listened with a sort of affectionate ruefulness. Then he broke forth, suddenly, "Mebbe I mought see Rood ef I war ter go down ter Piomingo Cove, whar the boys be goin' ter shoot fur beef this evenin'. An' I kin let him know I don't own no cattle up hyar, an' hain't got no trade with the owners, an' ain't 'sponsible ter nobody."

There was a sudden expression of alarm in Doaks's face. "Don't ye let Rood know we suspicioned him, kase he *mought* hev hed nuthin' ter do with it."

"Naw," said Mink, with a diplomatic nod, "I'll jes' tell that whilst I'm a-spreadin' the tale 'bout the cow."

There was a short silence. Doaks still sat, with a pondering aspect, on the fence.

"Rood mought take his gredge out on you-uns some other way, Mink," he suggested presently. He felt bound in conscience to present the contingency.

"I'm ekal ter him," said Mink hardily. In fact, Mink bore the most light-some spirit down the mountain, scarcely to be expected in a man who goes to invite a more personal direction of the machinations of a feud. He would have dared far more to secure a respite from the loneliness of Piomingo Bald, to say nothing of the opportunity of mingling in the festivity of shooting for beef. He had not even a qualm of regret for the solitary herder whom he left standing at the fence, gazing down at him a trifle wistfully. He was out of sight presently, but Doaks heard the mare's hoofs after he had disappeared, — the more distinctly, because of the animal's habit of striking her hind feet together.

The mists had lifted. It was a positive happiness to Mink to watch the forests expand, as he went down and down the rugged ways of the herder's trail. There were taller trees on every hand; great beds of ferns, their fronds matted together, began to appear; impenetrable jungles of the laurel stretched all along the deep ravines. Now and then a flash of crimson rejoiced the sight; from far gleamed the red cones of the cucumber tree; the trumpet-flower blossomed in the darkling places; he marked the lustre of the partridge-berry by the wayside.

The mellow black earth was moist from the recent rains, as the narrow, slippery path, curving between a sheer declivity on one side and an almost perpendicular ascent on the other, might testify. His mare traveled it in a devil-may-care fashion, snatching as she went

at leaves on the slope above, regardless that a false step would precipitate both herself and her rider into eternity. Noticing this breach of manners, Mink now and then gave a reckless jerk at the bit.

"Dad-burn ye! ye greasy buzzard! A body would 'low ye hed never hearn tell o' nuthin' ter eat afore in this worl'!"

Here it was only, above these depths, that he might see the sky, — afar off, as was meet that it should be: he, the earthling, had no kinship with its austere infinities. The growths of the forest were now of incredible magnitude and magnificence. Up and up towered the massive boles, with a canopy of leaves so dense that all the firmament was effaced, and the sunshine trickling through had a white, tempered glister like the moonbeams. What infinite stretches of solitudes! What measureless mountain wilds! In these solemn spaces Silence herself walked unshod.

Yet stay! A crystalline vibration, a tinkling tremor, a voice smiting the air, so delicately attuned to all sylvan rhythms, with an accent so fine, so faint, — surely, some oread a-singing!

Nay — only the mountain torrent, dashing its fantastic cascades down its rocky channel, with a louder burst of minstrelsy and a flash of foam as its glittering swirl of translucent water revealed itself, with the laurel and ferns crowding upon its banks and a cardinal flower reflected multifarious in a deep and shadowy pool. A mossy log spanned it as foot-bridge, and then it slipped away into the forest, to spring out suddenly and cross the road again and again before it reached the base of the mountain. Mink reckoned the distance by its reappearances, in default of other means.

"Ye be a-travelin' toler'ble smart this evenin'," he observed to the mare. "Ye be mighty nigh ez glad ter git off'n that thar buzzard's roost up yander ez I be, though I don't crack my heels tergether 'bout it like you-uns do yourn."

He did not follow the road into Eskaqua Cove when he reached the level ground. He struck off through one of the ridges that lie like a moulding about the base of the mountains, crossed another nameless barrier, then descended into Piomingo Cove. Sequestered, encompassed by the mountains, rugged of surface, veined with rock, its agricultural interest is hardly served by the conditions which enhance its picturesque aspect. The roofs of a few log cabins at long intervals peer out from among scanty orchards and fields. Tobacco flourishes down the sides of steep funnel-shaped depressions worked with the hoe instead of the plough, and suggesting acrobatic capacity as a co-requisite with industry to cultivate it. The woods make heavily into the cove, screening it from familiar knowledge of its hills and dales.

Mink, trotting along the red clay road, came suddenly upon the banks of the Scolacutta River, riotous with the late floods, fringed with the papaw and the ivy bush. Beyond its steely glint he could see the sun-flooded summit of Chilhowee, a bronze green, above the intermediate ranges: behind him was the Great Smoky, all unfamiliar viewed from an unaccustomed standpoint; massive, solemn, of dusky hue; white and amber clouds were slowly settling on the bald. There had been a shower among the mountains, and a great rainbow, showing now only green and rose and yellow, threw a splendid slant of translucent color on the purple slope. In such environment the little rickety wooden mill — with its dilapidated leaking race, with its motionless wheel moss-grown, with its tottering supports throbbing in the rush of the water which rose around them, with a loitering dozen or more mountaineers about the door — might seem a feeble expression of humanity. To Mink the scene was the acme of excitement and interest. His blood was quickening as he galloped up,

his hair tossing under the wide brim of his hat, his stirrup-leathers adjusted to the full length of his leg according to the custom of the country, his rifle laid across the pommel of his saddle.

"Enny chance lef' fur me?" he asked, as he reined in among the loungers.

This observation was received in some sort as a salutation.

"Hy're, Mink," said several voices at once. Other men merely glanced up, their eyes expressing languid interest.

"Ye don't want ter shoot, Mink," said one, with a jocose manner. "Ye knowed all the chances would be sold by now. Ye hev jes' kem 'kase ye hearn old Tobias Winkeye air out agin."

Mink's dark eyes seemed afire with some restless leaping light. His infectious laughter rang out. "Never s'picioned it, — so help me, Jiminy! When?"

"Ter-night. Ye keep powerful low," with a cautionary wink.

"I reckon so," promised Mink cordially.

A sullen remonstrance broke into these amenities.

"Waal, Jer'miah Price, I dunno ez ye hev enny call ter let all that out ter Mink Lorey."

Pete Rood, who delivered this reproof, was not an ill-looking fellow naturally, but his black eyes wore a lowering, disaffected expression. His swarthy square-jawed face indicated a temperament which might be difficult to excite to any keen emotion, and was incapable of nice discrimination; but which promised, when once aroused, great tenacity of purpose. He wore a suit of gray jeans, loosely fitting, giving his heavy figure additional breadth. He carried his hands in his pockets, and lounged about, throwing an occasional word over his shoulder with a jerky incidental manner.

"Why not tell Mink?" exclaimed

Jerry Price, a long, lank fellow, far too tall and slim for symmetry, and whose knees had a sort of premonitory crook in them, as if he were about to shut up, after the manner of a clasp-knife, into comfortable and convenient portability. His head was frankly red. His freckles stood out plainly for all they were worth; and, regarded as freckles, they were of striking value. A ragged red beard hung down on his unbleached cotton shirt. Physically, he had not a trait to commend him; but a certain subtle magnetism, that inborn fitness as a leader of men, hung upon his gestures, vibrated in his words, constrained acquiescence in his rude logic.

"Ain't Mink always been along of we-uns?"

Mink dismounted slowly and hitched his mare to the limb of a dogwood tree hard by. Then, leaning upon his rifle, he drawled, "'Pears like everybody's gittin' sot agin me these days. I dunno who 't war, but this very mornin' somebody kem up on Piomingo Bald an' shot a cow ez used ter b'long ter me."

He raised his eyes suddenly. Rood had lounged off a few steps with an idle gait, swaying from side to side, his hands still in his pockets. But there was tenseness in the pose of his half-turned head. He was listening.

"Hed ye done traded her off?" asked Price, interested. "Gimme a chaw o' terbacco."

"Ain't got none. Pete, can't ye gin this hyar destitute cuss a chaw o' terbacco?"

Rood could not choose but turn his face, while he slouchingly held out his plug. The crafty Mink scanned it, as he leaned his own sun-burned cheek upon the muzzle of the long rifle on which he lazily supported his weight.

"Naw, Jerry, 't war n't my cow. I can't keep nuthin' long enough ter lose it; I hed traded her off ter Ben Doaks." There was no mistaking the patent disappointment on Rood's face. One with

far less sharp intelligence than Mink possessed might have descried that hot look in his eyes, as if they burned, — that vacillating indirection which could fix on naught about him. The surprise of the moment deterred him from observing Mink, whose air of unconsciousness afterward afforded no ground for suspicion or fear.

Rood pocketed his plug, and presently slouched off toward the tree where the marksmen were preparing for the shooting-match.

Now and then there flitted to the door of the mill the figure of a stripping, all dusted with flour and meal, and with a torn white hat on his head. He wore ragged jeans trowsers of an indeterminate hue, and an unbleached cotton shirt. When the men were strolling about, he slunk into the duskiness within. But when they were all intent upon the projected trial of skill, he crept shyly to the door, and looked out with a singularly blank, inexpressive gaze.

"Hy're ye, Tad!" called out Mink gayly.

The young fellow stood for an instant staring; then, with a wide, foolish grin of recognition, disappeared among the shadows within.

"Let the idjit be, Mink," said the miller, querulously, — "let him be."

He was a man of sixty years, perhaps, and bending beneath their weight. His white beard was like a patriarch's, and his long hair hung down to meet it. He had a parchment-like skin, corrugated, and seeming darker for the contrast with his hair and beard. Beneath his bushy white eyebrows, restless, irritable eyes peered out. He was barefooted, as was the boy, and his poverty showed further in the patches on his brown jeans clothes.

"Naw, I won't," said Mink irreverently. "I want ter see what Tad does when he skeets off an' hides that-a-way."

He pressed into the mill, and the old

man looked after him and cursed him in his beard. He swore with every breath he drew.

"Go on, ye dad-burned fool — go on ter damnation! Ever sence that thar sneakin' Mink hev been roun' hyar," he continued, addressing Price, "Tad'pears weaker 'n ever. I can't 'bide ter keep Tad in the house. He gits inter one o' his r-uproarious takin's, an' it looks like hell could n't hold him, — skeers the chill'n mighty nigh ter death. Yes, sir! my gran'chil'n. Daddy war shot by the revenueurs, mammy died o' the lung complaint, an' the old man 's got 'em all ter take keer of — ten o' 'em. An' my nevy Tad, too, ez war born lackin'. An' ev'y one of 'em 's got a stommick like a rat-hole — ye can't fill it up. Yes, sir! The Lord somehow hev got his hand out in takin' keer o' me an' mine, an' he can't git it in agin."

"Waal, they helps ye mightily, plow-in' an' sech, don't they, — the biggest ones; an' one o' the gals kin cook, that thar spry one, 'bout fifteen year old; I'm a-goin' ter wait fur her, — beats all the grown ones in the cove fur looks," said the specious Jerry Price. "An' they air all mighty good chill'n, ain't they? Oughter be. Good stock."

"Naw, sir; naw, sir!" the old man replied, so precipitately that his iterative mutter had the effect of interruption. "Durnes' meanes' chill'n I ever see. Ripenin' fur hell! Scandalous mean chill'n."

"I reckon so," said Rood suddenly. "Thar goes one o' 'em now." He pointed to a scapegrace three feet high, clad in a suit of cotton check of light blue. His trousers reached to his shoulder blades, and were sustained by a single suspender. A ragged old black hat was perched on the back of his tow head. He had the clothes-line tied to the hind leg of a pig which he was driving. He seemed to be in high feather, and apparently felt scant lack of a more spirited steed. In fact, the pig gave

ample occupation to his skill, coming to a halt sometimes and rooting about in an insouciant manner, reckless of control. When he was pushed and thumped and forced to take up the line of march, he would squeal dolorously and set out at a rate of speed hardly predicable of the porcine tribe. "Look how he 's a-actin' ter that thar pore peeg," added Rood.

Old Gus Griff fixed his dark eye upon him.

"Enny friend o' yourn?" he asked.

"Who?" demanded Rood, amazed.

"That thar peeg."

"Naw, o' course not."

"Then keep yer jaw off'n him. Who set ye up ter jedge o' the actions o' my gran'chile? That thar boy's name air 'Gustus Thomas Griff — fur me! An' I got nine mo' gran'chil'n jes' like him. An' ye lay yer rough tongue ter a word agin one o' 'em, an' old ez I be I'll stretch ye out flat on that thar groun' they air a-medjurin' ter shoot on. Ye greasy scandal-bit scamp yerse'f!"

Rood was fain to step back hastily, for the miller came blustering up with an evident bellicose intention. "Lord A'mighty, old man!" he exclaimed, "I never said nuthin' agin 'em, 'cept what ye say yerse'f. I would n't revile the orphan!"

"Jes' stop a-pityin' 'em, then, durn ye!" exclaimed the exacting old man. "They ain't no orphans sca'cely no-hows, with thar grandad an' sech alive."

"That 's what I knowed, Mr. Griff," said the bland Price, standing between them. "Pete 's jes' 'bidin' the time o' the fool-killer. Must be a powerful rank crap fur him somewhar, bein' ez Pete 's spared this long. That 's what I knowed an' always say 'bout them chill'n."

The old man, mollified for the instant, paused, his gnarled knotted hands shaking nervously, the tremor in his unseen lips sending a vague shiver down all the length of his silver beard. The excitement, painful to witness, was dying out

of his eager eyes, when a mad peal of laughter rang out from the recesses of the old mill.

"What be that thar blamed idjit a-doin' of now! him an' that thar minkish Mink!"

He turned and went hastily into the shadowy place. Bags of grain were scattered about. The hopper took up much room in the limited space; behind it the miller's nephew and Mink were sitting on the step of a rude platform. They had a half bushel measure inverted between them, and on it was drawn a geometric figure upon which were ranged grains of corn.

There was a pondering intentness on the idiot's wide face very nearly approaching a gleam of intelligence. Mink, incongruously patient and silent, awaited Tad's play; both were unaware of the old man, among the dusky shadows, peering at them from over the hopper. At last, Tad, with an appealing glance at Mink, and an uncertain hand, adjusted a grain of corn. He leaned forward eagerly, as Mink promptly played in turn. Then, fixing all the faculties of his beclouded mind upon the board, he finally perceived that the game had ended, and that his opponent was victor. Once more his harsh laughter echoed from the rafters. "Ye won it, Mink. Ye won the coon."

"I don't want yer coon," said Mink, good-naturedly. "Ye kin keep yer coon ter bet nex' time."

"Naw, ye kin hev the coon, Mink!" He caught at a string dangling from a beam. "Kem down hyar, ye idjit!" he cried, with a strange, thick-tongued enunciation. "Kem down hyar, ye fool!"

The old man suddenly made his way around the hopper and stood before them. Tad rose, with a startled face. Mink looked up composedly.

"Do you know what ye air a-doin' of, Mink Lorey?" asked the old man, sternly.

"L'arnin' Tad ter play 'five corn,'" said Mink, innocently. "He kin play right sorter peart fur a lackin' one. I dunno ez I b'lieve Tad's so powerful fursaken noways, ef ennybody would take the pains ter l'arn him. I b'lieves he'd show a right mind arter a while."

"An' thar ye sit, ez complacent ez a bull-frog — ye that the Lord hev favored with senses," cried the old man, "sech ez they be," he stipulated, making not too much of Mink's endowments, "a-usin' of 'em ter ruin a pore idjit boy," — Mink's eyes flashed surprise, — "a-l'arnin' him ter play a gamblin' game."

"Shucks! *five corn!*" cried Mink, accustomed to the iniquity of "playin' kyerds," and scorning to rate the puerile beguilements of "five corn" among the "gambling games" which he had mastered, — "what's *five corn!* Enny child kin play it — that thar coon could l'arn it ef he hed a mind ter it. I don't want the critter, Tad; I don't want it."

The old man's tongue had found its ready oaths. "A-fixin' on the idjit boy fur the prey o' Satan. A-l'arnin' him ter play a gamblin' game ter damn his soul. An' a-trickin' him out'n his coon."

"I never!" cried Mink, in hasty extenuation. "I jes' put up my rifle agin his coon ter make him think he war playin' sure enough! But I ain't a-goin' ter keep his coon, an' I don't want it, nuther!"

"I kin read the future," cried out the old man, suddenly, flinging up his hand and shading his peering eyes with it. "I kin view the scenes o' hell. I see ye, Mink Lorey, a-writhin' in the pits o' torment, with the flames a-wroppin' 'round ye, an' a-swallerin' melted iron an' a-smellin' sulphur an' brimstone. I see ye! Bless the Lord, — I see ye thar!"

"Naw, *ye don't!*" interpolated Mink, angrily.

The idiot had slunk to one side, and

was gazing at the two with a white, startled face, still mechanically jerking the string, at the end of which the reluctant coon tugged among the beams above.

"I see ye thar, — damned yerself fur tryin' ter damn the idjit's soul!"

"Ye'd better look arter yer own soul!" cried Mink, "an' quit l'arnin' the idjit ter cuss. He do it percisely like he git the word from ye, an' ye air a perfessin' member, what shouts at the camp-meetin', an' prays with 'the Power,' an' laffs with the 'holy laff'! Shucks! I hev hearn ye exhortin' them on the mourners' bench."

Once more the old man broke out angrily.

Mink interrupted. "Quit cussin' me! Quit it!" he cried. He wore a more badgered look than one would have believed possible, as the miller, with his hoary head and tremulous beard, pressed close upon him in the dark, narrow apartment, the idiot's white face — a sort of affrighted glare upon it — dimly visible beside him. "Quit it! I ain't a-goin' ter take nare nuther word off'n ye!"

"How ye goin' ter help it? Goin' ter hit a old man, — old enough ter be yer grandad, eh?" suggested the wary old creature, making capital of his infirmities.

"I'll bust yer mill down, ef ye don't lemme out'n it. Lemme out!" cried Mink, tumultuously, striving to push past.

Jerry Price's long, lank figure appeared in the doorway. It was not policy which animated him, for he had nothing at stake. With an inherent knowledge of human nature, some untutored instinctive capacity for manipulating its idiosyncrasies, he half consciously found a certain satisfaction in exercising his keen acumen on the men about him. It might have been employed more profitably in the fields of local politics, had the gift been adequate-

ly realized and valued. He was of an amiable, even of an admirable, temperament, and he devised the adjustment of many complications, in which open interference would avail naught, by subtly appealing to some predominant motive or sentiment with the accuracy with which a surgeon can touch a nerve.

"Look-a-hyar, Mink," he said, apparently unconscious of any signs of a quarrel, "ain't you-uns a-goin' ter shoot?"

Mink's angry aspect dropped like a husk.

"Waal, I can't, ye know," he said, in a voice eager with interest. "They 'lowed ter me ez they hed done made up the money an' bought the beef, an' all the chances are gone, — six fur a dollar, shillin' apiece."

"Waal, I bought eight chances. I'll let ye hev two on 'em, ef two 'll do ye."

"Jiminy Crack-corn an' I don't keer!" exclaimed Mink, doubling himself partly in a gesture of ecstasy, and partly to reach a silver coin that led a lonesome life in the depths of his long pocket. He handed it over, and slapped his leg with a sounding thwack. "I could shoot ye all off'n the ground, an' I kin git the fust an' second ch'ice in two cracks."

Rood, in the doorway behind Price, regarded the transaction with disapproval.

"I don't b'lieve it's 'cordin' ter rules, Jerry," he expostulated, "ter go roun' an' swap off yer chances arter ye paid fur 'em. I never seen it done afore, noways."

"Ye hold yer jaw!" said Price, imperious, though good-natured. "I hev shot fur beef 'fore ye war born!" — a diminutive marksman, were this statement to receive full credit, since he was but a year or two older than Rood.

Irregular though it may have been, there was no appeal from the self-authorized authority of Price, and his oft-

reiterated formula as to his experience before his interlocutor's birth had all the enlightened functions of precedent.

Rood said no more, appreciating the futility of remonstrance. He stood, surly enough, in the doorway, listening absently to the garrulous clamor of the old miller, who was telling again and again of Mink's iniquity in teaching Tad "five corn," and his threats against the mill.

"I dare ye ter lay a finger on the mill!" he cried. "I'll put ye in that thar hopper an' grind every ounce o' yer carcass ter minch meat."

Mink gave him no heed. He had joined the group of marksmen near the tree on which the targets were to be fixed. He was loading his gun, holding the ball in the palm of his hand, and pouring enough powder over it to barely cover it in a conical heap. He dextrously adjusted the "patching," and as he rammed down the charge he paused suddenly. From a little log cabin on a rise hard by, a delicate spiral wreath of smoke curled up over the orchard, and airily defined itself against the mountain. At the rail fence a girl of fifteen was standing; sunny-haired, blue-eyed, barefooted, and slatternly. The peaches were ripe in the weighted trees above her head; he heard the chanting bees among them. The pig was grunting luxuriously among their roots and the fallen over-ripe fruit; for his driver, 'Gustus Tom, and the elder boy Joseph had gone down to the mill for a closer view of the match; the children who had mounted the fence being deterred from accompanying them by feminine decorum. The dogs appertaining to the place had also gone down to the mill, and were conferring with the followers of the contestants in the match. One, however, a gaunt and gray old hound, who had half climbed the fence, hesitated, resting in transit on the topmost rail, a lean, eager curiosity on his grave, serious countenance, his neck stretched,

his head close to the pretty head of the little maiden.

"Howdy, sis!" called out the bold Mink, the ramrod arrested half-way in the barrel, his face shadowed by his broad-brimmed hat, his hair flaunting in the wind.

She gave a flattered smile, full of precocious coquetry.

"Sick him, Bose!" she exclaimed to the faithful dog. "Sick him!"

Bose fastened his glare on Mink, raised his bristles, and growled obediently.

The young man with a gay laugh drove the charge home, and rattled the ramrod sharply into its place.

Already the first report of the rifle had pealed into the quietude of the cove; the rocks clamored as with the musketry of a battle. Far, far and faint the sound clanged back from the ranges between Chilhowee and the river, from all the spurs and ravines of the Big Smoky. The sunshine had the burnished fullness of post-meridian lustre, mellow, and all unlike the keen matutinal glitter of earlier day; but purple shadows encircled the cove, and ever and anon a shining curve was described on the mountain side as the wings of a homeward-bound bird caught the light. Sometimes the low of cattle rose upon the air. The beef, as the young ox was prematurely called, lifted his head, listening. He stood, the rope about his neck, secured to a hitching-post near the mill, looking calmly upon the ceremonies that sealed his destiny. It is to be hoped, in view of the pangs of prescience, that the animal's deductive capacities and prophetic instincts are not underrated, or the poor beef's presence at the shooting-match might express the acme of anguished despair. He was an amiable brute, and lent himself passively to the curiosity of 'Gustus Tom, who came up more than once, gazed fixedly at him, and examined his horns and hoofs, his eyes and nozzle, doubtless verifying some

preconceptions as to facts in natural history.

The young mountaineers seemed to shoot with startling rapidity. Only one green hand labored under the delusion that a long aim can do aught but "wobble the eyes." As each flung himself prostrate, with a grave intentness of expression and a certain precipitancy of gesture, it might have seemed some strange act of worship, but for the gun resting upon a log placed for the purpose, sixty yards from the mark, — the customary distance in shooting-matches with the old-fashioned rifle, — and the sudden sharp crack of the report. They were shooting with a marksmanship so nearly equal that it was readily apparent that the office of the anxious-eyed judges was not an enviable honor. Occasionally disputes arose, and the antagonists gathered around the tree, examining the targets with vociferous gesticulation which often promised to end in cuffs. Once the two judges disagreed, when it became necessary to call in an impartial "thirdsman" and submit the question. The old miller, placid once more, accepted the trust, decided judiciously, and the match proceeded.

Mink's turn came presently.

As he ran deftly in and out among the heavy young mountaineers, he seemed more than ever like some graceful wild animal, with such elastic lightness, such reserve of strength, such keen endowment of instinct. He arranged in its place his board, previously blackened with moistened powder, and marked with a cross drawn on it with a knife blade; each contestant had brought a precisely similar target. Then, to distinguish the centre at sixty yards he carefully affixed a triangular bit of white paper, so that it touched the cross at the intersection of the lines. As he ran lightly back to the log and flung himself upon the ground, his swift movement and his lithe posture struck the attention of one of the men.

"Now, ain't ye the livin' image o' a mink! Ye've got nuthin' ter do but ter crope under that thar log, like thar war a hen hidin' thar, an' ye war tryin' ter git it by the throat."

Mink cast his bright eyes upward. "Ye shet up!" he exclaimed. Then he placed his rifle on the log and aimed in a twinkling, — his finger was on the trigger.

At this moment 'Gustus Tom, in his overwhelming curiosity, contrived to get his small anatomy between the marksman and the tree. The jet of red light leaped out, the funnel-shaped smoke diffused itself in a formless cloud, and the ball whizzed close by the boy's head.

There ensued a chorus of exclamation. The old man quavered out piteously. Mink, dropping the rifle to the ground, leaped up, seized the small boy by the nape of the neck, and deposited him with a shake in the bosom of his aged relative.

"Ye limb o' Satan, 'Gustus Tom!" cried out the old man. "Ain't ye' got no better sense 'n ter go out fur a evenin' walk 'twixt that thar tree an' these hyar boys, ez could n't begin ter shoot agin me an' my mates when I shot for beef whenst I war young? A-many-a-time I hev fired the five bes' shots myself, an' won all the five ch'ices o' the beef, an' jes' druv the critter home, — won it all! But these hyar fool boys jes' ez soon bang yer head off ez hit the mark. Ye g' long 'fore I skeer the life out'n ye!"

And 'Gustus Tom, in the unbridled pride of favoritism and with the fear of no man before his eyes, went along as far as the front rank of the crowd, continuing a fervid spectator of the sport.

The agitation of the moment had impaired to a slight degree Mink's aim. The shot was, however, one of the best yet made, and there was a clamor of negation when he insisted that he ought to have it over. The judges ruled against him, and the sport proceeded.

As Rood made his last shot, his strongly marked dark face was lighted with a keen sense of triumph. Although, according to strictest construction, the ball had not penetrated the centre, it was within a hair's breadth of it, and it was so unlikely that it would be surpassed that he tasted all the assured triumphs of victory before the battle was won.

With Mink's second shot arose the great dispute of the day. Like Rood's, it was not fairly in the bull's-eye, if the point of intersection might be so called, but it too lacked only a hair's breadth. Mink was willing enough for a new trial, but Rood, protesting, stood upon his rights. The judges consulted together apart, reëxamined the boards, finally announced their incapacity to decide, and called in the "thirdsman."

Mink made no objection when the miller, as referee, came to look at the board. He, too, examined it closely, holding his big hat in his hand that it might cast no shadow. There was no perceptible difference in the value of the two shots. Mink hardly believed he had heard aright when the "thirdsman," with scarcely a moment's hesitation, declared there was no doubt about the matter. Rood's shot was the fairer. "I could draw a line twixt Mink's and the centre."

There was a yell of derision from the young fellows. Rood wore a provoking sneer. Mink stood staring.

"Look-a-hyar," he said roughly, "ye haffen-blind old owl! Ye can't tell the differ 'twixt them shots. It's a tie."

"Rood's air the closest, an' he gits the fust ch'ice o' beef!" said the old man, his white beard and mustache yawning with his toothless laugh. "Ai-yi! Mink, ye ain't so powerful minkish yit ez ter git the fust ch'ice o' beef."

"Ye'll hev the second ch'ice, Mink," said Price consolingly. He himself, the fourth best shot, had the fourth choice.

"I won't hev the second ch'ice!" exclaimed Mink. "It's nobody but

that thar weezened old critter ez 'lows I oughter. Fust he sent his gran'son, that thar slack-twisted 'Gustus Tom, ter git in my aim, — wisht I hed shot him! An' then, when I lets him be thurdsman, he air jes' so durned m'licious he don't even stop an' take a minit ter decide." Mink's heart was hot. He had been wounded in his most vulnerable susceptibility, his pride in his marksmanship.

"Look-a-hyar, Mink!" remonstrated Price, "ye ain't a-goin' off 'fore the beef's been butchered an' ye git the second ch'ice. Stop! Hold on!"

For Mink was about to mount.

"I don't want no beef," he said. "I hev been cheated 'mongst ye. I won the fust ch'ice, an' I won't put up with the second."

Price was nonplused for a moment; then he evolved a solution. "I'll sell it, Mink," he cried, "an' bring ye the money! An' don't ye furgit old Tobias Winkey," he added beguilingly.

"Who's the old Tobias Winkey?" asked the old man, tartly.

Price laughed, sticking his hands in the pockets of his jeans trousers, and looked around, winking at the others with a jocosity enfeebled somewhat by his light sparse lashes. "Jes' a man ez hev got a job fur Mink," he said, enigmatically.

The old miller, baffled, and apprehending the mockery, laughed loud and aggressively, his white beard shaking, his bushy eyebrows overhanging his twinkling eyes.

"Hed n't ye better bust the mill down, Mink?" he said floutingly.

"I will, — see ef I don't!" Mink retorted, as he wheeled his horse.

Only idle wrath, an idle threat, void of even the vaguest intention. They all knew that at the time. But the significance of the scene was altered in the light of after events.

Mink's fate had mounted with him, and the mare carried double as he rode out of Piomingo Cove.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE FREE NEGROES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

ACCORDING to the census of 1860, there were in the United States, in round numbers, 487,000 free negroes, of which the fifteen slave-holding States contained 251,000. Virginia stood first, with 58,000; North Carolina second, with 30,000; and in the seven States south of these, in which the most rigorous free-negro laws prevailed, there were a total of less than 40,000. In Virginia they formed 10.60 per cent. of the negro population, in North Carolina 8.42 per cent., and in the other seven States alluded to considerably less than two per cent.

There is hardly another instance in the range of history in which a class as comparatively insignificant in numbers and as timid and unaggressive in spirit has been the occasion of so much alarm and disquietude. The nearest parallel, though by no means a close one, is perhaps that of the Romanist of England in the latter part of the seventeenth century. However, to a candid mind there can be little doubt as to whether the panic of the English Whigs or that of the Southern slave-holders had the better foundation in reason and probability.

The laws of almost all the slave-holding States, not even excepting many that were early to abolish and oppose slavery, attest plainly enough what an ever-recurring, ever-deepening problem the free-negro question was from very early colonial times. In the frequent spasmodic reiteration of such laws we see the futile attempts either to lay or to largely control this spectre, which, springing into being at a word, waxed or waned as it was viewed through the medium of alarm or security. Still, the apprehension of which the free negroes were doubtless in nearly every case the innocent cause was natural, if not rea-

sonable. Not that they were formidable within themselves. Among a homogeneous people with solidarity of interest their very existence would have been ignored. But the slave-owners, like the upholders of all abnormal, arbitrary institutions, could not but be excessively suspicious and susceptible to panic. They dreaded the example and influence of free blacks dwelling among their enslaved brethren. They saw in the free negro an instigator and disseminator of insurrectionary doctrine which he perhaps never thought of, and gave him credit for a philanthropy and temerity which I am sure he never possessed.

The negro legislation of the South — indeed, of all the slave-holding States in proportion to the number of slaves and the consequent danger of insurrection — was harsh and grim enough, and it is not my desire to condone it. For the sake of fairness, I would only say, in passing, that a man whose house is stored with deadly explosives can hardly be blamed for placing very severe restrictions on fire. The crime and folly in placing and keeping them there over-shadows, if it does not excuse, the rest. Then slavery grew into an institution amid, and took the indelible impress of, an era of rigorous laws and cruel, unnatural punishments the world over. Scourgings and brandings, maimings and hangings, were as a rule inflicted for offenses now deemed trifling. Not only were criminals treated with incredible barbarity, but in the army, the navy, the school, the shop, the farm, the rod was seldom out of the hand of authority. Whitefield himself held it laudable to bring the negro under christianizing influences, even if the only road lay through slavery; to save heathen African souls at the expense of heathen African bodies. I would also

add that it was the curse of the South to be chained by self-interest, — self-preservation they considered it, — that despotic controller of conduct, in an attitude towards slavery which the more disinterested world had outgrown and come to execrate.

To North Carolina belongs the sorry honor of being more lenient in the execution, if not in the spirit, of her laws governing this unhappy class than either Virginia or any of the other Southern States. Not only did she contain the largest proportion of whites, Texas alone excepted, and have therefore less to fear from a servile insurrection, but the negroes, instead of being collected on large plantations to themselves, were more generally divided up among smaller owners, in much closer contact with the whites, better understood, better treated, and consequently less disposed and less able to inflict harm. The number of slave-holders in North Carolina must have been comparatively very much larger than in the other States, as well as the number of slaves who were yearly hired out, usually passing into the families of small non-slave-holding farmers. This feeling of comparative safety had its influence in according both the slaves and free negroes more privileges on sufferance than was common in the large slave-holding States, though cruel statutes were not wanting, which were enforced and even exceeded in time of panic. Thus the free negroes possessed and exercised the elective franchise down to the constitutional convention of 1835, one hundred and twelve years after they had been formally disfranchised in Virginia. The same assembly also abolished their schools, although no penalty was ever imposed for the teaching by a white person of a negro, slave or free, to read or write. On this question, the attitude of the State was similar to that of the South in general. They also held real estate, which was prohibited in many other

States, and in some instances even became slave-owners themselves.

Although North Carolina modeled her free-negro legislation largely upon that of Virginia, she never entirely removed every restriction from manumission, as Virginia did from 1782 to 1805. Her attitude towards the foreign slave-trade about the same period was midway between that of Virginia and the States to the south. She neither prohibited it, like Virginia, nor encouraged it, like South Carolina and Georgia; but contented herself with imposing a tax on slave importation, and declaring it to be "of evil consequence and highly impolitic." Neither did the great movement for gradual emancipation in Virginia, about 1785, which under the leadership of Jefferson promised so much for a time, ever find much favor in this State.

Of the proprietary period in North Carolina, which came to an end in 1729, the colony being then barely seventy years old, there is only one statute extant restricting the manumission of slaves, or in any way relating to free negroes. This act marks the adoption of a policy subsequently modified and never rigidly enforced except in periods of alarm, but still to the last never wholly abandoned. This policy had its root in the generally accepted theory of the incompatibility of slaves and free blacks in the same community, and its end was the expulsion and exclusion of the latter. The act permitted the manumission of "good and orderly slaves" for "honest and faithful service," but the freedman must forthwith depart the province forever, under penalty of being sold to any one who would transport him out of the country. Had this law been strictly carried out, the tender of freedom to a creature as ignorant and as helpless as the slave perforce was would have been only mockery. For philanthropy at large had not yet taken note of him, if indeed it had of anything, with practical

effect. But the presence of nearly 5000 slaves in the State at the census of 1790 proves either that the act had fallen into disuse, or that their immigration from Virginia was tolerated, as it was later on in quiet times. Indeed, a considerable sprinkling of free negroes from this State served in the white regiments through the whole war of the Revolution. Several distinguished themselves. Local tradition preserves the memory of one by the name of Dibby, of noted bravery. He lived to a great age, and I have heard old men tell of his indignant protest at the polls when his ballot was refused at the next election after the disfranchising convention of 1835. Several large tracts of land in this vicinity were, during the latter part of the last century, the property of free negroes. One was a school-teacher and the neighborhood scribe. Several deeds in his handwriting are still preserved. The children of some of the best families in the neighborhood were numbered among his pupils. In fact, negroes, slave and free, were to some extent employed as teachers in several States, about that date. It is clear that either the bitter race prejudice of later times was then much less strong, or that the calling of teacher was less regarded. Doubtless both conditions were true. It is well known that the former was largely a thing of more recent growth; while neither the Old World nor some portions of the New seem then to have been very particular as to who had either mind or soul in charge.

After the Revolution, public opinion, and consequent legislation to the detriment of this class and the race in general, had received marked impulse from two different, though collateral, sources. The first of these was the aggressive emancipatory spirit of the North, which found national expression in the famous Quaker memorial to Congress in 1790; the other, the periodic alarms of anticipated insurrection of the slaves, — above

all, the Nat Turner insurrection, just over the Virginia border, in 1831.

Largely to resentment against the abolitionism of the North, and perhaps partly to a dread lest the newly liberated blacks of the North should gravitate towards the great mass of their race at the South, importing the dangerous doctrines of discontent and insurrection as they came, may be ascribed the first series of those laws passed in 1795. The first act, passed in 1795, compelled all free negroes entering the State to give bond in the sum of £200 for their good behavior, which was virtual exclusion, as it was doubtless intended to be. Manumitted slaves were permitted to remain on the same condition, which, with the aid of their emancipators, they sometimes succeeded in complying with. Failing to give the bond, and persisting in remaining in the State, both classes forfeited their freedom. An act passed in 1796 was still more stringent. According to this, no slave could be manumitted except for meritorious services, to be adjudged by the county court, the bond as to future behavior being still required. It will be noticed that, while the Northern States required a bond to guard against a manumitted slave falling on the public for support, the large slave-holding States took that means to prevent his tampering with the slaves; each section guarding against what it had most to fear. Closely following the above act came another, requiring six weeks' notice to be given preceding the term of the court which would be prayed to confirm the deed of manumission. With increased severity, it compelled the freedman to give bond in the sum of \$1000 to quit the State in ninety days after manumission. It further enacted that no deed of manumission should work to the detriment of an emancipator's creditors.

At this time North Carolina was less merciful to the free negro than Virginia. The former leaned, in theory at least,

rather to the policy of South Carolina and Georgia. But the period from 1799 to 1801 was a time of great excitement and apprehension of insurrection in Virginia. The result was that the act of 1782, facilitating the manumission of slaves, and taking all restrictions from their residence in that State, was repealed, and measures of unwonted severity were adopted. This alarm also extended to North Carolina, and actuated the only legislation of consequence on the subject for many years after that of 1795. The inference from the fact that no supplemental legislation of this nature followed for nearly thirty years is that either the working of the laws was satisfactory,—a quality never characteristic of such acts,—or that they were but the expression of a passing mood of the public mind, and that they lost their vitality when the mood changed. If the concurrent tradition of the country is to be believed, the latter was the case. Numbers of free negroes, especially in the northern tier of counties, agree in the statement that their forefathers came over from Virginia about sixty or eighty years ago, and that they were unhindered. Here they found cheaper lands, and laws, in their execution at least, more lenient, as well as a social attitude less hostile than in aristocratic Virginia. That this immigration was considerable is to be gathered from the fact that quite a third of the free-negro population of the State was to be found in the counties contiguous to Virginia. The presence of large numbers in some of the southern counties leads to the belief that there was also some immigration of this class from South Carolina, though in a much less degree. However, free negroes were to be found in every county in the State, ranging from less than a dozen in some of the western to more than two thousand in some of the eastern counties.

Bordering on Virginia, and occurring at various intervals from the sea-coast to

the mountains, there were considerable areas then considered too poor for profitable cultivation. A meagre, whitish soil, thirsty and unrecuperative, afforded grudging sustenance to a puny, grotesque growth of blackjack and chincapin, even the renovating pine—the badge of the State—being in many places a rarity. They were dreary, poverty-stricken regions, inhabited almost exclusively by poor non-slave-holding whites, and selling up to the war often as low as one dollar an acre. The slave-holders and more substantial immigrants settled farther inward, along the streams, or on the stiffer lands, then alone regarded fit for producing tobacco. However, I will add that the development of the bright tobacco industry—for which this soil, aided by commercial fertilizers, is wonderfully adapted—has very recently made this the most prosperous part of the State.

To this section the free negroes had been straggling over from Virginia from a very early period. And although their immigration into the State was prohibited, under heavy penalty, by the acts of 1795,—supplemented by still more stringent ones, none of which were ever repealed,—they continued to come, almost up to the war of secession. In some cases their coming was doubtless surreptitious, but usually, by selecting a quiet period, and settling in a favorable neighborhood, they ran little or no risk of having the law enforced against them. They rarely, at any rate towards the last, penetrated very deep into the State: partly because they feared opposition; partly because they attached a vague idea of safety to the border; mainly because there lands were cheap, and the poor white population not averse to their settlement. For the land-owners, being in need of labor, found it much cheaper to employ them than to hire slaves. It was only in such neighborhoods that the free negro could ever hope to become a freeholder. The lands farther inward were

not only more valuable, but also in the hands of large owners, who rarely sold unless constrained by debt, or desirous of moving West. Land at the South was, in a stronger sense than elsewhere, considered the final investment of money. Least of all would the nervous slave-owner have been disposed to sell to this half-fearful, half-despised class. But the poor whites of the border, with no slaves to be corrupted, owned more or less poor land, for which they were glad to find purchasers, tenants, or laborers. Yet notwithstanding the merely nominal price of land, a large majority of these immigrants always remained too poor to become freeholders, squatting instead on barren, worn-out corners, or along rocky, untillable ridges; the convenience of having this docile, uncomplaining help within call being deemed a fair compensation for the equally superfluous wood and water they consumed. In some instances they were tenants at will by a tenure not unlike the milder types of feudalism.

A very few prospered, bought larger and better farms, and even owned slaves, — one as many as thirty, — which they held up to general emancipation. But generally, when they bought land at all, the purchase was ludicrously small, and, in the country phrase, “so po’ it could n’t sprout er pea dout grunt’n.” On these infinitesimal bits they built flimsy log huts, travesties in every respect of the rude dwellings of the earliest white settlers. The timber growth being often too scant to afford fence rails, their little patches of phantom corn mixed with pea-vines — or, rather, stubs, their little quota of hulls akimbo on top — were encircled by brush fences, which even by dint of annual renewals were scarcely to be regarded by a beast of average hunger and enterprise.

The subsidence of the alarm of 1802 was followed by nearly thirty years of comparative quiet. So far these alarms had, with scarcely an exception, ended

in smoke, leaving little permanent impress on the popular mind. The unfathomable race prejudice of later years had not yet developed into a mania. Negrophobia was then a hardly known malady. The resentment against the antislavery spirit of the North had not yet been poured out on the head of the negro. The attitude of the races towards each other was widely different from what it afterwards became. But about 1830, a growing mistrust on the part of the whites manifested itself. Abolitionism, hitherto the hobby of visionaries and isolated philanthropists, had now grown to be the watchword of a militant, uncompromising party. Its subtle leaven permeated the whole country, encouraging the slave, exasperating the master. It would be curious to know what were the real grounds of these panics. But in all history there are fewer mysteries more insolvable. Secretiveness is the chief characteristic of the negro, and on this subject, above all others, he is immovably silent. It seems most probable that there was general disquiet among the slaves at these periods, but no far-reaching conspiracy. That the scare was out of all proportion to the danger is not to be doubted. The mystery and uncertainty that shrouded the whole matter left the imagination full play. Still, all the white survivors of that time that I have questioned agree in maintaining that a great change came over the negroes. They are said to have suddenly become less joyous, more reticent and thoughtful. Large meetings of a quasi-religious character were held in secret. Prayer meetings found their scores swell into hundreds. By incredible journeys between sun and sun representatives from many counties frequently attended the same meeting. Then the memorable sun spots of 1831 undoubtedly wrought on the superstition of both races. Apprehension took hold of the whites; it grew into alarm, and burst into panic when Nat Turner

and his followers began their midnight butcheries just over the Virginia border.

In general it might be said that the fears of the people spoke in framing the negro laws, their hearts in executing them. But on occasions like this, it was the reverse. All the dead laws were hunted up, put into execution, and exceeded. Patrolling, the greatest of all hardships to the sociable, restless negro, not hitherto common in this State, now became a system, strict and unsparing.

This highly wrought state of the public mind naturally found expression in legislation. Minor acts of this nature were passed in 1830, and in the following year legislation began in earnest. From then till 1837 the statute book abounds in stringent laws against slaves and free negroes.

Whenever servile insurrection arose or was apprehended, the free negro seems to have fallen under even greater suspicion than the slave. He was half believed to value his freedom solely as a means to sow discontent among the slaves. The fact that he was out of all sympathy with them, that really a strong dislike existed between the two, did not exonerate him. It was doubtless regarded as but another proof of his astute dissimulation. It was made unlawful to free any slave under fifty years of age, and then it could be effected only as a reward for meritorious services. Such persons were allowed to remain in the State on giving bond in five hundred dollars for their "good behavior." A fine of five hundred dollars was imposed for bringing a free negro into the State, and he must leave in twenty days or be sold, for ten years. If a native free negro left the State for ninety days, he could never return.

The state convention called in 1835, to amend the constitution, among other important changes, such as the disfranchisement of the boroughs and the removal of the gubernatorial election from the legislature to the people, also dis-

franchised the free negroes. Hitherto there had existed in this State the strange anomaly of a class incompetent to testify in court, and otherwise almost as destitute of rights as brutes, exercising a function everywhere deemed the first of privileges, and which the vast mass of freemen in the most enlightened countries of the world are yet striving to attain. But even prior to their disfranchisement the free negroes were too timid and lethargic ever to possess even the modicum of political influence to which their numbers would seem to have entitled them. In a few of the northern counties only do they ever seem to have become an object to demagogues. There is still a tradition among them in Granville County that they lost the franchise on account of their persistent support of the notorious Potter. Potter, though a man of parts and a natural orator, was a consummate demagogue and a violent, unscrupulous man, whose new departure in iniquity evoked special legislation. Toward the last, the free negroes falling more and more into disrepute, their support carried such a stigma with it as to be an element of weakness rather than of strength to a candidate. More than one candidate of those days, twitted by his opponent on the stump about this element of his constituency, retorted by declaring his willingness to throw out every free-negro ballot, if his assailant would do likewise.

After this period, the life of the free negro grew unspeakably harder. Not so much that the laws were harsher, but because the attitude of the whites became and continued more hostile. Neither the harshness nor the leniency of the laws was of great moment to him, who could in no wise put them in operation even for his own protection. His lot added the disability of the slave to the responsibility of the freeman. Dependent on his own industry and enterprise, as the slave was not, he found the field of his labor contracted, till subsis-

tence became a formidable problem indeed. Except among the non-slave-holding farmers, who were often too poor to pay him sufficient hire to sustain life, he could find little employment that did not bring him in contact with the slave, while the main end of public policy was to keep them as far apart as possible. Intermarriage and social intercourse were of course strictly forbidden by law. With him, all depended on the temper of the whites among whom he lived. If they were kind and well disposed, he had little to complain of. But if they were cruel or alarmist, his condition was pitiable beyond words. Then all his movements were closely watched, and his actions ingeniously tortured to sinister ends. If, in quest of employment, he ventured out of his immediate neighborhood and neglected to take his free papers, he got into serious trouble. Even carrying them in his pocket, if his actions aroused suspicion and his explanation was not at once prompt, lucid, and consistent, he also got into trouble. Dumb as a witness against the dominant race, he not infrequently became the object of the spite of malicious white men, or the wanton cruelty of heartless, unthinking striplings.

It is not to be wondered that the free negroes, unelastic and prone to unthrift, underwent still further deterioration. Cowed, perplexed, and dispirited, they huddled together on any scant, sterile bit of land that they were fortunate enough to be possessed of, erected clusters of their frail little huts, and like oppressed, hopeless classes the world over sunk into profound listlessness and sloth. The women grew unchaste, the men dishonest, until in many minds the term "free negro" became a synonym for all that was worthless and despicable. Their settlements were commonly contiguous to some town; the counties in which were located Raleigh, Wilmington, New Berne, and Fayetteville containing nearly a fourth of all the free

negroes in the State, in which the apter males became barbers, fiddlers, or Jacks-of-all-trades. Some followed ditching, well-digging, and such work as was considered too perilous or too unhealthy to risk slaves in its performance. I never knew a neighborhood without a free-negro shoemaker. In fact, they were largely, perforce, a class of piddlers; and like piddlers everywhere more indispensable than any other element of the community. The majority kept soul and body together with the product of their sterile little patches, eked out with a petty traffic in the rude articles of their own make, such as chairs, splint baskets, horse-collars and door-mats made from shucks and bark, "dug" troughs, bread-trays, etc. Many derived almost their whole living from the sale of ginger cakes, and watermelons, wild nuts, and fruits when in season, at the neighboring towns, or on Saturdays and "big" days at the cross-road stores and country post-offices.

In some of the county seats, during court week, an aged specimen of this latter type is still occasionally to be seen selling ginger cakes. Generally tall, meagre, stooping, slouching, for all the world the color of his own wares, he lounges half listlessly, half dejectedly, on the shafts of the little steer-cart bearing his antiquated confections, silently awaiting the customers that never seem to come nowadays. He and his cakes are almost the sole survivors of ante-bellum days. But in all his silent musings it seems not to have occurred to him that he is an anachronism. That he is still catering to the obsolete gastronomy of a long-gone generation, and that his goodies are caviare to their grandchildren, has never entered his mind. At least, if it has, he is too staunch a quietist or pessimist, no one knows which, to care much. He has seen the primitive wooden court-house supplanted by a pretentious brick one; the once boundless court-house green contracted and con-

tracted, till the pitiless march of brick and mortar has left him no stopping place save an unsafe and ignoble one in the gutter. He has seen man and nature change, but it has never suggested new methods, any more than the fact that people quit eating home-made ginger cakes a generation ago has suggested the advisability of discontinuing their manufacture. Like the persistent sibyl of old, his serene confidence in his wares is not a jot abated because they are ignored of men and have diminished in quantity. And there he will be every court week, more punctual than judge or jury, till some hard-hearted board of town commissioners pronounce him a nuisance, when he will uncomplainingly take a remoter stand, unless perchance before then death the gleaner should follow in the swath of death the reaper.

To one acquainted with the stringent laws against the manumission of slaves and against the immigration of free negroes, and not with the impunity with which those laws were disregarded, the number of free negroes in the State might well be a matter of wonder. From the infancy of the colony in the latter part of the seventeenth century, the laws placed every bar in the way of manumission short of total and absolute prohibition. First, only the "good and orderly" slaves could be set free for "honest and faithful" service. Later on, when it became the custom to construe these qualifications too liberally, the power of determining these was removed from the master to the county court, which was essentially the same as the method in the other Southern States. Still later, a slave must be over fifty years of age before he could be set free at all. Excepting for a very short period, the latter class of freedmen were the only ones permitted to remain in the State, although under bond for their behavior. For even the law of 1795, which permitted free negroes to enter and reside within the State on giving a

bond of £200, tantamount to prohibition, was soon repealed. True, occasionally the legislature did, by special enactment, sanction the manumission of slaves, and also suspend the banishing clause. But the number manumitted in this way must have been comparatively small.

But as the laws were often exceeded or disregarded to the negro's harm, so also were they sometimes exceeded or disregarded in his favor. Many industrious, thrifty slaves, especially mechanics, not only hired themselves in the face of a law forbidding it, but with money thus earned bought their own freedom, and sometimes that of their families, and remained in the State unmolested. Of course the whole transaction was informal and illegal, and in the eyes of the law they were the property of their former master. But they were practically free men, and I never heard of a case in which a master proved treacherous. Nor would the community have countenanced such an act.

I knew of a very touching instance in which a free negro became the purchaser, though not the owner, of his family. He was a blacksmith, and had married a slave woman, by whom he had several children. His shop was on her master's farm, where he was liked and kindly treated. But finally the master got involved in debt, and all of his slaves, among them the blacksmith's family, were seized by the creditors and sold to a speculator, who resold them in Mississippi. The husband, who was then forehanded, went desperately to work, and in a few years scraped together sufficient money, placed it in their first owner's hand, and got him to repurchase and bring back from the terrible South the loved ones; content that they should remain slaves—for the temper of the neighborhood was hostile to manumission—so that he need not be separated from them.

Several large slave-holders in the eastern part of the State not only set their

slaves free by will, with legislative sanction, but also gave them an outfit and paid their passage to Liberia. But bills of manumission were not always sure of passage. All depended on the mood of the legislature. A noted politician, since the war conspicuous for his eccentricities as well as for his services to the State, is said to have opposed one of these bills, by which a very old man sought power to free his slaves at his death, in the following speech: "Mr. Speaker, this old man is a slave-holder, the son of a slave-holder, the grandson of a slave-holder. He inherited slaves without compunction, and has held and enjoyed them far beyond the span of most human lives without a qualm. He never seems to have realized the sinfulness of slavery as long as it was useful to himself. Now that he totters on the brink of the grave he would fain propitiate an offended God by an offering that costs him nothing. Like a mediæval reprobate bequeathing his all to the church, he would buy heaven, but his heir must pay for it. I can see no justice in that. He has waited too late. And now, sir, if that is his only chance of heaven, and my vote avails anything, I shall keep him out. I vote nay." I think the bill was lost.

In the excitement preceding the war, as well as in the disorder attending it, these mud-sills of society, of course, had the hardest lot of all. They fared badly, not because they were the objects of any special ill-will, — all fears of servile trouble being eclipsed and forgotten in the pressing exigencies of the hour, — but simply because they were unprotected in a period of general confusion and irresponsibility. Some few were seized and sold as slaves, their feeble protest being drowned in the tumult. All males within the drafting age of from eighteen to forty-five were compelled to serve the Confederacy as laborers on the fortifications, unless already acting as servants for officers in the field. Most of

the free negroes served in the latter capacity, but few officers being willing to risk their slaves so near the Federal lines. As laborers on the fortifications they received the same pay as white privates, while those that served the officers were still better paid by the individuals employing them. About the beginning of the war the question was mooted of compelling all free negroes to choose masters and become slaves, or be forthwith expelled the State; but it was soon lost sight of in the stress of affairs, if indeed it was ever seriously entertained.

At the close of the war the appellations "Old Issue" and "New Issue," to distinguish the free from the freed negroes, were invented by the latter. The blacks are quick at appropriating new words, and sometimes very original in applying them; and this instance came about as follows: Early in 1864, when Confederate money had greatly depreciated in value, it was rumored that the government was about to make a new issue of notes, whose purchasing value would be fixed by law, and that they would bring back the good old time prices. While those competent to judge must have known better, popular expectation was on tiptoe. Wonders were fondly hoped for from this magic "New Issue." It came. Almost the only effect was at once to still farther depreciate the "Old Issue," while prices went steadily upward. The war ended while these terms were still fresh in the popular mind, and the only result of this great financial scheme was to add two words — "Ol' Isshy" and "New Isshy" — to the negro's scant vocabulary. The terms were expressive and appropriate, and no one now thinks of using any other.

The war ended, a radically new era began. Life and thought, with a sharp wrench, assumed new lines. The social kaleidoscope, shaken by the rude hand of war, shivered, and was recast into

strangely new forms. The slave, suddenly metamorphosed into a free man, struck out for himself with more or less energy and judgment, but nevertheless under a new impulse. His quondam master, though stunned for a while, finally dropped into a new rut, and began life anew. But the effect on this neutral class was comparatively slight. His sloth was too profound, his isolation too complete, he was too far out of sympathy with his surroundings, to feel with effect the impulse of the new order of things. He saw the war end, and oppression and disability cease, with his inherent listlessness. Almost wholly destitute of the vigor and elasticity of the freedman and of the industrious habits which the latter had perforce acquired as a slave, the "Ol' Isshy" remains to-day largely an alien to the strivings and aspirations of his contemporaries. Some, well to do at the end of the war, failing to catch the new drift, have become impoverished. The line of demarkation between the Old and New "Isshy" is not only still plainly visible, but bids fair long to continue so. Associating but little with each other, intermarriage is not common. A free negro who marries a freed one almost invariably loses caste, and is disowned by his people. The freedmen make no secret of their dislike and contempt for the other class, which is reciprocated by feelings more covert, but perhaps still deeper. In their habits, manner, and dress the free negroes still resemble, as they always did, the poorest class of whites much closer than they do the freedmen.

Of course the cause of the comparative retrogradation of this class is to be found in the innate indolence and shiftlessness of the race, superinduced by their exceptionally unfavorable conditions of life under the old *régime*, the influence of which will doubtless not be entirely spent for many generations. Both instinct and environment have

been against them. But there are two factors that have worked together to form or intensify the former that I have not yet seen duly noticed. The first of these lies in the fact that they are almost wholly a hybrid race, and therefore deficient in stamina, as hybrid races are in general and the mulatto in particular. According to the census of 1860, fifty-five per cent. of all the free-negro population consisted of mulattoes, a proportion eight times greater than existed among the slaves. Of course the proportion of those with blood more or less mixed was very much larger. Indeed, of all the hundreds of free negroes that I have known from childhood, I cannot now recall a dozen black or very dark ones. Hardly a neighborhood was free from low white women who married or cohabited with free negroes. Well can I recollect the many times when, with the inconsiderate curiosity of a child, I hurriedly climbed the front gate-post to get a good look at a shriveled old white woman trudging down the lane, who, when young, I was told, had had her free-negro lover bled, and drank some of his blood, so that she might swear she had negro blood in her, and thus marry him without penalty. Since I became a man I have heard it corroborated by those who knew, and I still occasionally see the children of this tragic marriage, now grown old men.

The other factor in their decadence — or perhaps more correctly, another cause of their torpor and inelasticity — is the considerable infusion of Indian blood generally diffused by exclusive intermarriage in their own class, and which has unduly asserted itself owing to their irregular mode of life for many generations. From the nature of the case, the extent of this infusion is of course hard to approximate. If the account of the free negro himself is to be received, it is large, though his anxiety to disown all negro affinity causes one to receive his

statement with caution and allowance. But, tradition aside, many, if not the larger part, of the free negroes whose freedom dates back further than this century show traits of mind and body that are unmistakably Indian. In many instances, long, coarse, straight black hair and high cheek-bones are joined with complexions whose duskiness disclaims white blood and with features clearly un-African. True, these extreme types are the exception; but the majority shade up to it more or less closely. These traits are more noticeable among women, forming no exception to the usual accentuation of racial characteristics in the female. The mental qualities of unrecuperativeness and transcendent indolence of a drowsy, listless type, coupled with lurking vindictiveness, all point the same way.

My neighborhood contains an "Ol' Isshy" town, a petrified remnant of the past, hardly an exaggeration of the general type, in which the above race marks are to be seen in their full development. It stands about five miles from the railroad station, and consists of some half a dozen families, scantily provided with fathers, crowded into as many little huts scattered here and there on a "slipe" of very poor, rocky ridge. Here they have vegetated for several generations since their ancestors immigrated from Virginia, early in the century. They are intensely clannish and loyal to each other, timid and suspicious of the outside world, of which they are incredibly ignorant. Many of the women have grown old without ever seeing the cars or having been in a town, although almost within sight of both. They still cherish boundless respect for the class that are to them, and to them

alone, "rich folks," coupled with an abiding dislike of the "New Isshy," especially if he is black. A marriage, even a *liaison*, with one would be instantly fatal to the reputation of any female among them, though, excepting the African, the children of many, in point of variety of color at least, might serve to illustrate the five races of mankind. After their own immediate class, they associate almost wholly with the poorest whites, though not quite as equals.

Till the reduction of the revenue tax, a few years ago, rendered "blockading" no longer profitable, the whole settlement was engaged, in connection with several white men, nearly as poor as themselves, in a petty traffic in illicit tobacco. The tobacco, after being stemmed and prepared in the lofts of their little huts and pressed in the woods, was smuggled off at night for sale in the eastern part of the State. The quality of the product was necessarily of the sorriest, and the annual profit must have been paltry in the extreme. But it fended the wolf after a fashion; the labor required was trifling and intermittent, while the spice of danger was doubtless grateful as giving some zest to the monotonous languor of their lives. For years they did literally nothing else, save perhaps a still pettier traffic in unlicensed whiskey, which I suspect they have not yet abandoned. Cold, hunger, even fatigue, they seem indifferent to, but labor when it assumes the form of a task appalls them. Even the children, instead of proclaiming their wants with the unthinking clamor characteristic of childhood, pine and dwindle in silence, seeming to regard hunger as the normal condition of life.

David Dodge.

TWO BITES AT A CHERRY.

I.

As they both were Americans, and typical Americans, it ought to have happened in their own country. But destiny has no nationality, and consequently no patriotism; so it happened in Naples.

When Marcus Whitelaw strolled out of his hotel that May morning, and let himself drift with the crowd along the Strada del Duomo until he reached the portals of the ancient cathedral, nothing was more remote from his meditation than Mrs. Rose Mason. He had not seen her for fifteen years, and he had not thought of her, except in an intermittent fashion, for seven or eight. There had, however, been a period, covering possibly four years, when he had thought of little else. During that heavy interim he had gone about with a pang in his bosom,—a pang that had been very keen at the beginning, and then had gradually lost its edge. Later on, that unmaterialized hand which obliterated even the deep-carved grief on headstones effectually smoothed out the dent in Whitelaw's heart.

Rose Jenness at nineteen had been singularly adapted to making dents in certain kinds of hearts. Her candor and unselfishness, her disdain of insincerity in others, and her unconsciousness of the spells she cast had proved more fatal to Whitelaw than the most studied coquetry would have done. In the deepest stress of his trouble he was denied the consolation of being able to reproach her with duplicity. He had built up his leaning tower of hopes without any aid from her. She had been nothing but frank and unmisleading from first to last. Her beauty she could not help. She came of a line of stately men and handsome women. Sir Peter Lely painted them in Charles the Sec-

ond's time, and Copley found them ready for his canvas in the colonial period. Through some remote cross of Saxon and Latin blood the women of this family had always been fair and the men dark. In Rose Jenness the two characteristics flowered. When New England produces a blonde with the eyes of a brunette, the world cannot easily match her, especially if she have that rounded slenderness of figure which is one of our very best Americanisms.

Without this blended beauty, which came to perfection in her suddenly, like the blossoms on a fruit-tree, Whitelaw would have loved Rose all the same. Indeed, her physical loveliness had counted for little in his passion, though it had afterwards haunted him almost maliciously. That she was fair of person who had so many gracious traits of mind and disposition was a matter of course. He had been slower than others in detecting the charm that wrapt her as she slipped into womanhood. They had grown up together as children, and had known no separation, except during the three years Whitelaw was with the Army of the Potomac,—an absence broken by several returns to the North on recruiting service, and one long sojourn after a dangerous hurt received at Antietam. He never knew when he began to love Rose, and he never knew the exact moment when he ceased to love her. But between these two indefinable points he had experienced an unhappiness that was anything but indefinite. It had been something tangible and measurable; and it had changed the course of his career.

Next to time, there is no surer medicine than hard work for the kind of disappointment we have indicated. Unfortunately for Whitelaw, he was moderately rich by inheritance, and when

he discovered that Rose's candid affection was not love, he could afford to indulge his wretchedness. He had been anxious for distinction, for her sake; but now his ambition was gone. Of what value to him were worldly prizes, if she refused to share them? He presently withdrew from the legal profession, in which he had given promise of becoming a brilliant pleader, who had pleaded so unsuccessfully for himself, and went abroad. This was of course after the war.

It was not her fault that all communication between them ceased then and there. He would have it so. The affair had not been without its bitterness for Rose. Whitelaw was linked in some way with every agreeable reminiscence of her life; she could not remember the time when she was not fond of him. There had been a poignancy in the regret with which Rose had seen the friend who was dear to her transforming himself into a lover for whom she did not care in the least. It had pained her to give him pain, and she had done it with tears in her eyes.

Eighteen months later Rose was Mrs. Mason, tears and all. Richard Mason was a Pacific Railroad king *en herbe*, with a palace in San Francisco, whither he immediately transported his bride. The news reached Whitelaw in Seville, and gave him a twinge. His love, according to his own diagnosis, was already dead; it was presumably, then, a muscular contraction that caused it to turn a little in its coffin. The following year some question of investment brought him back to the United States, where he traveled extensively, carefully avoiding California. He visited Salt Lake City, however, and took cynical satisfaction in observing what a large amount of connubial misery there was to the square foot. Yet when a rumor came to him, some time subsequently, that Rose herself was not very happy in her marriage, he had the grace

to be sincerely sorry. "The poor transplanted Rose!" he murmured. "She was too good for him; she was too good for anybody."

This was four years after she had refused to be his wife; time had brought the philosophic mind, and he could look back upon the episode with tender calmness, and the desire to do justice to every one. Meanwhile, Rose had had a boy. Whitelaw's feelings in respect to him were complicated.

Seven or eight years went by, the greater part of which Whitelaw passed in England. There he heard nothing of Mrs. Mason, and when in America he heard very little. The marriage had not been fortunate, the Masons were enormously wealthy, and she was a beauty still. The Delaneys had met her, one winter, at Santa Barbara. Her letters home had grown more and more infrequent, and finally ceased. Her father had died, and the family was broken up and scattered. People whom nobody knew occupied the old mansion on the slope of Beacon Hill. One of the last spells of the past was lifted for Whitelaw when he saw strange faces looking out of those sun-purpled window-panes.

If Whitelaw thought of Mrs. Mason at intervals, it was with less distinctness on each occasion; the old love-passage, when he recalled it of an evening over his cigar, or in the course of some solitary walk, had a sort of phantasmal quality about it. The sharp grief that was to have lasted forever had resolved itself into a painless memory. He was now on that chilly side of forty where one begins to take ceremonious leave of one's illusions, and prefers Burgundy to Champagne.

When the announcement of Richard Mason's death was telegraphed East, Whitelaw read the telegram in his morning paper with scarcely more emotion than was shown by the man who sat opposite him reading the stock quotations.

This was in a carriage on the Sixth Avenue elevated railway; for Whitelaw chanced to be in New York at the moment, making preparations for an extended tour in Russia and its dependencies. The Russian journey proved richer in novelty than he had anticipated, and he remained nearly three years in the land of the Tsars. On returning to western Europe he was seized with the humor to revisit certain of the Italian cities, — Ravenna, Rome, Venice, and Naples. It was in Naples that he found himself on that particular May morning to which reference has been made.

Whitelaw had never before happened to be in the city during the *fiesta* of San Gennaro. There are three of these festivals annually, — in May, September, and December. He had fallen upon the most picturesque of the series. The miracle of the Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius was to take place at nine o'clock that forenoon in the cathedral, and it was a spectacle which Whitelaw had often desired to witness.

So it was that he followed the crowd along the sunny *strada*, and shouldered his way into the church, where the great candles were already lighted. The cool atmosphere of the interior, pleasantly touched with that snuffy, musky odor which haunts Italian churches, was refreshing after the incandescent heat outside. He did not mind being ten or twelve minutes too early.

Whitelaw had managed to secure a position not far from the altar-rail, and was settling himself comfortably to enjoy the ceremony, with his back braced against a marble column, when his eyes fell upon the profile of a lady who was standing about five yards in advance of him in an oblique line.

II.

For an instant that face seemed to Whitelaw a part of the theatric unreal-

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ity which always impresses one in Roman Catholic churches abroad. The sudden transition from the white glare of the street into the semi-twilight of the spacious nave; the soft bloom of the stained windows; the carving and gilding of choir and reredos; the draperies and frescoes; and the ghostly forms of incense slowly stretching upward, like some of Blake's weird shapes, to blend themselves with the shadows among the Gothic arches, — all these instantly conspire to lift one from the commonplace level of life. With such accessories, and in certain moods, the mind pliantly lends itself to the incredible.

During possibly thirty seconds Whitelaw might have been mistaken for the mate of one of those half-length figures in alto-relievo set against the neighboring pilasters, so grotesque and wooden was his expression. Then he gave a perceptible start. That gold hair, in waves of its own on the low brows, the sombre eyelashes, — he could not see her eyes from where he stood, — the poise of the head, the modeling of the throat, — whom could that be but Rose Jenness? He had involuntarily eliminated the Mason element, for the sight of her had taken him straight back to the days when there were no Pacific Railroad despots.

Fifteen years (good heavens! was it fifteen years?) had not touched a curve of the tall, slight figure. He was struck by that, as she stood there, with her satin basque buttoned up to the lace neckerchief knotted under her chin, for an insidious chill lurked in the air. The garment fitted closely, accentuating every line of the slender waist and flower-like full bust. At the left of the corsage was a bunch of violets, held by a small silver clasp, — the self-same violets, he was tempted to believe, that she had worn the evening he parted with her tragically in the back drawing-room of the house on Beacon Hill. Neither she

nor they had faded. All the details of that parting flashed upon him with strange vividness: the figure-piece by Hunt above the funereal fireplace; the crimson India shawl hurriedly thrown over the back of a chair and trailing on the floor; Rose standing in the middle of the dimly-lighted room and holding out to him an appealing hand, which he refused to take. He remembered noticing, as he went home, dazed, through the moonlight, that the crisp crocuses were in bloom in the little front yards of the houses on Mount Vernon Street. It was May then, and it was May now, and there stood Rose. As he gazed at her a queer sense of old comradeship — the old friendship that had gone to sleep when love awakened — began softly to stir in his bosom.

Rose in Italy! Then he recollected one of the past rumors that had floated to him touching her desire for foreign travel, and Mason's sordid absorption in his railway schemes. Now that she was untrammelled, she had come abroad. She had probably left home with her son soon after Mason's death, and had been flitting from one Continental city to another ever since, in the tiresome American fashion. That might well have befallen without Whitelaw hearing of it in Russia. The lists of new arrivals were the things he avoided in reading Galignani, just as he habitually avoided the newly arrived themselves.

There was no hesitation in his mind as to the course he should pursue. The moment he could move he would go to Rose, and greet her without embarrassment or any *arrière pensée*. It was impracticable to move at present, for the people were packed about him as solidly as dates in a crate. Meanwhile, he had the freedom of his eyes. He amused himself with recognizing and classifying one by one certain evidences of individuality in Rose's taste in the matter of dress. The hat, so subdued in color

and sparing of ornament as to make it a mystery where the rich effect came from, — there was a great deal of her in that. He would have identified it at once as Rose's hat if he had picked it up in the Desert of Sahara. Noting this, and the long mouse-colored gloves which reached to the elbow, and would have reached to the shoulder if they had been drawn out smooth, Whitelaw murmured to himself, "*Rue de la Paix!*" He had a sensation of contiguity to a pair of high-heeled kid boots with rosettes at the instep, such as are worn in all weathers by aristocratic shepherdesses in Watteau's pink landscapes. That, however, was an unprovoked incursion into the territory of conjecture, for Whitelaw could see only the upper portion of Rose.

He was glad, since accident had thrown them together, that accident had not done it in the first twelvemonth of Rose's widowhood. Any mortuary display on her part would, he felt, have jarred the wrong note in him, and spoiled the pleasure of meeting her. But she was out of mourning now; the man was dead, had been dead three years, and ought to have lived and died in the pterodactyl period, to which he properly belonged. Here Whitelaw paused in his musing, and smiled at his own heat, with a transient humorous perception of it. Let the man go; what was the use of thinking about him?

Dismissing the late Richard Mason, who really had not been a prehistoric monster, and had left Mrs. Mason a large fortune to do what she liked with, Whitelaw fell to thinking about Rose's son. He must be quite thirteen years old, our friend reflected. What an absurdly young-looking woman Rose was to be the mother of a thirteen-year-old boy! — doubtless a sad scapegrace, answering to the definition which Whitelaw remembered that one of his strong-minded countrywomen had given of the typical bad boy, — a boy who looks like

his mother and behaves like his father. Did Rose's son look like his mother?

Just then Rose slightly turned her head, and Whitelaw fancied that he detected an inquiring, vaguely anxious expression in her features, as if she were searching for some one in the assemblage. "She is looking for young Mason," he soliloquized; which was precisely the fact. She glanced over the church, stared for an instant straight past Whitelaw, and then resumed her former position. He had prepared himself to meet her gaze; but she had not seen him. And now a tall Englishman, with an eyeglass that gleamed like a head-light, came and planted himself, as if with malice prepense, between the two Americans.

"The idiot!" muttered Whitelaw, between his teeth.

Up to the present point he had paid no attention whatever to St. Januarius. The apparition of his early love, in what might be called the bloom of youth, was as much miracle as he could take in at once. Moreover, the whole of her was here, and only a fragment of the saint. Whitelaw was now made aware, by an expectant surging of the crowd in front and the craning of innumerable necks behind him, that something important was on the tapis.

A priest, in ordinary non-sacramental costume, had placed on the altar, from which all but the permanent decorations had been removed, a life-size bust of St. Januarius in gold and silver, inclosing the remains of the martyr's skull. Having performed this act, the priest, who for the occasion represented the archbishop, took his stand at the left of the dais. Immediately afterwards a procession of holy fathers, headed by acolytes bearing lighted candelabra, issued from behind the high altar, where the saints' relics are kept in a tabernacle on off days and nights. An imposing personage half-way down the file carried a tall brass monstrance, in which was sus-

pended by a ring an oblong flat crystal flask, or case, set in an antique reliquary of silver, with handles at each end. This contained the phenomenal blood.

Having deposited the monstrance on the altar, the custodian reverently detached the relic, and faced the audience. As he held up the flask by the handles and slowly turned it round, those nearest could distinguish through the blurred surface a dark yellowish opaque substance, occupying about two thirds of the vessel. It was apparently a solid mass, which in a liquid form might have filled a couple of sherry glasses. The legend runs that the thoughtful Roman lady who gathered the blood from the ground with a sponge inadvertently let drop a bit of straw into the original phial. This identical straw, which appears when the lump is in a state of solution, is considered a strong piece of circumstantial evidence. It is a remarkable fact, and one that by itself establishes the authenticity of San Gennaro, that several of his female descendants always assist at the liquefaction, — a row of very aged and very untidy Neapolitan ladies, to whom places of honor are given on these occasions.

Shut out from Rose, — for the obnoxious Englishman completely blockaded her, — Whitelaw lent himself with faintly stimulated interest to the ceremony, which was now well under way. He was doubtful of many things, and especially skeptical as to matters supernatural. Accepting the miracle at its own valuation, — at par value, as he put it, — what conceivable profit could accrue to mankind from the smelting of that poor old gentleman's coagulated blood? How had all this mediæval mummery survived the darkness in which it was born!

With half-listless eye, Whitelaw watched the priest as he stood at the rail, facing the spectators and solemnly reversing the reliquary. From time to time he paused, and held a lighted can-

dle behind the flask in order to ascertain if any change had taken place, and then resumed operations amid the breathless silence. An atmosphere charged with suspense seemed to have settled upon the vast throng.

Six — eight — ten minutes passed. The priest had several times repeated his investigation; but the burnt-sienna-like mass held to its consistency. In life St. Januarius must have been a person of considerable firmness, a quality which his blood appeared still to retain, even after the lapse of more than fourteen centuries.

A thrill of disappointment and dismay ran through the multitude. The miracle was not working; in fact, had refused to work! The attendants behind the chancel rail wore perturbed faces. Two of the brothers turned to the altar and began saying the Athanasian Creed, while here and there a half-inarticulate prayer or a deep muttering of protest took flight from the congregation; for the Neapolitans insist on a certain degree of punctuality in St. Januarius. Any unreasonable delay on his part is portentous of dire calamity to the city, — earthquake or pestilence. The least that can be predicted is an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Even so late as the eighteenth century a failure of the miracle usually led to panic and violence. To-day such a result is hardly possible, though in the rare instances when the martyr procrastinates a little the populace fall to upbraiding their patron saint with a vehemence that is quite as illogical in its way.

Whitelaw himself was nearly ripe to join in some such demonstration. Transfixed to the marble column, — like a second St. Sebastian, — and pierced with innumerable elbows, he had grown very impatient of the whole business. There was Rose within twenty feet of him, and he could neither approach her nor see her! He heartily wished that when Proconsul Dracontius threw St. Janua-

rius to the lions, in the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli, the lions had not left a shred of him, instead of tamely lapping his hand. Then Dracontius would not have been obliged to behead the man; then that Roman lady would not have come along with her sponge; then he, Marcus Whitelaw, a free-born American citizen, would not have been kept standing there a lifetime, waiting for an opportunity to say a word to his old love!

He felt that he had much to say to Rose. The barrier which had separated him from her all these years had been swept away. The whole situation was changed. If she were willing to accept the friendship which she once stipulated as the only tie possible between them, he was ready to extend it to her now. If she had not altered, if she remained her old candid, cordial self, what a pleasure it would be to him to act as her cicerone in Naples! — for Naples was probably *terra incognita* to Rose. There were delightful drives along the Riviere di Chiaia; excursions to Pompeii, Baia, and Solfatara; trips by steamer to Capri, Sorrento, and Amalfi. He pictured the two of them drifting in a boat into the sapphirine enchantment of the Blue Grotto at Capri, — the three of them, rather; for “By Jove!” he reflected, “we should have to take the boy with us.” This reflection somewhat dashed his spirits. The juvenile Mason would be a little bore; and if he didn’t look like his mother, and *did* look like his father, the youth would be a great bore. Now as Whitelaw had never seen the late Mr. Mason, or even a counterfeit presentment of him, any resemblance that might chance to exist between the father and the son was not likely to prove aggressive. This reflection also occurred to Whitelaw, and caused him to smile. He had a touch of that national gift of humorous self-introspection which enables Americans, almost alone among human bipeds, to smile at their own expense.

While these matters were passing through his mind, and he had given up all hope of extricating himself from his predicament until the end of the ceremony, a sudden eddy swirled round the column, the crowd wavered and broke, and Whitelaw was free. The disintegration of the living mass was only momentary, but before it could close together again he had contrived to get three yards away from the site of his martyrdom. Further advance then became difficult. By dint of pushing and diplomatic elbowing he presently gained another yard. The goal was almost won.

A moment later he stood at Rose's side.

III.

Rose had her head turned three quarters to the right, and was unaware that any one had supplanted the tall English gentleman recently looming on her left. Whitelaw drew a long breath, and did not speak at once, but stood biting his under lip with an air of comic irresolution. He was painfully conscious that it was comic. He had, in fact, fallen into an absurd perplexity. How should he address her? He did not quite dare to call her "Rose," and every fibre of his being revolted against calling her "Mrs. Mason." Yet he must address her in some fashion, and instantly. There was one alternative, — not to address her. He bent down a little, and touched her lightly on the shoulder.

The lady wheeled sharply, with a movement that must have been characteristic of her, and faced him. There was no hesitation or reservation in voice or manner as she exclaimed, "Marc!" and gave one of the mouse-colored gloves into his keeping for twenty seconds or so. She had spoken rather loud, forgetting circumstance and place in her surprise, and several of the masculine bystanders smiled sympathetically on *la bella Americana*. There was the old

ring to her voice, and it vibrated musically on Whitelaw's ear.

"Rose," he said, in an undertone, "I can't tell you how glad I am of this. I begin to believe that things are planned for me better than I can plan them."

"This was planned charmingly, — but it was odd to make us meet in Naples, when we have so much room at home to meet in."

"The odd feature of it to me is that it does n't appear odd. I don't see how anything else could have happened without breaking all the laws of probability."

"It seems much too good to be true," said Rose gayly.

She was unaffectedly happy over the encounter, and the manner of it. She had caused Whitelaw a deep mortification in days passed, and though it had been the consequence of no fault of her own — had, indeed, been entirely Whitelaw's — she had always wanted the assurance of his forgiveness. That he had withheld through long years; and now he forgave her. She read the pardon in his voice and eyes. Rose scanned him a little curiously, though with no overt act of curiosity. He had grown stouter, but the added fullness was not unbecoming: he used to be too spare for his stature. His sharp New England face belonged to a type that seldom loses its angles. The scar, in the shape of a cross, on his left cheek was decorative. The handsomely moulded upper lip was better without the mustache. There were silvery glints here and there where the chestnut hair was brushed back from the temples. These first few scattering snowflakes of time went well with his bronzed complexion; for he was as brown as an Indian, from travel. On the whole, fifteen years had decidedly adorned him.

"How long have you been here? — in Naples, I mean," questioned Whitelaw, again under his breath.

"A week; and you?"

"Since yesterday. I came chiefly for this *festa*."

"I didn't dream you were so devout."

"The conversion is recent; but henceforth I swear by St. Januarius through thick and thin, though as a general thing I prefer him thin, — when it does n't take too long."

"If any one should hear you!" whispered Rose, glancing round furtively.

"Why, the Church itself does n't cling very strongly to the miracle nowadays, and would gladly be rid of it; but the simple folk of the Santa Lucia quarter and the outlying volcanoes insist on having their St. Januarius. I imagine it would cost a revolution to banish him. Rose, when did you leave home?"

"Last March. Hush!" she added, laying a finger to her lip. "Something is happening in the chancel."

The martyr's blood had finally given signs of taking the proper sanguine hue, to the intense relief of the populace, from which arose a dull multitudinous murmur, like that of a distant swarm of bees. The priest, with a gleam of beatific triumph in his cavernous eyes, was holding the reliquary high aloft. The vast congregation swayed to and fro, and some tumult was created by devotees in the background endeavoring to obtain coignes of vantage nearer the altar.

"Surely, you have not trusted yourself alone in this place," said Whitelaw.

"No, I'm with you," Rose answered, smiling.

"But you did n't come unattended?"

"Richard came with me: we got separated immediately on entering the cathedral, and lost each other."

"Richard, — that's the name of your son," remarked Whitelaw, after a pause. The father's name!

"Yes, and I want you to see him. He's a fine fellow."

"I should like to see him," said Whitelaw, perfunctorily.

"He is very clever, — not like me."

"I hope he's as unaware of his cleverness as you are of yours, Rose."

"I'm quite aware of mine. I only said that his was different. That spoils your compliment. He's to remain over here at school, — in Germany, — if I can make up my mind in the autumn to leave him. When do you return to America, Marc?"

"In the autumn," said Whitelaw, promptly, a little to his own surprise, for until then he really had had no plan.

"Perhaps we can arrange to go back on the same steamer," suggested Rose. "We crossed in the Cuba, and liked her. She's advertised to sail on the 17th of September: how would that suit you, for example?"

The suggestion smiled upon Whitelaw, and he was about to reply, when a peal from the great organ, announcing the consummation of the miracle, reverberated through the church and cut him short. As the thunders died away, the voices of chanting priests ascended from the chancel, where some choir-boys were strewing rose leaves over the marble steps leading to the altar. At the same moment the boom of a heavy gun, fired from the ramparts of the Castel dell'Ovo, shook the windows. The city ordinance was saluting St. Januarius, — a custom that has since fallen into desuetude.

"Look!" exclaimed Rose, laying her hand impulsively on Whitelaw's arm. "See the birds! That's an exquisite fancy!"

A flock of sparrows had been let loose, and were beating the misty air with uncertain wings, darting hither and thither through the nave and under the arches, in search of resting-places on frieze and cornice and jutting stonework. Meanwhile the priest had stepped down from the dais, and was passing among the people, who crowded round

him to press their lips and foreheads to the flask inclosed in the reliquary. The less devotional, and those who had already performed the rite, were slowly wending their way to the various outlets on the strada.

"I am glad it's over," declared Whitelaw.

"To think," observed Rose, reflectively, "that he has got to go all through it again to-morrow!"

"Who?"

"That poor dear saint."

"Oh," laughed Whitelaw, "I thought you meant me. He does n't mind it; it's his profession. There are objects more deserving of your pity: I, for instance, who have no sort of talent for martyrdom. You should have seen me, — pinned to that column, like an entomological specimen, for forty mortal minutes! I would n't go through it again for a great deal."

"Not for the sake of meeting an old friend?"

"It was the old friend that made it particularly intolerable. To be so near her, and not able to speak to her; and part of the time not to have even the consolation of seeing the sweep of the ring-dove's wing on the left side of her new Paris hat!"

Rose looked up into his face, and smiled in a half-absent way. She was far from averse to having a detail of her toilet noticed by those she liked. In former days Whitelaw had had a quick eye in such trifles, and his remark seemed to her a veritable little piece of the pleasant past, with an odd, suggestive flavor about it. She had slipped her hand through his arm, and the pair were moving leisurely with the stream towards one of the leather-screened doors opening upon the vestibule. The manner in which Rose lent herself to his step, and a certain subtle something he recognized in the light pressure of her weight, carried him, in his turn, very far back into the olden time. The fif-

teen years, like the two and thirty years in Tennyson's lyric, were as a mist that rolls away. It appeared to Whitelaw as if they had never been separated, or had parted only yesterday. How naturally and sweetly she had picked up the dropped thread of the old friendship! The novelty of her presence had evaporated at the first words she had spoken; only the pleasure of it remained. To him there was nothing strange or unexpected in their wholly unexpected and entirely strange meeting. As he had told her, he did not see how anything else could have happened. Already he had acquired the habit of being with her!

"Good heavens!" he said to himself, "it can't be that I am falling in love with Rose over again!"

The idea brought a flickering smile to Whitelaw's lips, — the idea of falling in love at first sight, after a decade and a half!

"What are you smiling at?" she demanded, looking up alertly.

"I did n't know I was smiling."

"But you were; and an unexplained smile, when two persons are alone together, with two thousand others, is as inadmissible as whispering in company."

Whitelaw glanced at her with an amused, partly embarrassed expression, and made no response. They were passing at the instant through a narrow strip of daylight slanted from one of the great blazoned windows, and he was enabled to see Rose's face with more distinctness than he hitherto had done. If it had lost something of its spring-tide bloom and outline, — and he saw that that was so, — it had gained a beauty of a rarer and richer sort. There was a deeper lustre to the dark-fringed eyes, as if they had learned to think, and a greater tenderness in the curves of the mouth, as if it had learned to be less imperious. How handsome she was, — handsomer than she had been at nineteen!

In his rapid survey Whitelaw's eye had lighted on the small clasp holding the violets to her corsage, — and rested there. The faint flush that came to his cheek gradually deepened.

"Is that the clasp I gave you when you were a girl?" he finally asked.

"You recognize it? — yes."

"And you've kept the trifle all these centuries!"

"That's not polite, — when I was a girl! I kept it because it was a birthday gift, because it *was* a trifle; then from habit, and now the centuries have turned it into a bit of priceless bric-à-brac."

Somehow Rose's explanation did not seem to him quite so exquisite as the fact itself.

Whitelaw was now conscious of a very perceptible acceleration in the flow of the current that was bearing them towards the cathedral entrance. It was not his purpose that they should reach it just yet. Their brief dialogue, carried on in undertone, and the early part of it with ecclesiastical interruptions, had been desultory and unsatisfying. He should of course see much of Rose during her stay in Naples, for he had no intention of leaving it while she remained; but the opportunity of having her to himself might not re-occur, and he had certain things to say to her which could not be said under any other condition. So many opportunities of various kinds had escaped him in the course of life that he resolved not to let this one slip. On the right of the eastern transept, he remembered, was a heavenly little chapel, — the chapel of the Seripandis, — where they might converse without restraint, if once they could get there.

Watching his chance, Whitelaw began a skillful oblique movement, and in a few minutes the two found themselves free of the crowd and in front of a gilded iron fencing, the gate of which stood open.

"But this isn't the way out!" exclaimed Rose.

"I'm aware of it," said Whitelaw. "You've never visited the church before, have you?"

"No."

"Then you ought to see some of the chapels. They contain things by Spagnoletto, Domenichino, and others. In this one, for instance, is an Assumption by Perugino. It would be a pity to miss that, now you are on the spot."

"I'm afraid I have n't time for sight-seeing, Marc," she answered, drawing out a diminutive watch and pressing a spring in the stem. "I've an engagement at ten" —

"Well, that leaves you more than half an hour," he interrupted, glancing over Rose's shoulder at the timepiece.

"But meanwhile, Richard will be searching for me everywhere."

"Then he can't fail to find you here," said Whitelaw adroitly. "He has probably given you up, however, and gone back to the hotel."

"Perhaps he has," assented Rose, irresolutely.

"In which case, I'll take you home, or wherever you wish to be taken, when it's necessary for you to go."

"Oh, I'll not trouble you. The carriage was ordered to wait at the corner just below the church, — the driver was n't able to get nearer. That was to be our point of rendezvous. I don't know — perhaps I ought to go now."

Rose stood a second or two in an attitude of pretty hesitation, with her hand resting on one of the spear-heads of the gate; then she stepped into the chapel.

IV.

"It is n't Perugino at his best," said Whitelaw, after a silence; "it has been restored in places, and not well done. I like some of his smaller canvases; but I don't greatly care for Perugino."

"Then why on earth have you dragged me in here to see it?" cried Rose.

"Because I care for you," he answered, smiling at the justice of her sudden wrath. As he turned away from the painting his countenance became grave.

"You've an original way of showing it. If I cared for any one, I would n't pick out objects of no interest for her to look at."

"Frankly, Rose, I was n't willing to let you go so soon. I wanted a quiet half hour's talk with you. I had two or three serious things to say, — things that have long been on my mind, — and a chapel seemed the only fitting place to say them in."

This rather solemn exordium caused Rose to lift her eyelashes curiously.

"I want to speak of the past," said Whitelaw.

"No, don't let us speak of that," she protested hurriedly.

"After all this time, Rose, I think I have a kind of right" —

"No, Marc, you have no right whatever" —

— "to ask your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness — for what?"

"For my long silence, and sullenness, and brutality generally. It was n't a crime in you not to love me in the old days, and I acted as if I regarded it as one. I was without any justification in going away from you in the mood I did that night."

"I was very, very sorry," said Rose gently.

"I should at once have accepted the situation, and remained your friend. That was a man's part, and I failed to play it. After a while, when I had recovered my reason, it was too late. It appears to be one of the conditions, if not the sole condition, of my existence that I should be too late. The occasion always slips away from me. When your — when I heard of Mr. Mason's death, if I had been another man, I'd have written to you, — sent you some sort of

kindly message, for the old time's sake. The impulse to do so came to me three months afterwards. I sat down one day and began to write; then the futility and untimeliness of the whole thing struck me, and I tore up the letter."

"I wish you had not," said Rose. "A word from you then, or before Mr. Mason's death, would have been welcome to me. I was never willing to lose your friendship. After your first return from Europe, and you were seeing something of your own country, as every American ought to do, I hoped that you would visit San Francisco. I greatly desired that you should come and tell me, of your free will, that I was not to blame. If I had been, perhaps I would n't have cared."

"You were blameless from beginning to end. I don't believe you ever said or did an insincere thing in your life, Rose. I simply misunderstood. The whole story lies in that. You were magnanimous to waste any thought whatever upon me. When I reflect on my own ungenerous attitude I am ashamed to beg your pardon."

"I've not anything to forgive," Rose replied; and then she added, looking at him with a half-rueful smile, "I suppose it was unavoidable, under the circumstances, that we should touch on this matter. Perhaps it was the only way to exorcise the ghost of the past. At all events, I am glad that you've said what you have; and now let it go. Tell me about yourself, Marc."

"I wish I could. There's no more biography to me than if I were Shakespeare."

"What have you done all this while?"

"Nothing."

"Where have you been?"

"Everywhere."

"No pursuit, no study, no profession?"

"Oh, yes; I'm a professional nomad, — an alien wherever I go. I'm an

Englishman in America, and an American in England. They don't let up on me in either country."

"Is n't there a kind of vanity in self-disparagement, Marc? Seriously, if you are not doing your own case injustice, has n't this been a rather empty career? A colonel at twenty-four, and nothing ever after!"

"Precisely, — just as if I had been killed at Antietam." He wanted to say, "on Beacon Hill."

"With your equipment, every path was open to you. Most men have to earn their daily bread with one hand, while they are working for higher things with the other. You had only the honors to struggle for. To give up one's native land, and spend years in aimless wandering from place to place, — it seems positively wicked."

"I've had some conscience in the matter," pleaded Whitelaw: "I might have written books of travel, and made a stock-company of my *ennui*."

"You ought to have married, Marc," said Rose sententiously.

"I?" Whitelaw stared at her. How could Rose say a thing like that!

"Every man ought to marry," she supplemented.

"I admit the general proposition," he returned, slowly, "but I object to the personal application. To the mass of mankind, — meaning also womankind, — marriage may be the only possible thing; but to the individual, it may be the one thing impossible. I would put the formula this way: Every one ought to wish to marry; some ought to be allowed to marry; and others ought to marry twice, — to make the average good."

"That sounds Shakespearean, — like your biography; but I don't think I've quite caught the idea."

"I'm positive that I have n't," said Whitelaw, with a short laugh. "It was my purpose to pay a handsome tribute to matrimony, and to beg to be excused."

Rose remained silent a moment, with

one finger pressed against her cheek, making a little round white dent in it, and her eyes fixed upon the kneeling figure of Cardinal Carafa at the left of Perugino's picture. Then she turned, and fixed her eyes upon Whitelaw's figure.

"Have you never," she asked, — "have you never, in all your journeyings, met a woman whom you liked?"

"I cannot answer you," he responded gravely, "without treading on forbidden ground. May I do that? When I first came abroad, I fancy I rather hated women, — that was one of the mild manifestations of my general insanity. Later, my hatred changed to morbid fastidiousness. My early education had spoiled me. I have, of course, met many admirable women, and admired them — at a safe distance."

"And thrown away your opportunities."

"But if I loved no one?"

"Admiration would have served."

"I don't agree with you, Rose."

"A man may do worse than make what the world calls a not wholly happy marriage."

Whitelaw glanced at her out of the corner of his eye. Was that an allusion to the late Richard Mason? The directness was characteristic of Rose; but the remark was a trifle too direct for *convenience*. If there were any esoteric intent in the words, her face did not betray it. But women can look less conscious than men.

"It seems to me," she went on, "that even an unromantic, commonplace union would have been better than the lonely, irresponsible life you have led, accepting your own statement of it, — which I don't, wholly. A man should have duties outside of himself; without them he is a mere balloon, inflated with thin egotism, and drifting nowhere."

"I don't accept the balloon," protested Whitelaw, not taking kindly to Rose's metaphor. "That presupposes a

certain internal specific buoyancy which I have n't, if I ever had it. My type in the inanimate kingdom would be a diving-machine continually going down into wrecks in which there is n't anything to bring up. I would have it ultimately find the one precious ingot in the world."

"Oh, Marc," cried Rose, earnestly, with just a diverting little touch of maternal solicitude in the gesture she made, — "oh, Marc, I hope some day to see you happily married."

"You don't think it too late, then?"

"Too late? Why, you are only forty-three; and what if you were seventy-three? *On a l'âge de son cœur.*"

"Mine throws no light on the subject," said Whitelaw, with a thrill which he instantly repressed. "I suspect that my heart must be largely feminine, for it refuses to tell me its real age. At any rate, I don't trust it. Just now it is trying to pass itself off for twenty-five or thirty."

From time to time, in the course of this conversation, a shadow, not attributable to any of the overhanging sculpture of the little Gothic chapel, had rested on Whitelaw's countenance. He had been assailed by strange surprises and conflicting doubts. Five or ten minutes before, the idea of again falling in love with Rose had made him smile. But was he not doing it, had he not done it, or, rather, had he not always loved her, more or less unconsciously? And Rose? Her very candor perplexed and baffled him, as of old. She had always been a stout little Puritan, with her sense of duty; but that did not adequately explain the warmth with which she had reproved him for his aimless way of life. Why should his way of life so deeply concern her, unless . . . unless . . . In certain things she had said there had been a significance that seemed perfectly clear to him, though it had not lain upon the surface of the spoken words. Why had she questioned him so inquisitorially? Why had she desired to

know if he had formed any new lines of attachment? That indirect reference to her own unfortunate marriage? And then — though she explained it lightly — had she not worn his boyish gift on her bosom through all those years? The suggestion that they should return home on the same steamer contained in itself a whole little drama. What if destiny had brought him and Rose together at last! He did not dare think of it; he did not dare acknowledge to himself that he wished it.

Whitelaw was now standing in the centre of the contracted apartment, a few feet from his companion, and regarding her meditatively. The cloud was gone from his brow, and a soft light had come into the clear gray eyes. Her phrase curled itself cunningly about his heart, — *on a l'âge de son cœur!* He was afraid to speak again, lest an uncontrollable impulse should hurry him into speaking of his love; and that, he felt, would indeed be precipitate. But the silence which had followed his last remark was growing awkwardly long. He must break it with some platitude, if he could summon one.

"Now that my anatomization is ended," he said, tentatively, "is n't it your turn, Rose? I have made a poor showing, as I warned you I should."

"My life has been fuller than yours," she returned, bending her eyes upon him seriously, "and richer. I have had such duties and pleasures as fall to most women, and such sorrow as falls to many. . . . I have lost a child."

The pathos of the simple words smote Whitelaw to the heart. "I—I had not heard," he faltered; and a feeling of infinite tenderness for her came over him. If he had dared, he would have gone to Rose and put his arm around her; but he did not dare. He stood riveted to the marble floor, gazing at her mutely.

"I did not mean to refer to that," she said, looking up, with a lingering

dimness in the purple lashes. "No, don't let us talk any more of the past. Speak to me of something else, please."

"The future," said Whitelaw: "that can give us no pain—until it comes, and is gone. What are your plans for the summer?"

"We shall travel. I want Richard to see as much as he can before he's tied down to his studies, poor fellow!"

"Where do you intend to leave him at school?" inquired Whitelaw, with a quite recent interest in Richard.

"At Heidelberg or Leipsic: it is not decided."

"And meanwhile what's to be your route of travel?"

"We shall go to Sweden and Norway, and perhaps to Russia. I don't know why, but it has been one of the dreams of my life to see the great fair at Nijni-Novgorod."

"It is worth seeing," said Whitelaw.

"It will be at its height in August,—a convenient time for us. We could scarcely expect to reach St. Petersburg before August."

"I have just returned from Russia," he said, "after three years of it."

"Then you can give me some suggestions."

"Traveling there has numerous drawbacks, unless one knows the language. French, which serves everywhere in western Europe, is nearly useless in the majority of places. All educated Russians, of course, speak French or German; but railway-guards and drosky-drivers, and the persons with whom the mere tourist is brought most in contact, know only Russian."

"But we've an excellent courier," rejoined Rose, "who speaks all the tongues of Babel. His English is something superb."

"When do you start northward?" asked Whitelaw, turning on her quickly, with a sudden subtle prescience of defeated plans.

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow!" he echoed, in consternation. "Then I am to see nothing of you!"

"If you've no engagement for to-night, come to the hotel. I should be very glad to"—

"Where are you staying?"

"At the United States, on the Chitamone, like true patriots."

"I've no engagement," said Whitelaw, bewilderedly.

Rose to leave Naples to-morrow! That killed all his projects,—the excursions in the environs, and all! She was slipping through his fingers . . . he was losing her forever! There was no time for temporizing or hesitation. He must never speak, or speak now. Perhaps it would not seem abrupt or even strange to her. If so, Rose should remember that his position as a lover was exceptional,—he had done his wooing fifteen years before! He confessed to himself—and he had often confessed it to that same severe critic of manners—that possibly his wooing had been somewhat lacking in dash and persistence then. But to-day he would win her, as he might perhaps have won her years ago, if he had not been infirm of purpose, or pigeon-livered, or too proud,—which was it? He had let a single word repulse him, when the chances were he might have carried her by storm, or taken her by siege. How young he must have seemed, even in her young eyes! Now he had experience and knowledge of the world, and would not be denied. The doubts and misgivings that had clouded his mind for the last quarter of an hour were blown away like meadow-mists at sunrise. At last he saw clearly. He loved Rose; he had never really loved her until this moment! For other men there were other methods; there was but one course for him. No; he would not go to the hotel that night—as a suitor. His fate should be sealed then and there, in the chapel of the Seripandis.

Whitelaw straightened himself, waiting for an instant, like a jib-sheet when it loses the wind; then he crossed the narrow strip of tessellated pavement that lay between him and Rose, and stood directly in front of her.

"Rose," he said, and there was a strange pallor creeping into his cheeks, "there have been two miracles wrought in this church to-day. It is not only St. Januarius who has, in a manner, come to life again. I, too, have come to life. I've returned once more to the world of living men and women. Do not send me back! Let *me* take you and your boy to Russia, Rose!"

Rose gave a start, and cast a swift, horrified look at Whitelaw's face.

"Marc!" she cried, convulsively

grasping the wrist of the hand which he had held out to her, "is it possible you have n't heard — has no one told you — don't you *know* that I have married again?" —

She stopped abruptly, and released his wrist.

A man in a frayed, well-brushed coat, with a courier's satchel depending from a strap over his shoulder, was standing outside the iron grille which separated the chapel from the main church.

"Madama," said the courier, as he respectfully approached through the gate, "it is ten o'clock. The Signor Schuyler and Master Richard are waiting with the carriage at the corner of the Strada dell' Anticaglia. They bade me inform Madama."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

GLAUCUS.

HEARKEN the voices of the ancient deep,
How, evermore and evermore, arise
From its unisolaced bosom moans and sighs,
That with the heart of man communion keep!
Oft dwellers by the strand awake from sleep,
Perplexed by importuning wave-borne cries;
And oft to thoughts unvoiced receive replies,
At which they weep, yet know not why they weep.

To Glaucus they have listened unaware:
He now is mighty in the mighty seas, —
Breather of rushing gale or gentle breeze,
Propitious to the toiling sailor's prayer;
And yet he once, with studious, trembling care,
Gave gifts the jealous Ocean to appease,
And from the murmuring, sea-loved, sacred trees
Wrought mast and beam, upon the deep to fare.

That hour when he from mortal frailty passed,
And all its wonder, he remembers yet:
The wine-dark water when the sun was set,
The netted fish upon the herbage cast,
The tasted plant; the leap, the billows vast,
Above his head in vaulted ceiling met;

The trident and the foam-flower coronet,
Wherewith the God of Waves endowed him last.

He now is subtle in all subtle lore,
The heritage of gray Poseidon's race;
But still, half human-hearted, would retrace
His fated way, and still he haunts the shore.
Hence lives his voice through winds' and waves' uproar,
And often, for a fleeting moment's space,
Far up the beach he lays a fondling face,
And murmurs in a tongue beloved from yore.

Or now he bids the streams that hither flow
Take flowery tribute from the meadows wide,
And branch and shaft from leaning forest-side;
He gathers all, and rocks them to and fro!
But what shall he upon the shore bestow?
Pale-tressed seaweeds, parted from the tide,
And shells within whose rosy crypts abide
Faint echoes of the strains the tritons blow.

Oh, yet, perchance, along the border green
That waves above the fruitless silver sands,
Its crafty leaves the magic plant expands:
But taste not, finding it, thou searcher keen!
Since grows no herb within the Sea's demesne
That could restore thee to these pleasant lands;
Else had lamenting Glaucus broke his bands,
And slept amid the grassy hills serene.

Edith M. Thomas.

POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES IN ENGLAND OF CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN.

THE 20th of March, 1782, the day which witnessed the fall of Lord North's ministry, was a day of good omen for men of English race on both sides of the Atlantic. Within two years from this time, the treaty which established the independence of the United States was successfully negotiated at Paris; and at the same time, as part of the series of events which resulted in the treaty, there went on in England a rapid dissolution and reorganization of parties which ended in the overwhelming de-

feat of the king's attempt to make the forms of the constitution subservient to his selfish purposes, and established the liberty of the people upon a broader and sounder basis than it had ever occupied before. Great indignation was expressed at the time, and has sometimes been echoed by British historians, over the conduct of those Whigs who never lost an opportunity of expressing their approval of the American revolt. The Duke of Richmond, at the beginning of the contest, expressed a hope

that the Americans might succeed, because they were in the right. Fox spoke of General Howe's first great victory as "the terrible news from Long Island." Wraxall says that the celebrated buff and blue colors of the Whig party were adopted by Fox in imitation of the Continental uniform; but his unsupported statement is open to question. It is certain, however, that in the House of Commons the Whigs habitually alluded to Washington's army as "our army," and to the American cause as "the cause of liberty;" and Burke, with characteristic vehemence, declared that he would rather be a prisoner in the Tower with Mr. Laurens than enjoy the blessings of freedom in company with the men who were seeking to enslave America. Still more, the Whigs did all in their power to discourage enlistments, and in various ways so thwarted and vexed the government that the success of the Americans was by many people ascribed to their assistance. A few days before Lord North's resignation, George Onslow, in an able defense of the prime minister, exclaimed, "Why have we failed so miserably in this war against America, if not from the support and countenance given to rebellion in this very House?"

Now the violence of party leaders like Burke and Fox owed much of its strength, no doubt, to mere rancorousness of party spirit. But, after making due allowance for this, we must admit that it was essentially based upon the intensity of their conviction that the cause of English liberty was inseparably bound up with the defeat of the king's attempt upon the liberties of America. Looking beyond the quarrels of the moment, they preferred to have freedom guaranteed, even at the cost of temporary defeat and partial loss of empire. Time has shown that they were right in this, but the majority of the people could hardly be expected to comprehend their attitude. It seemed

to many that the great Whig leaders were forgetting their true character as English statesmen, and there is no doubt that for many years this was the chief source of the weakness of the Whig party. Sir Gilbert Elliot said, with truth, that if the Whigs had not thus to a considerable extent arrayed the national feeling against themselves, Lord North's ministry would have fallen some years sooner than it did. The king thoroughly understood the advantage which accrued to him from this state of things; and with that short-sighted shrewdness of the mere practical wire-puller, in which few modern politicians have excelled him, he had from the outset preferred to fight his battle on constitutional questions in America rather than in England, in order that the national feeling of Englishmen might be arrayed on his side. He was at length thoroughly beaten on his own ground, and as the fatal day approached he raved and stormed as he had not stormed since the spring of 1778, when he had been asked to entrust the government to Lord Chatham. Like the child who refuses to play when he sees the game going against him, George threatened to abdicate the throne and go over to Hanover, leaving his son to get along with the Whig statesmen. But presently he took heart again, and began to resort to the same kind of political management which had served him so well in the earlier years of his reign. Among the Whig statesmen, the Marquis of Rockingham had the largest political following. He represented the old Whig aristocracy, his section of the party had been first to urge the recognition of American independence, and his principal followers were Fox and Burke. For all these reasons he was especially obnoxious to the king. On the other hand, the Earl of Shelburne was, in a certain sense, the political heir of Lord Chatham, and represented principles far more liberal than those of the old Whigs.

Shelburne was one of the most enlightened statesmen of his time. He was an earnest advocate of parliamentary reform and of free trade. He had paid especial attention to political economy, and looked with disgust upon the whole barbaric system of discriminative duties and commercial monopolies which had been so largely instrumental in bringing about the American Revolution. But being in these respects in advance of his age, Lord Shelburne had but few followers. Moreover, although a man of undoubted integrity, quite exempt from sordid or selfish ambition, there was a cynical harshness about him which made him generally disliked and distrusted. He was so suspicious of other men that other men were suspicious of him; so that, in spite of many admirable qualities, he was extremely ill adapted for the work of a party manager.

It was doubtless for these reasons that the king, when it became clear that a new government must be formed, made up his mind that Lord Shelburne would be the safest man to conduct it. In his hands the Whig power would not be likely to grow too strong, and dissensions would be sure to arise, from which the king might hope to profit. The first place in the treasury was accordingly offered to Shelburne; and when he refused it, and the king found himself forced to appeal to Lord Rockingham, the manner in which the bitter pill was taken was quite characteristic of George III. He refused to meet Rockingham in person, but sent all his communications to him through Shelburne, who, thus conspicuously singled out as the object of royal preference, was certain to incur the distrust of his fellow ministers.

The structure of the new cabinet was unstable enough, however, to have satisfied even such an enemy as the king. Beside Rockingham himself, Lord John Cavendish, Charles Fox, Lord Keppel, and the Duke of Richmond were all

old Whigs. To offset these five there were five new Whigs, the Duke of Grafton, Lords Shelburne, Camden, and Ashburton, and General Conway; while the eleventh member was none other than the Tory chancellor, Lord Thurlow, who was kept over from Lord North's ministry. Burke was made paymaster of the forces, but had no seat in the cabinet. In this curiously constructed cabinet, the prime minister, Lord Rockingham, counted for little. Though a good party leader, he was below mediocrity as a statesman, and his health was failing, so that he could not attend to business. The master spirits were the two secretaries of state, Fox and Shelburne, and they wrangled perpetually, while Thurlow carried the news of all their quarrels to the king, and in cabinet meetings usually voted with Shelburne. The ministry had not lasted five weeks when Fox began to predict its downfall. On the great question of parliamentary reform, which was brought up in May by the young William Pitt, the government was hopelessly divided. Shelburne's party was in favor of reform, and this time Fox was found upon the same side, as well as the Duke of Richmond, who went so far as to advocate universal suffrage. On the other hand, the Whig aristocracy, led by Rockingham, were as bitterly opposed as the king himself to any change in the method of electing parliaments; and, incredible as it may seem, even such a man as Burke maintained that the old system, rotten boroughs and all, was a sacred part of the British Constitution, which none could handle rudely without endangering the country! But in this moment of reaction against the evil influences which had brought about the loss of the American colonies, there was a strong feeling in favor of reform, and Pitt's motion was only lost by a minority of twenty in a total vote of three hundred. Half a century was to elapse before the re-

formers were again to come so near to victory.

But Lord Rockingham's weak and short-lived ministry was nevertheless remarkable for the amount of good work it did in spite of the king's dogged opposition. It contained great administrative talent, which made itself felt in the most adverse circumstances. To add to the difficulty, the ministry came into office at the critical moment of a great agitation in Ireland. In less than three months, not only was the trouble successfully removed, but the important bills for disfranchising revenue officers and excluding contractors from the House of Commons were carried, and a tremendous blow was thus struck at the corrupt influence of the crown upon elections. Burke's great scheme of economical reform was also put into operation, cutting down the pension list and diminishing the secret service fund, and thus destroying many sources of corruption. At no time, perhaps, since the expulsion of the Stuarts, had so much been done toward purifying English political life as during the spring of 1782. But during the progress of these important measures, the jealousies and bickerings in the cabinet became more and more painfully apparent, and as the question of peace with America came into the foreground these difficulties hastened to a crisis.

From the policy which George III. pursued with regard to Lord Shelburne at this time, one would suppose that in his secret heart the king wished, by foul means since all others had failed, to defeat the negotiations for peace and to prolong the war. Seldom has there been a more oddly complicated situation. Peace was to be made with America, France, Spain, and Holland. Of these powers, America and France were leagued together by one treaty of alliance, and France and Spain by another, and these treaties in some respects conflicted with one another in the duties

which they entailed upon the combatants. Spain, though at war with England for purposes of her own, was bitterly hostile to the United States; and France, thus leagued with two allies which pulled in opposite directions, felt bound to satisfy both, while pursuing her own ends against England. To deal with such a chaotic state of things, an orderly and harmonious government in England should have seemed indispensably necessary. Yet on the part of England the negotiation of a treaty of peace was to be the work of two secretaries of state who were both politically and personally hostile to each other. Fox, as secretary of state for foreign affairs, had to superintend the negotiations with France, Spain, and Holland. Shelburne was secretary of state for home and colonial affairs; and as the United States were still officially regarded as colonies, the American negotiations belonged to his department. With such a complication of conflicting interests, George III. might well hope that no treaty could be made.

The views of Fox and Shelburne as to the best method of conceding American independence were very different. Fox understood that France was really in need of peace, and he believed that she would not make further demands upon England if American independence should once be recognized. Accordingly, Fox would have made this concession at once as a preliminary to the negotiation. On the other hand, Shelburne felt sure that France would insist upon further concessions, and he thought it best to hold in reserve the recognition of independence as a consideration to be bargained for. Informal negotiations began between Shelburne and Franklin, who for many years had been warm friends. In view of the impending change of government, Franklin had in March sent a letter to Shelburne, expressing a hope that peace might soon be restored. When the letter reached

London the new ministry had already been formed, and Shelburne, with the consent of the cabinet, answered it by sending over to Paris an agent, to talk with Franklin informally, and ascertain the terms upon which the Americans would make peace. The person chosen for this purpose was Richard Oswald, a Scotch merchant, who owned large estates in America, — a man of very frank disposition and liberal views, and a friend of Adam Smith. In April, Oswald had several conversations with Franklin. In one of these conversations Franklin suggested that, in order to make a durable peace, it was desirable to remove all occasion for future quarrel; that the line of frontier between New York and Canada was inhabited by a lawless set of men, who in time of peace would be likely to breed trouble between their respective governments; and that therefore it would be well for England to cede Canada to the United States. A similar reasoning would apply to Nova Scotia. By ceding these countries to the United States it would be possible, from the sale of unappropriated lands, to indemnify the Americans for all losses of private property during the war, and also to make reparation to the Tories, whose estates had been confiscated. By pursuing such a policy, England, which had made war on America unjustly, and had wantonly done it great injuries, would achieve not merely peace, but reconciliation, with America; and reconciliation, said Franklin, is "a sweet word." No doubt this was a bold tone for Franklin to take, and perhaps it was rather cool in him to ask for Canada and Nova Scotia; but he knew that almost every member of the Whig ministry had publicly expressed the opinion that the war against America was an unjust and wanton war; and being, moreover, a shrewd hand at a bargain, he began by setting his terms high. Oswald doubtless looked at the matter very much from Franklin's point of

view, for on the suggestion of the cession of Canada he expressed neither surprise nor reluctance. Franklin had written on a sheet of paper the main points of his conversation, and, at Oswald's request, he allowed him to take the paper to London to show to Lord Shelburne, first writing upon it a note expressly declaring its informal character. Franklin also sent a letter to Shelburne, describing Oswald as a gentleman with whom he found it very pleasant to deal. On Oswald's arrival in London, Shelburne did not show the notes of the conversation to any of his colleagues, except Lord Ashburton. He kept the paper over one night, and then returned it to Franklin without any formal answer. But the letter he showed to the cabinet, and on the 23d of April it was decided to send Oswald back to Paris, to represent to Franklin that, on being restored to the same situation in which she was left by the treaty of 1763, Great Britain would be willing to recognize the independence of the United States. Fox was authorized to make a similar representation to the French government, and the person whom he sent to Paris for this purpose was Thomas Grenville, son of the author of the Stamp Act.

As all British subjects were prohibited from entering into negotiations with the revolted colonies, it was impossible for Oswald to take any decisive step until an enabling act should be carried through Parliament. But while waiting for this he might still talk informally with Franklin. Fox thought that Oswald's presence in Paris indicated a desire on Shelburne's part to interfere with the negotiations with the French government; and indeed, the king, out of his hatred of Fox and his inborn love of intrigue, suggested to Shelburne that Oswald "might be a useful check on that part of the negotiation which was in other hands." But Shelburne paid no heed to this crooked

advice, and there is nothing to show that he had the least desire to intrigue against Fox. If he had, he would certainly have selected some other agent than Oswald, who was the most straightforward of men, and scarcely close-mouthed enough for a diplomatist. He told Oswald to impress it upon Franklin that if America was to be independent at all she must be independent of the whole world, and must not enter into any secret arrangement with France which might limit her entire freedom of action in the future. To the private memorandum which desired the cession of Canada for three reasons, his answers were as follows: "1. *By way of reparation.* — Answer. No reparation can be heard of. 2. *To prevent future wars.* — Answer. It is to be hoped that some more friendly method will be found. 3. *As a fund of indemnification to loyalists.* — Answer. No independence to be acknowledged without their being taken care of." Besides, added Shelburne, the Americans would be expected to make some compensation for the surrender of Charleston, Savannah, and the city of New York, still held by British troops. From this it appears that Shelburne, as well as Franklin, knew how to begin by asking more than he was likely to get.

While Oswald submitted these answers to Franklin, Grenville had his interview with Vergennes, and told him that, if England recognized the independence of the United States, she should expect France to restore the islands of the West Indies which she had taken from England. Why not, since the independence of the United States was the sole avowed object for which France had gone to war? Now this was on the 18th of May, and the news of the destruction of the French fleet in the West Indies, nearly four months ago, had not yet reached Europe. Flushed with the victories of De Grasse, and exulting in the prowess of the most

formidable naval force that France had ever sent out, Vergennes not only expected to keep the islands which he had got, but was waiting eagerly for the news that he had acquired Jamaica into the bargain. In this mood he returned a haughty answer to Grenville. He reminded him that nations often went to war for a specified object, and yet seized twice as much if favored by fortune; and recurring to the instance which rankled most deeply in the memories of Frenchmen, he cited the events of the last war. In 1756 England went to war with France over the disputed right to some lands on the Ohio River and the Maine frontier. After seven years of fighting she not only kept these lands, but all of Canada, Louisiana, and Florida, and ousted the French from India into the bargain. No, said Vergennes, he would not rest content with the independence of America. He would not even regard such an offer as a concession to France in any way, or as a price in return for which France was to make a treaty favorable to England. As regards the recognition of independence, England must treat directly with America.

Grenville was disappointed and chagrined by this answer, and the ministry made up their minds that there would be no use in trying to get an honorable peace with France for the present. Accordingly, it seemed better to take Vergennes at his word, though not in the sense in which he meant it, and, by granting all that the Americans could reasonably desire, to detach them from the French alliance as soon as possible. On the 18th of May there came the news of the stupendous victory of Rodney over De Grasse, and all England rang with jubilee. Again it had been shown that "Britannia rules the wave;" and it seemed that if America could be separately pacified the House of Bourbon might be successfully defied. Accordingly, on the 23d, five days after the

news of victory, the ministry decided "to propose the independence of America in the first instance, instead of making it the condition of a general treaty." Upon this Fox rather hastily maintained that the United States were put at once into the position of an independent and foreign power, so that the business of negotiating with them passed from Shelburne's department into his own. Shelburne, on the other hand, argued that, as the recognition of independence could not take effect until a treaty of peace should be concluded, the negotiation with America still belonged to him, as secretary for the colonies. Following Fox's instructions, Grenville now claimed the right of negotiating with Franklin as well as with Vergennes; but as his written credentials only authorized him to treat with France, the French minister suspected foul play, and turned a cold shoulder to Grenville. For the same reason, Grenville found Franklin very reserved and indisposed to talk on the subject of the treaty. While Grenville was thus rebuffed and irritated he had a talk with Oswald, in the course of which he got from that simple and high-minded gentleman the story of the private paper relating to the cession of Canada, which Franklin had permitted Lord Shelburne to see. Grenville immediately took offense; he made up his mind that something underhanded was going on, and that this was the reason for the coldness of Franklin and Vergennes; and he wrote an indignant letter about it to Fox. From the wording of this letter, Fox got the impression that Franklin's proposal was much more serious than it really was. It naturally puzzled him and made him angry, for the attitude of America implied in the request for a cession of Canada was far different from the attitude presumed by the theory that the mere offer of independence would be enough to detach her from her alliance with France. The plan of the ministry seemed imperiled.

Fox showed Grenville's letter to Rockingham, Richmond, and Cavendish; and they all inferred that Shelburne was playing a secret part, for purposes of his own. This was doubtless unjust to Shelburne. Perhaps his keeping the matter to himself was simply one more illustration of his want of confidence in Fox; or, perhaps he did not think it worth while to stir up the cabinet over a question which seemed too preposterous ever to come to anything. Fox, however, cried out against Shelburne's alleged duplicity, and made up his mind at all events to get the American negotiations transferred to his own department. To this end he moved in the cabinet, on the last day of June, that the independence of the United States should be unconditionally acknowledged, so that England might treat as with a foreign power. The motion was lost, and Fox announced that he should resign his office. His resignation would probably of itself have broken up the ministry, but, by a curious coincidence, on the next day Lord Rockingham died; and so the first British government begotten of Washington's victory at Yorktown came prematurely to an end.

The old Whigs now found some difficulty in choosing a leader. Burke was the greatest statesman in the party, but he had not the qualities of a party leader, and his connections were not sufficiently aristocratic. Fox was distrusted by many people for his gross vices, and because of his waywardness in politics. In the dissipated gambler, who cast in his lot first with one party and then with the other, and who had shamefully used his matchless eloquence in defending some of the worst abuses of the time, there seemed as yet but little promise of the great reformer of later years, the Charles Fox who came to be loved and idolized by all enlightened Englishmen. Next to Fox, the ablest leader in the party was the Duke of Richmond, but his advanced views on parliamentary re-

form put him out of sympathy with the majority of the party. In this embarrassment, the choice fell upon the Duke of Portland, a man of great wealth and small talent, concerning whom Horace Walpole observed, "It is very entertaining that two or three great families should persuade themselves that they have a hereditary and exclusive right of giving us a head without a tongue!" The choice was a weak one, and played directly into the hands of the king. When urged to make the Duke of Portland his prime minister, the king replied that he had already offered that position to Lord Shelburne. Hereupon Fox and Cavendish resigned, but Richmond remained in office, thus virtually breaking his connection with the old Whigs. Lord Keppel also remained. Many members of the party followed Richmond and went over to Shelburne. William Pitt, now twenty-three years old, succeeded Cavendish as chancellor of the exchequer; Thomas Townshend became secretary of state for home and colonies, and Lord Grantham became foreign secretary. The closing days of Parliament were marked by altercations which showed how wide the breach had grown between the two sections of the Whig party. Fox and Burke believed that Shelburne was not only playing a false part, but was really as subservient to the king as Lord North had been. In a speech ridiculous for its furious invective, Burke compared the new prime minister with Borgia and Catiline. And so Parliament was adjourned on the 11th of July, and did not meet again until December.

The task of making a treaty of peace was simplified both by this change of ministry and by the total defeat of the Spaniards and French at Gibraltar in September. Six months before, England had seemed worsted in every quarter. Now England, though defeated in America, was victorious as regarded France and Spain. The avowed object

for which France had entered into alliance with the Americans was to secure the independence of the United States, and this point was now substantially gained. The chief object for which Spain had entered into alliance with France was to drive the English from Gibraltar, and this point was now decidedly lost. France had bound herself not to desist from the war until Spain should recover Gibraltar; but now there was little hope of accomplishing this, except by some fortunate bargain in the treaty, and Vergennes tried to persuade England to cede the great stronghold in exchange for West Florida, which Spain had lately conquered, or for Oran or Guadeloupe. Failing in this, he adopted a plan for satisfying Spain at the expense of the United States; and he did this the more willingly as he had no love for the Americans, and did not wish to see them become too powerful. France had strictly kept her pledges; she had given us valuable and timely aid in gaining our independence; and the sympathies of the French people were entirely with the American cause. But the object of the French government had been simply to humiliate England, and this end was sufficiently accomplished by depriving her of her thirteen colonies. The immense territory extending from the Alleghany Mountains to the Mississippi River, and from the border of West Florida to the Great Lakes, had passed from the hands of France into those of England at the peace of 1763; and by the Quebec Act of 1774 England had declared the southern boundary of Canada to be the Ohio River. At present the whole territory, from Lake Superior down to the southern boundary of what is now in Kentucky, belonged to the State of Virginia, whose backwoodsmen had conquered it from England in 1779. In December, 1780, Virginia had provisionally ceded the portion north of the Ohio to the United States, but the cession was not

yet completed. The region which is now Tennessee belonged to North Carolina, which had begun to make settlements there as long ago as 1758. The trackless forests included between Tennessee and West Florida were still in the hands of wild tribes of Cherokees and Choctaws, Chickasaws and Creeks. Several thousand pioneers from North Carolina and Virginia had already settled beyond the mountains, and the white population was rapidly increasing. This territory the French government was very unwilling to leave in American hands. The possibility of enormous expansion which it would afford to the new nation was distinctly foreseen by sagacious men. Count Aranda, the representative of Spain in these negotiations, wrote a letter to his king just after the treaty was concluded, in which he uttered this notable prophecy: "This federal republic is born a pygmy. A day will come when it will be a giant, even a colossus, formidable in these countries. Liberty of conscience, the facility for establishing a new population on immense lands, as well as the advantages of the new government, will draw thither farmers and artisans from all the nations. In a few years we shall watch with grief the tyrannical existence of this same colossus." The letter went on to predict that the Americans would presently get possession of Florida and attack Mexico. Similar arguments were doubtless used by Aranda in his interviews with Vergennes, and France, as well as Spain, sought to prevent the growth of the dreaded colossus. To this end Vergennes maintained that the Americans ought to recognize the Quebec Act, and give up to England all the territory north of the Ohio River. The region south of this limit should, he thought, be made an Indian territory, and placed under the protection of Spain and the United States. A line was to be drawn from the mouth of the Cumberland River, following that

stream about as far as the site of Nashville, thence running southward to the Tennessee, thence curving eastward nearly to the Alleghanies, and descending through what is now eastern Alabama to the Florida line. The territory to the east of this irregular line was to be under the protection of the United States; the territory to the west of it was to be under the protection of Spain. In this division, the settlers beyond the mountains would retain their connection with the United States, which would not touch the Mississippi River at any point. Vergennes held that this was all the Americans could reasonably demand, and he agreed with Aranda that they had as yet gained no foothold upon the eastern bank of the great river, unmindful of the fact that at that very moment the fortresses at Cahokia and Kaskaskia were occupied by American garrisons.

Upon another important point the views of the French government were directly opposed to American interests. The right to catch fish on the banks of Newfoundland had been shared by treaty between France and England; and the New England fishermen, as subjects of the king of Great Britain, had participated in this privilege. The matter was of very great importance, not only to New England, but to the United States in general. Not only were the fisheries a source of lucrative trade to the New England people, but they were the training-school of a splendid race of seamen, the nursery of naval heroes whose exploits were by and by to astonish the world. To deprive the Americans of their share in these fisheries was to strike a serious blow at the strength and resources of the new nation. The British government was not inclined to grant the privilege, and on this point Vergennes took sides with England, in order to establish a claim upon her for concessions advantageous to France in some other quarter. With these views, Vergennes secretly aimed

at delaying the negotiations; for as long as hostilities were kept up, he might hope to extort from his American allies a recognition of the Spanish claims and a renouncement of the fisheries, simply by threatening to send them no further assistance in men or money. In order to retard the proceedings, he refused to take any steps whatever until the independence of the United States should first be irrevocably acknowledged by Great Britain, without reference to the final settlement of the rest of the treaty. In this Vergennes was supported by Franklin, as well as by Jay, who had lately arrived in Paris to take part in the negotiations. But the reasons of the American commissioners were very different from those of Vergennes. They feared that, if they began to treat before independence was acknowledged, they would be unfairly dealt with by France and Spain, and unable to gain from England the concessions upon which they were determined.

Jay soon began to suspect the designs of the French minister. He found that he was sending a secret emissary to Lord Shelburne under an assumed name; he ascertained that the right of the United States to the Mississippi valley was to be denied; and he got hold of a dispatch from Marbois, the French secretary of legation at Philadelphia, to Vergennes, opposing the American claim to the Newfoundland fisheries. As soon as Jay learned these facts, he sent a messenger to Lord Shelburne to put him on his guard, and while reminding him that it was greatly for the interest of England to dissolve the alliance between America and France, he declared himself ready to begin the negotiations without waiting for the recognition of independence, provided that Oswald's commission should speak of the thirteen United States of America, instead of calling them colonies and naming them separately. This decisive step was taken

by Jay on his own responsibility, and without the knowledge of Franklin, who had been averse to anything like a separate negotiation with England. It served to set the ball rolling at once. After meeting the messengers from Jay and Vergennes, Lord Shelburne at once perceived the antagonism that had arisen between the allies, and promptly took advantage of it. A new commission was made out for Oswald, in which the British government first described our country as the United States; and early in October negotiations were begun and proceeded rapidly. On the part of England, the affair was conducted by Oswald, assisted by Strachey and Fitzherbert, who had succeeded Grenville. In the course of the month John Adams arrived in Paris, and a few weeks later Henry Laurens, who had been exchanged for Lord Cornwallis and released from the Tower, was added to the company. Adams had a holy horror of Frenchmen in general, and of Count Vergennes in particular. He shared that common but mistaken view of Frenchmen which regards them as shallow, frivolous, and insincere; and he was indignant at the position taken by Vergennes on the question of the fisheries. In this, John Adams felt as all New Englanders felt, and he realized the importance of the question from a national point of view, as became the man who in later years was to earn lasting renown as one of the chief founders of the American navy. His behavior on reaching Paris was characteristic. It is said that he left Count Vergennes to learn of his arrival through the newspapers. It was certainly some time before he called upon him, and he took occasion, besides, to express his opinions about republics and monarchies in terms which courtly Frenchmen thought very rude.

The arrival of Adams fully decided the matter as to a separate negotiation with England. He agreed with Jay

that Vergennes should be kept as far as possible in the dark until everything was cut and dried, and Franklin was reluctantly obliged to yield. The treaty of alliance between France and the United States had expressly stipulated that neither power should ever make peace without the consent of the other, and in view of this Franklin was loath to do anything which might seem like abandoning the ally whose timely interposition had alone enabled Washington to achieve the crowning triumph of Yorktown. In justice to Vergennes, it should be borne in mind that he had kept strict faith with us in regard to every point that had been expressly stipulated; and Franklin, who, moreover, understood Frenchmen much better than his colleagues, was naturally unwilling to seem behindhand in this respect. At the same time, in regard to matters not expressly stipulated, Vergennes was clearly playing a sharp game against us; and it is undeniable that, without departing technically from the obligations of the alliance, Jay and Adams — two men as honorable as ever lived — played a very sharp defensive game against him. The traditional French subtlety was no match for Yankee shrewdness. The treaty with England was not concluded until the consent of France had been obtained, and thus the express stipulation was respected; but a thorough and detailed agreement was reached as to what the purport of the treaty should be, while our not too friendly ally was kept in the dark. The annals of modern diplomacy have afforded few stranger spectacles. With the indispensable aid of France we had just got the better of England in fight, and now we proceeded amicably to divide territory and commercial privileges with the enemy, and to make arrangements in which the ally was virtually ignored. It ceases to be a paradox, however, when we remember that with the change of government in Eng-

land all the conditions of the case were changed. The England against which we had fought was the hostile England of Lord North; the England with which we were now dealing was the friendly England of Shelburne and Pitt. For the moment, the English race, on both sides of the Atlantic, was united in its main purpose and divided only by questions of detail, while the rival colonizing power, which sought to work in a direction contrary to the general interests of English-speaking people, was in great measure disregarded.

As soon as the problem was thus virtually reduced to a negotiation between the American commissioners and Lord Shelburne's ministry, the air was cleared in a moment. The principal questions had already been discussed between Franklin and Oswald. Independence being first acknowledged, the question of boundaries came up for settlement. England had little interest in regaining the territories between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, the forts in which were already held by American soldiers, and she relinquished all claim upon it. The Mississippi River thus became the dividing line between the United States and the Spanish possessions, and its navigation was made free alike to British and American ships. Franklin's suggestion of a cession of Canada and Nova Scotia was abandoned without discussion. It was agreed that the boundary line should start at the mouth of the river St. Croix, and, running to a point near Lake Madawaska in the highlands separating the Atlantic watershed from that of the St. Lawrence, should follow these highlands to the head of the Connecticut River, and then descend the middle of the river to the forty-fifth parallel, thence running westward and through the centre of the water communications of the Great Lakes to the Lake of the Woods, thence to the source of the Mississippi, which was supposed to be west of this lake. This line was

marked in red ink by Oswald on one of Mitchell's maps of North America, to serve as a memorandum establishing the precise meaning of the words used in the description. It ought to have been accurately fixed in its details by surveys made upon the spot; but no commissioners were appointed for this purpose. The language relating to the northeastern portion of the boundary contained some inaccuracies which were revealed by later surveys, and the map used by Oswald was lost. Hence a further question arose between Great Britain and the United States, which was finally settled by the Ashburton treaty in 1842.

The Americans retained the right of catching fish on the banks of Newfoundland and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but lost the right of drying their fish on the Newfoundland coast. On the other hand, no permission was given to British subjects to fish on the coasts of the United States. As regarded commercial intercourse, Jay sought to establish complete reciprocal freedom between the two countries, and a clause was proposed to the effect that "all British merchants and merchant ships, on the one hand, shall enjoy in the United States, and in all places belonging to them, the same protection and commercial privileges, and be liable only to the same charges and duties as their own merchants and merchant ships; and on the other hand, the merchants and merchant ships of the United States shall enjoy in all places belonging to his Britannic Majesty the same protection and commercial privileges, and be liable only to the same charges and duties as British merchants and merchant ships, saving always to the chartered trading companies of Great Britain such exclusive use and trade, and the respective ports and establishments, as neither the other subjects of Great Britain nor any the most favored nation participate in." Unfortunately for both countries, this liberal provision was rejected on the

ground that the ministry had no authority to interfere with the Navigation Act.

Only two questions were now left to be disposed of, — the question of paying private debts, and that of compensating the American loyalists for the loss of property and general rough treatment which they had suffered. There were many old debts outstanding from American to British merchants. These had been for the most part incurred before 1775, and while many honest debtors, impoverished during the war, felt unable to pay, there were doubtless many others who were ready to take advantage of circumstances and refuse the payment which they were perfectly able to make. It was scarcely creditable to us that any such question should have arisen. Franklin, indeed, argued that these debts were more than fully offset by damages done to private property by British soldiers: as, for example, in the wanton raids on the coasts of Connecticut and Virginia in 1779, or in Prevost's buccaneering march against Charleston. To cite these atrocities, however, as a reason for the non-payment of debts legitimately owed to innocent merchants in London and Glasgow was to argue as if two wrongs could make a right. The strong sense of John Adams struck at once to the root of the matter. He declared "he had no notion of cheating anybody. The question of paying debts and compensating Tories were two." This terse statement carried the day, and it was finally decided that all private debts on either side, whether incurred before or after 1775, remained still binding, and must be discharged at their full value in sterling money.

The last question of all was the one most difficult to settle. There were many loyalists in the United States who had sacrificed everything in the support of the British cause, and it was unquestionably the duty of the British government to make every possible effort to insure them against further in-

jury, and, if practicable, to make good their losses already incurred. From Virginia and the New England States, where they were few in number, they had mostly fled, and their estates had been confiscated. In New York and South Carolina, where they remained in great numbers, they were still waging a desultory war with the patriots, which far exceeded in cruelty and bitterness the struggle between the regular armies. In many cases they had, at the solicitation of the British government, joined the invading army, and been organized into companies and regiments. The regular troops defeated at King's Mountain, and those whom Arnold took with him to Virginia, were nearly all American loyalists. Lord Shelburne felt that it would be wrong to abandon these unfortunate men to the vengeance of their fellow countrymen, and he insisted that the treaty should contain an amnesty clause providing for the restoration of the Tories to their civil rights, with compensation for their confiscated property. However disagreeable such a course might seem to the victorious Americans, there were many precedents for it in European history. It had indeed come to be customary at the close of civil wars, and the effect of such a policy had invariably been good. Cromwell, in his hour of triumph, inflicted no disabilities upon his political enemies; and when Charles II. was restored to the throne the healing effect of the amnesty act then passed was so great that historians sometimes ask what in the world had become of that Puritan party which a moment before had seemed supreme in the land. At the close of the war of the Spanish Succession, the rebellious people of Catalonia were indemnified for their losses, at the request of England, and with a similar good effect. In view of such European precedents, Vergennes agreed with Shelburne as to the propriety of securing compensation and further im-

munity for the Tories in America. John Adams insinuated that the French minister took this course because he foresaw that the presence of the Tories in the United States would keep the people perpetually divided into a French party and an English party; but such a suspicion was quite uncalled for. There is no reason to suppose that in this instance Vergennes had anything at heart but the interests of humanity and justice.

On the other hand, the Americans brought forward very strong reasons why the Tories should not be indemnified by Congress. First, as Franklin urged, many of them had, by their misrepresentations to the British government, helped to stir up the disputes which led to the war; and as they had made their bed, so they must lie in it. Secondly, such of them as had been concerned in burning and plundering defenseless villages, and wielding the tomahawk in concert with bloodthirsty Indians, deserved no compassion. It was rather for them to make compensation for the misery they had wrought. Thirdly, the confiscated Tory property had passed into the hands of purchasers who had bought it in good faith and could not now be dispossessed, and in many cases it had been distributed here and there and lost sight of. An estimate of the gross amount might be made, and a corresponding sum appropriated for indemnification. But, fourthly, the country was so impoverished by the war that its own soldiers, the brave men whose heroic exertions had won the independence of the United States, were at this moment in sore distress for the want of the pay which Congress could not give them, but to which its honor was sacredly pledged. The American government was clearly bound to pay its just debts to the friends who had suffered so much in its behalf before it should proceed to entertain a chimerical scheme for satisfying its enemies. For,

fifthly, any such scheme was in the present instance clearly chimerical. The acts under which Tory property had been confiscated were acts of state legislatures, and Congress had no jurisdiction over such a matter. If restitution was to be made, it must be made by the separate States. The question could not for a moment be entertained by the general government or its agents.

Upon these points the American commissioners were united and inexorable. Various suggestions were offered in vain by the British. Their troops still held the city of New York, and it was doubtful whether the Americans could hope to capture it in another campaign. It was urged that England might fairly claim in exchange for New York a round sum of money wherewith the Tories might be indemnified. It was further urged that certain unappropriated lands in the Mississippi valley might be sold for the same purpose. But the Americans would not hear of buying one of their own cities, whose independence was already acknowledged by the first article of the treaty which recognized the independence of the United States; and as for the western lands, they were wanted as a means of paying our own war debts and providing for our veteran soldiers. Several times Shelburne sent word to Paris that he would break off the negotiation unless the loyalist claims were in some way recognized. But the Americans were obdurate. They had one advantage, and knew it. Parliament was soon to meet, and it was doubtful whether Lord Shelburne could command a sufficient majority to remain long in office. He was, accordingly, very anxious to complete the treaty of peace, or at least to detach America from the French alliance, as soon as possible. The American commissioners were also eager to conclude the treaty. They had secured very favorable terms, and were loath to run any risk of spoiling what had been done.

Accordingly, they made a proposal in the form of a compromise, which nevertheless settled the point in their favor. The matter, they said, was beyond the jurisdiction of Congress, but they agreed that Congress should *recommend* to the several States to desist from further proceeding against the Tories, and to reconsider their laws on this subject; it should further recommend that persons with claims upon confiscated lands might be authorized to use legal means of recovering them, and to this end might be allowed to pass to and fro without personal risk for the term of one year. The British commissioners accepted this compromise, unsatisfactory as it was, because it was really impossible to obtain anything better without throwing the whole negotiation overboard. The constitutional difficulty was a real one indeed. As Adams told Oswald, if the point were further insisted upon, Congress would be obliged to refer it to the several States, and no one could tell how long it might be before any decisive result could be reached in this way. Meanwhile, the state of war would continue, and it would be cheaper for England to indemnify the loyalists herself than to pay the war bills for a single month. Franklin added that, if the loyalists were to be indemnified, it would be necessary also to reckon up the damage they had done in burning houses and kidnapping slaves, and then strike a balance between the two accounts; and he gravely suggested that a special commission might be appointed for this purpose. At the prospect of endless discussion which this suggestion involved, the British commissioners gave way and accepted the American terms, although they were frankly told that too much must not be expected from the recommendation of Congress. The articles were signed on the 30th of November, six days before the meeting of Parliament. Hostilities in America were to cease at once, and upon the completion of

the treaty the British fleets and armies were to be immediately withdrawn from every place which they held within the limits of the United States. A supplementary and secret article provided that if England, on making peace with Spain, should recover West Florida, the northern boundary of that province should be a line running due east from the mouth of the Yazoo River to the Chattahoochee.

Thus by skillful diplomacy the Americans had gained all that could reasonably be asked, while the work of making a general peace was greatly simplified. It was declared in the preamble that the articles here signed were provisional, and that the treaty was not to take effect until terms of peace should be agreed on between England and France. Without delay, Franklin laid the whole matter, except the secret article, before Vergennes, who forthwith accused the Americans of ingratitude and bad faith. Franklin's reply, that at the worst they could only be charged with want of diplomatic courtesy, has sometimes been condemned as insincere, but on inadequate grounds. He had consented with reluctance to the separate negotiation, because he did not wish to give France any possible ground for complaint, whether real or ostensible. There does not seem, however, to have been sufficient justification for so grave a charge as was made by Vergennes. If the French negotiations had failed until after the overthrow of the Shelburne ministry; if Fox, on coming into power, had taken advantage of the American treaty to continue the war against France; and if under such circumstances the Americans had abandoned their ally, then undoubtedly they would have become guilty of ingratitude and treachery. There is no reason for supposing that they would ever have done so, had the circumstances arisen. Their preamble made it impossible for them honorably to abandon France until a full

peace should be made, and more than this France could not reasonably demand. They had unquestionably played a sharp game, but a sharp game is not necessarily a dishonest one. They had kept to the strict letter of their contract, as Vergennes had kept to the strict letter of his, and beyond this they meted out exactly the same measure of frankness which they received. To say that our debt of gratitude to France was such as to require us to acquiesce in her scheme for enriching our enemy Spain at our expense is simply childish. Franklin was undoubtedly right. The commissioners were guilty of a gross breach of diplomatic courtesy, but nothing more. Vergennes was sarcastic about it, but the cordial relations between France and America remained undisturbed.

The course of the Americans produced no effect upon the terms obtained by France, but it seriously modified the case with Spain. Unable to obtain Gibraltar by arms, that power hoped to get it by diplomacy; and with the support of France she seemed disposed to make the cession of the great fortress an ultimatum, without which the war must go on. Shelburne, on his part, was willing to exchange Gibraltar for an island in the West Indies; but it was difficult to get the cabinet to agree on the matter, and the scheme was violently opposed by the people, for the heroic defense of the stronghold had invested it with a halo of romance and endeared it to every one. Nevertheless, so persistent was Spain, and so great the desire for peace on the part of the ministry, that they had resolved to exchange Gibraltar for Guadaloupe, when the news arrived of the treaty with America. The ministers now took a bold stand, and refused to hear another word about giving up Gibraltar. Spain stormed, and threatened a renewal of hostilities, but France was unwilling to give further assistance, and the matter was settled by England's sur-

rendering East Florida, and allowing the Spaniards to keep West Florida and Minorca, which were already in their hands.

By the treaty with France, the West India islands of Granada, St. Vincent, St. Christopher, Dominica, Nevis, and Montserrat were restored to England, which in turn restored St. Lucie and ceded Tobago to France. The French were allowed to fortify Dunkirk, and received some slight concessions in India and Africa; they retained their share in the Newfoundland fisheries, and recovered the little neighboring islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. For the fourteen hundred million francs which France had expended in the war, she had the satisfaction of detaching the American colonies from England, thus inflicting a blow, which it was confidently hoped would prove fatal to the maritime power of her ancient rival; but beyond this short-lived satisfaction, the fallaciousness of which events were soon to show, she obtained very little. On the 20th of January, 1783, the preliminaries of peace were signed between England, on the one hand, and France and Spain, on the other. A truce was at the same time concluded with Holland, which was soon followed by a peace, in which most of the conquests on either side were restored.

A second English ministry was now about to be wrecked on the rock of this group of treaties. Lord Shelburne's government had at no time been a strong one. He had made many enemies by his liberal and reforming measures, and he had alienated most of his colleagues by his reserved demeanor and seeming want of confidence in them. In December several of the ministers resigned. The strength of parties in the House of Commons was thus quaintly reckoned by Gibbon: "Minister 140; Reynard 90; Boreas 120; the rest unknown or uncertain." But "Reynard" and "Boreas" were now about to join forces

in one of the strangest coalitions ever known in the history of politics. No statesman ever attacked another more ferociously than Fox had attacked North during the past ten years. He had showered abuse upon him; accused him of "treachery and falsehood," of "public perfidy," and "breach of a solemn specific promise;" and had even gone so far as to declare to his face a hope that he would be called upon to expiate his abominable crimes upon the scaffold. Within a twelvemonth he had thus spoken of Lord North and his colleagues: "From the moment when I shall make any terms with one of them, I will rest satisfied to be called the most infamous of mankind. I would not for an instant think of a coalition with men who, in every public and private transaction as ministers, have shown themselves void of every principle of honor and honesty. In the hands of such men I would not trust my honor even for a moment." Still more recently, when at a loss for words strong enough to express his belief in the wickedness of Shelburne, he declared that he had no better opinion of that man than to deem him capable of forming an alliance with North. We may judge, then, of the general amazement when, in the middle of February, it turned out that Fox had himself done this very thing. An "ill-omened marriage," William Pitt called it in the House of Commons. "If this ill-omened marriage is not already solemnized, I know a just and lawful impediment, and in the name of the public safety I here forbid the banns." Throughout the country the indignation was great. Many people had blamed Fox for not following up his charges by actually bringing articles of impeachment against Lord North. That the two enemies should thus suddenly become leagued in friendship seemed utterly monstrous. It injured Fox extremely in the opinion of the country, and it injured North still more, for it seemed like a betrayal of

the king on his part, and his forgiveness of so many insults looked mean-spirited. It does not appear, however, that there was really any strong personal animosity between North and Fox. They were both men of very amiable character, and almost incapable of cherishing resentment. The language of parliamentary orators was habitually violent, and the huge quantities of wine which gentlemen in those days used to drink may have helped to make it extravagant. The excessive vehemence of political invective often deprived it of half its effect. One day, after Fox had exhausted his vocabulary of abuse upon Lord George Germaine, Lord North said to him, "You were in very high feather to-day, Charles, and I am glad you did not fall upon me." On another occasion, it is said that while Fox was thundering against North's unexampled turpitude, the object of his furious tirade cosily dropped off to sleep. Gibbon, who was the friend of both statesmen, expressly declares that they bore each other no ill will. But while thus alike indisposed to harbor bitter thoughts, there was one man for whom both Fox and North felt an abiding distrust and dislike; and that man was Lord Shelburne, the prime minister.

As a political pupil of Burke, Fox shared that statesman's distrust of the whole school of Lord Chatham, to which Shelburne belonged. In many respects these statesmen were far more advanced than Burke, but they did not sufficiently realize the importance of checking the crown by means of a united and powerful ministry. Fox thoroughly understood that much of the mischief of the past twenty years, including the loss of America, had come from the system of weak and divided ministries, which gave the king such great opportunity for wreaking his evil will. He had himself been a member of such a ministry, which had fallen seven months ago. When the king singled out Shelburne for his

confidence, Fox naturally concluded that Shelburne was to be made to play the royal game, as North had been made to play it for so many years. This was very unjust to Shelburne, but there is no doubt that Fox was perfectly honest in his belief. It seemed to him that the present state of things must be brought to an end, at whatever cost. A ministry strong enough to curb the king could be formed only by a coalescence of two out of the three existing parties. A coalescence of old and new Whigs had been tried last spring, and failed. It only remained now to try the effect of a coalescence of old Whigs and Tories.

Such was doubtless the chief motive of Fox in this extraordinary move. The conduct of North seems harder to explain, but it was probably due to a reaction of feeling on his part. He had done violence to his own convictions out of weak compassion for George III., and had carried on the American war for four years after he had been thoroughly convinced that peace ought to be made. Remorse for this is said to have haunted him to the end of his life. When in his old age he became blind, he bore this misfortune with his customary lightness of heart; and one day, meeting the veteran Barre, who had also lost his eyesight, he exclaimed, with his unfailing wit, "Well, colonel, in spite of all our differences, I suppose there are no two men in England who would be gladder to *see* each other than you and I." But while Lord North could jest about his blindness, the memory of his ill-judged subservience to the king was something that he could not laugh away, and among his nearest friends he was sometimes heard to reproach himself bitterly. When, therefore, in 1783, he told Fox that he fully agreed with him in thinking that the royal power ought to be curbed, he was doubtless speaking the truth. No man had a better right to such an opinion than he had gained through sore experi-

ence. In his own ministry, as he said to Fox, he took the system as he found it, and had not vigor and resolution enough to put an end to it; but he was now quite convinced that in such a country as England, while the king should be treated with all outward show of respect, he ought on no account to be allowed to exercise any real power.

Now this was in 1783 the paramount political question in England, just as much as the question of secession was paramount in the United States in 1861. Other questions could be postponed; the question of curbing the king could not. Upon this all-important point North had come to agree with Fox; and as the motive of their coalition is thus sufficiently explained, the historian is not called upon to lay too much stress upon the lower motives assigned in profusion by their political enemies. This explanation, however, does not quite cover the case. The mass of the Tories would never follow North in an avowed attempt to curb the king, but they agreed with the followers of Fox, though not with Fox himself, in holy horror of parliamentary reform, and were alarmed by a recent declaration of Shelburne that the suffrage must be extended so as to admit a hundred new county members. Thus while the two leaders were urged to coalescence by one motive, their followers were largely swayed by another, and this added much to the mystery and general unintelligibleness of the movement. In taking this step Fox made the mistake which was characteristic of the old Whig party. He gave too little heed to the great public outside the walls of the House of Commons. The coalition, once made, was very strong in Parliament, but it mystified and scandalized the people, and this popular disapproval by and by made it easy for the king to overthrow it.

It was agreed to choose the treaty as the occasion for the combined attack upon the Shelburne ministry. North,

as the minister who had conducted the unsuccessful war, was bound to oppose the treaty, in any case. It would not do for him to admit that better terms could not have been made. The treaty was also very unpopular with Fox's party, and with the nation at large. It was thought that too much territory had been conceded to the Americans, and fault was found with the article on the fisheries. But the point which excited most indignation was the virtual abandonment of the loyalists, for here the honor of England was felt to be at stake. On this ground the treaty was emphatically condemned by Burke, Sheridan, and Wilberforce, no less than by North. It was ably defended in the Commons by Pitt, and in the Lords by Shelburne himself, who argued that he had but the alternative of accepting the terms as they stood, or continuing the war; and since it had come to this, he said, without spilling a drop of blood, or incurring one fifth of the expense of a year's campaign, the comfort and happiness of the American loyalists could be easily secured. By this he meant that, should America fail to make good their losses, it was far better for England to indemnify them herself than to prolong indefinitely a bloody and ruinous struggle. As we shall hereafter see, this liberal and enlightened policy was the one which England really pursued, so far as practicable, and her honor was completely saved. That Shelburne and Pitt were quite right there can now be little doubt. But argument was of no avail against the resistless power of the coalition. On the 17th of February Lord John Cavendish moved an amendment to the ministerial address on the treaty, refusing to approve it. On the 21st he moved a further amendment condemning the treaty. Both motions were carried, and on the 24th Lord Shelburne resigned. He did not dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country, partly because he was aware of his personal

unpopularity, and partly because, in spite of the general disgust at the coalition, there was little doubt that on the particular question of the treaty the public opinion agreed with the majority in Parliament, and not with the ministry. For this reason, Pitt, though personally popular, saw that it was no time for him to take the first place in the government, and when the king proceeded to offer it to him he declined.

For more than five weeks, while the treasury was nearly empty, and the question of peace or war still hung in the balance, England was without a regular government, while the angry king went hunting for some one who would consent to be his prime minister. He was determined not to submit to the coalition. He was naturally enraged at Lord North for turning against him. Meeting one day North's father, Lord Guilford, he went up to him, tragically wringing his hands, and exclaimed in accents of woe, "Did I ever think, my Lord Guilford, that your son would thus have betrayed me into the hands of Mr. Fox?" He appealed in vain to Lord Gower, and then to Lord Temple, to form a ministry. Lord Gower suggested that perhaps Thomas Pitt, cousin of William, might be willing to serve. "I desired him," said the king, "to apply to Mr. Thomas Pitt, or Mr. Thomas anybody." It was of no use. By the 2d of April Parliament had become furious at the delay, and George was obliged to yield. The Duke of Portland was brought in as nominal prime minister, with Fox as foreign secretary, North as secretary for home and colonies, Cavendish as chancellor of the exchequer, and Keppel as first lord of the admiralty. The only Tory in the cabinet, excepting North, was Lord Stormont, who became president of the council. The commissioners, Fitzherbert and Oswald, were recalled from Paris, and the Duke of Manchester and David Hartley, son of the great philosopher, were appointed

in their stead. Negotiations continued through the spring and summer. Attempts were made to change some of the articles, especially the obnoxious article concerning the loyalists, but all to no purpose. Hartley's attempt to negotiate a mutually advantageous commercial treaty with America also came to nothing. The definitive treaty which was finally signed on the 3d of September, 1783, was an exact transcript of the treaty which Shelburne had made, and for making which the present ministers had succeeded in turning him out of office. No more emphatic justification of Shelburne's conduct of this business could possibly have been obtained.

The coalition ministry did not long survive the final signing of the treaty. The events of the next few months are curiously instructive as showing the quiet and stealthy way in which a political revolution may be consummated in a thoroughly conservative and constitutional country. Early in the winter session of Parliament Fox brought in his famous bill for organizing the government of the great empire which Clive and Hastings had built up in India. Popular indignation at the ministry had been strengthened by its adopting the same treaty of peace for the making of which it had assaulted Shelburne; and now, on the passage of the India Bill by the House of Commons, there was a great outcry. Many provisions of the bill were exceedingly unpopular, and its chief object was alleged to be the concentration of the immense patronage of India into the hands of the old Whig families. With the popular feeling thus warmly enlisted against the ministry, George III. was now emboldened to make war on it by violent means; and, accordingly, when the bill came up in the House of Lords, he caused it to be announced, by Lord Temple, that any peer who should vote in its favor would be regarded as an enemy by the king. Four days later the House of Commons,

by a vote of 153 to 80, resolved that "to report any opinion, or pretended opinion, of his majesty upon any bill or other proceeding depending in either house of Parliament, with a view to influence the votes of the members, is a high crime and misdemeanor, derogatory to the honor of the crown, a breach of the fundamental privileges of Parliament, and subversive of the constitution of this country." A more explicit or emphatic defiance to the king would have been hard to frame. Two days afterward the Lords rejected the India Bill, and on the next day, the 18th of December, George turned the ministers out of office.

In this grave constitutional crisis the king invited William Pitt to form a government, and this young statesman, who had consistently opposed the coalition, now saw that his hour was come. He was more than any one else the favorite of the people. Fox's political reputation was eclipsed, and North's was destroyed, by their unseemly alliance. People were sick of the whole state of things which had accompanied the American war. Pitt, who had only come into Parliament in 1780, was free from these unpleasant associations. The unblemished purity of his life, his incorruptible integrity, his rare disinterestedness, and his transcendent ability in debate were known to every one. As the worthy son of Lord Chatham, whose name was associated with the most glorious moment of English history, he was peculiarly dear to the people. His position, however, on taking supreme office at the instance of a king who had just committed a most outrageous breach of the constitution, was extremely critical, and only the most consummate skill could have won from the chaos such a victory as he was about to win. When he became first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, in December, 1783, he had barely completed his twenty-fifth year. All his colleagues in

the new cabinet were peers, so that he had to fight single-handed in the Commons against the united talents of Burke and Sheridan, Fox and North; and there was a heavy majority against him, besides. In view of this adverse majority, it was Pitt's constitutional duty to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country. But Fox, unwilling to imperil his great majority by a new election, now made the fatal mistake of opposing a dissolution; thus showing his distrust of the people and his dread of their verdict. With consummate tact, Pitt allowed the debates to go on till March, and then, when the popular feeling in his favor had grown into wild enthusiasm, he dissolved Parliament. In the general election which followed, 160 members of the coalition lost their seats, and Pitt obtained the greatest majority that has ever been given to an English minister.

Thus was completed the political revolution in England which was set on foot by the American victory at Yorktown. Its full significance was only gradually realized. For the moment it might seem that it was the king who had triumphed. He had shattered the alliance which had been formed for the purpose of curbing him, and the result of the election had virtually condoned his breach of the constitution. This apparent victory, however, had been won only by a direct appeal to the people, and all its advantages accrued to the people, and not to George III. His ingenious system of weak and divided ministries, with himself for balance-wheel, was destroyed. For the next seventeen years the real ruler of England was not George III., but William Pitt, who, with his great popular following, wielded such a power as no English sovereign had possessed since the days of Elizabeth. The political atmosphere was cleared of intrigue; and Fox, in the legitimate attitude of leader of the new opposition, entered upon the

glorious part of his career. There was now set in motion that great work of reform which, hindered for a while by the reaction against the French revolutionists, won its decisive victory in 1832. Down to the very moment at which American and British history begin to flow in distinct and separate channels, it is interesting to observe how closely they are implicated with each other. The victory of the Americans not only

set on foot the British revolution here described, but it figured most prominently in each of the political changes that we have witnessed, down to the very eve of the overthrow of the coalition. The system which George III. had sought to fasten upon America, in order that he might fasten it upon England, was shaken off and shattered by the good people of both countries at almost the same moment of time.

John Fiske.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK SECOND.

XIV.

HYACINTH did not mention to Pinnie or Mr. Vetch that he had been taken up by a great lady; but he mentioned it to Paul Muniment, to whom he now confided a great many things. He had, at first, been in considerable fear of his straight, loud, North Country friend, who showed signs of cultivating logic and criticism to a degree that was hostile to free conversation; but he discovered, later, that he was a man to whom one could say anything in the world, if one did n't think it of more importance to be sympathized with than to be understood. For a revolutionist, he was strangely good-natured. The sight of all the things he wanted to change had, seemingly, no power to irritate him, and if he joked about questions that lay very near his heart, his pleasantries were not bitter nor invidious; the fault that Hyacinth sometimes found with it, rather, was that it was innocent to puerility. Our hero envied his power of combining a care for the wide misery of mankind with the apparent state of mind of the cheerful and virtuous young workman who, on Sunday morning, has

put on a clean shirt, and, not having taken the gilt off his wages the night before, weighs against each other, for a happy day, the respective attractions of Epping Forest and Gravesend. He was never sarcastic about his personal lot and his daily life; it had not seemed to occur to him, for instance, that "society" was really responsible for the condition of his sister's spinal column, though Eustache Poupin and his wife (who practically, however, were as patient as he) did everything they could to make him say so, believing, evidently, that it would relieve him. Apparently, he cared nothing for women, talked of them rarely, and always decently, and had never a sign of a sweetheart, unless Lady Aurora Langrish might pass for one. He never drank a drop of beer nor touched a pipe; he always had a clear tone, a fresh cheek, and a smiling eye, and once excited on Hyacinth's part a kind of elder-brotherly indulgence by the open-mouthed glee and credulity with which, when the pair were present, in the sixpenny gallery, at Astley's, at an equestrian pantomime, he followed the tawdry spectacle. He once told the young bookbinder that

he was a suggestive little beggar, and Hyacinth's opinion of him, by this time, was so exalted that the remark had almost the value of a patent of nobility. Our hero treated himself to an unlimited belief in him; he had always dreamed of having some grand friendship, and this was the best opening he had ever encountered. No one could entertain a sentiment of that sort better than Hyacinth, or cultivate a greater luxury of confidence. It disappointed him, sometimes, that it was not more richly repaid; that on certain important points of the socialistic programme Muniment would never commit himself; and that he had not yet shown the *fond du sac*, as Eustache Poupin called it, to so ardent an admirer. He answered particular questions freely enough, and answered them, occasionally, in a manner that made Hyacinth jump, as when, in reply to an inquiry in regard to his view of capital punishment, he said that, so far from wishing it abolished, he should go in for extending it much further — he should impose it on those who habitually lied or got drunk; but his friend had always a feeling that he kept back his best card, and that even in the listening circle in Bloomsbury, where only the right men were present, there were unspoken conclusions in his mind which he did not as yet think any one good enough to be favored with. So far, therefore, from suspecting him of half-heartedness, Hyacinth was sure that he had extraordinary things in his head; that he was thinking them out to the logical end, wherever it might land him; and that the night he should produce them, with the door of the club-room guarded and the company bound by a tremendous oath, the others would look at each other and turn pale.

"She wants to see you; she asked me to bring you; she was very serious," Hyacinth said, relating his interview with the ladies in the box at the play; which, however, now that he looked

back upon it, seemed as queer as a dream, and not much more likely than that sort of experience to have a continuation in one's waking hours.

"To bring me — to bring me where?" asked Muniment. "You talk as if I were a sample out of your shop, or a little dog you had for sale. Has she ever seen me? Does she think I'm smaller than you? What does she know about me?"

"Well, principally, that you're a friend of mine — that's enough for her."

"Do you mean that it ought to be enough for me that she's a friend of yours? I have a notion you'll have some queer ones before you're done; a good many more than I have time to talk to. And how can I go to see a delicate female, with those paws?" Muniment inquired, exhibiting ten work-stained fingers.

"Buy a pair of gloves," said Hyacinth, who recognized the serious character of this obstacle. But after a moment he added, "No, you ought not to do that; she wants to see dirty hands."

"That's easy enough; she need not send for me for the purpose. But is not she making game of you?"

"It's very possible, but I don't see what good it can do her."

"You are not obliged to find excuses for the pampered classes. Their bloated luxury begets evil, impudent desires; they are capable of doing harm for the sake of harm. Besides, is she genuine?"

"If she is not, what becomes of your explanation?" asked Hyacinth.

"Oh, it does not matter: at night all cats are gray. Whatever she is, she's an idle, bedizened jade."

"If you had seen her, you would not talk of her that way."

"God forbid I should see her, then, if she's going to corrupt me!"

"Do you suppose she'll corrupt me?" Hyacinth demanded, with an expression of face and a tone of voice which pro-

duced, on his friend's part, an explosion of mirth.

"How can she, after all, when you are already such a little mass of corruption?"

"You don't think that," said Hyacinth, looking very grave.

"Do you mean that if I did I would n't say it? Have n't you noticed that I say what I think?"

"No, you don't, not half of it: you're as close as a fish."

Paul Muniment looked at his companion a moment, as if he were rather struck with the penetration of that remark; then he said, "Well, then, if I should give you the other half of my opinion of you, do you think you'd fancy it?"

"I'll save you the trouble. I'm a very clever, conscientious, promising young chap, and any one would be proud to claim me as a friend."

"Is that what your Princess told you? She must be a precious piece of goods!" Paul Muniment exclaimed. "Did she pick your pocket meanwhile?"

"Oh yes; a few minutes later I missed a silver cigar-case, engraved with the arms of the Robinsons. Seriously," Hyacinth continued, "don't you consider it possible that a woman of that class should want to know what is going on among the like of us?"

"It depends upon what class you mean."

"Well, a woman with a lot of jewels and the manners of an angel. It's queer, of course, but it's conceivable: why not? There may be unselfish natures; there may be disinterested feelings."

"And there may be fine ladies in an awful funk about their jewels, and even about their manners. Seriously, as you say, it's perfectly conceivable. I am not in the least surprised at the aristocracy being curious to know what we are up to, and wanting very much to look into it; in their place I should be

very uneasy; and if I were a woman with angelic manners, very likely I too should be glad to get hold of a soft, susceptible little bookbinder, and pump him dry, bless his heart!"

"Are you afraid I'll tell her secrets?" cried Hyacinth, flushing with virtuous indignation.

"Secrets? What secrets could you tell her, my pretty lad?"

Hyacinth stared a moment. "You don't trust me — you never have."

"We will, some day — don't be afraid," said Muniment, who, evidently, had no intention of unkindness, a thing that appeared to be impossible to him. "And when we do, you'll cry with disappointment."

"Well, you won't," Hyacinth declared. And then he asked whether his friend thought the Princess Casamassima a spy; and why, if she were in that line, Mr. Sholto was not — inasmuch as it must be supposed he was not, since they had seen fit to let him walk in and out, at that rate, in the place in Bloomsbury. Muniment did not even know whom he meant, not having had any relations with the gentleman; but he summed up a sufficient image when his companion had described the captain's appearance. He then remarked, with his usual geniality, that he did n't take him for a spy — he took him for an ass; but even if he had edged himself into the place with every intention to betray them, what handle could he possibly get — what use, against them, could he make of anything he had seen or heard? If he had a fancy to dip into workmen's clubs (Muniment remembered, now, the first night he came; he had been brought by that German cabinet-maker, who wore green spectacles and smoked a pipe with a bowl as big as a hat); if it amused him to put on a bad hat, and inhale foul tobacco, and call his "inferiors" "my dear fellow;" if he thought that in doing so he was getting an insight into the people, and going

half-way to meet them, and preparing for what was coming — all this was his own affair, and he was very welcome, though a man must be a flat who would spend his evening in a hole like that when he might enjoy his comfort in one of those flaming big shops, full of arm-chairs and flunkies, in Pall Mall. And what did he see, after all, in Bloomsbury? Nothing but a “social gathering,” where there were clay pipes, and a sanded floor, and not half enough gas, and the principal newspapers; and where the men, as any one would know, were advanced radicals, and mostly advanced idiots. He could pat as many of them on the back as he liked, and say the House of Lords would n’t last till Christmas; but what discoveries would he make? He was simply on the same lay as Hyacinth’s Princess; he was nervous and scared, and he thought he would see for himself.

“Oh, he isn’t the same sort as the Princess. I’m sure he’s in a very different line!” Hyacinth exclaimed.

“Different, of course: she’s a handsome woman, I suppose, and he’s an ugly man; but I don’t think that either of them will save us or spoil us. Their curiosity is natural, but I have got other things to do than to show them about; therefore you can tell her serene highness that I’m much obliged.”

Hyacinth reflected a moment, and then he said, “You show Lady Aurora about; you seem to wish to give her the information she desires; and what’s the difference? If it’s right for her to take an interest, why is n’t it right for my Princess?”

“If she’s already yours, what more can she want?” Muniment asked. “All I know of Lady Aurora, and all I look at, is that she comes and sits with Rosy, and brings her tea, and waits upon her. If the Princess will do as much, I’ll tell her she’s a woman of genius; but apart from that I shall never take a grain of interest in her interest in the

masses — or in this particular mass!” And Paul Muniment, with his discolored thumb, designated his own substantial person. His tone was disappointing to Hyacinth, who was surprised at his not appearing to think the episode at the theatre more remarkable and romantic. Muniment seemed to regard his explanation of such a proceeding as all-sufficient; but when, a moment later, he made use, in referring to the mysterious lady, of the expression that she was “quaking,” Hyacinth broke out — “Never in the world; she’s not afraid of anything!”

“Ah, my lad, not afraid of you, evidently!”

Hyacinth paid no attention to this coarse sally, but asked in a moment, with a candor that was proof against further ridicule, “Do you think she can do me a hurt of any kind, if we follow up our acquaintance?”

“Yes, very likely, but you must hit her back! That’s your line, you know: to go in for what’s going, to live your life, to gratify the women. I’m an ugly, grimy brute, that has got to watch the fires and mind the shop, but you are one of those taking little beggars who ought to run about and see the world; you ought to be an ornament to society, like a young man in an illustrated story-book. Only,” Muniment added in a moment, “you know, if she should hurt you very much, *then* I would go and see her!”

Hyacinth had been intending for some time to take Pinnie to call on the prostrate damsel in Audley Court, to whom he had promised that his benefactress (he had told Rose Muniment that she was “a kind of aunt”) should pay this civility; but the affair had been delayed by wan hesitations on the part of the dressmaker, for the poor woman had hard work to imagine, to-day, that there were people in London so forlorn that her countenance could be of value to them. Her social curiosities had be-

come very nearly extinct, and she knew that she no longer made the same figure in public as when her command of the fashions enabled her to illustrate them in her own little person, by the aid of a good deal of whalebone. Moreover, she felt that Hyacinth had strange friends and still stranger opinions; she suspected that he took an unnatural interest in politics, and was somehow not on the right side, little as she knew about parties or causes; and she had a vague conviction that this kind of perversity only multiplied the troubles of the poor, who, according to theories which Pinnie had never reasoned out, but which, in her bosom, were as deep as religion, ought always to be of the same way of thinking as the rich. They were unlike them enough in their poverty, without trying to add other differences. When at last she accompanied Hyacinth to South Lambeth, one Saturday evening at midsummer, it was in a sighing, skeptical, second-best manner; but if he had told her he wished it, she would have gone with him to a *soirée* at a scavenger's. There was no more danger of Rose Muniment's being out than of one of the bronze couchant lions in Trafalgar Square having walked down Whitehall; but he had let her know in advance, and he perceived, as he opened her door in obedience to a quick, shrill summons, that she had had the happy thought of inviting Lady Aurora to help her to entertain Miss Pynsent. Such, at least, was the inference he drew from seeing her ladyship's memorable figure rise before him for the first time since his own visit. He presented his companion to their recumbent hostess, and Rosy immediately repeated her name to the representative of Belgrave Square. Pinnie curtsied down to the ground, as Lady Aurora put out her hand to her, and slipped noiselessly into a chair beside the bed. Lady Aurora laughed and fidgeted, in a friendly, cheerful, yet at the same time rather pointless man-

ner, and Hyacinth gathered that she had no recollection of having met him before. His attention, however, was mainly given to Pinnie: he watched her jealously, to see whether, on this important occasion, she would not put forth a certain stiff, quaint, polished politeness, of which she possessed the secret, and which made her resemble a pair of old-fashioned sugar-tongs. Not only for Pinnie's sake, but for his own as well, he wished her to pass for a superior little woman, and he hoped she would n't lose her head if Rosy should begin to talk about Inglefield. She was, evidently, much impressed by Rosy, and kept repeating, "Dear, dear!" under her breath, as the small, strange person in the bed rapidly explained to her that there was nothing in the world she would have liked so much as to follow *her* delightful profession, but that she could n't sit up to it, and had never had a needle in her hand but once, when, at the end of three minutes, it had dropped into the sheets and got into the mattress, so that she had always been afraid it would work out again, and stick into her; but it had n't done so yet, and perhaps it never would — she lay so quiet, she did n't push it about much. "Perhaps you would think it's me that trimmed the little handkerchief I wear round my neck," Miss Muniment said; "perhaps you would think I could n't do less, lying here all day long, with complete command of my time. Not a stitch of it. I'm the finest lady in London; I never lift my finger for myself. It's a present from her ladyship — it's her ladyship's own beautiful needlework. What do you think of that? Have you ever met any one so favored before? And the work — just look at the work, and tell me what you think of that!" The girl pulled off the bit of muslin from her neck and thrust it at Pinnie, who looked at it confusedly, and exclaimed, "Dear, dear, dear!" partly in sympathy, partly as if, in spite

of the consideration she owed every one, those were very strange proceedings.

"It's very badly done; surely you see that," said Lady Aurora. "It was only a joke."

"Oh, yes, everything's a joke!" cried the irrepressible invalid — "everything except my state of health; that's admitted to be serious. When her ladyship sends me five shillings' worth of coals it's only a joke; and when she brings me a bottle of the finest port, that's another; and when she climbs up fifty-seven stairs (there are fifty-seven, I know perfectly, though I never go up or down), at the height of the London season, to spend the evening with me, that's the best of all. I know all about the London season, though I never go out, and I appreciate what her ladyship gives up. She is very jocular indeed, but, fortunately, I know how to take it. You can see that it would n't do for me to be touchy, can't you, Miss Pynsent?"

"Dear, dear, I should be so glad to make you anything myself; it would be better — it would be better" — Pinnie murmured, hesitating.

"It would be better than my poor work. I don't know how to do that sort of thing, in the least," said Lady Aurora.

"I'm sure I didn't mean that, my lady — I only meant it would be more natural like. Anything in the world she might fancy," the dressmaker went on, as if it were a question of the invalid's appetite.

"Ah, you see I don't wear things — only a flannel jacket, to be a bit tidy," Miss Muniment rejoined. "I go in only for smart counterpanes, as you can see for yourself," and she spread her white hands complacently over her coverlet of brilliant patchwork. "Now does n't that look to you, Miss Pynsent, as if it might be one of her ladyship's jokes?"

"Oh, my good friend, how can you?

I never went so far as that!" Lady Aurora interposed, with visible anxiety.

"Well, you've given me almost everything; I sometimes forget. This only cost me sixpence; so it comes to the same thing as if it had been a present. Yes, only sixpence, in a raffle in a bazaar at Hackney, for the benefit of the Wesleyan Chapel, three years ago. A young man who works with my brother, and lives in that part, offered him a couple of tickets; and he took one, and I took one. When I say 'I,' of course I mean that he took the two; for how should I find (by which I mean, of course, how should *he* find) a sixpence in that little cup on the chimney-piece unless he had put it there first? Of course my ticket took a prize, and of course, as my bed is my dwelling-place, the prize was a beautiful counterpane, of every color of the rainbow. Oh, there never was such luck as mine!" Rosy exclaimed, flashing her gay, strange eyes at Hyacinth, as if on purpose to irritate him with her contradictory optimism.

"It's very lovely; but if you would like another, for a change, I've got a great many pieces," Pinnie remarked, with a generosity which made the young man feel that she was acquitting herself finely.

Rose Muniment laid her little hand on the dressmaker's arm, and responded, quickly, "No, not a change, not a change. How can there be a change when there's already everything? There's everything here — every color that was ever seen, or composed, or dreamed of, since the world began;" and with her other hand she stroked, affectionately, her variegated quilt. "You have a great many pieces, but you have n't as many as there are here; and the more you should patch them together the more the whole thing would resemble this dear, dazzling old friend. I have another idea, very, very charming, and perhaps her ladyship can guess

what it is." Rosy kept her fingers on Pinnie's arm, and, smiling, turned her brilliant eyes from one of her female companions to the other, as if she wished to associate them as much as possible in their interest in her. "In connection with what we were talking about a few minutes ago — could n't your ladyship just go a little further, in the same line?" Then, as Lady Aurora looked troubled and embarrassed, blushing at being called upon to answer a conundrum, as it were, so publicly, her infirm friend came to her assistance. "It will surprise you at first, but it won't when I have explained it: my idea is just simply a pink dressing-gown!"

"A pink dressing-gown!" Lady Aurora repeated.

"With a neat black trimming! Don't you see the connection with what we were talking of before our good visitors came in?"

"That would be very pretty," said Pinnie. "I have made them like that, in my time. Or blue, trimmed with white."

"No, pink and black, pink and black — to suit my complexion. Perhaps you did n't know I have a complexion; but there are very few things I have n't got! Anything at all I should fancy, you were so good as to say; well, now, I fancy that! Your ladyship does see the connection by this time, does n't she?"

Lady Aurora looked distressed, as if she felt that she certainly ought to see it, but was not sure that even yet it did n't escape her, and as if, at the same time, she were struck with the fact that this sudden evocation might result in a strain on the little dressmaker's resources. "A pink dressing-gown would certainly be very becoming, and Miss Pynsent would be very kind," she said; while Hyacinth made the mental comment that it was a largish order, as Pinnie would have, obviously, to furnish the materials as well as the labor. The

amiable coolness with which the invalid laid her under contribution was, however, to his sense, quite in character, and he reflected that, after all, when you were stretched on your back like that, you had the right to reach out your hands (it was n't far you could reach them at best) and seize what you could get. Pinnie declared that she knew just the article Miss Muniment wanted, and that she would undertake to make a sweet thing of it; and Rosy went on to say that she must explain of what use such an article would be, but for this purpose there must be another guess. She would give it to Miss Pynsent and Hyacinth — as many times as they liked: What *had* she and Lady Aurora been talking about before they came in? She clasped her hands, and her eyes glittered with her eagerness, while she continued to turn them from Lady Aurora to the dressmaker. What would they imagine? What would they think natural, delightful, magnificent — if one could only end, at last, by making out the right place to put it? Hyacinth suggested, successively, a printing-press, a music-box, and a shower-bath — or perhaps even a full-length portrait of her ladyship; and Pinnie looked at him askance, in a frightened way, as if perchance he were joking too broadly. Rosy at last relieved their suspense, and announced, "A sofa, just a sofa, now! What do you say to that? Do you suppose that's an idea that could have come from any one but her ladyship? She must have all the credit of it; she came out with it in the course of conversation. I believe we were talking of the peculiar feeling that comes just under the shoulder-blades if one never has a change. She mentioned it as she might have mentioned a plaster, or another spoonful of that American stuff. We are thinking it over, and one of these days, if we give plenty of time to the question, we shall find the place, the very nicest and snuggest of all, and no other. I hope

you see the connection with the pink dressing-gown," she remarked to Pinnie, "and I hope you see the importance of the question. Shall anything go? I should like you to look round a bit, and tell me what you would answer if I were to say to you, *Can anything go?*"

XV.

"I'm sure there's nothing I should like to part with," Pinnie returned; and while she surveyed the scene, Lady Aurora, with delicacy, to lighten Amanda's responsibility, got up and turned to the window, which was open to the summer evening, and admitted, still, the last rays of the long day. Hyacinth, after a moment, placed himself beside her, looking out with her at the dusky multitude of chimney-pots and the small black houses, roofed with grimy tiles. The thick, warm air of a London July floated beneath them, suffused with the everlasting uproar of the town, which appeared to have sunk into quietness, but again became a mighty voice, as soon as one listened for it; here and there, in poor windows, glimmered a turbid light, and high above, in a clearer, smokeless zone, a sky still fair and luminous, a faint silver star looked down. The sky was the same that, far away in the country, bent over golden fields, and purple hills, and gardens where nightingales sang; but from this point of view everything that covered the earth was ugly and sordid, and seemed to express, or to represent, the weariness of toil. In an instant, to Hyacinth's surprise, Lady Aurora said to him, "You never came, after all, to get the books."

"Those you kindly offered to lend me? I did n't know it was an understanding."

Lady Aurora gave an uneasy laugh. "I have picked them out; they are quite ready."

"It's very kind of you," the young man rejoined. "I will come and get them some day, with pleasure." He was not very sure that he would; but it was the least he could say.

"She'll tell you where I live, you know," Lady Aurora went on, with a movement of her head in the direction of the bed, as if she were too shy to mention it herself.

"Oh, I have no doubt she knows the way — she could tell me every street and every turn!" Hyacinth exclaimed.

"She has made me describe to her, very often, how I come and go. I think that few people know more about London than she. She never forgets anything."

"She's a wonderful little witch — she terrifies me!" said Hyacinth.

Lady Aurora turned her modest eyes upon him. "Oh, she's so good, she's so patient!"

"Yes, and so wise, and so self-possessed."

"Oh, she's immensely clever," said her ladyship. "Which do you think the cleverest?"

"The cleverest?"

"I mean of the girl and her brother."

"Oh, I think he, some day, will be prime minister of England."

"Do you really? I'm so glad!" cried Lady Aurora, with a flush of color in her face. "I'm so glad you think that will be possible. You know it ought to be, if things were right."

Hyacinth had not professed this high faith for the purpose of playing upon her ladyship's feelings, but when he perceived her eager responsiveness he felt almost as if he had been making sport of her. Still, he said no more than he believed when he remarked, in a moment, that he had the greatest expectations of Paul Muniment's future: he was sure that the world would hear of him, that England would feel him, that the public, some day, would acclaim him. It was impossible to associate

with him without feeling that he was very strong, that he must play an important part.

"Yes, people would n't believe — they would n't believe," Lady Aurora murmured softly, appreciatively. She was evidently very much pleased with what Hyacinth was saying. It was, moreover, a pleasure to himself to place on record his opinion of his friend; it seemed to make that opinion more clear, to give it the force of an invocation, a prophecy. This was especially the case when he asked why on earth nature had endowed Paul Muniment with such extraordinary powers of mind, and powers of body too — because he was as strong as a horse — if it had not been intended that he should do something great for his fellow-men. Hyacinth confided to her ladyship that he thought the people in his own class generally very stupid — what he should call third-rate minds. He wished it were not so, for Heaven knew that he felt kindly to them, and only asked to cast his lot with theirs; but he was obliged to confess that centuries of poverty, of ill-paid toil, of bad, insufficient food and wretched homes, had not a favorable effect upon the higher faculties. All the more reason that when there was a splendid exception, like Paul Muniment, it should count for a tremendous force — it had so much to make up for, to act for. And then Hyacinth repeated that in his own low walk of life people had really not the faculty of thought; their minds had been simplified — reduced to two or three elements. He saw that this declaration made his interlocutress very uncomfortable; she turned and twisted herself, vaguely, as if she wished to protest, but she was far too considerate to interrupt him. He had no desire to distress her, but there were times in which it was impossible for him to withstand the perverse satisfaction he took in insisting on his lowliness of station, in turning the knife about in the wound

inflicted by such explicit reference, and in letting it be seen that if his place in the world was immeasurably small he at least had no illusions about either himself or his fellows. Lady Aurora replied, as quickly as possible, that she knew a great deal about the poor — not the poor like Rose Muniment, but the terribly, wretchedly poor, with whom she was more familiar than Hyacinth would perhaps believe — and that she was often struck with their great talents, with their quick wit, with their conversation being really much more entertaining, to her at least, than what one usually heard in drawing-rooms. She often found them very, very clever.

Hyacinth smiled at her, and said, "Ah, when you get to the lowest depths of poverty, they may become very brilliant again. But I'm afraid I have n't gone so far down. In spite of my opportunities, I don't know many absolute paupers."

"I know a great many." Lady Aurora hesitated, as if she did n't like to boast, and then she added, "I dare say I know more than any one." There was something touching, beautiful, to Hyacinth, in this simple, diffident admission; it confirmed his impression that Lady Aurora was in some mysterious, incongruous, and even slightly ludicrous manner a heroine, a creature of a noble ideal. She perhaps guessed that he was indulging in reflections that might be favorable to her, for she said, precipitately, the next minute, as if there were nothing she dreaded so much as the danger of a compliment, "I think your aunt's so very attractive — and I'm sure Rose Muniment thinks so." No sooner had she spoken than she blushed again; it appeared to have occurred to her that he might suppose she wished to contradict him by presenting this case of his aunt as a proof that the baser sort, even in a prosaic upper stratum, were not without redeeming points. There was no reason why she should

not have had this intention; so without sparing her, Hyacinth replied —

“You mean that she’s an exception to what I was saying?”

Lady Aurora stammered a little; then, at last, as if, since he would n’t spare her, she would n’t spare him, either, “Yes, and you’re an exception too; you’ll not make me believe you’re wanting in intelligence. The Muni-ments don’t think so,” she added.

“No more do I myself; but that does n’t prove that exceptions are not frequent. I have blood in my veins that is not the blood of the people.”

“Oh, I see,” said Lady Aurora, sympathetically. And with a smile she went on: “Then you’re all the more of an exception — in the upper class.”

Her smile was the kindest in the world, but it did not blind Hyacinth to the fact that, from his own point of view, he had been extraordinarily indiscreet. He believed, a moment before, that he would have been proof against the strongest temptation to refer to the mysteries of his lineage, inasmuch as, if made in a boastful spirit (and he had no desire as yet to make it an exercise in humility), any such reference would inevitably contain an element of the grotesque. He had never opened his lips to any one about his birth (since the dreadful days when the question was discussed, with Mr. Vetch’s assistance, in Lomax Place); never even to Paul Muniment, never to Millicent Henning nor to Eustache Poupin. He had an impression that people had ideas about him, and with some of Miss Henning’s he had been made acquainted: they were of such a nature that he sometimes wondered whether the tie which united him to her were not, on her own side, a secret determination to satisfy her utmost curiosity before she had done with him. But he flattered himself that he was impenetrable, and none the less he had begun to swagger, idiot-

ically, the first time a temptation (to call a temptation) presented itself. He turned crimson as soon as he had spoken, partly at the sudden image of what he had to swagger about, and partly at the absurdity of a challenge having appeared to proceed from the bashful gentlewoman before him. He hoped she did n’t particularly regard what he had said (and indeed she gave no sign whatever of being startled by his claim to a pedigree — she had too much quick delicacy for that; she appeared to notice only the symptoms of confusion that followed it), but, as soon as possible, he gave himself a lesson in humility by saying, “I gather that you spend most of your time among the poor, and I am sure you carry blessings with you. But I frankly confess that I don’t understand a lady giving herself up to people like us, when there is no obligation. Wretched company we must be, when there is so much better to be had.”

“I like it very much — you don’t understand.”

“Precisely — that is what I say. Our little friend on the bed is perpetually talking about your house, your family, your splendors, your gardens and green-houses; they must be magnificent, of course” —

“Oh, I wish she would n’t; really, I wish she would n’t. It makes one feel dreadfully!” Lady Aurora interposed, with vehemence.

“Ah, you had better give her her way; it’s such a pleasure to her.”

“Yes, more than to any of us!” sighed her ladyship, helplessly.

“Well, how can you leave all those beautiful things, to come and breathe this beastly air, surround yourself with hideous images, and associate with people whose smallest fault is that they are ignorant, brutal, and dirty? I don’t speak of the ladies here present,” Hyacinth added, with the manner which most made Millicent Henning (who at

once admired and hated it) wonder where on earth he had got it.

"Oh, I wish I could make you understand!" cried Lady Aurora, looking at him with troubled, appealing eyes, as if he were unexpectedly discouraging.

"After all, I do understand! Charity exists in your nature, as a kind of passion."

"Yes, yes, it's a kind of passion!" her ladyship repeated, eagerly, very thankful for the word. "I don't know whether it's charity—I don't mean that. But whatever it is, it's a passion—it's my life—it's all I care for." She hesitated a moment, as if there might be something indecent in the confession, or dangerous in the recipient; and then, evidently, she was mastered by the comfort of being able to justify herself for an eccentricity that had excited notice, as well as by the luxury of discharging her soul of a long accumulation of timid, sacred sentiment. "Already, when I was fifteen years old, I wanted to sell all I had, and give to the poor. And ever since, I have wanted to do something; it has seemed as if my heart would break, if I should n't be able!"

Hyacinth was struck with a great respect, which, however, did not prevent him (the words sounded patronizing, even to himself) from saying in a moment, "I suppose you are very religious."

Lady Aurora looked away, into the thickening dusk, at the smutty house-tops, the blurred emanation, above the streets, of lamplight. "I don't know—one has one's ideas—some of them may be strange. I think a great many clergymen do good, but there are others I don't like at all. I dare say we had too many, always, at home; my father likes them so much. I think I have known too many bishops; I have had the church too much on my back. I dare say they would n't think at home, you know, that one was quite what one

ought to be; but of course they consider me very odd, in every way, as there's no doubt I am. I should tell you that I don't tell them everything; for what's the use, when people don't understand? We are thirteen at home, and eight of us are girls; and if you think it's so very splendid, and *she* thinks so, I should like you both to try it for a little! My father is n't rich, and we none of us are married, and we are not at all handsome, and—oh, there are all kinds of things," the young woman went on, looking round at him an instant, shyly but excitedly. "I don't like society; and neither would you if you were to see the kind there is in London—at least in some parts," Lady Aurora added, considerably. "I dare say you would n't believe all the humbuggery and the tiresomeness that one has to go through. But I've got out of it; I do as I like, though it has been rather a struggle. I have my liberty, and that is the greatest blessing in life, except the reputation of being queer, and even a little mad, which is a greater advantage still. I'm a little mad, you know; you need n't be surprised if you hear it. That's because I stop in town when they go into the country; all the autumn, all the winter, when there's no one here (except three or four millions), and the rain drips, drips, drips, from the trees in the big, dull park, where my people live. I dare say I ought n't to say such things to you, but, as I tell you, I'm a little mad, and I might as well keep up my character. When one is one of eight daughters, and there's very little money (for any of us, at least), and there's nothing to do but to go out with three or four others in a mackintosh, one can easily go off one's head. Of course there's the village, and it's not at all a nice one, and there are the people to look after, and Heaven knows they're in want of it; but one must work with the vicarage, and at the vicarage there are four more daughters,

and it's dreary, and it's dreadful, and one has too much of it, and they don't understand what one thinks or feels, or a single word one says to them! Besides, they *are* stupid, I admit — the country poor; they are very, very dense. I like South Lambeth better," said Lady Aurora, smiling and taking breath, at the end of her nervous, hurried, almost incoherent speech, of which she had delivered herself pantingly, with strange intonations and grotesque movements of her neck, as if she were afraid, from one moment to the other, that she would repent, not of her confidence, but of her egotism.

It placed her, for Hyacinth, in an unexpected light, and made him feel that her awkward, aristocratic spinsterhood was the cover of tumultuous passions. No one could have less the appearance of being animated by a vengeful irony; but he saw that this delicate, shy, generous, and evidently most tender creature was not a person to spare, wherever she could prick them, the institutions among which she had been brought up, and against which she had violently reacted. Hyacinth had always supposed that a reactionary meant a backslider from the liberal faith, but Rosy's devotee gave a new value to the term; she appeared to have been driven to her present excuses by the squire and the parson, and the conservative influences of that upper-class British home which our young man had always supposed to be the highest fruit of civilization. It was clear that her ladyship was an original, and an original with force; but it gave Hyacinth a real pang to hear her make light of Inglefield (especially the park), and of the opportunities that must have abounded in Belgrave Square. It had been his belief that in a world of suffering and injustice these things were, if not the most righteous, at least the most fascinating. If they did n't give one the finest sensations, where were such sensations to be had? He looked

at Lady Aurora with a face which was a tribute to her sudden vividness, and said, "I can easily understand your wanting to do some good in the world, because you're a kind of saint."

"A very curious kind!" laughed her ladyship.

"But I don't understand your not liking what your position gives you."

"I don't know anything about my position. I want to live!"

"And do you call *this* life?"

"I'll tell you what my position is, if you want to know: it's the dullness of the grave!"

Hyacinth was startled by her tone, but he nevertheless laughed back at her, "Ah, as I say, you're a kind of saint!" She made no reply, for at that moment the door opened, and Paul Muniment's tall figure emerged from the blackness of the staircase into the twilight, now very faint, of the room. Lady Aurora's eyes, as they rested upon him, seemed to declare that such a vision as that, at least, was life. Another person, as tall as himself, appeared behind him, and Hyacinth recognized with astonishment their insinuating friend, Captain Sholto. Muniment had brought him up for Rosy's entertainment, being ready, and more than ready, always, to usher in any one in the world, from the prime minister to the common hangman, who might give that young lady a sensation. They must have met in Bloomsbury, and if the captain, some accident smoothing the way, had made him half as many advances as he had made some other people, Hyacinth could see that it would n't take long for Paul to lay him under contribution. But what the mischief was the captain up to? It cannot be said that our young man arrived, this evening, at an answer to that question. The occasion proved highly festal, and the hostess rose to it without lifting her head from the pillow. Her brother introduced Captain Sholto as a gentleman who had a great desire to

know extraordinary people, and she made him take possession of the chair at her bedside, out of which Miss Pynsent quickly edged herself, and asked him who he was, and where he came from, and how Paul had made his acquaintance, and whether he had many friends in South Lambeth. Sholto had not the same grand air that hovered about him at the theatre: he was shabbily dressed, very much like Hyacinth himself; but his appearance gave our young man an opportunity to wonder what made him so unmistakably a gentleman, in spite of his seedy coat and trousers — in spite, too, of his rather overdoing the manner of being appreciative even to rapture, and thinking everything and every one most charming and curious. He stood out, in poor Rosy's tawdry little room, among her hideous attempts at decoration, and looked to Hyacinth a being from another sphere, playing over the place and company a smile (one could n't call it false or unpleasant, yet it was distinctly not natural), of which he had got the habit in camps and courts. It became brilliant when it rested on Hyacinth, and the captain greeted him as he might have done a dear young friend from whom he had been long and painfully separated. He was easy, he was familiar, he was exquisitely benevolent and bland, and altogether incomprehensible.

Rosy was a match for him, however. He evidently did n't puzzle her in the least; she thought his visit the most natural thing in the world. She expressed all the gratitude that decency required, but appeared to assume that people who climbed her stairs would always find themselves repaid. She remarked that her brother must have met him for the first time that day, for the way that he sealed a new acquaintance was usually by bringing the person immediately to call upon her. And when the captain said that if she did n't like them he supposed the poor wretches were dropped on the

spot, she admitted that this would be true if it ever happened that she disapproved; as yet, however, she had not been obliged to draw the line. This was perhaps partly because he had not brought up any of his political friends — people that he knew only for political reasons. Of these people, in general, she had a very small opinion, and she would not conceal from Captain Sholto that she hoped he was not one of them. Rosy spoke as if her brother represented South Lambeth, at least, in the House of Commons, and she had discovered that a parliamentary career lowered the moral tone. The captain, however, entered quite into her views, and told her that it was as common friends of Mr. Hyacinth Robinson that Mr. Muniment and he had come together; they were both so fond of him that this had immediately constituted a kind of tie. On hearing himself commemorated in such a brilliant way, Mr. Hyacinth Robinson averted himself; he saw that Captain Sholto might be trusted to make as great an effort for Rosy's entertainment as he gathered that he had made for that of Millicent Henning, that evening at the theatre. There were not chairs enough to go round, and Paul fetched a three-legged stool from his own apartment, after which he undertook to make tea for the company, with the aid of a tin kettle and a spirit-lamp; these implements having been set out, flanked by half a dozen cups, in honor, presumably, of the little dressmaker, who was to come such a distance. The little dressmaker, Hyacinth observed with pleasure, fell into earnest conversation with Lady Aurora, who bent over her, flushed, smiling, and stammering, and apparently so nervous that Pinnie, in comparison, was majestic and serene. They communicated presently to Hyacinth a plan they had unanimously evolved, to the effect that Miss Pynsent should go home to Belgrave Square with her ladyship, to settle certain pre-

liminaries in regard to the pink dressing-gown, toward which, if Miss Pynsent assented, her ladyship hoped to be able to contribute sundry morsels of stuff, which had proved their quality in honorable service, and might be dyed to the proper tint. Pinnie, Hyacinth could see, was in a state of religious exaltation; the visit to Belgrave Square and the idea of coöperating in such a manner with the nobility were privileges she could not take solemnly enough. The latter luxury, indeed, she began to enjoy without delay; Lady Aurora suggesting that Mr. Muniment might be rather awkward about making tea, and that they should take the business off his hands. Paul gave it up to them, with a pretense of compassion for their conceit, remarking that at any rate it took two women to supplant one man; and Hyacinth drew him to the window, to ask where he had encountered Sholto, and how he liked him.

They had met in Bloomsbury, as Hyacinth supposed, and Sholto had made up to him very much as a country curate might make up to an archbishop. He wanted to know what he thought of this and that: of the state of the labor-market at the East End, of the terrible case of the old woman who had starved to death at Walham Green, of the practicability of more systematic out-of-door agitation, and the prospects of their getting one of their own men — one of the Bloomsbury lot — into Parliament. "He was mighty civil," Muniment said, "and I don't find that he has picked my pocket. He looked as if he would like me to suggest that *he* should stand as one of our own men, one of the Bloomsbury lot. He asks too many questions, but he makes up for it by not paying any attention to the answers. He told me he would give the world to see a workingman's 'interior.' I did n't know what he meant at first: he wanted a favorable specimen, one of the best; he had seen one or two that he

did n't believe to be up to the average. I suppose he meant his Dutch cabinet-maker, and he wanted to compare. I told him I did n't know what sort of a specimen my place would be, but that he was welcome to look round, and that it contained at any rate one or two original features. I expect he has found that's the case — with Rosy and the noble lady. I wanted to show him off to Rosy; he's good for that, if he is n't good for anything else. I told him we expected a little company this evening, so it might be a good time; and he cried that to mingle in such an occasion as that was the dream of his existence. He seemed in a rare hurry, as if I were going to show him a hidden treasure, and insisted on driving me over in a hansom. Perhaps his idea is to introduce the use of cabs among the working-classes; certainly, I'll vote for him for Parliament, if that's his line. On our way over he talked to me about you: told me you were an intimate friend of his."

"What did he say about me?" Hyacinth inquired, with promptness.

"Vain little beggar!"

"Did he call me that?" said Hyacinth, ingenuously.

"He said you were simply astonishing."

"Simply astonishing?" Hyacinth repeated.

"For a person of your low extraction."

"Well, I may be queer, but he is certainly queerer. Don't you think so, now you know him?"

Paul Muniment looked at his young friend a moment. "Do you want to know what he is? He's a tout."

"A tout? What do you mean?"

"Well, a cat's-paw, if you like better."

Hyacinth stared. "For whom, pray?"

"Or a fisherman, if you like better still. I give you your choice of comparison. I made them up as we came

along in the hansom. He throws his nets and hauls in the little fishes — the pretty little shining, wriggling fishes. They are all for her; she swallows 'em down."

"For her? Do you mean the Princess?"

"Her serene highness. Take care, my tadpole!"

"Why should I take care? The other day you told me not to."

"Yes, I remember. But now I see more."

"Did he speak of her? What did he say?" asked Hyacinth, eagerly.

"I can't tell you now what he said, but I'll tell you what I guessed."

"And what's that?"

They had been talking, of course, in a very low tone, and their voices were covered by Rosy's chatter in the corner, by the liberal laughter with which Captain Sholto accompanied it, and by the much more discreet, though earnest, intermingled accents of Lady Aurora and Miss Pynsent. But Paul Muniment spoke more softly still — Hyacinth felt a kind of suspense — as he replied in a moment, "Why, she's a monster!"

"A monster?" repeated our young man, from whom, this evening, Paul Muniment seemed destined to elicit ejaculations and echoes.

Muniment glanced toward the captain, who was apparently more and more fascinated with Rosy. "In him I think there's no great harm. He's only a conscientious fisherman!"

It must be admitted that Captain Sholto justified to a certain extent this definition by the manner in which he baited his hook for such little facts as might help him to a more intimate knowledge of his host and hostess. When the tea was made, Rose Muniment asked Miss Pynsent to be so good as to hand it about. They must let her poor ladyship rest a little, must they not? — and Hyacinth could see that in her innocent but inveterate self-complacency

she wished to reward and encourage the dressmaker, draw her out and present her still more, by offering her this graceful exercise. Sholto sprang up at this, and begged Pinnie to let him relieve her, taking a cup from her hand; and poor Pinnie, who perceived, in a moment, that he was some kind of masquerading gentleman, who was bewildered by the strange mixture of elements that surrounded her, and unused to being treated like a duchess (for the Captain's manner was a triumph of respectful gallantry), collapsed, on the instant, into a chair, appealing to Lady Aurora with a frightened smile, and conscious that, deeply versed as she might be in the theory of decorum, she had no precedent that could meet such an occasion. "Now, how many families would there be in such a house as this, and what should you say about the sanitary arrangements? Would there be others on this floor — what is it, the third, the fourth? — beside yourselves, you know, and should you call it a fair specimen of a tenement of its class?" It was with such inquiries as this that Captain Sholto beguiled their tea-drinking, while Hyacinth made the reflection that, though he evidently meant them very well, they were characterized by a want of fine tact, by too patronizing a curiosity. The captain requested information as to the position in life, the avocations and habits, of the other lodgers, the rent they paid, their relations with each other, both in and out of the family. "Now, would there be a good deal of close packing, do you suppose, and any perceptible want of — a — sobriety?"

Paul Muniment, who had swallowed his cup of tea at a single gulp — there was no offer of a second — gazed out of the window into the dark, which had now come on, with his hands in his pockets, whistling, impolitely, no doubt, but with brilliant animation. He had the manner of having made over their

visitor altogether to Rosy, and of thinking that whatever he said or did it was all so much grist to her indefatigable little mill. Lady Aurora looked distressed and embarrassed, and it is a proof of the degree to which our little hero had the instincts of a man of the world that he guessed exactly how vulgar she thought this new acquaintance. She was, doubtless, rather vexed, also — Hyacinth had learned this evening that Lady Aurora could be vexed — at the alacrity of Rosy's responses; the little person in the bed gave the captain every satisfaction, considered his questions as a proper tribute to humble respectability, and supplied him, as regards the population of Audley Court, with statistics and anecdotes which she had picked up by mysterious processes of her own. At last Lady Aurora, upon whom Paul Muniment had not been at pains to bestow much conversation, took leave of her, and signified to Hyacinth that for the rest of the evening she would assume the care of Miss Pynsent. Pinnie looked very tense and solemn, now that she was really about to be transported to Belgrave Square, but Hyacinth was sure she would acquit herself only the more honorably; and when he offered to call for her there, later, she reminded him, under her breath, with a little sad smile, of the many years during which, after nightfall, she had carried her work, pinned up in a cloth, about London.

Paul Muniment, according to his habit, lighted Lady Aurora down-stairs, and Captain Sholto and Hyacinth were alone for some minutes with Rosy; which gave the former, taking up his hat and stick, an opportunity to say to his young friend, "Which way are you going? Not my way, by chance?" Hyacinth saw that he hoped for his company, and he became conscious that, strangely as Muniment had gratified him, and too promiscuously investigating as he had just shown himself, this ingratiating personage was not more easy

to resist than he had been the other night at the theatre. The captain bent over Rosy's bed as if she had been a fine lady on a satin sofa, promising to come back very soon and very often, and the two men went down-stairs. On their way they met Paul Muniment, coming up, and Hyacinth felt rather ashamed, he could scarcely tell why, that his friend should see him marching off with the "tout." After all, if Muniment had brought him to see his sister, might not he at least walk with him? "I 'm coming again, you know, very often. I dare say you'll find me a great bore!" the captain announced, as he bade good-night to his host. "Your sister is a most interesting person, one of the most interesting persons I have ever seen, and the whole thing, you know, exactly the sort of thing I wanted to get at, only much more — really, much more — original and curious. It has been a great success, a grand success!" And the captain felt his way down the dusky shaft, while Paul Muniment, above, gave him the benefit of rather a wavering candlestick, and answered his civil speech with an "Oh, well, you take us as you find us, you know!" and an outburst of frank but not unfriendly laughter.

Half an hour later, Hyacinth found himself in Captain Sholto's chambers, seated on a big divan, covered with Persian rugs and cushions, and smoking the most delectable cigar that had ever touched his lips. As they left Audley Court the captain had taken his arm, and they had walked along together in a desultory, colloquial manner, till on Westminster Bridge (they had followed the embankment, beneath St. Thomas's Hospital) Sholto said, "By the way, why should n't you come home with me, and see my little place? I've got a few things that might amuse you — some pictures, some odds and ends I've picked up, and a few bindings; you might tell me what you think of them."

Hyacinth assented, without hesitation ; he had still in his ear the reverberation of the captain's inquiries in Rose Munitment's room, and he saw no reason why he, on his side, should not embrace an occasion of ascertaining how, as his companion would have said, a man of fashion would live now.

This particular specimen lived in a large, old-fashioned house in Queen Anne Street, of which he occupied the upper floors, and whose high, wainscoted rooms he had filled with the spoils of travel and the ingenuities of modern taste. There was not a country in the world he did not appear to have ransacked, and to Hyacinth his trophies represented a wonderfully long purse. The whole establishment, from the low-voiced, inexpressive valet who, after he had poured brandy into tall tumblers, gave dignity to the popping of soda-water corks, to the quaint little silver receptacle in which he was invited to deposit the ashes of his cigar, was such a revelation for our appreciative hero that he felt himself hushed and made sad, so poignant was the thought that it took thousands of things which he, then, should never possess nor know to make an accomplished man. He had often, in evening walks, wondered what was behind the walls of certain spacious, bright-windowed houses in the West End, and now he got an idea. The first effect of the idea was to overwhelm him.

"Well, now, tell me what you thought of our friend the Princess," the captain said, thrusting out the loose yellow slippers which his servant had helped to exchange for his shoes. He spoke as if he had been waiting impatiently for the proper moment to ask that question, so much might depend on the answer.

"She's beautiful — beautiful," Hyacinth answered, almost dreamily, with his eyes wandering all over the room.

"She was so interested in all you said

to her ; she would like so much to see you again. She means to write to you — I suppose she can address to the place in Bloomsbury ? — and I hope you'll go to her house, if she proposes a day."

"I don't know — I don't know. It seems so strange."

"What seems strange, my dear fellow ?"

"Everything ! My sitting here with you ; my introduction to that lady ; the idea of her wanting, as you say, to see me again, and of her writing to me ; and this whole place of yours, with all these dim, rich curiosities hanging on the walls, and glinting in the light of that rose-colored lamp. You yourself, too — you are strangest of all."

The captain looked at him, in silence, so fixedly for a while, through the fumes of their tobacco, after he had made this last charge, that Hyacinth thought he was perhaps offended ; but this impression was presently dissipated by further manifestations of sociability and hospitality, and Sholto took occasion, later, to let him know how important it was, in the days they were living in, not to have too small a measure of the usual, destined as they certainly were — "in the whole matter of the relations of class with class, and all that sort of thing, you know" — to witness some very startling developments. The captain spoke as if, for his part, he were a child of his age (so that he only wanted to see all it could show him), down to the point of his yellow slippers. Hyacinth felt that he himself had not been very satisfactory about the Princess ; but as his nerves began to tremble a little more into tune with the situation, he repeated to his host what Millicent Henning had said about her at the theatre — asked if this young lady had correctly understood him in believing that she had been turned out of the house by her husband.

"Yes, he literally pushed her into the street — or into the garden ; I believe the scene took place in the country. But

perhaps Miss Henning did n't mention, or perhaps I did n't mention, that the Prince would at the present hour give everything he owns in the world to get her back. Fancy such a scene!" said the captain, laughing in a manner that struck Hyacinth as rather profane.

He stared, with dilated eyes, at this picture, which seemed to evoke a comparison with the only incident of the sort that had come within his experience — the forcible ejection of intoxicated females from public houses. "That magnificent being — what had she done?"

"Oh, she had made him feel he was an ass!" the captain answered, promptly. He turned the conversation to Miss Henning; said he was so glad Hyacinth gave him an opportunity to speak of her. He got on with her famously; perhaps she had told him. They became immense friends — *en tout bien tout honneur*, s'entend. Now, there was another London type, plebeian but brilliant; and how little justice one usually did it, how magnificent it was! But she, of course, was a wonderful specimen. "My dear fellow, I have seen many women, and the women of many countries," the captain went on, "and I have seen them intimately, and I know what I am talking about; and when I tell you that that one — that one" — Then he suddenly paused, laughing in his democratic way. "But perhaps I am going too far: you must always pull me up, you know, when I do. At any rate, I congratulate you; I do, heartily. Have another cigar. Now what sort of — a — salary would she receive at her big shop, you know? I know where it is; I mean to go there and buy some pocket-handkerchiefs."

Hyacinth knew neither how far Captain Sholto had been going, nor exactly on what he congratulated him; and he pretended, at least, an equal ignorance on the subject of Millicent's salary. He did n't want to talk about her, moreover, nor about his own life; he wanted to

talk about the captain's, and to elicit information that would be in harmony with his romantic chambers, which reminded our hero somehow of Bulwer's novels. His host gratified this desire most liberally, and told him twenty stories of things that had happened to him in Albania, in Madagascar, and even in Paris. Hyacinth induced him easily to talk about Paris (from a different point of view from M. Poupin's), and sat there drinking in enchantments. The only thing that fell below the high level of his entertainment was the bindings of the captain's books, which he told him frankly, with the conscience of an artist, were not very good. After he left Queen Anne Street, he was quite too excited to go straight home; he walked about, with his mind full of images and strange speculations, till the gray London streets began to grow clear with the summer dawn.

XVI.

The aspect of South Street, Mayfair, on a Sunday afternoon in August, is not enlivening, yet the Prince had stood for ten minutes gazing out of the window at the genteel vacancy of the scene: at the closed blinds of the opposite houses; the lonely policeman on the corner, covering a yawn with a white cotton hand; the low-pitched light itself, which seemed conscious of an obligation to observe the decency of the British Sabbath. The Prince, however, had a talent for that kind of attitude; it was one of the things by which he had exasperated his wife; he could remain motionless, with the aid of some casual support for his high, lean person, considering serenely and inexpressively any object that might lie before him, and presenting his aristocratic head at a favorable angle, for periods of extraordinary length. On first coming into the room he had given some attention to its furniture and decorations, perceiving at a glance that they were

rich and varied; some of the things he recognized as old friends, odds and ends the Princess was fond of, which had accompanied her in her remarkable wanderings, while others were unfamiliar, and suggested vividly that she had not ceased to "collect." The Prince made two reflections: one was that she was living as expensively as ever; the other that, however this might be, no one had such a feeling as she for the *mise-en-scène* of life, such a talent for arranging a room. She had still the most charming salon in Europe.

It was his impression that she had taken the house in South Street but for three months; yet, gracious heaven, what had she not put into it? The Prince asked himself this question without violence, for that was not to be his line to-day. He could be angry to a point at which he himself was often frightened, but he honestly believed that this was only when he had been baited beyond endurance, and that as a usual thing he was really as mild and accommodating as the extreme urbanity of his manner appeared to announce. There was indeed nothing to suggest to the world in general that he was an impracticable or vindictive nobleman: his features were not regular, and his complexion had a bilious tone; but his dark brown eye, which was at once salient and dull, expressed benevolence and melancholy; his head drooped from his long neck in a considerate, attentive style; and his close-cropped black hair, combined with a short, fine, pointed beard, completed his resemblance to some old portrait of a personage of distinction under the Spanish dominion at Naples. To-day, at any rate, he had come in conciliation, almost in humility, and that is why he did not permit himself even to murmur at the long delay to which he was subjected. He knew very well that if his wife should consent to take him back it would be only after a probation to which this little wait in

her drawing-room was a trifle. It was a quarter of an hour before the door opened, and even then it was not the Princess who appeared, but only Madame Grandoni.

Their greeting was a very silent one. She came to him with both hands outstretched, and took his own and held them awhile, looking up at him in a kindly, motherly manner. She had elongated her florid, humorous face to a degree that was almost comical, and the pair might have passed, in their speechless solemnity, for acquaintances meeting in a house in which a funeral was about to take place. It was indeed a house on which death had descended, as he very soon learned, from Madame Grandoni's expression; something had perished there forever, and he might proceed to bury it as soon as he liked. His wife's ancient German friend, however, was not a person to keep up a manner of that sort very long, and when, after she had made him sit down on the sofa beside her, she shook her head, slowly and definitely, several times, it was with a face in which a more genial appreciation of the circumstances had already begun to appear.

"Never — never — never?" said the Prince, in a deep, hoarse voice, which was at variance with his aristocratic slimness. He had much of the aspect which, in late-coming members of long-descended races, we qualify to-day as effete; but his speech might have been the speech of some deep-chested fighting ancestor.

"Surely you know your wife as well as I," she replied, in Italian, which she evidently spoke with facility, though with a strong guttural accent. "I have been talking with her: that is what has made me keep you. I have urged her to see you. I have told her that this could do no harm and would pledge her to nothing. But you know your wife," Madame Grandoni repeated, with a smile which was now distinctly facetious.

Prince Casamassima looked down at his boots. "How can one ever know a person like that? I hoped she would see me for five minutes."

"For what purpose? Have you anything to propose?"

"For what purpose? To rest my eyes on her beautiful face."

"Did you come to England for that?"

"For what else should I have come?" the Prince inquired, turning his blighted gaze to the opposite side of South Street.

"In London, such a day as this, *già*," said the old lady, sympathetically. "I am very sorry for you; but if I had known you were coming, I would have written to you that you might spare yourself the pain."

The Prince gave a low, interminable sigh. "You ask me what I wish to propose. What I wish to propose is that my wife does not kill me inch by inch."

"She would be much more likely to do that if you lived with her!" Madame Grandoni cried.

"*Cara signora*, she does n't appear to have killed you," the melancholy nobleman rejoined.

"Oh, me? I am past killing. I am as hard as a stone. I went through my miseries long ago; I suffered what you have not had to suffer; I wished for death many times, and I survived it all. Our troubles don't kill us, Prince; it is we who must try to kill them. I have buried not a few. Besides, Christina is fond of me, God knows why!" Madame Grandoni added.

"And you are so good to her," said the Prince, laying his hand on her plump, wrinkled fist.

"*Che vuole?* I have known her so long. And she has some such great qualities."

"Ah, to whom do you say it?" And Prince Casamassima gazed at his boots again, for some moments, in silence.

Suddenly he inquired, "How does she look to-day?"

"She always looks the same: like an angel who came down from heaven yesterday, and has been rather disappointed in her first day upon earth!"

The Prince was evidently a man of a simple nature, and Madame Grandoni's rather violent metaphor took his fancy. His face lighted up for a moment, and he replied with eagerness, "Ah, she is the only woman I have ever seen whose beauty never for a moment falls below itself. She has no bad days. She's so handsome when she's angry!"

"She is very handsome to-day, but she is not angry," said the old lady.

"Not when my name was announced?"

"I was not with her then; but when she sent for me, and asked me to see you, it was quite without passion. And even when I argued with her, and tried to persuade her (and she does n't like that, you know), she was still perfectly quiet."

"She hates me, she despises me too much, eh?"

"How can I tell, dear Prince, when she never mentions you?"

"Never, never?"

"That's better than if she railed at you, and abused you."

"You mean it should give me more hope for the future?" the young man asked, quickly.

Madame Grandoni hesitated a moment. "I mean it's better for me," she answered, with a laugh, of which the friendly ring covered as much as possible her equivocation.

"Ah, you like me enough to care," he murmured, turning on her his sad, grateful eyes.

"I am very sorry for you. *Ma che vuole?*"

The Prince had, apparently, nothing to suggest, and he only exhaled, in reply, another gloomy groan. Then he inquired whether his wife pleased herself in that country, and whether she

intended to pass the summer in London. Would she remain long in England, and — might he take the liberty to ask? — what were her plans? Madame Grandoni explained that the Princess had found the British metropolis much more to her taste than one might have expected, and that, as for plans, she had as many, or as few, as she had always had. Had he ever known her to carry out any arrangement, or to do anything, of any kind, she had selected or determined upon? She always, at the last moment, did the other thing, the one that had been out of the question; and it was for that that Madame Grandoni, herself, privately, made her preparations. Christina, now that everything was over, would leave London from one day to the other; but they should not know where they were going until they arrived. The old lady concluded by asking the Prince if he himself liked England. He thrust forward his thick lips. "How can I like anything? Besides, I have been here before: I have friends," he said.

His companion perceived that he had more to say to her, to extract from her, but that he was hesitating, nervously, because he feared to incur some warning, some rebuff, with which his dignity — which, in spite of his position of discomfiture, was really very great — might find it difficult to square itself. He looked vaguely round the room, and presently he remarked, "I wanted to see for myself how she is living."

"Yes, that is very natural."

"I have heard — I have heard" — and Prince Casamassima stopped.

"You have heard great rubbish, I have no doubt." Madame Grandoni watched him, as if she foresaw what was coming.

"She spends a terrible deal of money," said the young man.

"Indeed she does." The old lady knew that, careful as he was of his very considerable property, which at one time

had required much nursing, his wife's prodigality was not what lay heaviest on his mind. She also knew that, expensive and luxurious as Christina might be, she had never yet exceeded the income settled upon her by the Prince at the time of their separation — an income determined wholly by himself, and his estimate of what was required to maintain the social consequence of his name, for which he had a boundless reverence. "She thinks she is a model of thrift — that she counts every shilling," Madame Grandoni continued. "If there is a virtue she prides herself upon, it's her economy. Indeed, it's the only thing for which she takes any credit."

"I wonder if she knows that I" — the Prince hesitated a moment, then he went on — "that I spend really nothing. But I would rather live on dry bread than that, in a country like this, in this English society, she should not make a proper appearance."

"Her appearance is all you could wish. How can it help being proper, with me to set her off?"

"You are the best thing she has, dear lady. So long as you are with her, I feel a certain degree of security; and one of the things I came for was to extract from you a promise that you won't leave her."

"Ah, let us not tangle ourselves up with promises!" Madame Grandoni exclaimed. "You know the value of any engagement one may take with regard to the Princess; it's like promising you I will stay in the bath when the hot water is turned on. When I begin to be scalded, I have to jump out! I will stay while I can; but I should n't stay if she were to do certain things." Madame Grandoni uttered these last words very gravely, and for a minute she and her companion looked deep into each other's eyes.

"What things do you mean?"

"I can't say what things. It is utterly impossible to predict, on any occa-

sion, what Christina will do. She is capable of giving us great surprises. The things I mean are things I should recognize as soon as I saw them, and they would make me leave the house on the instant."

"So that if you have not left it yet" — the Prince asked, in a low tone, with extreme eagerness.

"It is because I have thought I may do some good by staying."

The young man seemed only half satisfied with this answer; nevertheless, he said, in a moment, "To me it makes all the difference. And if anything of the kind you speak of should happen, that would be only the greater reason for your staying — that you might interpose, that you might arrest" — He stopped short; Madame Grandoni was laughing, with her Teutonic homeliness, in his face.

"You must have been in Rome, more than once, when the Tiber had overflowed, *è vero*? What would you have thought then, if you had heard people telling the poor wretches in the Ghetto, on the Ripetta, up to their knees in liquid mud, that they ought to interpose, to arrest?"

"*Capisco bene*," said the Prince, dropping his eyes. He appeared to have closed them, for some moments, as if a slow spasm of pain were passing through him. "I can't tell you what torments me most," he presently went on, "the thought that sometimes makes my heart rise into my mouth. It's a haunting fear." And his pale face and distended eyes might indeed have been those of a man before whom some horrible spectre had risen.

"You need n't tell me. I know what you mean, my poor friend."

"Do you think, then, there is a danger — that she will drag my name, do what no one has ever dared to do? That I would never forgive," said the young man, almost under his breath; and the hoarseness of his whisper lent a great effect to the announcement.

Madame Grandoni wondered for a moment whether she had not better tell him (as it would prepare him for the worst) that his wife cared about as much for his name as for the sediment in her teapot; but after an instant's reflection, she reserved this information for another hour. Besides, as she said to herself, the Prince ought already to know, perfectly, to what extent Christina attached the idea of an obligation or an interdict to her ill-starred connection with an ignorant and superstitious Italian race, whom she despised for their provinciality, their parsimony, and their tiresomeness (she thought their talk the climax of puerility), and whose fatuous conception of their importance in the great modern world she had on various public occasions sufficiently covered with her derision. The old lady finally contented herself with remarking, "Dear Prince, your wife is a very proud woman."

"Ah, how could my wife be anything else? But her pride is not my pride. And she has such ideas, such opinions! Some of them are monstrous!"

Madame Grandoni smiled. "She does n't think it so necessary to have them when you are not there."

"Why then do you say that you enter into my fears — that you recognize the stories I have heard?"

I know not whether the good lady lost patience with his persistence; at all events, she broke out, with a certain sharpness, "Understand this — understand this: Christina will never consider you — your name, your illustrious traditions — in any case in which she does n't consider, much more, herself!"

The Prince appeared to study, for a moment, this somewhat ambiguous yet portentous phrase; then he slowly got up, with his hat in his hand, and walked about the room, softly, solemnly, as if he were suffering from his long, thin feet. He stopped before one of the windows, and took another survey of

South Street; then, turning, he suddenly inquired, in a voice into which he had evidently endeavored to infuse a colder curiosity, "Is she admired in this place? Does she see many people?"

"She is thought very strange, of course. But she sees whom she likes. And they mostly bore her to death!" Madame Grandoni added, with a laugh.

"Why then do you tell me this country pleases her?"

Madame Grandoni left her place. She had promised Christina, who detested the sense of being under the same roof with her husband, that the Prince's visit should be kept within narrow limits; and this movement was intended to signify, as kindly as possible, that it had better terminate. "It is the common people that please her," she replied, with her hands folded on her crumpled satin stomach, and her humorous eyes raised to his face. "It is the lower orders, the *basso popolo*."

"The *basso popolo*?" The Prince stared, at this fantastic announcement.

"The *povera gente*," pursued the old lady, laughing at his amazement.

"The London mob — the most horrible, the most brutal" —

"Oh, she wishes to raise them."

"After all, something like that is no more than I had heard," said the Prince gravely.

"*Che vuole?* Don't trouble yourself; it won't be for long!"

Madame Grandoni saw that this comforting assurance was lost upon him; his face was turned to the door of the room, which had been thrown open, and all his attention was given to the person who crossed the threshold. Madame Grandoni transferred her own to the same quarter, and recognized the little artisan whom Christina had, in a manner so extraordinary and so profoundly characteristic, drawn into her box that night at the theatre, and whom she had since told her old friend she had sent for to come and see her.

"Mr. Robinson!" the butler, who had had a lesson, announced, in a loud, colorless tone.

"It won't be for long," Madame Grandoni repeated, for the Prince's benefit; but it was to Mr. Robinson the words had the air of being addressed.

He stood there, while Madame Grandoni signaled to the servant to leave the door open and wait, looking from the queer old lady, who was as queer as before, to the tall foreign gentleman (he recognized his foreignness at a glance), whose eyes seemed to challenge him, to devour him; wondering whether he had made some mistake, and needing to remind himself that he had the Princess's note in his pocket, with the day and hour as clear as her magnificent handwriting could make them.

"Good-morning, good-morning. I hope you are well," said Madame Grandoni, with quick friendliness, but turning her back upon him at the same time, to ask of the Prince, in Italian, as she extended her hand, "And do you not leave London soon — in a day or two?"

The Prince made no answer; he still scrutinized the little bookbinder from head to foot, as if he were wondering who the deuce he could be. His eyes seemed to Hyacinth to search for the small, neat bundle he ought to have had under his arm, and without which he was incomplete. To the reader, however, it may be confided that, dressed more carefully than he had ever been in his life before, stamped with that extraordinary transformation which the British Sunday often operates in the person of the wage-earning cockney, with his handsome head uncovered and suppressed excitement in his brilliant little face, the young man from Lomax Place might have passed for anything rather than a carrier of parcels. "The Princess wrote to me, madam, to come and see her," he remarked, as a precaution, in case he should have incurred the reproach of bad taste.

"Oh, yes, I dare say;" and Madame Grandoni guided the Prince to the door, with an expression of the hope that he would have a comfortable journey back to Italy.

A faint flush had come into his face; he appeared to have satisfied himself on the subject of Mr. Robinson. "I must see you once more — I must — it's impossible!"

"Ah, well, not in this house, you know."

"Will you do me the honor to meet me, then?" And as the old lady hesitated, he added, with sudden passion, "Dearest friend, I entreat you on my knees!" After she had agreed that if he would write to her, proposing a day and place, she would see him, he raised her ancient knuckles to his lips, and, without further notice of Hyacinth, turned away. Madame Grandoni requested the servant to announce the other visitor to the Princess, and then approached Mr. Robinson, rubbing her hands and smiling, with her head on one side. He smiled back at her, vaguely; he did n't know what she might be going to say. What she said was, to his surprise, —

"My poor young man, may I take the liberty of asking your age?"

"Certainly, madam: I am twenty-four."

"And I hope you are industrious, and sober, and — what do you call it in English? — steady."

"I don't think I am very wild," said Hyacinth, smiling still. He thought the old woman patronizing, but he forgave her.

"I don't know how one speaks, in this country, to young men like you. Perhaps one is considered meddling, impertinent."

"I like the way you speak," Hyacinth interposed.

She stared, and then, with a humorous affectation of dignity, replied, "You are very good. I am glad it amuses

you. You are evidently intelligent and clever," she went on, "and if you are disappointed it will be a pity."

"How do you mean, if I am disappointed?" Hyacinth looked more grave.

"Well, I dare say you expect great things, when you come into a house like this. You must tell me if I wound you. I am very old-fashioned, and I am not of this country. I speak as one speaks to young men, like you, in other places."

"I am not so easily wounded!" Hyacinth exclaimed, with a flight of imagination. "To expect anything, one must know something, one must understand: is n't it so? And I am here without knowing, without understanding. I have come only because a lady, who seems to me very beautiful and very kind, has done me the honor to send for me."

Madame Grandoni examined him a moment, as if she were struck by his good looks, by something delicate that was stamped upon him everywhere. "I can see you are very clever, very intelligent; no, you are not like the young men I mean. All the more reason" — And she paused, giving a little sigh. "I want to warn you a little, and I don't know how. If you were a young Roman, it would be different."

"A young Roman?"

"That's where I live, properly, in Rome. If I hurt you, you can explain it that way. No, you are not like them."

"You don't hurt me — please believe that; you interest me very much," said Hyacinth, to whom it did not occur that he himself might appear patronizing. "Of what do you want to warn me?"

"Well — only to advise you a little. Do not give up anything."

"What can I give up?"

"Do not give up *yourself*. I say that to you in your interest. I think you have some trade — I forget what; but

whatever it may be, remember that to do it well is the best thing—it is better than paying visits, better even than a Princess!”

“Ah, yes, I see what you mean!” Hyacinth exclaimed, exaggerating a little. “I am very fond of my trade, I assure you.”

“I am delighted to hear it. Hold fast to it, then, and be quiet; be diligent, and honest, and good. I gathered the other night that you are one of the young men who want everything changed—I believe there are a great many in Italy, and also in my own dear old Deutschland—and even think it’s useful to throw bombs into innocent crowds, and shoot pistols at their rulers, or at any one. I won’t go into that. I might seem to be speaking for myself, and the fact is that for myself I don’t care; I am so old that I may hope to spend the few days that are left me without receiving a bullet. But before you go

any further, please think a little whether you are right.”

“It is n’t just that you should impute to me ideas which I may not have,” said Hyacinth, turning very red, but taking more and more of a fancy, all the same, to Madame Grandoni. “You talk at your ease about our ways and means, but if we were only to make use of those that you would like to see”—And, while he blushed, smiling, the young man shook his head two or three times, with great significance.

“I should n’t like to see any!” the old lady cried. “I like people to bear their troubles as one has done one’s self. And as for injustice, you see how kind I am to you when I say to you again, ‘Don’t, don’t give anything up. I will tell them to send you some tea,’ she added, as she took her way out of the room, presenting to him her round, low, aged back, and dragging over the carpet a scanty and lustreless train.

Henry James.

BARTER.

“GIVE me the gold from off thy hair,
The rose upon thy cheek that lies,
Thy singing voice that everywhere
Makes laughter in the trembling air,
The young joy of thine eyes.”

“What wilt thou give to me, oh, say,
Thou gray old man with restless wings,
For love’s entrancing morn of May,
For dawn and freshness of the day,
And life that leaps and sings?”

“Lo! I will make thy footstep slow
Across the flowers that bend and wave;
And for thy gold will give thee snow,
And silence for thy laughter low,
Darkness, a grass-grown grave.”

Julie K. Wetherill.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

A CRY FROM THE STUDY.

I TRUST that I may from time to time have an opportunity to open this New Portfolio of mine. There are papers which have come to me from the Secretary of the Pansophian Society, which I hope hereafter to lay before the readers of this magazine. There are poems which lie hidden among its leaves, and are only waiting to be carefully extracted; for although the eye of the owner sees them, they are invisible to all others, and to get them out of the Portfolio is as nice a process as lifting a sheet of gold-leaf out of the book in which its gossamer tenuity is held and protected.

But at the present moment I am not going to open the Portfolio at all. I am going to write on the back of it, as I have done before, in my individual capacity, as personally known to my readers, and on such terms with them that I can speak freely, as if they were sitting with me by my fireside. I have often spoken in the disguise of fiction of the matter which I propose to bring before them, — so often that I can hardly help repeating some things which they may have had enough of already. There is really no great difference in talking to the public through the lips of a fictitious personage and in one's own voice, for the sheath of assumed personality does not commonly more than half cover the blade it pretends to conceal. Besides, in returning to an old subject, I am doing no more than all the preachers, all the orators, all the public men, politicians, philanthropists, reformers, are constantly doing.

One should be shy of bringing his private affairs, his individual joys and griefs, before the public, unless he is assured that there are others who have

had similar experiences, or who are at least in a position to understand and to sympathize with him. In speaking of my own conditions, though I am forced to use the first person singular, I feel that I am very far from being alone or representing only individual interests.

I am overburdened with a correspondence which I find almost unmanageable. It has reached such a point that I feel as if it would not be unreasonable for me to put out a sign bearing my name with the following additions: —

* * * Professional Correspondent, attends to letters on all subjects, from all persons and all quarters. Autographs in quantity at short notice. The Correspondent will furnish stationery without charge to all applicants, in the form of envelopes addressed to himself, and stamped, containing a blank sheet of paper for the letter or message he is to receive. All communications, long or short, all manuscripts, legible or illegible, all books and pamphlets, readable or unreadable, thankfully received and immediately read and criticised. The Correspondent expects no pecuniary return for the few daily hours consumed in this labor of love. It is more than enough to be told that his well-known kindness and universally recognized genial nature have emboldened the writer to venture on what he (with superfluous modesty) calls his "unauthorized intrusion." The Correspondent would add that, if any sentence or any fragment of a sentence can be found in any letter of his which can be made use of so as to add commercial value to any publication, it cannot be expected that the word *Private* prefixed to that letter should be considered as preventing the recipient

from giving it publicity in such form as may best promote his interests.

"How many letters do you receive in the course of a day or a year?" said my neighbor, who writes a letter once in a while to a relation or a friend, and who gets one so rarely that his handmaiden looks at it all over and tries to peep into it, thinking something must have happened.

"I don't know," I answered. "I never counted how many I receive in a day. I never measured how many pecks I get in a month. I never weighed how many pounds I get in a year. But come, I will call up Seraphina, and take her evidence as to the number that come by the four daily mails."

"How many letters do I get in a day, Seraphina, on an average,—as nearly as you can tell?"

A pause for deliberation. "Twinty, sir, I think; some days more."

Seraphina ought to know, for nearly all my letters pass through her hands. That is what she said. But to draw from her answer, which I report honestly, the inference that I get six thousand letters a year,—*letters*, that expect answers,—would be rash. Thousands, if you will, but hardly six thousand. A business man or a politician may receive six or sixty or six hundred thousand, for aught that I know, but for a private individual six thousand would be an exorbitant number. We can afford to leave out statistics, and compromise on the fact of a very large number.

It must be remembered that I have a reading constituency which includes three generations of my own contemporaries. My reckoning is not in years, but in fractions of a century. It is longer in a retrograde direction from this day when I am writing to the time when I first began to print than it is from that time backwards to the battle of Bunker's Hill. Half a century with half a decade to spare is a long time to

be before the public. *Too* long, it may be, but that is not the point I wish to make just now. I am thinking of the wide range in the ages of the great procession of my fellow-mortals who have been or are with me among the living. Many young persons, as they glance along these pages, looking for the story they are in eager search of, will hardly believe that they are older than their grandfathers were when they read my earlier productions. I get letters from septuagenarians and octogenarians who were at school in the same years with myself, and from boys and girls to whom the war of the rebellion is as much a matter of old history as the siege of Troy.

Now before saying another word I wish to make the fullest acknowledgments to the kind friends, personally unknown to me, who have expressed themselves by letter with perfect freedom and unmistakable sincerity with reference to my writings and myself. I could not have believed it possible that any printed pages could have brought me so many hundreds of letters,—I will stop at hundreds,—which went to the heart because they came from the heart. It would be a shame to pass out from human companionship without the most grateful recognition of the good feeling that has prompted such numbers of men and women to address me in words which could not fail to move the sensibilities of the least susceptible lover of his kind. It is an experience I never dreamed of, encouraging in the midst of doubts, soothing after the rough handling of the antagonistic elements which none can wholly escape. It is hard for a rose to blow in a field of thistles; and to every author, great or humble, his gift is the rose which he is trying to nourish into such bloom as nature meant for it. Blessings on those who have helped it with a ray of sunshine!

I have hitherto made it a point to answer all letters of the kind I have re-

ferred to. There may be authors who receive so many that it is out of the question to take any special notice of them. It is a matter of feeling, and not of obligation, but the writers would like at least to know that their letters have reached the object of their affection or homage. If one should live to see the days when the grasshopper becomes a burden, it might be impossible even to acknowledge the receipt of letters which deserved a grateful reply. The writers of such letters may be assured that they always give pleasure, even if they bring no other response than the tears which are the luxury of worn-out poets and other sensitive natures in their days of weakness.

I have fully recognized the privilege of all persons who have an honest love and admiration for an author to tell him so by letter, and to hope for an acknowledgment without insisting upon it as a right. But there is a large and ever-increasing class of persons who make demands upon one's time and patience by no means so honestly entitled to respect. I have known so much of their exactions that I was on the point of issuing a pronouncement defining the rights of an author in this matter, when I happened to fall upon this passage in a recent volume of Mr. Hamerton's, entitled *Human Intercourse* :—

"If a man asked me the way in the street, it would be rudeness on my part not to answer him, because the answer is easily given, and costs no appreciable time; but in written correspondence the case is essentially different. I am burdened with work; every hour, every minute, of my day is apportioned to some definite duty or necessary rest, and three strangers make use of the post to ask me questions. To answer them I must make references; however brief the letters may be, they will still take time,—altogether, the three will consume an hour. Have these correspondents any right to expect me to work an hour

for them? Would a cabman drive them about the streets of London during an hour for nothing? Would a waterman pull them an hour on the Thames for nothing? Would a shoe-black brush their boots and trousers an hour for nothing? And why am I to serve these men gratuitously, and be called an ill-bred, discourteous person if I tacitly decline to be their servant? We owe sacrifices—occasional sacrifices—of this kind to friends and relations, and we can afford them to a few, but we are under no obligation to answer everybody. Those whom we do answer may be thankful for a word on a post-card in Gladstone's brief but sufficient fashion. I am very much of the opinion of Rudolphe in Ponsard's *L'Honneur et L'Argent*. A friend asks what he does about letters :—

"*Rudolphe.* Je les mets Soigneusement en poche et ne reponds jamais.
Premier Ami. Oh, vous raillez.
Rudolphe. Non pas. Je ne puis pas admettre Qu'un importun m'oblige à répondre à sa lettre, Et parce qu'il lui plait de noircir du papier Me condamne moi-même à ce facheux métier."

The commonest letters are those asking for autographs. A simple request accompanying a stamped envelope directed to the applicant, and containing the card or slip of paper to be written on, will often bring an answer. If the applicant will not take the trouble to make everything as easy as possible to the respondent, but contents himself with sending a stamp, his letter should go into the waste-basket, and the stamp be appropriated as the person thus imposed upon sees fit. The request should always be brief; the best I ever received had no length at all, being simply a blank card in a stamped and directed envelope. The number of words sometimes used to convey the applicant's request is truly astonishing. A really important message may be expressed very briefly.

"Master Barnardine, you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death." This is to the point; no

apologies, explanations, circumlocutions, but a plain statement of just what was wanted. Autograph letters very commonly begin, —

"DEAR SIR, — I suppose you are constantly receiving" —

Of course I am, idiot! Why don't you say what you want, and not pester me with your poem and all the palliations of your petition? Three or four pages of note paper are not an uncommon allowance for a request of this kind. One ought not to read them, but one does not feel quite sure that there may not be some redeeming sentence.

Here is another pattern: —

"DEAR SIR, — I am making a collection of the autographs of all the noted people of the day, and would be glad to include yours among them. I have already those of several members of the state government and other notorieties, and feel that my list is incomplete without — etc., etc. Would you kindly add to your signature the first, seventh, and twelfth verses of your poem about —" ? etc., etc.

Another formula has made its appearance of late: —

"DEAR SIR, — As at your advanced period of life you will not, of course, write autographs much longer, I hasten to beg your immediate attention to my request."

When my honored ancestor, Governor Thomas Dudley, was getting well on in years, some ingenious person sent him, — so Cotton Mather tells us, — the following anagram on his name: —

Thomas Dudley,

Ah, old must dye.

This was an entirely unnecessary piece of information to the old gentleman, who was fully aware of the incapacities, infirmities, and limited prospects of his over-ripe period of life without being reminded of the facts, as was shown by the poetry found in his pocket after his death. I do not know whether or not he winced under his anagram, which

was probably meant to annoy him. For myself, I have answered the writers of these monitory letters like any others. I have a compassionate and kindly interest in semi-barbarians, but it is not my special business to teach them the decencies of civilized life.

The most oppressive letters one can receive are those in which young persons, evidently simple-hearted, in real need of advice, throw the whole burden of their perplexities on the individual whom, from his writings, they suppose willing and able to advise them. My experience in that line has been extensive. I am requested to lay out a whole course of literary study for persons of whom I know nothing, except the little their letters tell me. I am frequently asked by young persons whether they had better or not devote themselves to authorship, my means of judgment being a few copies of indifferent verses or a few pages of commonplace prose. I am occasionally asked a still more important question, namely, whether my unknown friend, male or female, shall or shall not venture into the state of matrimony. I confess that I am sometimes tempted to refer my correspondent to the dialogue on the subject between Panurge and his skeptical counsellor. The idea of addressing such a question to one who is utterly unacquainted with either party is sufficiently absurd. The state of mind it induces may be illustrated by that of Panurge at the close of the following extract: —

"Panurge. Shall I marry?"

"Trouillogan. I have no hand in it.

"Pan. Then I shall not marry?"

"Trouil. I cannot help it.

... ..
"Pan. Will she be discreet and virtuous?"

"Trouil. I question it.

"Pan. You never saw her.

"Trouil. Not that I know of.

"Pan. Why do you doubt of that which you know not?"

"*Trouil.* For a cause.

"*Pan.* And if you should know her?

"*Trouil.* Yet more."

At this point of the dialogue Panurge feels very much as I have felt after some of the letters I have received on the question of matrimony from candidates shivering on the brink of that condition, and doubting whether to make the plunge or not. He finds an ingenious mode of relief:—

"*Panurge.* Page, my little pretty darling, take here my cap, — I give it to thee. Have a care you do not break the spectacles that are in it. Go down to the lower court. Swear there half an hour for me, and I shall in compensation of that favor swear hereafter for thee as much as thou wilt."

I had no page to swear for me, so I have not indulged in that luxury, even by proxy. In fact, I have generally given the best advice I could, and may have helped to make more than one couple happy, — or miserable. But it was a question they had no right to ask, and I think I shall refer the next questioners to the dialogue between Panurge and Trouillogan.

One of my troubles is that I am often taken for an editor. Here I am at a great disadvantage, for every well-conditioned editor has under him a subordinate, sometimes called a "taster," or even more expressively a "smeller," who stands between him and the mob of candidates for admission into his pages. This intermediate personage is like the buffer that breaks the shock of meeting trains, like the breakwater that keeps the waves from the piers. I am not equipped with this and other editorial conveniences. Authors not infrequently send me their manuscripts, as if it were my business to see that they were accepted for this or that periodical.

Editors have very hard and trying work, with all the aids and safeguards which are set around them for protection. See what James Payn has to say

about it; read Anthony Trollope's tender-hearted stories of his experience with authoresses. Poor Mary Gresley, — how well I know her! Josephine de Montmorency, — is she not an old acquaintance of mine? How often have I found myself in the position which made dear sunny-souled and moon-faced Anthony exclaim, —

"Unfortunate man of letters, in having thrust upon him so terrible a task! In such circumstances, what is the candid, honest, soft-hearted man of letters to do? 'Go, girl, and mend your stockings. Learn to make a pie. If you work hard, it may be that some day your intellect will suffice you to read a book and understand it. For the writing of a book that shall either interest or instruct a brother human being many gifts are required. Have you just reason to believe that they have been given to you?'"

Mary Gresley was not treated so, nor have I ever so treated my Mary Gresleys and Josephine de Montmorencys. Too many beetles who thought themselves butterflies, blind to their own incapacity, horny-shelled in their conceit, have crossed my path or butted unceremoniously against my features. I never set my foot upon one of them so hard as to crush out all hope. But it has been a cruel test, and if some of them got a little flattened under my pressure, so as to crawl away humbled in their own self-estimate, it has cost me a pang as well as the poor beetle that I never quite trod upon. That pang I should have been spared, for I am not and never was an editor, and it is more than can be expected of me to undertake an editor's painful duties.

Let me mention several lesser grievances. No little trouble has been given me by illegible signatures appended to letters I was ready and pleased to answer. It is rather hard, after doing one's best to assist some unknown person who appeals for advice or aid, —

after casting one's bread upon the waters, so to speak, hoping it would reach a hungry mouth, — to have it returned, toasted brown by the clerks of the General Post-Office at Washington. Will the reader be good-natured enough to let me give him an average specimen of one of my letters of advice? Its genuineness to every syllable will speak for itself. I never expected to see it again, but after an absence of two months it came back to me, never having reached my correspondent, who was a young man at a certain number in a certain avenue of a flourishing Western city. The name of the sender was so nearly illegible that I made a facsimile of it as nearly as I could, hoping that it would be deciphered by the postmaster of the place to which it was destined. I am willing to print the letter for two reasons: first, it will show my readers that to write "twinty" letters a day on this scale would take several hours; and secondly, because it may in this way reach the person for whom it was intended.

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS.
July 6, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your letter belongs to a class of which I receive a large number from all parts of the country. They cause me many painful feelings, for the reason that I feel kindly to the writers and am unable to help them as they wish, and, I fear too often expect.

You give me an interesting account of your struggles, which are like those of many other young men in a country where every avenue to success is crowded. You have ambition, and you find yourself in a crowd of young men just as ambitious as yourself. Many of them in former days would have taken to preaching, but in these times so much knowledge is demanded of the preacher that without a good deal of education they stand but a poor chance.

Literature is, for all but a few, a beggarly calling — hard brain-work and

small pay when it brings any. I advise all my unknown friends — at least all who do not give evidence of extraordinary gifts to pursue some regular business — profession — trade or mechanical work — something to give them regular employment and regular compensation.

As to your main question, I say frankly that a man of twenty-five years old "with a few hundred dollars and a willingness to work" *might* after some years of study "win a diploma from — College. But his chance is small unless he has remarkable gifts or can devote several years to preparation, which will use up a good many hundred dollars. I dare not counsel you to make the attempt.

But — *mark my words!* You ask me for advice which I am not competent to give, and to which, therefore, I attach small value. *The only persons fit to give you advice are those who have known and know all about you personally.*

Sincerely yours,

* * *

I have not corrected this hasty letter, which was signed with my name in full, but printed it with its careless punctuation, its italics, and its blemishes, whatever they may be. It is provoking, after taking the trouble to write one of these letters of counsel, to find the signature of the person it is meant for a hieroglyph, and to have to cut it out and paste it on the envelope, or imitate it as one best may. Then to have it returned through the post-office department is decidedly annoying.

Little matters make a deal of trouble, sometimes, for busy people. There is an epidemic of *pale ink* raging just now, which has caused me much vexation, and made me wish I had Panurge's little pretty darling page to give expression to my sentiments.

And now while I am unbosoming myself to the sympathetic reader, why

should I not mention some of the other trials which add variety to a life that would perhaps be too pleasant without them?

Misquotation with all its consequences is one of these lesser misfortunes. I must blame myself for the following. In copying some lines read at our last Harvard Commencement, writing them at the table, in pencil, hastily, because a newspaper reporter was pressing me, I accidentally left out half of one couplet, which was thus widowed of its rhyme, and stood alone in single unblestness. The mutilated passage was extensively copied, and of course was stigmatized as containing a halting verse. To make it more presentable, some improver left out another line, and in this way brought two terminal words together which did not rhyme. Again I was held up to the public; this time for my false rhyme. The Publishers' Circular, which goes everywhere, and my good friend Punch, who is everywhere welcome, showed me up to their readers as a careless workman. The poem, which I reserved for this magazine, was there correctly printed.

Far worse than this is attributing to an author words and thoughts which he would hold himself disgraced if he had ever uttered. There is a little book called "Don't,"—No. 2. of the "Parchment Paper Series," published by the Appletons, in which, upon the 29th page, my name is mentioned in connection with a disgusting allusion which no Irish scullion would venture to make without the apologetic phrase "saving your presence." Who can be guilty of such shameful fabrications? The same kind of individual as the one who wrote of me, " * * * carries a horse-chestnut in his pocket, in full faith that it prevents rheumatism." If I were a homœopathist, there might be some probability in such a statement, but as related of me it is not only utterly untrue, but absurdly ridiculous.

And now I am going to reproduce an article which I take from a very well printed newspaper, apparently a religious daily or weekly; I have kept only the extract. I think it worth printing and presenting to my readers, not merely for its personal bearings, nor for the sake of contradicting it. It has a much more general and important significance. If stories like this, false in every particular, so far as I am concerned, can obtain currency, and become accepted as authentic, upon what a diet of lies the newspaper-reading American public must be fed! I will not blush nor mince matters, but print the whole as I find it.

HOLMES'S FIRST POEM.

After men become famous as authors, we are interested to learn about their early writings. Probably all the children know that Mr. Longfellow's first poem was about the turnip that grew behind Mr. Finney's barn, and here is what Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says about his first literary effort:—

"The first article of mine that ever saw the light was a little poem of four stanzas, entitled James's Tree. A little lad, son of the late Judge Dewey, of Massachusetts, stuck a willow twig into the ground of his father's garden, which took root after the manner of such twigs, and grew into a tree.

"The boy lived long enough to call this tree his own, and to secure its protection as such, and then he died. After his death I wrote the poem, and it was published in the *Youth's Companion*, a publication still prosperous. I was then seventeen years old, and that was forty-four years ago. I took the printed copy containing it from the post-office, peeped in, and then walked home on air. I shall probably never be so absorbingly happy as I was then. Earth has nothing like it—earth never had anything like it—for me. I have seen my work in type since then until I have been tired of the sight of it, but I can never forget

the great joy of that occasion. Smith College, in Northampton, now stands on the site of the old Dewey place, and when they cleared things away for the new buildings they found an old gnarled willow-tree. On learning the history of the tree and the nature of my own association with it, President Seelye had a book-rack, elegantly mounted, made of it, and sent it to me. Of course it was installed among my household goods."

Not a single word of all this bears the slightest resemblance to anything in the history of my life. The author of this account could give lessons to Baron Munchausen, whose acquaintance he is likely to make hereafter in the place already made congenial by the presence of Ananias and Sapphira. How circumstantial, how realistic, how trustworthy, it all sounds! and yet the whole story, names, places, incidents, all a mere figment! And this is what we are all liable to, — imaginary stories of our lives sprung upon us, it may be after we are

dead and gone, and nobody is left who can or will contradict the mendacious fabrication. The account above given may be true of some other person, and have been transferred to me as a matter of convenience to the writer, who had taken me as his subject for an article. It is a mighty handy way of writing a memoir, but a dangerous one. If the biographer of Saint John is at liberty to help out his manuscript by the use of incidents from the life of Saint Judas applied to the Evangelist, it tends to throw discredit on that class of literary performances.

Just as I am writing these last sentences the morning mail brings me a second letter from a well-known London publisher, urging me to write my autobiography. I do not threaten anything of the kind at present, but if I should live through my threescore-and-teens into the next round number, I might be tempted to do it, seeing how terribly other people lie about myself and the rest of us.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SESAMES.

"At the gate of the vineyard give grapes,"

Said a master of wine of words.

Past the bars of the field, strewing salt,

Goes the tamer of flocks and herds;

At the edge of the forest, a call

Wins the bird his mate from the birds.

In the morning a smile for the day,

Saith the heart in which Love makes strife;

At the noontide a whisper can quell

Every thought with bitterness rife;

In the night, a swift kiss can bestow

The whole bliss of a mortal life.

Helen Jackson.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XLIII.

LIZZIE had a tiresome argument with her grandmother that night, who could not understand why she should be so bent on going into Highcombe by the first train. To see Miss Chatty married, — that was reasonable enough ; but Miss Chatty would not be married till eleven at the earliest, perhaps later. Mrs. Bagley knew that gentlefolks ran it almost too late, as late as was possible, because it was the fashion, or else because they did n't like to get up so early as poor folks, — and why should Lizzie start by the seven o'clock train ? But Lizzie was determined, and got her way ; declaring that she would stay up all night and do her work before she started, sooner than not go. It would not have mattered much had she done so, for there was no sleep for Lizzie that night. She had not any certainty of being right to support her in what she was going to do. She thought of disturbing all the wedding preparations, stopping the bride with her veil on and the orange blossoms in her hair, and all the guests assembled — for what ? Because of one who made no claim, who would never make any claim, who had not been heard of for more than six years. That was the flaw which disturbed Lizzie. It was not quite out, the seven years. Had that mystic period been accomplished, she felt that she could have left Chatty to the protection of God. But at the outside it was only six and a half, and he *had* heard of her through Lizzie herself, — though she inwardly resolved that no inducement on earth would make her appear before judge and jury to tell that. No ! she would rather die than tell it. And then her mind came back to the picture of the bride in her glistening white silk

or satin, with the veil over her head, and the orange blossoms. To stop all that, to turn away the carriages from the door, to set herself up as knowing better than a gentleman like Mr. Cavendish, and perhaps making a fool of herself, and not being believed or listened to, after all !

These thoughts tormented Lizzie all through the night, and she got up very early, while it was still dark, and lighted the fire, and put everything straight for her grandmother, and made herself a cup of tea, which she needed much to settle her agitated nerves. Old Mrs. Bagley got up, too, disturbed by the sound of some one stirring, not without a grumble at being awoke so early. Lizzie came and kissed her before she went away. "Oh, granny, say God bless you!" she cried ; "for I'm all shaking and trembling, and I don't know what may come to me to-day." "Lord bless the child," said Mrs. Bagley, "what's a-coming to her? A body would think as it's you as is going to be married to-day. But God bless you's easy said, and meant from the 'art, and never comes amiss ; and God bless Miss Chatty, too, the dear, and give her a happy weddin' and a happy life." Lizzie felt that she could not say Amen. It seemed to choke her, when she tried to utter that word, for it was little happiness poor Miss Chatty would have, if she did what she was going to do. She hurried to the station, which was a long walk in the fresh morning, feeling the air chill and sharp. It was a long way to the station, and then the railway made a round, so that an active person would have found it almost as quick to walk straight to Highcombe ; and it was between eight and nine when Lizzie at last found herself before the door of Mrs. Warrender's house. She

thought it looked wonderfully quiet for the morning of a wedding, the shutters still closed over the drawing-room windows. But it would be vain to attempt to describe her dismay when she heard the explanation of this tranquillity. Not here, but in London! Did n't she know? the housemaid said, who was a girl from Underwood. She thought everybody had known. And Lizzie had the sickening consciousness that had she inquired a little more closely she might have discovered it for herself, and saved herself this trouble. She was taken in by the sympathizing housemaid to have a second cup of tea at least, if not breakfast, and to hear all about the preparations and the dresses, which Betsey, though sadly disappointed to miss the glories of the wedding, had yet seen and could describe. And there was not a train to London till nearly ten. She asked herself, in her dismay, whether it was worth going then, — whether perhaps it was not Providence that had stopped her; but then, with a returning obstinacy of purpose, determined that she would not be beaten, — that whatever hindered she would not be kept back.

She got to London just at the hour when the wedding party were to leave for church, and found them gone when she arrived at the house. Lizzie's habits did not consist with taking cabs. She had toiled along from the station, hot and weary, on foot. "If you want to catch them up, you had better take an 'ansom," said one of the white-neck-clothed men who were busy preparing the wedding breakfast. Lizzie scarcely knew what a hansom was; but she submitted to be put into one, and to get with much difficulty a shilling out of her purse to pay for it. The sudden whirl, the jar and noise, the difficult getting out and in, the struggle to pursue that shilling into a corner of her purse among the pennies and sixpences, aided in confusing her brain utterly. She rushed up the steps of the church, which were

crowded with idlers, not knowing what she did. The organ was pealing through the place, making a little storm of sound under the gallery, as she rushed in desperate, meeting the fine procession, the bride in all that glory which Lizzie had dreamt of, which she had been so reluctant to spoil: her white dress rustling over the red cloth that had been laid down in the aisle, her white veil flowing over her modest countenance, her arm in that of her bridegroom; all whiteness, peace, and sweet emotion, joy touched with trembling and a thousand soft regrets. Chatty came along slowly, her soft eyes cast down, her soul floating in that ecstasy which is full of awe and solemn thoughts. Dick's eyes were upon her, and the eyes of all, but hers saw nothing save the wonderful event that had come to pass, the boundary between the old and the new upon which she stood. And Lizzie had forgotten everything that could be called reason or coherence in her thought. She forgot her doubts, her scruples, her sense of the misery she might make, her uncertainty as to whether it might be needful at all. At this moment of bewildering excitement she had but one idea. She fell down upon her knees before them in the aisle, and caught at Chatty's white dress and the folds of her floating veil. "Oh, Miss Chatty, stop, stop! leave go of his arm! for he is married already, and his wife is living." She lifted her eyes, and there appeared round her a floating sea of horror-stricken faces, — faces that she knew in the foreground, and floating further off, as if in the air, in the distance, one she knew still better. Lizzie gave a shriek which rang through the church: "His wife is living: and she is *HERE*!"

XLIV.

The wedding morning had been confusing and full of many occupations, as wedding mornings always are. Chatty,

left in the quiet of her room, had received innumerable little visits: from her mother, who came and came again, with a cheerful front, but her heart very low, merely to look at her, to give her a kiss in passing, to make sure that she was still there; and from Minnie, very busy, wanting to have a finger in everything, to alter the bride's dress at the last moment, and the way in which her veil was put on. "For it is quite different from mine," Minnie cried, "and it stands to reason that there cannot be *two* ways of putting on a veil." Then there would come a young sister of Dick's, very shy, very anxious to make friends, admiring Chatty and her orange blossoms, with that sense of probable future occurrences in her own life of the same description which makes sympathy so warm. Then Mrs. Wilberforce, who, though disapproving much of the wedding in London, was yet mollified by her husband's share in it and association with the bishop; and Lady Markland, who gave the bride a kiss of tender sympathy and said nothing to her, which Chatty felt to be the kindest of all. Minnie, on the other hand, had a great inclination from the depths of her own experience to give her sister advice. "You must remember, Chatty, that a man is not just like one of us. When you are traveling, you must be sure to recollect that: they can't do with a bun or a cup of coffee, or that sort of thing; they must always have something substantial to eat. You see they take so much more out of themselves than we do. And they like you to be ready to the minute, though you have often got to wait for them: and" —

"But, dear Minnie, men are not all alike," said Mrs. Wilberforce, "no more than women are. Don't you think you had better leave her to find out for herself? She will learn soon enough," she added, with a sigh, softly shaking her head, as though the experience could not but be melancholy when it came.

"Men, like everything else, are changing every day. The chivalry one used to meet with is quite gone, — but what can you expect in these times?"

"I don't like this trimming at all," said Minnie; "if I were you, I would have it taken off. Oh, I am not at all of your opinion about the times. We are liberal on both sides. The Thynnes have always gone in for the popular side; and when you think how much everything has improved" —

"If you call it improvement!" said Mrs. Wilberforce, with something like a groan; but whether this was in reference to things in general, or to the removal of the tulle trimming over which Minnie was holding her hand, it would be difficult to say.

And thus the morning went by. Chatty took it all very sweetly, responding with smiles to every one, feeling the hours pass like a dream: until it was time to go into the dream chariot, and be carried away to the fulfillment of the dream. In the large, dull London drawing-room below, meanwhile, guests were assembling, — guests in rustling garments of many colored silk, with bonnets which were enough to drive any ordinary mortal out of her senses: a little tulle tossed up with flowers or feathers into the most perfect little crown for a fair head, a little velvet with nodding plumes that made the wearer at once into a duchess. The duchess herself was present, but she was dowdy, as duchesses have a right to be. And then the arrivals, the carriages that came gleaming up, the horses that pranced and curved their beautiful necks, as high-bred as the ladies! Geoff, who had come with his mother, posted himself at one of the windows, inside the filmy white curtains, to watch the people coming. He suddenly called out "Mother!" when it was almost time to start, and the brougham was already waiting at the door for the bridegroom.

Lady Markland was standing close by

the window talking to Dick, who, as bridegrooms often are, was agitated, and required support and encouragement. "What is it, Geoff?" she asked, in the midst of what she was saying, without turning from her other companion.

"Oh, look here. I say, there is the lady that was at the big house at Underwood, the lady that picked me up the day I ran away, — the one that was at the Elms. Look, mamma. Ah, you're just too late," cried Geoff; "you're always too late. She's gone now."

It was Dick, and not Lady Markland, who came forward to the window. "The lady who was at the Elms?" he said: and Geoff, looking up, saw a face that was like ashes looking, not at him, but out of the window, with wide staring eyes.

"Look there — just going away — in a big veil — don't you see her? But I saw her face quite plain, — the same lady that took me up beside her on the big tall phaeton. I did not like her much," the boy added in an undertone.

"I think," in a still lower voice, almost a whisper, "you are mistaken, Geoff; that lady is dead."

"I saw her, all the same," said the boy.

Here one of the jocular persons who make weddings more dreadful than they need to be came forward and touched Dick on the arm. "Come along, old fellow," he said: "no skulking; it's too late to draw back. The bridegroom's carriage stops the way."

There are resolute people in the world who can look as they please, who can receive a mortal blow, and smile all the time, — or, what is still harder, look gravely self-possessed, as if nothing had ever happened to them, or could happen to the end of time. Dick Cavendish was not of this heroic kind, but yet he managed to make himself look as a bridegroom ought, as he went through the little crowd and made his way downstairs. He said to himself it was not

possible. Had not her death been certified beyond doubt? Had not Saunders attended the funeral, and brought that photograph and the poor little ring? Was the certainty of all these facts to be shaken by the random recollection of a foolish child, or a chance resemblance which that child might imagine in a passer-by? He said to himself that there could be no greater folly than to pay any attention to such a piece of absurdity. But as he went out, and all the way along as he drove, hearing without paying any attention to the occasional remarks of his best man, who was with him, his eyes were searching among the wayfarers, the little crowd round the door, the other little crowd round the church. Just as he stepped inside the portico, turning round for a last look, he saw something approaching in a hansom, — something rather than some one, a gray veil covering an unseen face. Was it some woman peacefully going about her own business, or was it — He went in, feeling all the people in the church turn round to look at him; wondering if his face was like the face of a man who was going to marry Chatty, or of one who was standing by the side of a grave? When he got up to the altar, and took his place to wait for his bride, there was a moment of silence, during which no intrusive fool could talk to him. And in the quiet he stood and closed his eyes, and felt himself — oh, not here at the altar, waiting for Chatty in her orange flowers, but by the side of the dark pit into which the coffin was descending, straining his eyes to see through the lid, if indeed the other were there. But then, again, with an effort, he shook his miserable nightmare off. It was not possible he could be deceived. What motive could any one have to deceive him? Saunders had seen her buried, and had brought the photograph and that ring. The ring was conclusive, — unless a horrible trick had been played upon him there was no room for doubt:

and to whose interest could it be to play him a trick of this horrible kind?

And then came the little rustle and thrill of the arriving train: and something white came up, a succession of whitenesses streaming one after the other, with no sound but the delicate rustle, that soft touch upon the air that might almost have been wings. They stood together, both but half conscious of what was going on around: Chatty, sweetly wrapped in a maze of soft-coming fancies of wonder and pleasure and awe and regret; while he, touched to the heart by her presence, yet only half aware of it, went through the whole in a kind of trance, mingling the words spoken with interlinings of unspeakable dumb reasonings, self-assurances, self-exhortations. Nobody knew anything about all this. The ceremony went on, just as such ceremonies go on every day in the year. The bishop said the words, and paused while they were repeated; by one voice firmly and strongly, by the other low and unassured, yet clear. And then there was the flutter of tension relieved, the gathering round of the little crowd, the little procession to the vestry where everything was signed, the kissings and good wishes. Dick had no mother, but his elder sister was there, who kissed him in her place, and his younger sister, who was a bridesmaid, and hung about Chatty with all a girl's enthusiasm. What could be more simple, more natural and true? There was no shadow there of any dread, but everything happy, honest, pure. He recovered his soul a little in the midst of that group; though when Geoff, with his little sharp face, in which there always seemed more knowledge than belonged to his age, caught his eyes, a slight shiver ran over him. He felt as if Geoff knew all about it; and might, for anything he could tell, have some horrible secret to bring forth.

And then they set out again, the husband with his wife on his arm, to go away. The touch of Chatty's hand on

his arm seemed to restore his confidence. She was his, in spite of all that Fate could do, — in spite of everything, he thought. They walked together — he feeling more and more the pride and triumph of the moment, she moving softly, still in her dream, yet beginning, too, to feel the reality — past the altar where they had knelt a little while before, going down the aisle, facing the spectators who still lingered, well pleased to see the bride. And then in a moment the blow fell. Some one seemed to rise up before them, out of the ground, out of the vacancy, forming before his horror-stricken eyes. And then there rose that cry which everybody could hear, which paralyzed the bridal procession, and brought the clergymen, startled, out of the vestry, and thrilled the careless lookers-on. "He has a wife living! she is living, and she is here!" Had he heard these words before in a dream? Had he known all along that he would hear them ringing in his ears on his wedding day? "His wife is living: and she is here!"

"What is it? what is it?" cried the wedding guests, crowding upon each other: those who were nearest, at least, while those at the end of the procession paused, with the smile on their lips, to stare and wonder at the sudden disturbance. Chatty was the most self-possessed of all. She said softly, "Lizzie, Lizzie! Something has happened to her," and put out her disengaged hand in its white glove to raise the girl from her knees.

"Miss Chatty, it's you that something has happened to. Oh, stop, — oh, stop! there she is! Don't — don't let Miss Chatty go away with him, — don't let her go away with him!" Lizzie cried.

"The woman is mad," said some one behind. And so it might have been thought, when suddenly those immediately following, who had closed up behind Chatty, heard the bridegroom's voice, extremely agitated, yet with a nervous firmness, say audibly, "It is not

true. Lizzie, the woman you speak of is dead. I know for certain that she is dead."

"Look there!" the intruder cried.

And he turned round in the sight of them all, the bride half turning too with the involuntary impulse, and saw behind that sea of anxious, wondering faces another, which seemed to float in a mist of horror, from under the half-lifted cloud of a gray veil. He saw this face; and the rest of the wedding guests saw his, blanched with dread and misery, and knew, every one, that the marriage was stopped, and Chatty no wife, and he a dishonored man.

Her eyes had followed his; she had not looked at him, but still held his arm, giving him a support he was incapable of giving her. The face in the background was not unknown to Chatty. She remembered it well, and with what a compunction of pity she had looked at it when she met that poor creature on the road at home, and wanted in her heart to take the lost one to her mother. She did not understand at all what was going on about her, nor what Mrs. Warrender meant, who came closely up behind, and took hold of her arm, detaching her from Dick. "Chatty, let us get home, my darling. Come, come with me. Theo will take us home," the mother said.

Then Chatty, turning round wondering, saw her bridegroom's face. She looked at him earnestly for the moment, holding his arm tighter, and then said with a strange, troubled, yet clear voice, "Dick — what does it mean? Dick!"

"Come home, come home, my dearest!" cried Mrs. Warrender, trying to separate them.

"Come back to the vestry, Cavenish!" cried Theo, with threatening tones; and then arose a loud murmur of other suggestions, a tumult most unusual, horrifying, yet exciting to the spectators who closed around. The bishop came out, still in his robes, followed by Mr.

Wilberforce, hurrying towards the spot. "Whatever the interruption is," he said, "don't stay there, for Heaven's sake. Come back, if you will, or go home, but don't let us have a disturbance in the church."

"Chatty, go with my mother. For God's sake, Frances, get them all away."

"I will not leave Dick," said Chatty in her soft voice, "until I know what it is." She who was so yielding and so simple, she turned round with her own impulse the unhappy young man whose arm she held, and who seemed for the moment incapable of any action of his own, and led him back towards the place from which they had come. The horror had not penetrated sufficiently into Chatty's mind to do more than pale a little the soft color in her face. She had grown very serious, looking straight before her, taking no notice of anything. They all followed like so many sheep in her train, the ladies crowding together, Dick's sister at his other hand, Mrs. Warrender close behind, Lizzie carried along with them, now crying bitterly and wringing her hands, utterly cowed by finding herself in the midst of this perfumed and rustling crowd, amid which her flushed and tear-stained face and humble dress showed to such strange disadvantage. Unnoticed by the rest, Geoff, who had wriggled out of the throng, pursued down the further aisle a hurrying, flying figure and stopped her, holding her fast.

In the vestry Chatty began to fail a little. She relinquished Dick's arm, and stood trembling, supporting herself by the table. "I want him," she said, faltering a little, "mamma, to tell me — what it means. There is something — to find out. Dick," with a tremulous smile, "you have concealed something. It is not that I don't trust you — but tell me" — Then, still smiling, she murmured, "Lizzie — and that — that poor — girl."

Dick had collected himself. "My

darling," he said, "I have done wrong. I have concealed what you ought to have known. Warrender, stop before you speak. I married when I was a boy. I declare upon my soul that I had every assurance the woman was dead. My clerk saw her buried; he brought me the certificate, and her portrait, and her ring. I had no reason, no reason at all, to doubt. I have no reason now," he said, with a sudden recovery of courage, "except what this girl says, — who has no way of knowing, while my information is sure. It is sure, — quite sure. Chatty! can you think I would have brought you here to — to — The woman is dead."

"Mr. Cavendish!" cried Lizzie, loudly. "You saw her, as well as I."

He looked at her for a moment: his face grew once more gray as ashes; he trembled where he stood. "It must have been — an illusion," he said.

Here Warrender caught Lizzie somewhat roughly by the arm. "If the woman is here, find her!" he cried peremptorily, pushing her to the door before him. The church was still full of excited spectators, whom the vergers were endeavoring to get rid of. In the aisle stood Geoff with some one veiled and muffled to the eyes. The boy was standing in front of her, like a little dog who had been set to watch. She could not move a step without a movement on his part. He gave to Warrender a sort of invitation with a nod of his little head. "I've got her here," he said; then whispered, "It is the lady, — the lady that run you over, that picked me up, — the lady at the Elms."

"At the Elms!" There rushed over Theo's mind a recollection of Dick's visit to the village, of his hurried departure, of agitation unnoticed at the time. "I must ask you to step into the vestry," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Warrender," cried the stranger, "I know you, though you don't know me; don't ask me to do that. What,

among all those nicely dressed people, and me so — Oh, no, please do not ask me, — please don't ask me! What good could I do? It seems to me I've done harm, but I meant none. I thought I'd just come and have a peep, after hearing so much about you all, and knowing him so long."

"Will you tell me who you are, and what is your connection with Cavendish? Come, and let us hear before his face."

"Oh, my connection with — Dear, dear! is it necessary to go into that, — a thing of an age ago? Oh, Lord, Lizzie, let me alone, will you! It's all your doing. Why couldn't you let things alone?"

"Whatever you have to say, it had better be said before us all," said Warrender, sternly, for various members of the bridal party had straggled out, and were listening from the vestry door. He took her by the arm and led her into the room. "What is your relation to that man?" he said, keeping his hand upon her arm.

The wedding guests made a circle round, the clergymen in their white surplices among the ladies' gay dresses, the white figure of Chatty leaning with her hand on the table, her mother's anxious face close behind her: poor Dick, in his spruce wedding clothes, with his ghastly face, stood drawing back a little, staring with eyes that seemed to sink deeper in their sockets as he gazed. He had never looked upon that face since he parted with her in utter disgust and misery, six years before. She came in, almost forced into the inclosure of those fine people gazing at her, with all her meretricious graces, not an imposing sinner, a creature ready to cry and falter, yet trying to set up against the stare of the ladies the piteous impudence of her kind.

"What are you to that man?" Theo asked.

"Oh, what should I be to him? A

gentleman does n't ask such questions. I—I—have been the same to him as I've been—you know well enough," she added, with a horrible little laugh that echoed all about, and made a stir among the people round.

"Are you his wife?"

She shuddered, and began to cry. "I—I'm nobody's wife. I've been—a number of things. I like my freedom—I"—She stopped, hysterical, overcome by the extraordinary circumstances, and the audience which listened and looked at her with hungry ears and eyes.

Dick put out his arms as if to wave the crowd away. What were all these spectators doing here, looking on at his agony? He spoke in a hoarse and husky voice: "Why did you deceive me? Why did you pretend you were dead, and lead me to this?"

"Because I've nothing to do with you, and I don't want nothing to do with you," she cried; "because I've been dead to you these long years; because I'm not a bad, cruel woman. I wanted to leave you free. He's free for me," she said, turning to Mr. Warrender. "It's not I that wants to bind him. If I made believe it was me that died, where was the wrong? I wanted to set him free. That's not deceiving: it was for his good, that he might feel he was free."

"Answer, woman. Are you his wife?"

"What right have you to call me a woman? His wife? Who can tell whether I was n't married before ever I set eyes upon him!" she cried, with a hysterical laugh. "They don't think so much of that where I came from. There! I hope you've had enough of me now. Lizzie, you fool, you spoil-sport, you hateful creature, give me hold of your arm, and let's go away! We've done you harm, Mr. Cavendish, instead of doing you good, but that is no fault of mine."

There was a pause as she went out of

the vestry, holding Lizzie's arm, whose sobs were audible all the way down the aisle. It did not last long, but it was as the silence of death. Then Dick spoke:—

"You see how it is. I married her when I was a boy. She deserted me in a very short time, and I have never seen her from that day to this, nearly seven years ago. Six weeks since I received information that she was dead. She tells you it was a trick, a device; but I—had every reason to believe it. God knows I wanted to believe it! but I thought I spared no pains. Then I went to Chatty, whom I had long loved." Here he paused to regain his voice, which had become almost inaudible. "I thought all was right. Don't you believe me?" he cried, hoarsely, holding out his hands in appeal. At first his little sister was the only one who responded. She threw herself, weeping, upon one of his outstretched arms, and clasped it. Chatty had been put into a chair, where she sat now, very pale under the white mist of the veil, beginning to realize what it was that had happened. When she heard the anguish in Dick's voice, she suddenly rose to her feet, taking them all by surprise. Instinctively the party had separated into two factions, his side and her side. The group about Chatty started when she moved, and Theo seized hold almost roughly of her elbow. But Chatty did not seem sensible of this clutch. She went forward to the bridegroom so disastrously taken from her, and took his other hand in hers. "I believe you—with all my heart," Chatty said. "I blame you for nothing,—oh, for nothing! I am sorry—for us both."

"Take her away, mother. The carriage has come round to the vestry door. Chatty! This is no longer any place for you."

Chatty looked round upon her faction, who were encircling her with dark or miserable looks. "We are very unfor-

tunate," she said, "but we have done nothing that is wrong."

"Chatty, oh, Chatty, my darling, come away. You cannot stay any longer here."

"What, without a word to Dick, mother! Speak to him. He is the most to be pitied. We never thought we should have to say good-by again." Here she paused, and the tears came. She repeated in a voice that went to the hearts of all the staring, excited spectators, "I am sorry — for us both."

"God bless you, Chatty. God bless you, my own love. And must we part so?" cried poor Dick, falling down upon his knees, and sobbing over the hands which held his. He was altogether broken down. He knew there was nothing to be said to him, or for him. It was without help or hope. For a moment even Warrender, who was the most severe, could say nothing in sight of this lamentable scene: the bride and her bridegroom, who had been pronounced man and wife ten minutes before, and now were parting, — perhaps forever, — two people between whom there was now no bond, whose duty would be to keep apart.

Chatty stooped over him whom she must see no more; her white veil fell over him covering them both, she laid her pale cheek against his. "It is not our fault. We are very unfortunate. We must have patience," she said.

He kept on kneeling there, following her with his eyes, while her brother and her mother led her away; then with a groan, he covered his face with his hands. Was this the end?

XLV.

After this extraordinary and terrible event there were a great many conferences and explanations, which did little good, as may be supposed. Dick's life — the part of it which had passed dur-

ing his absence, the wander-year which had brought such painful consequences — was laid entirely open both to his own family and all the Warrenders. There was nothing in it to be ashamed of; still he had wanted to keep that episode to himself: and the consequence, of course, was that every detail became known. He had thrown himself into a wild, disorderly population on the edge of civilization: people who lived out of reach of law, and so long as they were not liable to the tribunal of Judge Lynch, did no harm in the eyes of the community. There he had fallen in love, being clean and of pure mind, and disposed to think everybody like himself; and had married in haste a girl whom his tiresome proprieties had wearied at once, and who did not in the most rudimentary way comprehend what to him was the foundation of life. He shuddered, but could give no coherent account of that time. She left him, inclosing him her "marriage lines" and a paper declaring him to be free. And from that time until she had been brought face to face with him in the vestry he had never seen her again. His old father, whom Dick had been anxious to spare from any annoyance, and who was too old to be present at the wedding, had to be called forth from his retirement to hear the whole story; his eldest brother, who was abroad, hurried home, to know what was meant by the paragraphs in the papers, and what it was all about. No particular of bitterness was spared to the unfortunate young man; the details of the business were discussed at every dinner-party. Had there been collusion? Had he known all the time that the woman was not dead? Society did not quite understand the want of accordance with conventional rules that had been shown by everybody concerned. The wicked wife ought to have planned this villainous trick as a way of vengeance against him, whereas it was evident that she

had meant only kindness, abandoned creature as she was. And the poor bride, the unfortunate Miss Warrender, should, with all her family, have sworn everlasting feud with him, whereas it was known that Chatty took his part, and would say nothing but that they were very unfortunate both. Women should not act like this: they should fly at each other's throats, they should tear each other to pieces. But if Chatty (backed up by her mother, it was said) showed undue indulgence, this was not the case with her brother and sister. Theo's keen temper had taken up and resented the whole matter almost with violence. He had not only treated Cavendish, and the Cavendishes generally, who were more important than the individual Dick, with harsh contumely and enmity, refusing to hear any excuse, and taking the occurrence as an insult to himself, but he had quarreled with his mother, who was disposed to forgive, and also more vehemently with Chatty, who made no pretense of any wrath, but believed Dick's story fully, and would not hear anything against him. Chatty had a soft obstinacy about her which nobody had known till now. She had not broken down, nor hidden herself from her family, nor taken any shame to herself. She had even received him, against the advice of everybody, in a long interview, hearing everything over again, and fully, from his own lips, and had kissed him (it was whispered) at parting, while her mother and his sister, looking on, could do nothing but cry. There began after a while to be many people who sympathized with these two unhappy lovers, — who were not so unhappy, either, because they understood and had faith in each other. But Theo made an open quarrel with his mother and sister after this meeting. He was furious against both of them, and even against his wife when it became known that she had gone to see and sympathize with them. Warrender declared that

he would consider any man his enemy who spoke to him of Cavendish. He was furious with everything and everybody concerned. He said that he had been covered with shame, though how no one could tell. Lady Markland, who also was on the side of Dick, was helpless to restrain him. She too, poor lady, began to feel that her lot was not one of unmixed good, nor her bed of roses. Though the force of events had carried Theo over all the first drawbacks to their marriage, he had never forgotten the bitterness and exasperation which these had called forth. He had not forgiven her, though he adored her, for being still Lady Markland; and though he lived at Markland with her, yet it was under a perpetual protest, to which in moments of excitement he sometimes gave utterance, but which even in silence she was always conscious of. His smouldering discontent burst forth on the occasion given him by this *mariage manqué*. The rage that filled him was not called forth by Dick Cavendish alone. It was the outflow of all the discontents and annoyances of his life.

And Minnie's outraged virtue was almost more rampant still. That Eustace should have any connection with a scandal which had found its way into the newspapers, that a girl who was his sister-in-law should have got herself talked about, was to Minnie a wrong which blazed up to heaven. "For myself, I should not have minded," she said; "at least, however much I minded I should have said as little as possible; but when I think that Eustace has been made a gazing-stock to the world through me — Oh, you may think it extravagant, but I don't. Of course he has been made a gazing-stock. 'Brother-in-law to *that* Miss Warrender, you know,' — that is how people talk: as if it could possibly be his fault! I am sure he bears it like an angel. All he has ever said, even to me, is, 'Minnie, I wish we had looked into things a little more beforehand;'

and what could I say? I could only say you were all so headstrong, you would have your own way."

"Next time he says so, you will perhaps refer him to me, Minnie. I think I shall be able to answer Mr. Thynne."

"Oh," cried Minnie, "by making a quarrel! I know your way of answering, mamma. I tell Eustace, if I had been at home it never, never would have happened. I never cared about him from the first. There was always something in the look of his eyes, — I told Eustace before anything happened, — something about the corners of his eyes. I did not like it when I heard you had seen so much of him in town. And Eustace said then, 'I hope your mother has made all the necessary inquiries.' I did not like to say, 'Oh, mamma never makes any inquiries!' but I am sure I might have said so. And this is what it has come to! Chatty's ruin, — yes, it is Chatty's ruin, whatever you may say. Who will ever look at her? — a girl who has been married, and yet is not married. She will never find any one. She will just have to live with you, like two old cats in a little country town, as Eustace says."

"If Mr. Thynne calls your mother an old cat, you should have better taste than to repeat it," said Mrs. Warrender. "I hope he is not so vulgar, Minnie, nor you so heartless."

"Vulgar! Eustace! The Thynnes are just the best bred people in the world: I don't know what you mean. A couple of old ladies living in a little place, and gossiping about everything, — everybody has the same opinion. And this is just what it comes to, when no attention is paid. And they say you have actually let him come here, let Chatty meet him, to take away every scrap of respect that people might have had. Eustace says he never heard of such a mistake: it shows such a want of knowledge of the world."

"This is going too far, Minnie; understand, once for all, that what Eustace Thynne says is not of the least importance to me, and that I think his comments most inappropriate. Poor Dick is going off to California to-morrow. He is going to get his divorce."

Minnie gave a scream which made the thinly built London house ring, and clasped her hands. "A DIVORCE!" she cried; "it only wanted this. Eustace said that was what it would come to. And you would let your daughter marry a man who has been divorced!"

Minnie spoke in such a tone of injured majesty that Mrs. Warrender was almost cowed; for it could not be denied that this speech struck an echo in her own heart. The word was a word of shame. She did not know how to answer. That her Chatty, her child who had come so much more close to her of late, should be placed in any position which was not of good report, that the shadow of any stain should be upon her simple head, was grievous beyond all description to her mother. And she was far from being an emancipated woman. She had all the prejudices, all the diffidences, of her age and position. Her own heart cried out against this expedient with a horror which she had done her best to overcome. For the first time she faltered and hesitated as she replied: —

"There can be no hard and fast rule; our Lord did not do it, and how can we? It is odious to me as much as to any one. But what would you have him do? He cannot take back that wretched creature, that poor unhappy girl" —

"You mean that shameless, horrible thing, that abandoned" —

"There must be some good in her," said Mrs. Warrender, with a shudder. "She had tried to do what she could to set him free. It was not her fault if it proved worse than useless. I can't prolong this discussion, Minnie. Eustace and you can please yourselves by

making out your fellow-creatures to be as bad as possible. To me it is almost more terrible to see the good in them that might, if things had gone differently — But that is enough. I am going to take Chatty away.”

“Away! Where are you going to take her? For goodness’ sake, don’t: they will think you are going after — they will say” —

“I am glad you have the grace to stop. I am going to take her abroad. If she can be amused a little, and delivered from herself — At all events,” said Mrs. Warrender, “we shall be free from the stare of the world, which we never did anything to attract.”

“Abroad!” Minnie repeated. “Oh, I don’t think — and I am sure Eustace would say that you ought not to go away. You should live it down. Of course people will blame *you*, they must, I did myself: but after all, that is far better than what it would be at a place abroad, where everybody would say, ‘Oh, do you know who that is? That is Mrs. Warrender, whose eldest daughter married one of the Thynnes, whose youngest was the heroine of that story, you know, about the marriage.’ Oh, mamma, this is exactly what Eustace said he was afraid you would do. For goodness’ sake, don’t! Stay at home and live it down. We shall all stand by you,” said Minnie. “I am sure Frances will do her very best; and though Eustace is a clergyman, and ought always to show an example, yet in the case of such near relations — we” —

Mrs. Warrender only turned her back upon these generous promises, walking away without any answer or remark. She was too angry to say anything. And to think that there was a germ of reality in it all, a need of some one to stand by them, a possibility that Chatty might be a subject for evil tongues, made Chatty’s mother half beside herself. It seemed more than she could bear. But Chatty took it all very quietly. She

was absorbed in the story, more exciting than any romance, which was her own story. No thought of what divorce was, or of anything connected with it, disturbed her mind. What Dick had to do seemed to her natural: perhaps anything he had done in the present extraordinary crisis would have seemed to her natural. He was going to put things right. She did not think, for the moment, what the means of doing so were, nor what in the mean time her own position was. She had no desire to make any mystery of it, to conceal herself, or what had happened. There was no shame in it, so far as Chatty knew. There was a dreadful, miserable mistake. She was “very sorry for us both,” but for herself less than for Dick, who had suffered, she said to herself, far more than she: for though he had done no wrong, he had to bear all the penalties of having done wrong, whereas in her own case there was no question of blame. Chatty was so much absorbed in Dick that she did not seem to have time to realize her own position. She did not think of herself as the chief sufferer. She fell back into the calm of the ordinary life without a murmur, saying little about it. With her own hands she packed up all the new dresses, the wealth of the pretty trousseau. She was a little pale, and yet she smiled. “I wonder if I shall ever have any need for these,” she said, smoothing down the silken folds of the dresses with a tender touch.

“I hope so, my dear; when poor Dick comes back.”

Then Chatty’s smile gave way to a sigh. “They say human life is so uncertain, mamma: but I never realized it till now. You cannot tell what a day may bring forth: but it very, very seldom happens, surely, that there are such changes as this. I never heard of one before.”

“No, my darling, it is very rare: but oh, what a blessing, Chatty, that it was

found out at once, before you had gone away!"

"Yes, I suppose it was a blessing. Perhaps it would have been wrong—but I should never have left him, mamma, had we gone away."

"Oh, do not let us think of that! You were mercifully saved, Chatty."

"On my wedding day! I never heard that such a thing ever happened to a girl before. The real blessing is that Dick had done nothing wrong. That comforts me most of all."

"I don't know, Chatty. He ought, perhaps, to have taken better care; at all events, he ought to have let people know that he was a—that he was not an unmarried man."

Chatty trembled a little at these words. She did not like him to be blamed, but so far as this was concerned she could not deny that he was in the wrong. It was the foundation of all. Had it been known that he was or had been married, she would not have given him her love. At this Chatty flushed deep, and felt that it was a cruel suggestion. To find that she was not married was a wondering pain to her, which still she could scarcely understand. But not to have loved him! Poor Dick! To have done him that wrong over and above all the rest, he who had been so much wronged and injured! No, no; neither for him nor for herself could it be anything but profane to wish that. Not to have loved him! Chatty's life seemed all to sink into gray at the thought.

"At all events," she said, returning to those easier outsides of things in which the greatest events have a humble covering, "the dresses can wait, poor things, to see what will happen. If it should so be, as that it never comes right"—

"Oh, Chatty, my poor dear!"

"Life seems so uncertain," said Chatty, in her new-born wisdom. "It is so impossible to tell what may happen, or

what a day may bring forth. I think I never can be very sure of anything now. And if it never should come right, they shall just stay in the boxes, mother. I could not have the heart to wear them." She put her hand over them caressingly, and patted and pressed them down into the corners. "It seems a little sad to see them there, does n't it, mamma, and I in my old gray frock?" The tears were in her eyes, but she looked up at Mrs. Warrender with a little soft laugh at herself, and at the little tragedy, or at least the suspended drama, laid up with something that was half pathetic, half ludicrous, in the wedding clothes.

Chatty suffered herself to be taken abroad without any very strong opinion of her own. She would have been content to adopt Minnie's way, to go back to Highcombe and "live it down," though indeed she was unconscious of scandal, or of the necessity of living down anything. There were some aspects of the case in which she would have preferred that,—to live on quietly day by day, looking for news of him, expecting what was to come. But there was much to be said, on the other hand, for her mother's plan, and Chatty now, as at all times, was glad to do what pleased her mother. They went off, accordingly, when the early November gales were blowing, not on any very original plan, but to places where a great many people go,—to the Riviera, where the roses were still blooming with a sort of soft patience which was like Chatty. And thus strangely out of nature, without any habitual cold, or frost, or rain, or anything like what they were used to, that winter, which had begun with such very different intentions, glided quietly away. Of course they met people now and then who knew their story, but there were also many who did not know it: ladies from the country, such as abound on the Riviera, who fortunately did not think a knowledge of London gossip essential to salvation, and who

thought Miss Warrender must be delicate, her color changed so from white to red. But as it is a sort of duty to be delicate on the Riviera, and robust persons are apt to be looked down upon, they did very well; and the days, so monotonous, so bright, with so little in them, glided harmlessly away. Dick wrote not very often, but yet now and then, which was a thing Minnie had protested vainly against: but then, mamma, Mrs. Eustace Thynne said, had always "her own ways of thinking;" and if she permitted it, what could any one say?

XLVI.

Mrs. Warrender and her daughter came home in the early summer, having lingered longer than they intended in the South. They had lingered, for one thing, because a long and strange interruption had occurred in the letters from America. Dick had made them aware of his arrival there, and of the beginning of his necessary business, into the details of which, naturally, he did not enter. He had told them of his long journey, which was not then so rapid as now, but meant long traveling in primitive ways by wagons and on horseback; and also that he had found greater delays and more trouble than he expected. In the spring he was still lingering, investigating matters which he did not explain, but which might very likely facilitate what he had to do and make the conclusion more fortunate than he had anticipated. And then there came a pause. They waited, expecting the usual communication, but it did not come; they waited longer, thinking it might have been delayed by accident; and finally returned home, with hearts heavier than those with which they went away. Theo came to meet them at the station, when they arrived in London. He was there with his wife in the beginning of the season. Mrs. Warrender's anxious looks,

withdrawn for the moment from Chatty, fell with little more satisfaction upon her son. He was pale and thin, with that fretted look as of constant irritation, which is almost more painful to see than the indications of sorrow. He put aside with a little impatience her inquiries about himself. "I am well enough; what should be the matter with me? I never was an invalid that I know of."

"You are not looking well, Theo. You are very thin. London does not agree with you, I fear, and the late nights."

"I am a delicate plant, to be incapable of late nights," he said, with a harsh laugh.

"And how is Frances? I hope she does not do too much — and that your — her" —

"Come, mother, spare me the catechism. Lady Markland is quite well, and my Lord Markland, — for I suppose it was he who was meant by 'your — her'" —

"Geoff, poor little fellow! He is at school, I suppose."

"Not a bit of it," said Warrender, with an ugly smile. "He is delicate, you know. He has had measles or something, and has come home to his mother to be nursed. There's a little too much of Geoff, mother; let us be free of him here, at least. You are going to your old rooms?"

"Yes. I thought it might be a little painful: but Chatty made no objection. She said, indeed, she would like it."

"Is she dwelling on that matter still?"

"Still, Theo! I don't suppose she will ever cease to dwell on it till it comes all right."

"Which is very unlikely, mother. I don't give my opinion on the subject of divorce. It's an ugly thing, however you take it; but a man who goes to seek a divorce, avowedly with the intention of marrying again — That is generally the motive, I believe, at the bot-

tom, but few are so bold as to put it frankly *en evidence*."

"Theo! you forget Dick's position, which is so very peculiar. Could any one blame him? What could he do otherwise? I hope I am not lax, and I hate the very name of divorce as much as any one can: but what could he do?"

"He could put up with it, I suppose, as other men have to do, and be thankful it is no worse."

"You are hard, Theo. I am sure it is not Frances who has taught you to be so hard. Do you think that Chatty's life destroyed, as well as his own, is so little? And no laws, human or divine, could bind him to — I don't think I am lax!" Mrs. Warrender cried, with the poignant consciousness of a woman who has always known herself to be even superstitiously bound to every prejudice of modesty, and who finds herself suddenly assailed as a champion of the immoral. Her middle-aged countenance flushed with annoyance and shame.

"No, I don't suppose you are lax," said Theo; but the lines in his careworn forehead did not soften, and Chatty, who had been directing the maid about the luggage, now came forward and stopped the conversation. Warrender put his mother and sister into a cab, and promised to "come round" and see them in the evening. After he had shut the door, he came back and asked suddenly, "By the way, I suppose you have the last news of Cavendish. How is he?"

"We have no news. Why do you ask? Is he ill?"

"Oh, you don't know, then?" said Warrender. "I was wondering. He is down with fever: but getting better, I believe, — getting better," he added hurriedly, as Chatty uttered a tremulous cry. "They wrote to his people. We were wondering whether you might have heard."

"And no one thought it worth while to let us know!"

"Lady Horton thought that if you did not know, it was better to say nothing; and if you did, it was unnecessary. Besides, they are like me; they think it is monstrous that a man should go off with an avowed intention; they think in any case it is better to drop it altogether."

"Theo," said Chatty, in her soft voice, "can we hear exactly how he is?"

"He is better, he is going on well, he will get all right. But if you should see Lady Horton" —

Lady Horton was Dick's elder and married sister, she who had stood by him on the day that was to have been his wedding day.

"I think we had better drive on now," Chatty said. And when Theo's somewhat astonished face had disappeared from the window, and they were rattling along over the stones, she suddenly said, "Do *you* think it should have been — dropped altogether? Why should it be dropped altogether? I seem to be a little bewildered — I don't — understand. Oh, mamma, I had a presentiment that he was ill — ill and alone, and so far away."

"He is getting better, dear. He would think it best not to write to make us anxious; probably he has been waiting on day by day. I will go to Lady Horton to-morrow."

"And Lady Horton thinks it should be dropped altogether," said Chatty, in a musing, reflective tone. "She thinks it is monstrous — what is monstrous? I don't — seem to understand."

"Let us not think of it till we get home; till we have a little calm and — time."

"As if one could stop thinking till there is time!" said Chatty, with a faint smile. "But I feel that this is a new light. I must think. What must be dropped? Am not I married to him, mother?"

"Oh, my darling, if it had not been for that woman" —

"But that woman? My thoughts are all very confused. I don't understand it. Perhaps he is not married to me — but I have always considered that I — The first thing, however, is his health, mother. We must see at once about that."

"Yes, dear; but there is nothing alarming in that, from what Theo says."

The rest of the drive was in silence. They rattled along the London streets in all the brightness of the May evening; meeting people in carriages going out to dinner, and the steady stream of passengers on foot, coming from the parks, coming from the hundred amusements of the new season. Chatty saw them all without seeing them; her mind was taken up by a new train of thought. She had taken it for granted that all she had done was natural, the thing that it was right to do: and now she suddenly found herself in an atmosphere of uncertainty to which she was little accustomed, and in which, for the moment, all her faculties seemed paralyzed. Was it monstrous? Ought it to have been dropped? She was so much bewildered that she could not tell what to say.

Theo and his wife both "came round" in the evening; she with a fragile look as of impaired health, and an air of watching anxiety which it was painful to see. She seemed to have one eye upon Theo always, whatever she was doing, to see that he was pleased, or at least not displeased. It had been her idea to go to Lady Horton's, on the way, and bring the last news of Dick. "Much better, going on quite well, will soon be allowed to communicate with his friends," was the bulletin which Lady Markland took Chatty aside to give.

"He has not been able to write, himself, all the time. The people who have taken care of him — rough people, but very kind, from all that can be presumed — found his father's address, and sent him word. Otherwise, for six or seven weeks there has been nothing from himself."

This gave Chatty a little consolation. "Theo says — it is all wrong, that it ought to be dropped," she said.

"Theo has become severe in his judgments, Chatty."

"Has he? He was always a little severe. He got angry" — Chatty did not observe the look of recognition in Lady Markland's face, as of a fact *connu*. She went on slowly: "I wish that you would give me your opinion. I thought for a long time that I was the first person to be thought of, and that Dick must do everything that could be done to set us right. But now it seems that is not the right view. Mamma hesitates; she will not speak. Oh, will you tell me what you think?"

"About," said Lady Markland, faltering, "the divorce?"

"I don't seem to know what it means. That poor creature — do people think she is — anything to him?"

"She is his wife, my dear."

"His — wife! But then I — am married to Dick."

"Dear Chatty, not except in form, — a form which her appearance broke at once."

Chatty began to tremble, as if with cold. "I shall always feel that I am married to him. He may not be bound, but I am bound — till death do ye part."

"My dear, all that was made as if it never had been said by the appearance of the — wife."

Chatty shivered again, though the evening was warm. "That cannot be!" she cried. "He may not be bound, but I am bound. I promised. It is an oath before God."

"Oh, Chatty, it was all, all made an end of when that woman appeared! You are not bound, you are free: and I hope, dear, that when a little time has passed" —

Chatty put up her hand with a little cry. "Don't!" she said. "And do you mean that he is bound to her, — oh, I

am sorry for her, I am sorry for her! — to one who has forsaken him, and gone so far, so very far astray, to one who has done everything that cannot be borne; and not to me, — by the same words, the same words, which have no meaning to her, for she has left him, she has never held by him, never; and not to me, who said them with all my heart, and meant them with all my heart, and am bound by them forever and ever?" She paused a little, and the flush of vehemence on her cheek and of light in her eye calmed down. "It is not just," she said.

"Dear Chatty, it is very hard, — harder than can be said."

"It is not just," said Chatty once more, her soft face falling into lines in which Lady Markland saw a reflection of those which made Theo's countenance so severe.

"So far as that goes, the law will release him. It would do so even here. I do not think there is any doubt of that — though Theo says — but I feel sure there is not any doubt."

"And though the law does release him," said Chatty, "and he comes back, you will all say to me it must be dropped, that it is not right, that he is divorced, that I must not marry him, though I have married him. I know now what will happen. There will be Minnie and Theo, and even mamma will hesitate, and her voice will tremble. And I don't know if I shall have strength to hold out!" she cried, with a sudden burst of tears. "I have never struggled or fought for myself. Perhaps I may be a coward. I may not have the strength. If they are all against me, and no one to stand by me, perhaps I may be unjust, too, and sacrifice him — and myself."

This burst of almost incredible passion from a creature so tranquil and passive took Lady Markland altogether by surprise, — Chatty, so soft, so simple, so yielding, driven by cruel fate into a

position so terrible; feeling everything at stake, — not only her happiness, but the life already spoiled and wasted of the man she loved; feeling, too, that on herself would depend the decision of all that was to follow; and yet seized by a prophetic terror, a fear which was tragic, lest her own habit of submission might still overwhelm all personal impulses, and sweep away her very life. The girl's face, moved out of all its gentle softness into the gravity, almost stern, which this consciousness brought, was a strange sight.

"I do not count for much," said Lady Markland. "I cannot expect you to think much of me, if your own sister, and your brother, and even your mother, as you fear, are against you: but I will not be against you, Chatty. So far as I can, I will stand by you, if that will do you any good."

"Oh, yes, it will do me good," cried Chatty, clasping her hands; "it does me good already to talk to you. You know I am not clever, I don't go deep down into things," she added after a moment. "Minnie always said I was on the surface: but I never thought until to-day, I never thought — I have just been going on, supposing it was all right, that Dick could set it all right. And now it has burst upon me. Perhaps, after all, mamma will be on my side, and perhaps you will make Theo" — Here she paused instinctively, and looked at her sister-in-law, feeling in the haste and rush of her own awakened spirit a sudden insight of which she had not been capable before.

Lady Markland shook her head. She was a little sad, a little overcast, not so assured in her gentle dignity, slightly nervous and restless, which was unlike her. "You must not calculate on that," she said. "Theo — has his own way of looking at things. It is right he should. We would not wish him to be influenced by — by any one."

"But you are not — any one."

"No, indeed. I am no one, in that point of view. I am his wife, and ought to take my views from him, not he his from me. And besides," she said, with a little laugh, "I am, after all, not like an old acquaint— not like one he has known all his life, but comparatively new, and a stranger to his ways of thinking,—to many of his ways of thinking,—and only learning by degrees how he will look at this and that. You don't realize how that operates even when people are married. Theo has very distinct views,—which is what he ought to have. The pity is that, I have lived so much alone, I have my views, too. It is a great deal better to be blank," she said, laughing again. Her laugh was slightly nervous, too, and it seemed to be intended for Theo, whose conversation with his mother had now paused, and who was occasionally glancing, not without suspicion, at his wife and sister in the corner. Did she laugh to make him think that there was nothing serious in their talk? She called to him to join them, making room upon the sofa. "Chatty is tired," she said, "and out of spirits. I want to try and amuse her a little, Theo, before Mrs. Warrender takes her away."

"Amusement is the last thing we were thinking of," he said, coming forward with a sort of surly opposition, as if it came natural to him to go against what she said. "My opinion is that she should go down to the country at once, and not show at all in town this season. I don't think it would be pleasant for any of us. There has been talk enough."

"There has been no talk that Chatty need care for," said Lady Markland, quietly: "don't think so,—pray don't think so. Who could say anything of her? People are bad enough in London, but not so bad as that."

"Nevertheless, mother," said Theo, "I think you and I understand each other. Chatty and you have been en-

joying yourselves abroad. You never cared for town. It would be much better in every sense that you should go home quietly now."

"We intended nothing else," said Mrs. Warrender, with a slight irritation, "though I confess I see no reason. But we need not discuss that over again. In the end of the week"—

"But this is only Monday. You cannot have anything to keep you here for three or four days. I think you should go to-morrow. A day's rest is surely enough."

"We have some people to see, Theo."

"If I were you, I would see nobody. You will be sure to meet with something unpleasant. Take Chatty home: that is far the best thing you can do. Frances would say the same, if she had not that unfortunate desire to please everybody, to say what is agreeable, which makes women so untrustworthy. But my advice is to take Chatty home. In the circumstances it is the only thing to do."

Chatty rose from where she had been seated by Lady Markland's side. "Am I to be hidden away?" she said, her pale face flushing nervously. "Have I done anything wrong?"

"How silly to ask such questions! You know well enough what I mean. You have been talked about. My mother has more experience; she can tell you. A girl who has been talked about is always at a disadvantage. She had much better keep quite quiet until the story has all died away."

"Mother," cried Chatty, holding out her hands, "take me away, then, to-night, this moment, from this horrible place, where the people have so little heart and so little sense!"

XLVII.

"What was Chatty saying to you? I rely upon your good sense, Frances,

not to encourage her in this sentimental folly."

"Is it sentimental folly? I think it is very true feeling, Theo."

"Perhaps these are interchangeable terms," he said, with the angry smile she knew so well; "but without discussing that matter, I am determined that this business shall go no further. A sister of mine waiting for a married man till he shall be divorced! The very thought makes my blood boil."

"Surely that is an unnecessarily strong statement. The circumstances must be taken into consideration."

"I will take no circumstances into consideration. It is a thing which must not be. The Cavendishes see it in precisely the same light, and my mother, — even my mother begins to hear reason."

Lady Markland made no reply. They were walking home, as their house was close at hand, — a house taken for the season, in which here was not the room and space of the country, nor its active interests, and which she, having come there with much hope in the change, would already have been glad to exchange for Markland, or the Warren, or almost any other place in the world. He walked more quickly than suited her, and she required all her breath to keep up with him; besides that, she was silenced by what he said to her, and did not know how to reply.

"You say nothing," he continued after a moment, "from which I conclude that you are antagonistic, and mean to throw your influence the other way."

"Not antagonistic: but I cannot help feeling for Chatty, whose heart is so much in it, — more, perhaps, than you think."

"Chatty's heart does n't trouble me much," he said, carelessly. "Chatty will always obey whatever impulse is nearest and most continuous, if she is not backed up on the other side."

"I don't believe you realize the

strength of her feelings, Theo. That is what she is afraid of, not to be strong enough to hold out."

"Oh! So you have been over that ground with her already!"

"She spoke to me. She was glad of the opportunity to relieve her mind."

"And you promised to stand by her?" he said.

Lady Markland had been a woman full of dignity and composure. She was so still to all outward appearance, and the darkness concealed the flush that rose to her face; but it could not conceal the slight tremor with which she replied, after a pause, "I promised not to be against her, at least."

A flood of angry words rose to Theo's lips, the blood mounted to his head. He had taken the bias, so fatal between married people, of supposing, when his wife disagreed with him, that she did it on purpose; not because she herself thought so, but because it was opposition. Perhaps it was because of that inherent contempt for women which is a settled principle in the minds of so many men; perhaps because he had been used to a narrow mind and opinions cut and dry in the case of his sister Minnie; perhaps even because of his hot adoration and faith in Lady Markland as perfect. To continue perfect in his eyes, after their marriage, she would have needed to agree always with him, to think his thoughts. He exacted this accord with all the susceptibility of a fastidious nature, which would be content with no forced agreement, and divined in a moment when an effort was required to conform her opinions to his. He would not tolerate such an effort. He would have had her agree with him by instinct, by nature, not even by desire to please him, much less by policy. He could not endure to think of either of these means of procuring what he wanted. What he wanted was the perfect agreement of a nature which arrived at the same conclusions as his by the same means; which re-

sponded before he spoke; which was always ready to anticipate, to give him the exquisite satisfaction of feeling he was right by a perpetual seconding of all his decisions and anticipation of his thoughts. Had he married a young creature like Chatty, ready to take the impress of his more active mind, he might have found other drawbacks in her to irritate his *amour propre*, and probably would have despised her judgment in consequence of her perpetual agreement with him. But the fact was that he was jealous of his wife; not in the ordinary vulgar way, for which there was no possibility, but for every year of additional age, and every experience, and all the life she had led apart from him. He could not endure to think that she had formed the most of her ideas before she knew him: the thought of her past was horrible to him. A suspicion that she was thinking of that, that her mind was going back to something which he did not know, awoke a sort of madness in his brain. All this she knew by painful intuition now, at first by discoveries which startled her very soul, and seemed to disturb the pillars of the world. She was aware of the forced control he kept over himself not to burst forth upon her, and she would have fled morally, and brought herself round to his ideas and sworn eternal faith to him, if it would have done any good. But she knew very well that his uneasy nature would not be satisfied with that.

"I might have divined," he said, after a long pause, during which they went quickly along, he increasing his pace unawares, she losing her breath in keeping up with him, "that you would see this matter differently. But I must ask, at least, that you won't circumvent us, and neutralize all our plans. The only thing for Chatty to do is to drop it altogether, to receive no more letters, to cut the whole concern. It is a disreputable business, altogether. It is better she

should never marry at all than marry in this way."

"I feel sure, Theo, that except in this way she will never marry at all, — if you think that matters."

"If I think that matters! It is not very flattering to me that you should think it does n't matter," he said.

And then they reached their house, and he followed her into the drawing-room, where one dim lamp was burning, and the room had a deserted look. Perhaps that last speech had been a little unkind. Compunction visited him not unfrequently. He seated himself at the little table on which the lamp was standing, as she took off her hat and recovered her breath. "Since we are at home, and alone for once in a way," he said, more graciously, "which happens seldom enough, I'll read to you for an hour, if you like, Frances; that is, if you have no letters to write."

There was a little irony in the last words, for Lady Markland had, if the truth must be told, a foible that way, and liked, as so many women do, the idea of having a large correspondence, and took pleasure in keeping it up. She answered eagerly that she had no letters to write (though not without a glance at her table, where one lay unfinished), and would like his reading above everything: which was so far true that it was a sign of peace, and an occupation which he enjoyed. She got her work while he got the book, not without a horrible sense that Geoff, always wakeful, might have heard her come in, and would call for her; nor without a longing desire to go to him, if only for a moment, which was what she had intended to do. Perhaps it was to prevent this that Theo had been so ready with his offer; and so sensitive was he to every impression that the poor lady felt a shiver of terror lest her half formed intention, or Geoff's waking, might thrill through the atmosphere to her husband's mind, and make him fling down the book with im-

patience. She got her work with a nervous haste, which it seemed to her he must divine, and seated herself opposite to him. "Now I am ready," she said.

Poor Lady Markland! He had not read a page — a page to which she gave the most painful attention, trying not to think that the door might open at any moment, and the nurse appear begging her to speak a word to Lord Markland — when a faint cry reached her ears. It was faint and far away, but she knew what it was. It was the cry of "Mamma!" from Geoff's bed, only given forth, she knew, after much tossing and turning, and which a year ago she would have heard from any corner of the house, and flown to answer. She started when she heard it: but she had been so much on the alert, and prepared for some interruption of the kind, that she hoped Theo did not see the little instinctive movement. "Mamma!" She sat with a nervous thrill upon her, taking no notice, trying to listen, seeing in the dark the little sleepless boy tossing upon his uneasy pillow, and calling in vain for his mother, but resisting all the impulses both of heart and habit. If only Theo might not hear! After a while, however, Theo's ear caught the sound. "What's that?" he said sharply, stopping and looking at her across the table. Alas, the repressed agitation in her smile told its own story to Theo. He knew that she pretended to listen, that she knew very well what it was. "*That*," she said, faltering. "What? Oh! it sounds like Geoff calling — some one."

"He is calling *you*; and you are dying to be with him, to rush up-stairs and coax and kiss him to sleep. You are ruining the boy."

"No, Theo. It is probably nurse he is calling. He sleeps so badly," she said, with a broken voice: for the appeals to mamma came quicker, and she felt as if the child were dragging at her very heart-strings.

"He would have slept better, had he

been paid less attention to; but don't let me keep you from your boy," he said, throwing down the book on the table. She made an attempt at an appeal.

"Theo! please don't go away. I will run for a moment, and see what is the matter."

"You can do what you please about that: but you are ruining the boy," said Warrender. And then he began to hum a tune, which showed that he had reached a white heat of exasperation, and left the room. She sat motionless till she heard the street door closed loudly. Her heart seemed to stand still: was there, was it possible, a certain relief in the sound? She stole up-stairs noiselessly and into Geoff's room, and threw herself down by the bedside.

"Oh, Geoff, what is the matter?" Though her heart had dragged her so, there was in her tone a tender exasperation, too.

"I can't sleep," the boy said, clinging to her, with his arms round her neck.

"But you must try to sleep, for my sake. Don't toss about, but lie quite still: that is far the best way."

"I did," said Geoff, "and said all the poetry I knew, and did the multiplication table twice. I wanted you. I kept quiet as long as I could; but I wanted you so."

"But you must not want me. You are too big to want your mother."

"I shall never be too big: I want you always," said Geoff, murmuring in the dark, with his little arms clinging close round her neck.

"Oh, Geoff, my dearest boy! but for my sake you must content yourself, — for my sake."

"Was he angry?" the child asked: and in the cover of the darkness he clenched his little hands and contracted his brows, all of which she guessed, though she saw it not.

"That is not a question to ask," she said. "You must never speak to me so;

and remember, Geoff, — they say I am spoiling you, — I will never come when you call me, after to-night.”

But Lady Markland's heart was very heavy as she went down-stairs. She had put her child away from her; and she sat alone in the large still drawing-room all the evening, hearing the carriages come and go outside, and han-

soms dashing up, which she hoped might be coming to her own door. But Theo did not come back. This was one of many evenings which she spent alone, in disgrace, not knowing how to get her pardon, feeling guilty, yet having done nothing. Her second venture had not brought her very much additional happiness so far.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

WHEN in 1882 a forgotten early settler of the town of Cambridge, Mass., was recalled from oblivion by a descendant, and his statue was placed in the public park, President Eliot, of Harvard College, thus moralized the occasion in a brief speech: “It is good to leave behind sturdy and thrifty descendants to transmit one's name and recall one's memory through long generations.” It is also good for a reformer, spending most of his life in opposition to all that gives popularity and ease, when he turns out to have left a phalanx of sturdy and thrifty sons, able to transmit his fame through a biography; especially when the work is, as in the present case, well done. The two volumes now before us¹ cover about half of Garrison's career, and are elaborated to the utmost detail — many will think to an excessive amount of detail — in all directions; while their admirable paper, type, and binding, and their singular freedom from even typographical errors, seem only a symbol of the intellectual thoroughness that has directed their preparation. There is in the book no Jesuitism, no equivocation; it might well bear the motto of the old Antislavery Standard, “Without concealment, without compromise.” The

sons believe too completely and absolutely in their father to keep anything back. To say that it is a judicial work would be to misplace it in literature. The biography of a father by sons can rarely possess that quality, and had better not affect it; it is in this case the statement of counsel, but of counsel so entirely truthful and so sure of their own case that, however much they may err, they will never be found withholding anything through unfair motives. The book often swerves very widely, in our judgment, from the results to which a really judicial summary would lead us; but it is better that it should so swerve than that the authors should vary from the method to which their inherited temperament and their traditional convictions alike lead them. As the Spanish proverb says that no man can at the same time ring the bells and walk in the procession, so it is fortunate that no man can at the same time be a son and a Rhadamanthus.

This admirable tone of treatment, with the importance of the theme, secures for the book, or at least for many parts of it, that attractiveness which is the first essential of a biography, — for if nobody will read your work, why write it? It is pleasant to see, moreover, how much that is agreeable is flung, without difficulty, around the picture of Garri-

¹ *William Lloyd Garrison, 1805-1879. The Story of his Life, told by his Children. Vols. I., II. New York: The Century Co. 1885.*

son : his cheerfulness, his buoyancy, his *bonhomie*, his love of poetry, his facetiousness. He seems to have habitually cheered himself by sonnets, as Abraham Lincoln did by anecdotes ; while we find here only a few examples of those little puns which were essential to his conversation, and which at first appeared to the stranger as inappropriate as if one should track a lion to his lair, and find him refreshing himself with peppermints. It is delicious, too, to find the great iconoclast in early youth attending a certain church expressly to see the beautiful Miss Emily Marshall ; and to discover him, when imprisoned at Baltimore, to have beguiled the time by writing a mock-heroic poem of many stanzas to a certain young lady ; and above all to find that Mrs. Hemans was, for a long period of years, his favorite poet. To begin with Mrs. Hemans and end with the *Liberator* was to reverse the Scriptural proverb, and to extract strength from sweetness.

The great personal qualities of Mr. Garrison and his essential leadership in the antislavery enterprise are now generally conceded. There was such an almost unique felicity in his living to see the final completion of his work, there is such rare poetic justice in the approach to a coincidence between the fiftieth anniversary of the great mob and the erection of a statue to its victim, that one hardly feels disposed to dwell on these matters now. The highest tribute to the reformer's merit lies in recognizing the completeness of his work. "*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.*" The point to which the world will look with most interest in this work is the exhibition of the man Garrison, including especially the portrayal of those limitations which in a certain degree created friction in his work and left his memory a little blurred. In this respect his biographers have given the actual facts with a merciless precision which can hardly be called meritorious,

because it seems never to have crossed their minds that any jury could draw from the admitted facts any conclusion different from their own. Be this as it may, we have for the first time a complete picture, not merely of the qualities from which Garrison derived his power, but of those which in his reformatory life constituted his obstacles. His biographers give from his own words a long series of self-revelations, which not only account for the triumphs of his life, but for its antagonisms and its troubles. It is a curious study, all the more because we have constantly to turn away from the representations of the advocates, and to revert to the evidence they themselves have placed before us. The occasional contrast between these two things — the fact and its interpretation — makes the book an actual psychological study. There hardly exists in biographical literature so complete and unvaried a transfer of thoughts, convictions, and point of view from one generation to its successor.

Garrison had the painful experience, almost unique among great reformers, of gradually detaching from his side a large part of the ablest and most devoted of his early adherents ; their place being often supplied, no doubt, by younger men, who devoted themselves to him with almost absolute idolatry. The list of those whom he thus detached includes some who are still living in honor among us, and who need no special encomium to reinstate them in our memories, such as Whittier, Sewall, and Elizur Wright. It includes Benjamin Lundy, whom Garrison properly called "the pioneer," and William Goodell, whom Garrison described as "a much older and a better soldier" than himself. It includes Arthur Tappan, who paid Garrison's fine at Baltimore ; Lewis Tappan, whose house in New York was sacked by a mob ; James G. Birney, who emancipated his own slaves ; and Amos A. Phelps, who defended Garrison against

that Clerical Appeal which made a great noise in its day, and is in this book painfully resuscitated from oblivion. All these men were led by degrees into antagonism to Garrison; it was a permanent division, and embittered the whole antislavery movement. For this alienation on their part Garrison had no mercy: it was always attributed simply to "a mighty sectarian conspiracy," or a "jealous and envious spirit;" nor do his sons regard it for an instant in any other light than as a "jealousy of his early, consistent and effective advocacy of the antislavery cause," or "merely a sectarian reaction against the moral leadership of Mr. Garrison." Posterity, less easily satisfied, quite disposed to honor Garrison, but by no means inclined to give him exclusive laurels, will wish to investigate farther, and this book gives ample opportunity.

The main charges against Garrison were three: (1) of egotism and a domineering spirit, (2) of excessive and indiscriminating harshness, and (3) of a willingness to embarrass the antislavery movement by visionary and chimerical projects. These were the charges: we confess that we looked to the present biography to refute and banish them forever, but find, with some surprise, that it reinforces and establishes them all. Whatever Garrison may have been, under the mellowing influences of later years, we have in this book the unmistakable proof that in his early life all these faults and drawbacks belonged to him, at least in some measure. Let us consider them in detail.

The first charge against him was of manifesting that quality which the pioneer Benjamin Lundy called "arrogance," and the other pioneer, William Goodell, depicted in his article, *How to Make a Pope*. "You exalt yourself too much," wrote the plain-spoken Elizur Wright. "I pray to God that you may be brought to repent of it." Lewis Tappan at about the same time

wrote, "You speak of 'sedition' and 'chastising' Messrs. Fitch, Towne, and Woodbury: I do not like such language." The most fearless and formidable of all these indictments, because the gentlest and most unwilling, was that of Sarah Grimké. Speaking of the course pursued by Garrison and his immediate circle toward her and her sister, she says, "They wanted us to live out Wm. Lloyd Garrison, not the convictions of our own souls; entirely unaware that they were exhibiting, in the high places of moral reform, the genuine spirit of slave-holding by wishing to curtail the sacred privilege of conscience. . . . His [Garrison's] spirit of intolerance towards those who did not draw in his traces, and his adulation of those who surrendered themselves to his guidance, have always been exceedingly repulsive to me, — weaknesses which marred the beauty and symmetry of his character, and prevented its symmetrical development; but nevertheless I know the stern principle which is the basis of his action. He is Garrison, and nobody else, and all I ask is that he would let others be themselves." (*The Sisters Grimké*, page 220.)

This last extract is not given in the book now under consideration; but there are plenty of illustrations to be found in it. One of the most striking, and one which will suffice for all, is to be seen in the very first words drawn from Garrison by the publication of Channing's *Essay on Slavery*. At the time of writing, he had not read the book, though he had seen some extracts from it; but he knew that the most influential clergyman in Boston had committed himself at last on the side of liberty, whatever the precise form of that committal might be. What was his first impulse? A devout outpouring of gratitude to God that the slave had found one new ally, however inadequate, in a high post of influence? Not at all. It seems almost past belief that his first thought, as ex-

hibited by his sons, was for himself, or, at most, for his immediate associates. (The italics are our own.)

"Well, it is announced that the great Dr. Channing has published his thoughts upon the subject of slavery! *Of course we must now all fall back and 'hide our diminished heads.'* The book I will not condemn until I peruse it; but I do not believe it is superior, either in argument or eloquence, to many of our own publications." (II. 57.)

Volumes of specifications by Lundy, or Goodell, or Tappan, or Wright, or Sarah Grimké, could not so effectually have sustained their charges as these words of the great abolitionist himself. Can any one imagine Clarkson as writing in this way about a new convert to West India emancipation, or Cobden in connection with the English corn-laws, or Helen Jackson with the American Indians? On the very day when Garrison was thus writing, Ellis Gray Loring, of whom the present biographers justly say that no Boston abolitionist was "more trusted for judgment and integrity," called Channing's essay, after reading it, "a splendid testimony to the truth," and "the most elaborate work on the philosophy of antislavery" that he had seen. But its author had censured the severer language of the abolitionists, and that, apparently, would have been enough, had there been no other possible ground of criticism. When Garrison came at last to review the work, he said of it, "Its sole excellencies are its *moral plagiarisms* from the writings of abolitionists,"—the italics being his own,—as if he and his immediate friends had taken out a patent in the line of human sympathy, and any infringement was a crime. He pronounced the book "utterly destitute of any redeeming, reforming power," "calumnious, contradictory, and unsound." This is the review that was written, the sons say, in "no spirit of jealousy;" and so completely do they accept, after an interval

of fifty years, their father's attitude that from this time forward Dr. Channing is hardly mentioned in the book without some distinct slur; and they even recur to that utter misapprehension which could find no solution for his cautious temperament but that of vulgar "timidity," an explanation long ago seen and set aside by a woman as heroic as Garrison, one whose sacrifices were greater and whose services to the antislavery movement only less than his,—Lydia Maria Child.

"At first I thought him," she writes, "timid and even slightly time-serving; but I soon discovered that I formed this estimate from ignorance of his character. I learned that it was justice to all, not popularity for himself, which made him so cautious. He constantly grew upon my regard, until I came to regard him as the wisest as well as the gentlest apostle of humanity." (Channing's Memoirs, III. 154.)

The second complaint against Garrison was that of excessive harshness of language. Here again it is plain that the charge in its most permanent form does not rest on the testimony of enemies, but of friends. We find Harriet Martineau herself saying, "I do not pretend to like or to approve the tone of Garrison's pointed censures. I could not use such language myself toward any class of offenders, nor can I sympathize in its use by others." This was not said in her first book on America, but in her second more deliberate one; and when we consider the kind of language that Miss Martineau found herself able to use, this disclaimer becomes very forcible.

We find a society formed by Henry Ware in the futile hope of influencing Garrison's alleged harshness; and this society included Dr. Follen, whose antislavery action cost him his Harvard professorship, and William Henry Channing, whose whole life was a record of fearless fidelity to abolitionism. But

after all, the conclusive evidence is given by Garrison's own sons. It is impossible to read their book and not see with what facility harsh language came to Garrison's lips from his very boyhood, without reference to the antislavery movement. It was a part of that stern school of old-fashioned Calvinism in which he was trained. "The least of sins is infinite," says the Roman Catholic poet, Faber; and this was the early attitude of Garrison's mind. At twenty-three he wrote, "It is impossible to estimate the depravity and wickedness of those who at the present day reject the gospel of Jesus Christ," meaning, apparently, those who held the very views that he himself lived to hold. A little later, editing in Vermont what had hitherto been a party paper, he wrote of those who supposed that it was still to be such, "The blockheads who have had the desperate temerity to propagate this falsehood." These are but specimens. Now, when a young man begins with such questionable extravagance of epithet in matters of religion and politics, is it to be supposed that, when he is called upon to cope with an institution which even the milder Wesley called "the sum of all villainies," he will suddenly develop the habit of absolute justice? "I will be harsh as truth," he said. Was he never any harsher?

That there was such a thing possible as undue harshness in speaking of individual slave-holders the abolitionists themselves were compelled sometimes to admit. When Charles Remond, the eloquent colored orator, called George Washington a villain, Wendell Phillips replied, "Charles, the epithet is infelicitous." Yet if, as was constantly assumed by Garrison, the whole moral sin of slave-holding rested on the head of every individual participant, it is difficult to see why the epithet was not admirably appropriate. The point of doubt is whether it did so rest; but if it did Remond was right. Such ex-

treme statements were not always thus rebuked. When a slave-holder was once speaking in an antislavery convention, he was flatly contradicted by Stephen Foster, who was perhaps, next to Garrison, the hardest hitter among the abolitionists. "Do you think I would lie?" retorted the slave-holder. "Why not?" said Foster. "I know you steal." This Draconian inflexibility, finding the least of sins worthy of death, and having no higher penalty for the greatest, was a very common code upon the antislavery platform. It was a part of its power, but it brought also a certain weakness, as being really based upon an untruth. It was not true that each individual slave-holder had the whole weight of the national sin upon him, for the simple reason that a collective sin is the accumulated work of successive generations, and it is unjust to hold any single person responsible for all. Indeed, as a general rule, men are better than their laws.

Nothing in Dr. Channing's book, except his criticisms of the abolitionists, so roused Garrison's wrath as the admission that there might be slave-holders who "deserved great praise," because they opposed slavery, while retaining their own slaves. But surely the time has come when the most ardent abolitionist may recognize that there might have been many such men. Compare this statement of Channing's with one of Garrison's, as given by his biographers. He wrote, for instance, thus:—

"For myself, I hold no fellowship with slave-owners. I will not make a truce with them even for a single hour. I blush for them as countrymen,—I know that they are not *Christians*; and the higher they raise their professions of patriotism or piety, the stronger is my detestation of their hypocrisy. They are dishonest and cruel,—and God and the angels and devils and the universe know that *they are without excuse*." (I. 205.)

"Without excuse!" Set aside all the facts of heredity, of environment, of early association, of ignorance, of all that makes excuse in thoughtful minds for sin. Let us take the precise facts of the relation between master and slave, as it presented itself in multitudes of cases, even to a slave-holder whose eyes had been opened. In all the great States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, a slave-holder was absolutely prohibited from emancipating his slaves, except by authority of the legislature specially granted in each case, — a permission often utterly impossible to obtain. In one of these States, Mississippi, it was farther required that this legislative act should be for some meritorious action or public service on the part of the individual slave; and the same condition was made in North Carolina, with the substitution of the county court for the legislature. In every one of these States, the slave-owner, had he been Garrison himself, was as powerless to free his slaves without the concurrence of the community as he would have been to swim the Atlantic with those slaves on his back; and yet these men were "without excuse." Even in the Northern slave States, where manumission was easier, it was sometimes accompanied, as in Virginia, with the provision that the freed slaves should be removed from the State within a certain time, or, in default of that, sold at auction, — a provision almost as hopelessly prohibitory as the more direct obstacles. In the mortgaged and deeply indebted plantations of Virginia, the most enlightened slave-holder rarely had the means of removing his slaves to any distance from the plantation, and how then was he to get them beyond the borders of the State? — to say nothing of the question what he was to do with them when thus removed. The more we dwell on this complicated situation, the more impressed we become with the vast wrong of the institution and of its

avowed propagandists; while the more charitable we become towards those exceptional slave-holders who had opened their eyes to its evils, yet found themselves bound hand and foot. All these facts were as well known to Garrison as to us, because the book which is our authority for these statements (Stroud's *Slave Laws*, pages 146-51) was familiar to the abolitionists, and was often cited in evidence. We might almost suppose that Garrison, through severe theological nurture and long habit, had impaired the power to measure the weight of his own language. How hard he found it to be wholly consistent in his personal applications is plain from the fact that the very newspaper in which the above tremendous invective appeared was also devoted to "a dignified support of Henry Clay and the American system."

The third fault habitually found with Garrison by his critics was that of mingling the antislavery movement with alien elements which threatened to destroy its unity and concentration. Out of this grew what the present biographers call "the great schism" between "old organization" and "new organization." This occupies the greater part of the second volume, and will be found, we cannot help suspecting, about as interesting to the younger race of readers as a history of the division between Unitarians and Trinitarians in Massachusetts, or that between Taylorism and Tylerism in Connecticut. Such readers will even find it hard not to apply to the whole affair that phrase "liliputian proceedings," which the biographers employ for something else. (II. 177.) But here, as elsewhere, even the details are worth reading, were it only to see by the plain frankness of the sons how much foundation there was for all this complaint. The common impression that the great division in the antislavery ranks began with Garrison's defense of women's participation is here thoroughly set aside. That question aggravated, but did not

create, the contest. It began, as this book shows, with an editorial by Garrison in the *Liberator*, distinctly indicating his change of views on the Sabbath question, — a matter in regard to which he had before been conservative. It was a position naturally offensive to that large number of abolitionists who were strongly evangelical men, and yet who were relied on for the pecuniary support of the *Liberator*. But the division did not come to a crisis until the great reformer had reached a phase of opinion — of vagary, as the uncharitable would call it — which came near utterly swamping and subordinating his antislavery action itself. It would scarcely be believed, were it not here announced in his own words, that there was a time when Garrison had serious thoughts of making the cause of the slave utterly subordinate to a vast and cloudy scheme of millennial reform, with which he was originally inoculated, as his sons expressly admit, by a man (John Humphrey Noyes) whose subsequent unsavory career as founder of the Oneida Community is well known. This is Garrison's statement of his own position (August 28, 1837): —

"I feel somewhat at a loss to know what to do, — whether to go into all the principles of holy reform, and make the abolition cause subordinate, or whether still to persevere in the *one* beaten track, as hitherto. Circumstances hereafter must determine this matter." (II. 160.)

In accordance with this he printed in the *Liberator*, with his own full indorsement, a long manifesto by Noyes, passages of which read like some of the wildest speculations of the English zealous under the Commonwealth; and this at a time when the *Liberator* was sustained at the cost of the Massachusetts Antislavery Society.

Now if Garrison himself recognized this divided allegiance in his own mind, who could expect his allies to be blind to it? Elizur Wright wrote, "I look

upon your notions of government and religious perfectionism as downright fanaticism, — as harmless as they are absurd. I would not care a pin's head if they were preached to all Christendom; for it is not in the human mind (except in a peculiar and, as I think, diseased state) to believe them." Then he points out that the real danger involved is "a bottomless pit of distrust between you and the abolitionists. . . . Let the government alone till, such as it is, all are equally protected by it, and after that you may work your will upon it, for all me. But if this cannot be done, why, come out plainly, and say you have left the old track and are started on a new one, such as it is, and save us from the miserable business of making disclaimers." Such straightforward remonstrances were not, perhaps, wholly in vain, for Garrison dropped, or thought he dropped, the scheme of giving himself primarily to these vaster projects, whose expressed basis was "the overthrow of the nations." (II. 147.) But he did not really abandon them, — he did not put them out of sight in the *Liberator*; and yet he denounced unsparingly, thenceforward, those who had thus helped to save him from the malign influence that had threatened to find him an easy prey. Noyes, soon after this, disappears from the record, but "the hand of Noyes," as the biographers in another place call it, was visible in the ultimate organization of the Non-Resistance Society, although, in the manifesto of the latter, the original cloudiness of phraseology was a good deal condensed. Enough, however, remained to make it plain that the *Liberator* was thenceforward to be conducted on an essentially no-government platform, and that all its course, in respect to voting and voters, was to be determined by this position.

All this was clearly within Garrison's right, after the *Liberator* had, at the original suggestion of Whittier, ceased to be sustained by any society. The

wrong began when Garrison and his friends claimed not merely that he should control his own organ, but that there should be no other. To an outside observer, nothing could seem plainer than that, if the voting abolitionists found themselves constantly attacked and vilified in the *Liberator*, they had at least the right to establish a paper of their own; but when they presumed to do this, in the *Massachusetts Abolitionist*, they were met with epithets of which "plot" and "intrigue" were among the mildest. We do not see how any reader can read that part of these volumes relating to the establishment of this rival antislavery journal without seeing that Garrison and his immediate friends virtually assumed the right of dictatorship over the whole agitation, and ruled that it should be carried on through a non-resistant organ, or not at all. It shows the extraordinary personal power of Mr. Garrison that he was able to exercise this benevolent despotism so long; but, unfortunately, the longer it remained, the greater the acrimony on both sides after the spell was broken. This bitterness was exceedingly apparent, for instance, in Mrs. Chapman's memoir of Harriet Martineau; and it colors every expression of opinion on the part of Mr. Garrison's biographers.

The authors of this memoir express the opinion, in their final paragraph, that those who have read their narrative of the great division in the antislavery ranks "must conclude" that Garrison had no choice but to oppose the political abolitionists. It is an assumption worthy, in its unflinching frankness, of the sons of a father who never was haunted by a doubt as to receiving the final approval of all right-thinking persons in everything he did. Our own opinion is that many readers of this book, perhaps the majority, will draw just the opposite inferences, on many points, from both the father and the sons. They will conclude that William Lloyd Garrison was one of

the strongest men of his time, — perhaps the very strongest, — and that he may, very possibly, have influenced American history more profoundly than Lincoln or Grant; but they will also thank his biographers for revealing, even unconsciously, the faults that made him human, *les défauts de ses qualités*. To conceal them would have been an injustice to the other men among the early abolitionists, who, while admiring his splendid heroism, sometimes found him a hard man to work with. There is every reason to believe that he mellowed with time, and that his younger admirers saw less of these drawbacks than the earlier ones. Yet it is certain that these faults not only embarrassed his immediate work, but prevented him from exercising that foresight as to means which he showed eminently as to ends. He never faltered in his belief that slavery would fall; thus far his prediction was unerring. But there is no evidence that he ever foresaw that the two immediate instrumentalities by which it was destined to fall were the very two against which he had been so long contending, — the ballot-box and war. The most bigoted conservative did not exceed Garrison in his utter refusal to recognize the humble beginnings of that triumphant political organization which ultimately grew and expanded, under varying names, until it carried Abraham Lincoln into the presidency. It was not merely that Garrison detested and distrusted this movement, as organized by men who had revolted from his immediate leadership, but he convinced himself that it was contemptible and even ludicrous. When an antislavery candidate was first nominated for the presidency, he called it "folly, presumption, almost unequalled infatuation," and if he ever varied from this attitude of contempt it was to "denounce it," in his own words, "as the worst form of proslavery." All this visibly makes no impression upon his sons, but it must impress the impartial

reader. In estimating the infallibility of an oracle, we must consider also the unfulfilled prophecies.

But it is impossible to close this first installment of these memoirs without feeling that Garrison kept higher laws than he broke, that he did the work of a man of iron in an iron age; so that even those who recognized his faults may well have joined, as they did join, in the chorus of affectionate congratulation that attended his closing days. As for his fame, it is secure; and all the securer for our knowing, more definitely than before, the limitations of his foresight and the drawbacks of his tempera-

ment. It is a striking fact that, in the rapidly expanding Valhalla of contemporary statues in Boston, only two — those of Webster and Everett — commemorate those who stood for the party of defense in the great antislavery conflict; while all the rest — Lincoln, Sumner, Andrew, Mann, Harriet Martineau, and, prospectively, Garrison, Parker, and Shaw — represent the party of attack. It is the verdict of time, confirming in bronze and marble the great words of Emerson: "What forests of laurel we bring, and the tears of mankind, to those who stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries!"

STEDMAN'S POETS OF AMERICA.

It is so seldom that a comprehensive subject finds the best equipped author to treat it that when the happy conjunction occurs in the case of a topic so leading and delicate as American poetry, as it does in this volume,¹ the guild should be free with its plaudits. The guild certainly, which has its share, men think, of human weakness, should be highly pleased; there are few of its members, living or dead, who will not find their shadowy names in this New World Pantheon. Not to be mentioned here argues one's self unknown indeed. This metropolitan acquaintance, this urban welcome, is a distinguishing trait of excellence in the work; there is a pleasurable ease, too, in the ease and grace of it, in the delightful tolerance with which the author stands in the vestibule of that Temple of Fame, whose structure, alas, is most familiar to childish eyes, and greets the Manes of the departed as readily as a professional

nomenclator, and passes them on with deft dispatch to find their niches within, until at the end of the half-hour audience he withdraws to the inner hall where the feast is spread for the *Di Majores*; and when all is over, and he goes out at the gate, his familiarity is not less wide nor his kindly recognition less frequent among the crowding aspirants who are waiting for news from within that Venerable Edifice. This long-drawn simile hardly does justice to the long-drawn procession of the defunct who are, or are to be; but it serves to indicate a prime quality of the author, and one most beneficial to his study, — his catholicity. Nor is it the catholicity of a literary dictionary; it is penetrative and enlightening as well as inclusive. The days of magisterial criticism have gone by. Our author is by no manner of means a Rhadamanthus of judgment, but a host who is anxious to discover and bring out the good qualities of his visitors, and cares more for their particular faculty of entertainment, however narrow, than for their possibly multi-

¹ *Poets of America*. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

tinuous powers of boredom; he means that no guest shall hide his one talent in his napkin. Mr. Stedman not only tolerates all comers, but he sets to work to understand them; and readers who may take pains to hunt up some of the single poems on whose obscurity he flashes the ray of his praise will materially increase their stock of old-fashioned poetic gems. This discrimination saves his catholicity from the tedium in which it would have involved most writers, and allows him to give the body of literature, if we may say so, without its bulk. Thus both among the minor and greater authors he keeps to his aim, which was to present American poetry, in a sense, universally. A more rigid exclusion of weaklings, a less conscientious appreciation of undistinguished excellence, would have injured the completeness of the view. After all, though the poetasters fill the side-scenes of the background, and a few like Halleck or Dana serve as the walking gentlemen, the real *dramatis personæ* occupy the stage, and their characters make up the story, — Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow, Poe, Holmes, Lowell, Whitman, and Taylor. Thus Mr. Stedman solves the difficulty of the critical presentation of a literary period in the only way in which criticism is really a practicable mode of history, by dealing with persons directly and separately, and by employing in his inquiry a purely inductive method.

As was to be expected, he does not get far before he encounters the old bugbear that guards the entrance to our Parnassian preserves. Is there an American poetry? Have we done only what Longfellow in his youth averred he was content to do? Have we merely continued English literature, or are there a genuine nationality, an indigenous growth, an aboriginal quality, in our production hitherto? It is well enough to let the mind wander, after a Spencerian fashion, over the distant future, when

from the attrition of our immigrant races a new people shall result, with a literature of its own; but, in that, posterity has the principal interest. Such speculation may fill a paragraph; it is not the theme of the chapter. There is an abundance of literary fossils in our past, and from the study of them it appears that there was great effort at one time to breed a *genus Americanum* to browse on the pasturage of Pegasus. Here are relics of epic, pastoral, and lyric which belong to the period of the Red-Skin. The mass of our inspired writing about the Indians and their myths was extraordinarily voluminous, and it seems to have sprung from the notion that for our poetry to be original it must be aboriginal. A national literature, however, needed some other voucher than the trick of local color could give. It was as if Swinburne should claim admittance to Greek anthologies on the score of Atalanta or Erechtheus, or Shakespeare seek some Latin apotheosis for his Roman plays. This attempt of our earlier poets to develop a native literature by experimental variation was abortive. The effort merely to be different leads usually only to affectation, and so it was with those who were over-anxious for the coming of a poetry as original as the very Burd o' Fredum. The error of method is illustrated by a contrast with The Biglow Papers. Mr. Lowell found a living dialect which was a natural channel of sense and quick, brief tenderness, of grit and humor and shrewdness very near to sarcasm; and he, as the poet does, in making it the mould of his own kindred spirit, illuminated it. The Biglow Papers are American in a narrower than the national sense; they are Yankee, but the "new birth of our new soil" beyond all cavil. Those who, on the other hand, strove to make the Indian character a means of imaginative expression lacked power to subdue it, finding it altogether too alien; with all their efforts, the work they left

of this kind is decaying fungus. Doubtless it is true that Longfellow, in his *Hiawatha*, was obeying the same motive so far as his choice of a subject was concerned. That poem remains the single success in its class; but it is as little national in itself as is Thackeray's *Virginians*.

Mr. Stedman thinks it is best that poets should take their topics from their own land, but he sets forth very emphatically his opinion that nationality is something that goes far below such surface matter as the theme. The youthful artifice of young America in war paint and feathers has passed into contempt. But without any special or conscious intention, did not our poets prove, after all, compatriots? There is a far-reaching truth in the doctrine that the test of a poem's worth is the extent to which the nation absorbs it. There are poets' poets, of course, — verses for the "fit audience, though few;" but, to leave the question of intrinsic excellence and the finer qualities of elect spirits, it is certainly an indication of some national characteristic in a poem if the people absorb it by preference. Now, with the exception of a few, the American poets whom Mr. Stedman has selected for detailed examination have been thus absorbed by the reading class at large, and, intellectually speaking, that means the nation. Bryant, Longfellow, and Whittier are popularly felt to be our own, not by birth only, but by a consanguinity of thought and character; and in a less degree the same is true of the others. With Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and possibly Scott, left out of the account, no English poets come home to our people as do our own. Wordsworth has a literary, Shelley a poetic, constituency; even Tennyson has only a half-hearted vogue; but with the exception of the three great names which have been mentioned, we believe that to our country to-day the word poetry means, in real knowledge, care, and af-

fection, American poetry. Nor is this choice of the American branch of poetic literature one determined by a pseudo-patriotism, or merely by nearness to a home market. There is a real community between the commonalty and the poets in what is coming to be recognized as specifically American character, in certain preferred modes of looking at things and in certain established moral values. But here we touch upon a further general aim of Mr. Stedman's treatise.

The ultimate purpose of the author in this study was the same as in his earlier work on the *Victorian Poets*: not a history, a biography, nor a critical disquisition, though it becomes all these in changing phases, but an illustration of the poetic art. The motive of the whole is æsthetic. He takes up each author, and submits his productions to the inductive inquiry, without demanding anything beforehand as prerequisite, but merely seeking wherein was the success, and then asking by virtue of what it was a success; and as he goes through the names upon our roll of honor in this fashion, he continually finds the old canons sound, — as, for instance, that simplicity, directness, sobriety, are the cardinal virtues of our Muse. But the influence of the subject as an element in our achievement, to which he gives much attention, must first be glanced at. A rational difference, not self-conscious, as in the singers of Indian legend and heroism, but inevitable, did show itself, by which our poetry is distinguished from any contemporary English verse. The earliest variation was in the region of landscape, and was manifest in Bryant, the Nestor of the band. The aspect of nature in this country, if not new, has novel features, and these made themselves felt at once in a poet who was true to his own impressions. It was a skillful touch in the critic to suggest the parallel history of American painting, characterized in

its pioneer days by the qualities of the landscape which poetically is Bryant's. It is worthy of passing remark that our scenery has affected our imaginative literature to a less degree than might have been anticipated. Of the success of Alfred Street as its delineator, to whom high praise is here ascribed, it is impossible for the present writer to speak, as he gave up the study of geography before the blast of this poet's fame reached him; but so far as landscape can be employed by the imagination, it is fair to say that in no other poet besides Bryant, with the single exception of Joaquin Miller, does it count as a constant and powerful factor. In addition to this source of originality, in the region of subject matter, there have been our civic life, which in its antislavery passion was expressed by Whittier, and in its more distinctly political and patriotic phase by Lowell; our religious instinct, working for the most part in the softening of the older Puritanism, and finding literary form through the mild faith of the Quaker poet or the more ethereal spirituality of Emerson; and our home affections, which as a factor of popular life have been so absorbed by Longfellow's genius as to make him their distinctive representative. The other masters, Whitman, Poe, Holmes, and Taylor, touch the national themes too seldom to obtain the audience of the people to the same extent as the rest. American democracy is not yet red-shirted, and Whitman remains to the public mainly a curiosity; Poe, we cannot help thinking, is for the most part a reminiscence of school-days,—the American boy's delight, it may be, but a matter of indifference to the man; Holmes, who is loved and venerated and felt to be an American of the Americans, is at our breakfast tables still the Autocrat; and Taylor was unfortunately too often touched by that literariness of theme which is fatal to one who would be a people's poet.

In this rapid survey reference is had only to the public view of our poetic literature; and in this view the popular judgment has truly been determined by a nearness in the subject, the real proximity of the landscape, politics, morals, spiritual insights, and ideal affections, to the thousands of silent readers who have accepted the work because it had intimate relations with the contemporary life actually going on, and expressed it. It may be doubted, however, whether the substance of what is fairly to be called national thought and feeling in our more popular poetry has had more weight in getting it received than has the style itself.

To this matter of style, here better called poetic form, Mr. Stedman incessantly recurs. To show what it is and what its value is seems the part of his purpose which is dearest to him. It is more observed by him, perhaps, because his generation is contemporaneous with that effort after art in literature of which Poe was the pioneer, and to which we partly owe the technical perfection of our current types, whether in verse or prose. The necessity for attention to art, the general principle that the form is as essential as the matter in work of the highest order, he insists upon with emphasis, and not only by precept. The limitation which restricts the reception of Emerson's verses or of Whitman's is the same; the crudity which prevents their absorption by the people is one of art, of the form in which they are cast, the way in which they are put,—and this crudity may be the result equally of culture or its lack. Generally speaking, if the same test of the popular appreciation be applied here, it will be found that the most simple, direct, spontaneous style has gone the farthest. Mr. Stedman, it is to be noted, does not altogether assent to the validity of the decisions of universal suffrage in matters of poetry. He frequently depreciates the every-day rhymes, if one may call them

so, of Longfellow or of Whittier, and seems to suspect in them the fallacies that are usually found in applause from the galleries. It is not enough for him that the people assert the poem's worth; he desiderates the countersign of the finished critic, also. But this does not really make any difference. He finds that the canons of the most cultivated taste coincide with those of popular instinct in requiring a simple, direct, and spontaneous style; there is only this to be inserted on the part of culture, that it requires a certain elevation which the people can often do without. Any form of affectation, any merely intricate play of thought or rhyme, any obscurity or circumlocution or too exquisite choiceness of word or phrase, is reprehended; and in particular the danger which besets our literature to-day — the danger of style degenerating, as it tends to do, from structure into decoration, from mass into detail — is repeatedly dwelt upon, and in no hesitating way. It is a rare thing to find a critic who cares so much for art in composition, and has so sane and unfaltering a sense of its limitations. He understands, it is plain, that the mastery of a simple style — of such a one, to take a common example, as is shown in Longfellow's birthday verses to Agassiz — is the ultimate of poetic effort; that the perfection of art is the perfection of nature in the *modus loquendi*, the "recapture" of the "first fine careless rapture:" and it is on this coincidence of the demands of the people with the canons of perfected taste that genius builds its poetic work for any race or nation. In an eminent degree our people possess and cultivate in all departments of life this simplicity of manner and directness and genuineness of thought, feeling, and word. One who writes for them cannot be deeply touched by the fashion of a coterie or the affectations of a literary school; they will leave him unread, if his native vigor does not keep him as simple

as themselves. Bryant, Whittier, and Longfellow, and portions of Lowell and Emerson, are read, however: they have not only topics near to the people, but the style of the people. In our view, this implies a tone in their art which denotes the republic quite as plainly as if all their work were in an Ionic dialect of English.

In thus developing our belief that this volume displays a body of literature which has proceeded from our living interests in its matter, and been moulded by our character in its style, and is consequently national in all essentials, the more important features of this study of our first American period have been incidentally touched upon. By the nature of our inquiry attention has been restricted to what is distinctly the people's part of our literature, and that portion of it which makes its appeal to the more refined susceptibilities of a cultivated class has been thrown into the background. Of this there is a considerable quantity, and under metropolitan influences it is increasing. It is in itself evidence that our education in art is carried far enough; that style cannot fail to be considered by our accomplished poets, and enter into all competent critical estimates of their work. What is now needed is substance, and if there were more signs of its presence in our younger writers the passages in which our author prophesies a new and noble flight of American song would be more cheerful to those who know the difference between dawn and rose-color. Nevertheless, Mr. Stedman's acquaintance with the field and the penetration he displays in criticism justify him in maintaining an individual opinion, which is that of an expert in his subject; nor will we despair of the republic because the Muse seems to be, as Shelley would say, "in her interlunar swoon." However it may turn out, it is as certain as anything that rests on human conviction that the way out of our twilight is in

the direction of those poetic canons which have been here so admirably laid down, commented upon, and illustrated.

In closing our review we feel that we have done scanty justice to the variety, vigor, and incisiveness of a volume which is as noticeable for its fineness and multiplicity of detail as for its broad, clear, and easily managed general principles. This is the history of American poetry; it is conceived and executed in the grand style of literary criticism, and it does not fall below its promise. It contains the facts of the case, and is especially valuable for the tact and completeness of its survey of minor literature, in itself a very difficult task; and we suspect that it contains also the substance of the final verdict upon the

greater authors whom it discusses individually. Mr. Stedman has put his hand upon the really noteworthy quality in each, and he has observed proportion in his dealing with them taken altogether. If there be an error, it is that of the scale of the arc which they at last will fill; but, granting the scale as he places it, the measures within it are not likely to be much disturbed. To say that the volume stands entirely by itself in the criticism of our poetic literature would be superfluous. It will long be the standard work on this subject. In such circumstances it is a pleasure to observe the temper of kindness, of cordiality, of anxiety to do justice to excellence rather than pounce upon obvious defects, which pervades it.

L'ART.

It is interesting to observe that *L'Art*,¹ that excellent magazine, which has recently completed the eleventh year of its useful and ornamental career, does not by any means conform to what may be termed the prevailing standard of taste in the matter of painting, for example, but is very severe and a little sorrowful in speaking of the turn things are taking just now in France. It is interesting, because, from its serious character and influential position, *L'Art* might be supposed to have settled down into a complacent conservatism; for though not very aged, it is so solid and well established, with such an orthodox aspect, even to the handsome blue-gray cover with Michel Angelo's Moses upon its front, that a radical divergence of views between it and the Parisian powers that be in art is rather startling. Mr. Eugène Véron, the ed-

itor, is a very intelligent and keen critic, and when he sounds the note of alarm embodied in the phrase "manifest decadence of the French school," it is not from a mere desire to create a sensation. It requires courage even in such a strong publication as *L'Art* to attack M. Bouguereau the perfect, and all the official world of art behind him,—the Salon management and the faculty of the School of Fine Arts; to expose the defects in a system of education established and believed in by professors of a world-wide reputation; and to espouse the cause of the "outs" as against the "ins." Mr. Véron is not wholly wrong in this matter. At all events, painting, in France, is neither what it was formerly nor what it should be. To attribute all the blame to the academic system of Messrs. Bouguereau, Cabanel, Boulanger, and Lefèvre is to go too far, and to

¹ *L'Art*. Revue Bi-mensuelle Illustrée. Vol. XXXIX. (July, 1885, to January, 1886.) Paris:

J. Rouam, 29, Cité d'Antin. New York: Macmillan & Co.

hint that such men as Messrs. Ribot, Vollon, and Henner would do better as professors — whatever estimate may be made of their great talent as painters — is at least hazardous. It is not only to the Academy, where the boys are made to realize that

"La peinture à l'huile
Est très difficile,"

that Mr. Véron must look for the causes of the demoralization which he deplures. The "*monde*" which buys pictures is doubtless doing much towards the perversion of taste; for though it is true that the French are a people of good taste, it is an annoying fact that those who possess the most of that commodity are not invariably wealthy. Finally, France is undergoing a vast change, which, as it affects all else, cannot but affect art. It is a period of political, social, and commercial transition and uncertainty, and in accordance with it it is only natural to find the painters groping and experimenting. Whatever tendencies may be developed next, the attitude of L'Art, revolutionary as it seems at present, may be depended upon to represent the good sense of which, indeed, there is no lack in the French character, and which forms the foundation of all good criticism.

L'Art does not devote its attention solely to painting, though that is "the art" in France now, as it evidently was in England when Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hazlitt wrote of it. Many excellent papers appear from time to time upon the related arts of design, — papers of a scholarly sort, some of which might be cited as models of studied clearness, of logic, and of style. It is incontestable that in the matter of art criticism the French are far in advance of other nations. The contributors to L'Art are numerous, and most of their names would be unfamiliar to Americans; but we may mention Paul Leroi, André and Emile Michel, Paul Mantz, Charles Clément, E. Durand-Gréville, Eugène

Muntz, René Ménard, E. Chesneau, Charles Diehl, G. Dargenty, Charles Yriarte, as writers well known in their own country and thoroughly informed in their respective specialties. The arts of sculpture, music, architecture, acting, are none of them neglected. Perhaps the occasional "study" in archæology, by a learned professor, might seem dry to most readers; but it is a delicious dryness. Altogether, the literary character of L'Art's contents is of a high order; and the quality of its illustrations is not less so.

One or two etchings accompany each number, the size of the plates varying from $5 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ to 15×10 inches, which is almost as large as the page. Naturally, the majority of these are reproductions, and as they are the work of many different etchers they suggest many interesting comparisons in regard to workmanship. There is no risk in assigning to the foremost place Mr. Théophile Chauvel, whose style is marked by a delicacy and brilliancy seldom conjoined, and whose interpretations of the Baroness N. de Rothschild's luminous water-colors are full of rare, silvery tones. Mr. Léon Gaucherel also is a master in this beautiful art, whose touch can be both firm and fine, and whose intelligence and sensibility are made evident in every plate that he produces: his city streets and river scenes are worthy to be named with those of the lamented Méryon. Among the best of the remaining etchings are those of Messrs. Masson, Bocourt, Klaus, Jasinski, Rohr, Woernle, and Leenhoff, though it must be said that the latter's work, clever as it is, might as well be cut with the burin, for there is in it very little or none of that quality which makes a true etching superior to any other black-and-white picture. Considering how many of the reproductive etchers, in France as elsewhere, began as steel engravers, it is much to their credit that they have been able to unlearn so much, and it is only just to

say that there is very little merely mechanical work to be met with. After the etchings, there come various inferior classes of reproductions: wood engravings, heliogravures, and "process" engravings. Wood engraving, however, a branch of the art which has been so remarkably developed in this country, is not a prominent feature; for of course the various mechanical processes based on photography cannot be properly called engraving. In L'Art, of late, reproductions of bronzes, marbles, reliefs, and works of sculpture generally are made by Dujardin's "heliogravure" process. While photography is in a measure false to form, it is much more false to color, so that its employment in the delineation of sculpture leads to the least unsatisfactory results. Nothing is more gratifying than to be enabled to see such noble works as Mr. Mercié's *Le Souvenir*, for instance, reproduced in a late issue, or Mr. Croisy's immensely spirited group of figures for the monument to the Army of the Loire at Le Mans, both conspicuous and welcome proofs that the demoralization which has been noted does not extend to the sculptors of France. As an instance of what can be done in the way of photography, the picture of one of Ghiberti's gates, opposite page 120, in the just-completed volume, is worthy of notice for its perfection of detail. No name is given to the ordinary process by which crayon drawings are reproduced: in these there is no attempt at prettiness or an appearance of finish, nor do they have any particular value as illustrations, except in the sense that they illustrate the touch, the feeling, the personal qualities, of their authors, like an

autograph inscribed in an album. And this is in perfect accord with the serious character of the text, which is written for the European world of artists and amateurs, — a world where we like to think every one lives and moves and has his being in a pure atmosphere of art, undisturbed by thoughts of money, without care, absorbed in the ever-delightful study of the beautiful in man and nature; but however real or unreal this fancy may be, it is at least pleasant to know that it is a world sufficiently important and rich to support a periodical like L'Art.

It remains to speak of the *gravures dans le texte*, which are alternately engraved by hand and "processed," in accordance with the character of the subject. The profusion of elaborate borders, head and tail pieces, initial letters, etc., drawn for the most part by Mr. Habert-Dys, is almost too much of a good thing; and the exuberance of this clever draughtsman's fancy might be somewhat curbed with advantage. More sobriety, severity, simplicity, and less space for Mr. Habert-Dys, would be one of the few improvements possible in L'Art's appearance. Its paper, of a warm and soft cream color; the careful typography, which makes it a pleasure for the eyes to read it; and the irreproachable taste governing each detail, combine to give the magazine an aspect befitting its literary character as an exponent of the fine arts. The lively little weekly printed by the same publisher, *Le Courrier de l'Art*, which is sent gratis to all subscribers to L'Art, gives the current news concerning art from all parts of Europe, and is the most practical and useful publication of the kind in existence.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

READING the newspapers, lately, I have come upon a number of letters criticising our dialect writers. I cannot now recall any prominent writer of dialect who is not arraigned by some one of these critics. Generally, the latter are people living in the locality described, or otherwise acquainted with the dialect, and presumably they ought to know what they are talking about. Nevertheless, I venture to fancy that, often, the writers have the facts on their side.

There are three difficulties about writing dialect which I do not think that the critics sufficiently consider. In the first place, the dialects of this country are mostly untraveled ground. They are not like the Scotch talk, for instance. That has been conventionalized. The words are all spelled in a recognized way. So much Scotch has been written, and so much written about Scotch, that no one needs to fall back upon his own phonetic imagination. Now *we* do. Our dialects have no spelling-books. I may except the Yankee, thanks to Mr. Lowell, but otherwise each writer has to do his own guessing at letters as representatives of sound. Here comes in the difficulty. The letters which represent one sound to the writer may represent quite another sound to the reader. As everybody knows, one of the young women called it "Sykie," and the other called it "Peesish," but they both spelled it *Psyche*. We are such inveterate readers that usually we see as well as hear a word. Very likely our mental spelling may differ from the dialect writer's; but really it does not follow that we are right and that he is wrong. At least, the chances are equal for and against him.

The second difficulty is of another character. It is hard to find dialect

pure. Provincialisms are as catching as small-pox. Let a writer be as religiously accurate as he may, with his own ears to back every phrase that he uses; all the same, he will probably be accused of smuggling contraband dialect.

The third difficulty is the worst. As a matter of fact, the most trustworthy observers are not apt to be those who have always lived among the objects to be described. That which we hear every day, and have heard for an indefinite period, ceases to impress us, however striking. We miss fine points and details. Little turns of accent and tricks of expression slip off our observation, while a stranger instantly notices them. Frequent absences seem necessary to sharpen the native's vision to the stranger's keenness. Perhaps this is why natives and old residents almost invariably have a higher opinion of their section's grammar than it deserves. If a writer report the ordinary speech of "nice people" with minute fidelity, ten to one he is informed that "such phrases are not current among ladies and gentlemen, though possibly used in the locality."

No writer, I suppose, really *dare* report the speech of the so-called better classes just as it is uttered. The truth is, we are so accustomed to the errors in grammar and pronunciation of those about us that we have lost the power to perceive them. And this same habit of non-observation extends to the speech of the rest of the native's world.

I don't know any way of overcoming these three difficulties; but I respectfully beg that they be considered.

— I trust that I have never intentionally exaggerated the importance of the modest place I hold in the congress of writers, and yet I blush to recall the startling pretension that is even now

circulating in connection with my name, and through my own inadvertence. The case is unusual, to say the least. Two other instances, perhaps, exceed it in historical perplexity, — the ancient poet of whom it was affirmed,

“Seven cities now contend for Homer dead,”

and the aboriginal who, when questioned as to his birthplace, was wont to reply that he “was born at Cape Cod, Nantucket, and all along the shore.” Now it is not difficult to believe that Bonus Homerus was nodding when he replied, as he must have been obliged often to reply, to letters and printed circulars inquiring the date and place of his birth, maiden name, titles of anonymous works, if any, etc. Thus at one time he might have designated Smyrna as his birthplace, at another Chios or Salamis; whence arose the urban contest commemorated in the familiar couplets. As to the aboriginal and his persistent assertions, there are pretty strong indications of willful mendacity. Like good Homer, I have nodded, but I have not, like the other, obstinately prevaricated; yet when I read in one Index or Directory of Authors that I was born in Fairview, and in another that my advent occurred in Plainfield, I have a tingling sense of chagrin at the apparent imposition offered a too astute public, — for the public, although it good-naturedly and even zestfully accepts many biographical wonders and inconsistencies, and although it entertains the very highest opinion of your versatility, can scarcely be brought to believe that you have been able to confer upon even *two* places the honor of your nativity.

If I may so far indulge in local geography, I will premise that Fairview and Plainfield are contiguous townships. Each has its “centre,” totally unlike the other in physical and moral characteristics. As I remember, and as I have been assured by competent judges, Fairview had thrift and amenity, Plainfield an uninviting environment and a cer-

tain decadent tendency from the first. Touching the causes underlying this difference, it was frequently remarked, “Fairview, you know, was settled by — Yankees, while Plainfield was settled by — Yankees.” (Unwillingness to cast reflections upon any State composing the glorious nucleus of commonwealths which we revere as New England moves me thus to resort to the dash.)

The beloved old farmhouse through whose windows I first saw the light, and where much of my childhood was happily spent, was situated (it must be confessed!) in Plainfield; but then, the township line was distant not ten rods from its very walls. The commercial transactions, social intercourse, postal communications, of the family were all had with or through Fairview: the spirit and traditions of the kind of Yankees who had founded Fairview were one with the spirit and traditions of our household. Occasional exercise of the sovereign privilege of a voter was the only fact that served to remind us of the Plainfield tie; and as this privilege pertained but to a limited portion of the household, the fact carried only half weight of conviction. After years of absence from my early home, and still entertaining a reminiscent partiality for Fairview, it was but natural that I should come to regard that village as my birthplace, and to so announce it whenever the question of birthplace arose. This slight inaccuracy of statement, had I but adhered to it, would have produced no ill results; but in an unfortunate hour, by the chance word of an elderly relative, my Plainfield origin was brought to light. And was I, after all, a native of abjured, unblest Plainfield? A swift recollection of its doleful little church, — paintless, roof wanting many a shingle, the three-pronged steeple (the fourth corner ornament having been carried away in an immemorial storm); and then the desolate pump in the arid cen-

tre of the village, — the stumps of Ozy-mandias in the desert were scarcely more forlornly suggestive; the remembered dejected tones of the poultry that hunted grasshoppers in the wilted roadside herbage, — all wrought powerfully upon sensibilities not the most callous. If it were, if it could be at any future time, any slight distinction to have afforded me nativity, was it not fitting that Plainfield should profit by such inconsiderable fortuitous advantage? At all events, it would be well to state the simple truth. Thereafter I uniformly wrote "Plainfield," in reply to the question of the index-maker. And what has resulted? I have, so to speak, pitted Plainfield against Fairview in a highly emulative strife, and now observe with curious interest the nearly balanced fortunes of the antagonists. Not, however, that these remote idyllic and blameless villages consciously contend; not that either is likely to be apprised of its victory when the hour of victory arrives, for they know not their Homer. I had, indeed, hoped that the public in general might not become cognizant of the competition, — that each worthy reader of indexes might, with selective tranquillity, affix his faith either to Fairview or to Plainfield. But no. Already the discrepancy has been marked for jocose and sarcastic newspaper comment, and — a yet more alarming phase of the mischief — I have received private communications from agitated and harassed strangers, who to the goading cares of the autograph-seeker add the special crux presented by the ambiguous record of my nativity. I ought to rejoice that I still live to relieve their flattering solicitude for exact knowledge on a point of such vital importance. My sentiment is singularly devoid of benevolence: I simply regret, very deeply, the day when my elderly relative pointed out my harmless error, and I revised my reckonings.

— We are, at our house, I confess,

a rather sombre family. There are no young children among us. The elderly people are silent by temperament, and grow more silent as age comes on. There is never any ill-temper in the house, — never any bickering, or nagging; no spiteful epigrams, or sidelong sarcasms. We seem really to like each other, although we are all "blood-relations." We get on, therefore, from year to year. No doubt we seem to others a happy family, and perhaps we are; but we are never a merry family. The house is so built that the rooms where the sun shines liberally are not the rooms most used; not the rooms, for example, that we are accustomed to use together. The heating apparatus is that most successful and most lugubrious one, — steam. The radiators are large black surfaces, with just enough of gilt at edge and corner to make the black hopelessly conspicuous, flattening themselves against the wall as if they were aware of their ugliness. No blazing, and sparkling, and cheerily snapping open fire illuminates any of the "living" rooms. (The kitchen is the most cheerful place in the house, — as I have occasionally seen it, empty and deserted, after the cook and the maid had retired at night, — with the rich hot coals still sending out their rays merrily through chink and crevice of the range, for the sole benefit of the house-cat, stretched out with full abandon on the toasting-hot hearth.) Our deplorable habit, at meals, is to attend to the business in hand with grave decorum, — very decently and in order, no doubt, but for the most part silently. I have known some one of us, apparently for the moment sensible of something oppressive in this gravity, to venture on a frivolous remark, and to have it received in silence, as a thing not congruous with the roast meat, especially during the solemn action of its being carved and distributed. We come down to breakfast not at all out of humor (we are not invalids), but

disposed to a very calm and peaceful demeanor. We wish each other good morning with a genuine affection, but the remark, having been responded to, is not followed up. An observation concerning the weather does not usually lead anywhere. When we have a more lively visitor, we easily fall in with his mood, and are capable of a good deal of sprightliness on such an occasion, — not in the least labored or affected, either; but by ourselves we are habitually silent, and occupied with our own sedate reflections.

All this makes — I cannot but see it and feel it, much as I myself share in the responsibility — a sombre house.

But there is one bright spot, and that furnishes the text of my utterances now upon the subject. It is the tame canary, "Johnny-quil." Not only is he himself always cheerful (and who ever saw a well canary depressed?), but he is the cause of cheerfulness in others. In the midst of one of our long silences we hear his little pipe ringing out from his sunny eyrie in the porch or the sitting-room, and some one remarks, "Just hear Johnny-quil!" Our barometers all go up ten degrees. Besides, everybody chirrup to him. It is not only, therefore, what he says to us, but what we say to him, that makes him the enlivener of the family. You can't exactly chirrup to a grown-up human being, — especially if he is carving a fowl, or reading a religious newspaper. But it is always possible, and apparently always inevitable, to say something chipper and chirpy to the bird, as we pass his cage. I have noticed this odd thing: that when *Rhodora*, or *Penelope*, or *Cassandra*, stops at the cage, and says some little nonsensical thing to the small yellow songster, or half whistles to him in passing, not only does he pipe up, but pretty soon you hear her own voice, from a distant room, humming a bit of some gay waltz or madrigal. The unconscious lifting of one's own more sober mood to

the higher level of the bird's irrepressible good spirits lasts on a little beyond the instant. I recommend him and his merry kind to other silent houses. He is worth his weight in sunshine.

— The little town of Port Hudson, as I remember it, stands on a high bluff which guards the outer sweep of a bend in the Mississippi River, about a hundred miles above New Orleans. A long ascending road, cut deeply through the tenacious clay, up from the water's edge, gave access to the plateau above. From the top of this bluff, and especially from the windows of the houses facing on it, the long reach of the river, whether up or down, was in full sight, and the eager eye could catch the first glimpse of the steamer from above, rounding the far-off Point Coupée.

One of my most vivid early recollections is that of landing at this place, from such a steamer, in the small hours of a cold December night. The red glare of the pitch-pine fires in iron baskets thrust out from the steamer's deck weirdly lighted up the scene, in spite of a pouring rain, as my father and mother plodded up the hill, followed by the negro hands carrying my little brother and me in their arms, to the town above.

In that place, in the following spring and summer, we children spent many bright and happy days, greatly interested especially in the comings and goings of the steamboats, whose piercing whistle and solemn muffled puffs could be heard even before they hove in sight. A little above the town was a wooded spot, portions of which were used as a place of burial; but all unawed by this, we little boys chose one spreading beech-tree, which we made our summer retreat, and where we spent many an hour playing, reading, or confiding to each other our ideas of what we were going to be and to do, and watching for the up-river boats.

In these delightful rambles to the

beech, we were often looked after, or called home from them, by a worthy negro man, named Obediah, — or Obed, as we called him, — whom my father owned. Our little heads were not troubled about the slavery question; nor Obed's either, at that time, for he was as devoted to us, though Geordie was only four and I six years old, as we to him.

In that sultry August, when the smaller streams were dry and the ground was parched with thirst, my little brother was taken sick. No nurse could watch more tenderly and faithfully by his bedside, or take my poor anxious mother's place more nearly, than Obed, and to none could she more confidently leave him. When our well gave out and our neighbors padlocked theirs, and refused "a cup of cold water" to the sick child, Obed went into the country to get fresh spring water for him, — going by night, lest it should be taken away from him.

When Geordie died, the faithful negro was inconsolable. He requested that Geordie might be buried under the beech-tree; and begged that no one but him might dig the little grave.

I do not remember how Obed ceased to be ours. That fall was one of great and wide-spread business disaster and financial reverses, and about that time we all left Port Hudson.

Four or five years later, Obed stopped me suddenly in Tchoupitoulas Street, New Orleans. The good creature was overjoyed to meet his "young massa" once more. Nothing would do but I must come and see and breakfast with him the very next Sunday morning — when he would have some time to himself — in the upper story of a cotton warehouse, where he was a sort of porter and watchman.

Early the next Sunday morning, about six or seven o'clock, I made my appearance, accordingly, at the warehouse; and there was Obed waiting for me at the great street door. He took me up

to his quarters in the fourth story, where I found a table ready, spread for *one*. But it was a feast for half a dozen at least, and enough to make us all sick. Oranges, bananas, figs, nuts and raisins, lemonade, cakes and jellies, for which, very possibly, he had spent all the money he personally possessed in the world. And Obed asked nothing better than to stand behind my chair and wait on me feasting on these dainties; and then to have me tell him all about my parents and myself during the intervening years since the summer of my little brother's death. When the past had been exhausted, we turned to the future, and he exhorted me that when I grew up and became a man I must be sure and buy him back again.

I next heard of Obed as being "a hand," and afterwards a steward, on a Mississippi River steamer, in which service he continued for several years; indeed, almost, if not quite, down to the period of the war, which, if he were still living then, set him free.

I heard of him for the last time from a gentleman formerly in business with my father, and whom, not long before the war, I met in Washington. He had had occasion to go up and down the Mississippi very frequently, and often on the steamer on which Obed was employed.

This gentleman told me that once, when the steamboat was stopping for an hour or two at Port Hudson, to take in cotton, Obed asked him to go ashore with him for a little walk along the bluffs. He willingly did so. Obed carried a hammer and some nails in a bucket. Straight to the little grave he went, — to the beech-tree where he had laid my brother. He straightened up the head and foot stones; he repaired the broken fence; he restored the turf, reverently clearing away the dry leaves and sticks upon the grave, and trimmed and watered the flowers still growing there.

This was nearly twenty years after my brother's death; and, on inquiring, the gentleman learned that, during the entire period of Obed's employment on the river, some ten or twelve years, whenever the boat stopped at Port Hudson long enough, and he could get permission, he had gone up to the spot to care for and to keep in order that little grave.

The war came but a few years after. I can almost imagine him, fighting there in the Federal army, in defense of the place where we children had once played, and perhaps he was among those who fell near the spot where he had

buried the child who, had he lived, would then have been a man. But if nothing else is left, the memory of that negro's undying love for that little child cannot fade away from his brother's heart.

A great deal is said and written in these days, *pro* and *con*, of the intellectual capacity of the freedmen and of the probability that they can be made good citizens. Enough has not yet been said or written of their moral qualities. I offer this simple story of one negro's faithful love in illustration of much that might be said.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry and the Drama. Elijah the Reformer, a ballad-epic, and other sacred and religious poems, by George Lansing Taylor, D. D. (Funk & Wagnalls.) If all the words were taken out of this book which were put in to fill out measures and swell the sound, it would be a thinner and a wiser book. — Thisbe's Lament, and other Poems, by Masson Pell Helmbold. (Lippincott.) Mr. Helmbold explains in his preface that he is still quite young, but that he is original; in some of his careful foot-notes he also indicates passages where he is not original. This conscientiousness will be highly valued by the reader. We like a poet who is truthful. — Great Tom, the Curfew Bell of Oxford, an historical ballad, by Otto Idlethorne (Bandry, Paris): a curious little story, not ill told, apparently by a young collegian. — Freya, a Saga of the Doom, by James Pearce (McCorquodale & Co., London): a section of a proposed poem, in which poetry struggles with prose, and occasionally comes off first best. — Immortality Inherent in Nature, by Warren Sumner Barlow. (Fowler & Wells Co., New York.) Mr. Barlow disposes of his subject in thirty-eight pages of four-line stanzas. We have not fathomed the philosophy, but have fished a little in the poetry, and caught this stanza, descriptive of rocks: —

“ Their massive brows, long turned to dust,
Display their type on nature's page;
Whose precious gems, unscathed by time,
Outlive all forms from age to age.”

— Lyrics and other Poems, by Richard Watson Gilder. (Scribners.) Mr. Gilder reprints the poems which at two previous times he has published in book form, and adds others, now first

collected. We have not compared the successive issues to see if he has in any way revised the text, but the volume as it stands is a fresh gift to lovers of poetry. The beauty of paper and print, the brilliancy of the slight decorations, and the general attractiveness of the volume, in spite of its ungainly proportions, fitly belong to verse which is not commonplace, which often strikes a clear, pure note, and always possesses what we must call a personal charm of manner. — Hidden Sweetness: the poems by Mary Bradley; the illustrations from drawings by Dorothy Holroyd. (Roberts.) The poetry is marked by religious feeling, and by that disclosure of personal experience which it is difficult to suppose assumed, and therefore is somewhat repellent to the ordinary reader. It is curious how much sentiment one can stand if it is imaginary, how little if it is real. The illustrations are chiefly flower drawings, delicately printed, but not otherwise noticeable. — Peculiar Poems, by Col. John A. Joyce. (Thomas A. Knox & Co., New York.) The only peculiarity appears to be in the absence of poetry, and that is shared by other books of verse. — Under the Pine, by M. F. Bridgman (Cupples, Upham & Co.): a small collection of interesting poems, into which some individuality of thought and sentiment has passed. — Oberon and Puck, Verses Grave and Gay, by Helen Gray Cone. (Cassell.) Here is a volume of poetry well worth reading, and the reader who goes through it slowly will laugh the more heartily as he comes with a sense of surprise upon the merry verses at the close. In looking back he will discover, however, that it is precisely this healthy sport in Miss Cone's nature which has enabled her to write her serious poems without

lapsing into dangerous moods of sentiment. The honesty of the book is one of its best notes.

Travel, Nature, and Sport. A Canterbury Pilgrimage, ridden, written, and illustrated by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell (Scribners): a bright little sketch, which authors and publishers have had the good sense to put out without too much refinement of mechanical execution. The quaint little affectations in pictures will be lost, however, we fear, upon many readers. — The America's Cup, how it was won by the yacht America in 1851, and has been since defended, by Captain Roland F. Coffin. (Scribners.) This volume was written and published before the recent races, but is none the less readable now in the light of that event. The facts are all there, and the writer tells the tale with spirit and genuine interest. — Lawn Tennis, as a Game of Skill, with latest revised laws as played by the best clubs, by Lieutenant S. C. F. Peile, edited by R. D. Sears. (Scribners.) If anything could alarm the timid or nerve the courageous more than looking at a game of lawn tennis, it would be reading this little book, which firmly upholds the rigor of the game. — Where to Find Ferns, with a special chapter on the ferns round London, by Frances George Heath (S. P. C. K., London; Youngs, New York): a book of most use to collectors already familiar with the subject botanically. — How to Play Whist, with the laws and etiquette of whist, and forty fully annotated games, by Five of Clubs, Richard A. Proctor (Harpers): incidentally a criticism of Pole. — Two other numbers of Harper's Handy Series relate to travel and observation, Disraeli's Home Letters and Count Paul Vasili's The World of London. — By Ways of Nature and Life, by Clarence Deming (Putnams), is a cheap edition of a readable book of travel and observation in various quarters, published in handsomer form a year or two ago. — Two Years in the Jungle, the experiences of a hunter and naturalist in India, Ceylon, the Malay Peninsula, and Borneo, by William T. Hornaday. (Scribners.) The maps are more satisfactory than the illustrations. The author is a voluble and often entertaining rambler. — White, Stokes, and Allen's Guide and Select Directory, what to see and where to buy in New York city, may be ever so impartial and useful, but the intercalary advertisements shake one's confidence in the stern justice of the compiler and publishers. — Paris in Old and Present Times, with especial reference to changes in its architecture and topography, by P. G. Hamerton. (Roberts.) Mr. Hamerton's method is to take certain salient points in Paris, and give full and intelligent talk concerning the physiognomy of the city. He writes with his frank, familiar manner, so agreeable to his readers, and when he has a prejudice, as for perpendicular against horizontal living, states it candidly. The illustrations are singularly ineffective and unpleasing. — Due South, or Cuba Past and Present, by Maturin M. Ballou. (Houghton.) Mr. Ballou writes with particularity, but with a monotonous style which is very fatiguing. He has not the power of seeing a picture and reproducing it, though he has a book-keeper's diligence of recording every

item, which makes one think it likely that everything is in the book. — Mountain Adventures in various parts of the world, selected from the narratives of celebrated travelers, with an introduction and additions by J. T. Headley (Scribners): one of the revived Library of Wonders. — Bird-Ways, by Olive Thorne Miller. (Houghton.) Readers of The Atlantic do not need to be told how genuine a biographer of birds Mrs. Miller is. In this volume she has collected her Atlantic papers and added others, and the result is a delightful addition to our small collection of humane as distinct from scientific books of natural history. Her apt quotation from Emerson characterizes her treatment of the subject she has studied: "The Bird is not in its ounces and inches, but in its relation to nature; and the skin or skeleton you show me is no more a heron than a heap of ashes or a bottle of gases into which his body has been reduced is Dante or Washington." — Marvels of Animal Life, by Charles Frederick Holder. (Scribners.) Mr. Holder has gone through the lower world with his eye on every queer thing, and while he has a scientific training, apparently, his idea of a museum would be not one for comparison of types, but for a Saturday afternoon entertainment. His book is a lively one, and we wish it all success among young people, who will chiefly read it, though it is not openly prepared for them. The book in parts reproduces the author's personal adventures in story form. — Perils of the Deep, being an account of some of the remarkable shipwrecks and disasters at sea during the last hundred years, by Edward N. Hoare. (S. P. C. K., London; Youngs, New York.) The account is drawn from various sources, and thus is of unequal value. The editorial work is sometimes diffuse and unnecessary, but the reports of eye-witnesses and sufferers are often graphic and to the point. The book is rather a heavy meal of horrors, however. — We Two Alone in Europe, by Mary L. Ninde (Jansen, McClurg & Co.): a story of the grand round, told by one of the two travelers. These young ladies seem to have had a faculty for stumbling into the presence of distinguished people, and from the slight report of the conversation they appear to have given no more than they received. — The third volume of the series, by W. M. Thompson, published under the general title of The Land and the Book, is Lebanon, Damascus, and Beyond Jordan. (Harpers.) Like its predecessors it is well illustrated, and provided with maps, plans, and indexes. The special value of this series lies in the fact that it records the observations of a traveler who has really lived in the land and has absorbed the contents of the book. — Nature's Teachings, human invention anticipated by Nature, by Rev. J. G. Wood. (Roberts.) We are not informed whether this is a new book, or one of the many works of this prolific and always interesting writer reissued in new form. Mr. Wood has an exceedingly happy faculty for taking the commonplaces of nature and showing their correspondence in human life, and in this volume he points out a great number of instances in which the reason of man seems to have done scarcely

more than produce an adaptation to human needs, where the instinct or automatic faculty of lower orders has gone straight to the mark within the province of those orders.

Books for Young People. Two Friends, by S. M. Sitwell (S. P. C. K., London; Youngs, New York): a little English story, of a readable kind, in which children may read of adventures and a kind of life impossible in America, and so all the more interesting to them. The little boy of the story is an English gentleman's son, who commits the dreadful crime of making friends with a boy not in his class. — Winter Fun, by William O. Stoddard (Scribners), is the story of two city children who spent the winter in the country and shared country sports. It is a capital book when one has agreed to accept the dialect and lack of grammar, and all the better for having no pictures. — The Satin-Wood Box, by J. T. Trowbridge (Lee & Shepard): a story in which the accused boy comes out all right. — Driven Back to Eden, by E. P. Roe (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is an interesting story of a family that was going to destruction in the city, and escaped into the country for life, and found it. Despite much unnecessary delay in getting the family into the country, the story is an alluring one, and ought to set some parents to thinking. — The very desirable practice of bringing the great literature within the reach of boys and girls is illustrated by several new books. The Boys' and Girls' Pliny, being parts of Pliny's Natural History, edited for boys and girls, with an introduction by John S. White (Putnams), who did Herodotus and Plutarch in the same fashion, is a case in point. Mr. White does not say whose translation he uses, but it appears to be clear, though not always without a foreign clumsiness. He has also added notes from the works of naturalists. Pliny was an observer and story-teller, and naturally uses the form most suitable for young people. It is thus of comparatively little importance whether as natural history the work is up to date. — Another volume of the same class is The Travels of Marco Polo for Boys and Girls, with explanatory notes and comments, by Thomas W. Knox. (Putnams.) Mr. Knox, however, has proceeded on a somewhat different plan, for he has elaborated a system of comment by which a club of boys and their elder supply the necessary notes and illustration. It is really too much of a good thing. The editor stuffs the book full, and Marco Polo himself is often wholly lost to view. — The Boy Travellers in South America, by Mr. Knox, describes the adventures of two youths in a journey through Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil, Paraguay, Argentine Republic, and Chili, with descriptions of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and voyages upon the Amazon and La Plata rivers (Harpers): a cyclopædia of information, which makes one's head reel, but which appears to be calmly assimilated by Mr. Knox's youths. Boys are cormorants, however, and, after swallowing Marco Polo and Pliny, we have no doubt they would make a moderate luncheon of this book. — Davy and the Goblin, or what followed reading Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Charles E. Carryl (Ticknor), is

so flagrantly an imitation of its famous model that one has a sort of nightmare in reading it. The pictures are cleverer than the text, but the whole work implies a singular willingness on the part of the bright author to play echo to a joke. — The Two Elsie's, by Martha Finley (Dodd, Mead & Co.): a stiff, rather unnatural tale of school life. Even if the main incident of the story were true, it would not save the book from being an unnecessary and unprofitable story. — Pepper and Salt, or Seasoning for Young People, prepared by Howard Pyle. (Harpers.) Mr. Pyle furnishes both text and illustration, but he is more at home in drawing than in writing. That is to say, the drawing is often positively good, the writing is negatively good. The fun in the book is a little violent at times, and the affectation of quaintness is a little wearisome, but there is much cleverness and dexterity in the use of old material in new forms. It is curious to see how the refinement of the day leads Mr. Pyle to veil the devil under the name of the red man. — Rose-Buds, by Virginia Gerson. (White, Stokes & Allen.) The printing in colors of this little book of jingles and pictures is delicate and good, the conceits are happy, the general effect is pleasing. The drawing is rather amateurish, and the verses and subjects are sometimes a little loud. — The Joyous Story of Toto, by Laura E. Richards. (Roberts.) Mrs. Richards has evidently dared to be as funny as she could, and her courage and zeal have run beyond her judgment. Very likely some children may be entertained, but we doubt if they remember the book, or care much for the fun five minutes after they have laughed. — Children's Stories in American History, by Henrietta Christian Wright. (Scribners.) We wish we could praise a book of such good intentions as this, but it will not do to give children erroneous notions in history, and the matter is not helped by the book being written in the childese dialect. The facts are loosely stated, and the whole effect is not to give children precise information, or even interesting information, but merely general ideas, which as we said are sometimes erroneous. — The bound volume of Our Little Ones and The Nursery (Estes & Lauriat) is, as usual, one of the handsomest of holiday books for very young readers. — Four Feet, Two Feet, and No Feet, or Furry and Feathery Pets, and How They Live, edited by Laura E. Richards (Estes & Lauriat), is a collection of pictures and stories which most children will find very attractive. The excellent illustrations have already appeared in Our Little Ones.

Philosophy and Theology. Outlines of Practical Philosophy, dictated portions of the lectures of Hermann Lotze, translated and edited by George T. Ladd (Ginn): one of an interesting series, and independently valuable. Such topics as Marriage, Society, and the State are discussed after the groundwork is laid by an investigation of ethical principles, the simple moral ideals, and the freedom of the will. — Two numbers of the Biogen series, edited by Dr. Elliott Coues (Estes & Lauriat), are The Dæmon of Darwin, by the editor, and A Buddhist Catechism, by Henry S. Olcott. Dr. Coues has a philosophy of his own, and his

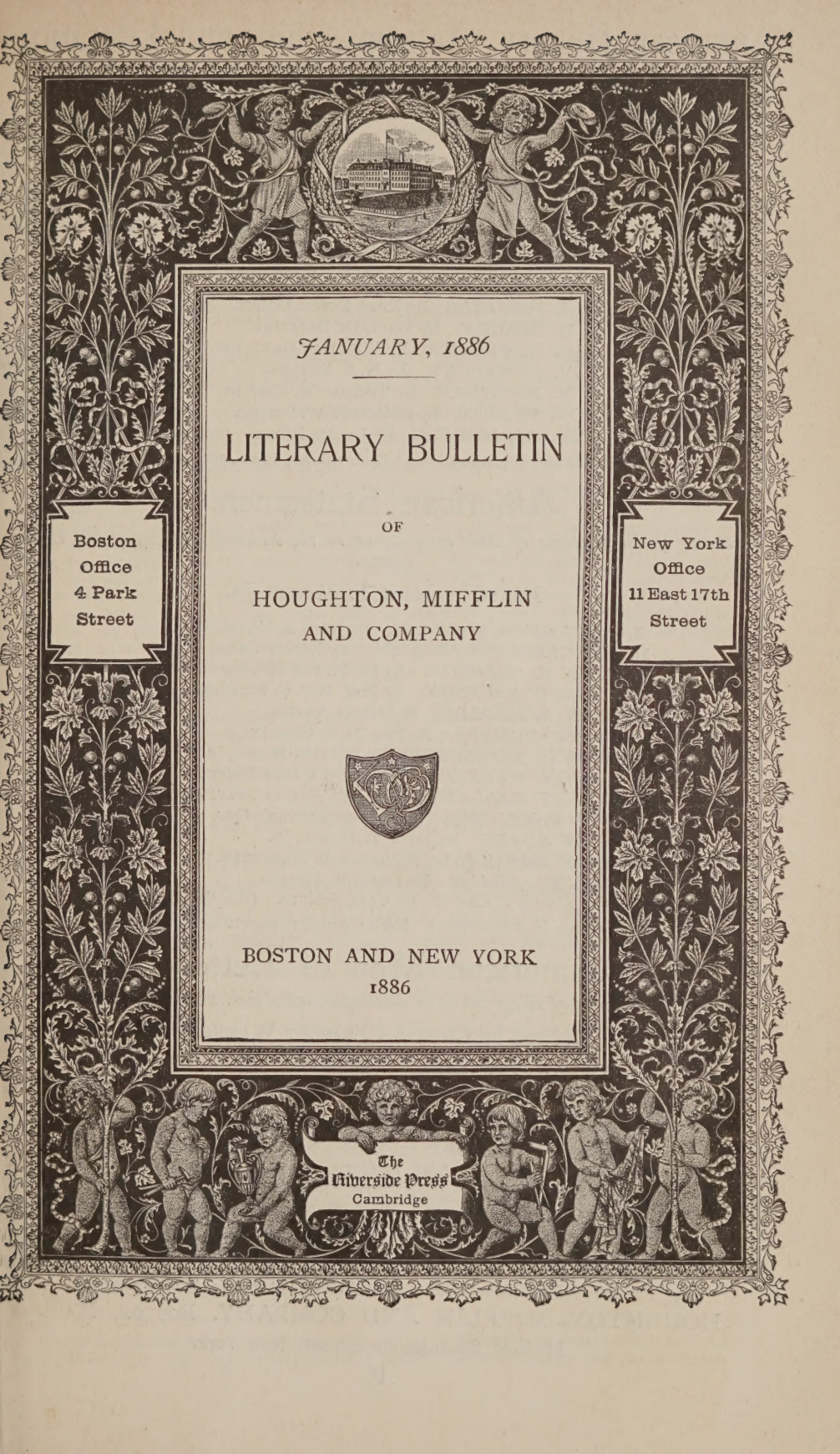
Dæmon is a fantasy, or mystical anagogic,—we think that is the word,—also of his own, based upon his philosophy. He supplies Colonel Olcott's catechism with notes. The catechism aims to present the main facts in the life of Gautama Buddha and the essential features of his doctrine, and is intended for infant believers.—*Modern Science and Modern Thought*, by S. Laing. (Chapman & Hall, London.) "The object of this book," says the Preface, "is to give a clear and concise view of the principal results of Modern Science, and of the revolution which they have effected in Modern Thought." The most individual part of the work is the second part, in which the author gives his views as to the amount of religion which can be saved from the shipwreck of theology. The writer, however, takes no very profound view of theology, but contents himself with knocking down Mumbo Jumbo and dancing on him. He is satisfied himself with stoicism, as a practical philosophy, but most modern practical stoics are like Dr. Holmes's contented man.—*Movements of Religious Thought in Britain during the Nineteenth Century*, by John Tulloch. (Scribners.) Principal Tulloch's book is in the main a collection of papers which he has been publishing in the Contemporary and elsewhere. We are glad he has given this permanent form to them, for he is a wise, catholic, and stimulating writer, who from his vantage ground gives a more just statement of English theological movements than an English churchman usually is capable of giving.—*History of Christian Doctrine*, by Henry C. Sheldon, in two volumes. (Harpers.) Professor Sheldon follows the method of making almost a mosaic of passages of successive writers, by which he aims to keep his work free from an apologetic tone. At the same time, he seems to make the current systematic theology the basis of the division of his work, so that we appear to be continually reading the comments of early writers upon modern theology. The result is that the whole subject of theology has the air of being a mechanical contrivance.—*Observations on the Growth of the Mind*, by Sampson Reed. (Houghton.) This new edition of a little book which has had a noteworthy history is provided with a brief biographical sketch of the author by his son. We wish more had been told of Sampson Reed, yet the essay remains, suggestive, fruitful, and stimulating.—*Philistinism*, plain words concerning certain forms of modern skepticism, by R. Heber Newton. (Putnams.) Mr. Newton is gradually working out of the somewhat self-conscious position of his earlier books, and writes in a less belligerent but no less forcible manner. We expect that one of these days he will mellow into a writer of no less fidelity to truth, but with a fuller recognition of the limitations of any one man's knowledge of truth.

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JANUARY, 1886

LITERARY BULLETIN

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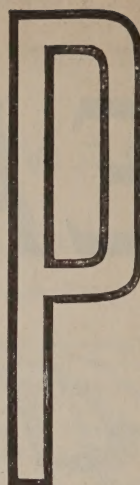
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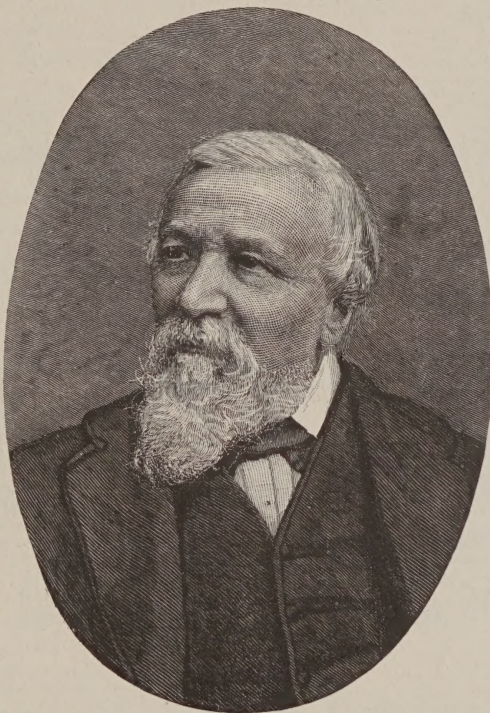
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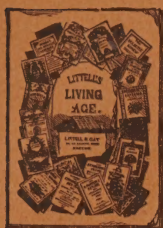
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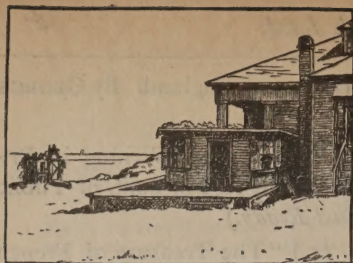
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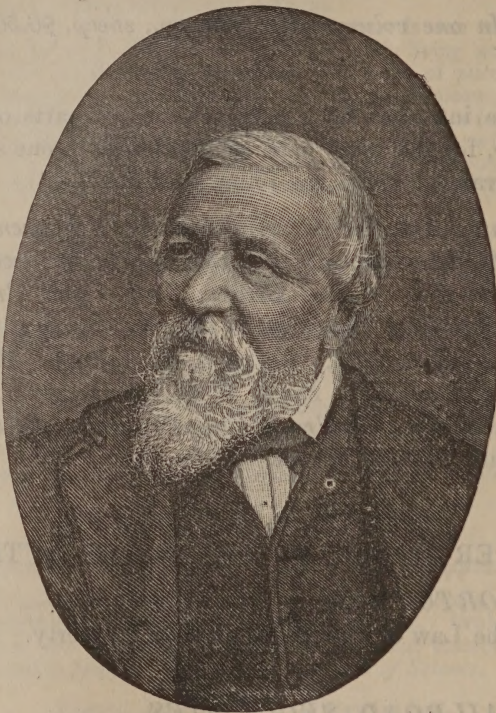
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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:
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VOL. LVII. — FEBRUARY, 1886. — No. CCCXL.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK SECOND.

XVII.

HYACINTH had been warned by Mr. Vetch as to what brilliant women might do with him (it was only a word on the old fiddler's life, but the word had had a point), he had been warned by Paul Muniment, and now he was admonished by a person supremely well placed for knowing — a fact that could not fail to deepen the emotion which, any time these three days, had made him draw his breath more quickly. That emotion, however, was now not of a kind to make him fear remote consequences; as he looked over the Princess Casamassima's drawing-room, and inhaled an air that seemed to him inexpressibly delicate and sweet, he hoped that his adventure would throw him upon his mettle only half as much as the old lady had wished to intimate. He considered, one after the other, the different chairs, couches, and ottomans the room contained — he wished to treat himself to the most sumptuous — and then, for reasons he knew best, sank into a seat covered with rose-colored brocade, of which the legs and frame appeared to be of pure gold. Here he sat perfectly still, with only his heart beating very sensibly, and his eyes coursing, again and again, from one object to another. The splendors and sug-

gestions of Captain Sholto's apartment were thrown completely into the shade by the scene before him, and as the Princess did not scruple to keep him waiting for twenty minutes (during which the butler came in and set out, on a small table, a glittering tea-service) Hyacinth had time to count over the innumerable *bibelots* (most of which he had never dreamed of) involved in the personality of a woman of high fashion, and to feel that their beauty and oddity revealed not only whole provinces of art, but refinements of choice, on the part of their owner, complications of mind, and — almost — terrible depths of character.

When at last the door opened, and the servant, reappearing, threw it far back, as if to make a wide passage for a person of the importance of his mistress, Hyacinth's suspense became very acute; it was much the same feeling with which, at the theatre, he had sometimes awaited the entrance of a celebrated actress. In this case the actress was to perform for him alone. There was still a moment before she came on, and when she did so she was so simply dressed — besides his seeing her now on her feet — that she looked like a different person. She approached him rapidly, and a little stiffly and shyly, but in

the manner in which she shook hands with him there was an evident desire to be frank, and even fraternal. She looked like a different person, but that person had a beauty even more radiant; the fairness of her face shone forth at our young man as if to dissipate any doubts that might have crept over him as to the reality of the vision bequeathed to him by his former interview. And in this brightness and richness of her presence he could not have told you whether she struck him as more proud or more kind.

"I have kept you a long time, but it's supposed not, usually, to be a bad place, my *salon*; there are various things to look at, and perhaps you have noticed them. Over on that side, for instance, there is rather a curious collection of miniatures." She spoke abruptly, quickly, as if she were conscious that their communion might be awkward, and she were trying to strike, instantly (to conjure that element away), the sort of note that would make them both most comfortable. Quickly, too, she sat down before her tea-tray and poured him out a cup, which she handed him without asking whether he would have it. He accepted it with a trembling hand, though he had no desire for it; he was too nervous to swallow the tea, but it would not have occurred to him that it was possible to decline. When he had murmured that he had indeed looked at all her things, but that it would take hours to do justice to such treasures, she asked if he were fond of works of art; adding, however, immediately, that she was afraid he had not many opportunities of seeing them, though, of course, there were the public collections, open to all. Hyacinth said, with perfect veracity, that some of the happiest moments of his life had been spent at the British Museum and the National Gallery, and this reply appeared to interest her greatly, so that she immediately begged him to tell her what he thought of certain

pictures and antiques. In this way it was that, in an incredibly short space of time, as it appeared to him, he found himself discussing the Bacchus and Ariadne and the Elgin marbles with "the most remarkable woman in Europe."

It is true that she herself talked most, passing precipitately from one point to another, asking him questions and not waiting for answers; describing and qualifying things, expressing feelings, by the aid of phrases that he had never heard before, but which seemed to him illuminating and happy — as when, for instance, she asked what art was, after all, but a synthesis made in the interest of pleasure, or said that she did n't like England at all, but loved it. It did not occur to him to think these discriminations pedantic. Suddenly she remarked, "Madame Grandoni told me you saw my husband."

"Ah, was the gentleman your husband?"

"Unfortunately! What do you think of him?"

"Oh, I can't think" — Hyacinth murmured.

"I wish I could n't, either! I have n't seen him for nearly three years. He wanted to see me to-day, but I refused."

"Ah!" said Hyacinth, staring, and not knowing how he ought to receive so unexpected a confidence. Then, as the suggestions of inexperience are sometimes the happiest of all, he spoke simply what was in his mind, and said, gently, "It has made you very nervous." Afterwards, when he had left the house, he wondered how, at that stage, he could have ventured on such a familiar remark.

The Princess took it with a quick, surprised laugh. "How do you know that?" But before he had time to tell how, she added, "Your saying that — that way — shows me how right I was to ask you to come to see me. You know, I hesitated. It shows me you

have perceptions; I guessed as much the other night at the theatre. If I had n't, I would n't have asked you. I may be wrong, but I like people who understand what one says to them, and also what one does n't say."

"Don't think I understand too much. You might easily exaggerate that," Hyacinth declared, conscientiously.

"You confirm, completely, my first impression," the Princess returned, smiling in a way that showed him he really amused her. "We shall discover the limits of your comprehension! I *am* atrociously nervous. But it will pass. How is your friend the dressmaker?" she inquired, abruptly. And when Hyacinth had briefly given some account of poor Pinnie — told her that she was tolerably well for her, but old and tired and sad, and not very successful — she exclaimed, impatiently, "Ah, well, she's not the only one!" and came back, with irrelevance, to the former question. "It's not only my husband's visit — absolutely unexpected! — that has made me fidgety, but the idea that, now you have been so kind as to come here, you may wonder why, after all, I made such a point of it, and even think any explanation I might be able to give you entirely insufficient."

"I don't want any explanation," said Hyacinth.

"It's very nice of you to say that, and I shall take you at your word. Explanations usually make things worse. All the same, I don't want you to think (as you might have done so easily the other evening) that I wish only to treat you as a curious animal."

"I don't care how you treat me!" said Hyacinth, smiling.

There was a considerable silence, after which the Princess remarked, "All I ask of my husband is to let me alone. But he won't. He won't reciprocate my indifference."

Hyacinth asked himself what reply he ought to make to such an announce-

ment as that, and it seemed to him that the least civility demanded was that he should say — as he could with such conviction — "It can't be easy to be indifferent to you."

"Why not, if I am odious? I can be — oh, there is no doubt of that! However, I can honestly say that with the Prince I have been exceedingly reasonable, and that most of the wrongs — the big ones, those that settled the question — have been on his side. You may tell me, of course, that that's the pretension of every woman who has made a mess of her marriage. But ask Madame Grandoni."

"She will tell me it's none of my business."

"Very true — she might!" the Princess admitted, laughing. "And I don't know, either, why I should talk to you about my domestic affairs; except that I have been wondering what I could do to show confidence in you, in return for your showing so much in me. As this matter of my separation from my husband happens to have been turned uppermost by his sudden descent upon me, I just mention it, though the subject is tiresome enough. Moreover, I ought to let you know that I have very little respect for distinctions of class — the sort of thing they make so much of in this country. They are doubtless convenient in some ways, but when one has a reason — a reason of feeling — for overstepping them, and one allows one's self to be deterred by some dreary superstition about one's place, or some one else's place, then I think it's ignoble. It always belongs to one's place not to be a poor creature. I take it that if you are a socialist you think about this as I do; but lest, by chance, as the sense of those differences is the English religion, it may have rubbed off even on you, though I am more and more impressed with the fact that you are scarcely more British than I am; lest you should, in spite of your

theoretic democracy, be shocked at some of the applications that I, who cherish the creed, am capable of making of it, let me assure you without delay that in that case we should n't get on together at all, and had better part company before we go further." She paused, long enough for Hyacinth to declare, with a great deal of emphasis, that he was not easily shocked; and then, restlessly, eagerly, as if it relieved her to talk, and made their queer interview less abnormal that she should talk most, she arrived at the point that she wanted to know the *people*, and know them intimately — the toilers and strugglers and sufferers — because she was convinced they were the most interesting portion of society, and at the inquiry, "What could possibly be in worse taste than for me to carry into such an undertaking a pretension of greater delicacy and finer manners? If I must do that," she continued, "it's simpler to leave them alone. But I can't leave them alone; they press upon me, they haunt me, they fascinate me. There it is (after all, it's very simple): I want to know them, and I want you to help me!"

"I will help you with pleasure, to the best of my humble ability. But you will be awfully disappointed," Hyacinth said. Very strange it seemed to him that within so few days two ladies of rank should have found occasion to express to him the same mysterious longing. A breeze from a thoroughly unexpected quarter was indeed blowing over the aristocracy. Nevertheless, though there was much of the accent of passion in the Princess Casamassima's communication that there had been in Lady Aurora's, and though he felt bound to discourage his present interlocutress, as he had done the other, the force that pushed her struck him as a very different mixture from the shy, conscientious, anxious heresies of Rose Muniment's friend. The temper varied in the two women as much as the face

and the manner, and that perhaps made their curiosity the more significant.

"I have n't the least doubt of it: there is nothing in life in which I have not been awfully disappointed. But disappointment for disappointment, I shall like it better than some others. You'll not persuade me, either, that among the people I speak of, characters and passions and motives are not more natural, more complete, more *naïf*. The upper classes are so insipid! My husband traces his descent from the fifth century, and he's the greatest bore on earth. That is the kind of people I was condemned to live with after my marriage. Oh, if you knew what I have been through, you would allow that intelligent mechanics (of course I don't want to know idiots) would be a pleasant change. I must begin with some one — must n't I? — so I began, the other night, with you!" As soon as she had uttered these words the Princess added a correction, with the consciousness of her mistake in her face. It made that face, to Hyacinth, more nobly, tenderly pure. "The only objection to you, individually, is that you have nothing of the people about you — to-day not even the dress." Her eyes wandered over him from head to foot, and their friendly beauty made him ashamed. "I wish you had come in the clothes you wear at your work!"

"You see you do regard me as a curious animal," he answered.

It was perhaps to contradict this that, after a moment, she began to tell him more about her domestic affairs. He ought to know who she was, unless Captain Sholto had told him; and she related her parentage — American on the mother's side, Italian on the father's — and how she had led, in her younger years, a wandering, Bohemian life, in a thousand different places (always in Europe; she had never been in America and knew very little about it, though she wanted greatly to cross the Atlantic),

and largely, at one period, in Rome. She had been married by her people, in a mercenary way, for the sake of a fortune and a title, and it had turned out as badly as her worst enemy could wish. Her parents were dead, luckily for them, and she had no one near her of her own except Madame Grandoni, who belonged to her only in the sense that she had known her as a girl; was an association of her — what should she call them? — her innocent years. Not that she had ever been very innocent; she had had a horrible education. However, she had known a few good people — people she respected, then; but Madame Grandoni was the only one who had stuck to her. She, too, was liable to leave her any day; the Princess appeared to intimate that her destiny might require her to take some step which would test severely the old lady's adhesive property. It would detain her too long to make him understand the stages by which she had arrived at her present state of mind: her disgust with a thousand social arrangements; her rebellion against the selfishness, the corruption, the iniquity, the cruelty, the imbecility, of the people who, all over Europe, had the upper hand. If he could have seen her life, the *milieu* in which, for several years, she had been condemned to move, the evolution of her opinions (Hyacinth was delighted to hear her use that term) would strike him as perfectly logical. She had been humiliated, outraged, tortured; she considered that she too was one of the numerous class who could be put on a tolerable footing only by a revolution. At any rate, she had some self-respect left, and there was still more that she wanted to recover; the only way to arrive at that was to throw herself into some effort which would make her forget her own affairs and comprehend the troubles and efforts of others. Hyacinth listened to her with a wonderment which, as she went on, was transformed into fascinated

submission; she seemed so natural, so vivid, so exquisitely generous and sincere. By the time he had been with her for half an hour she had made the situation itself appear natural and usual, and a third person who should have joined them at this moment would have observed nothing to make him suppose that friendly social intercourse between little bookbinders and Neapolitan princesses was not, in London, a matter of daily occurrence.

Hyacinth had seen plenty of women who chattered about themselves and their affairs — a vulgar garrulity of confidence was indeed a leading characteristic of the sex as he had hitherto learned to know it — but he was quick to perceive that the great lady who took the trouble to open herself to him was not of a gossiping habit; that she must be, on the contrary, as a general thing, proudly, ironically, reserved, even to the point of passing, with many people, for a model of the unsatisfactory. It was very possible she was capricious; yet the fact that her present sympathies and curiosities might be a caprice wore, in Hyacinth's eyes, no sinister aspect. Why was it not a noble and interesting whim, and why might he not stand, for the hour at any rate, in the silvery moonshine it threw upon his path? It must be added that he was far from understanding everything she said, and some of her allusions and implications were so difficult to seize that they mainly served to reveal to him the limits of his own acquaintance with life. Her words evoked all sorts of shadowy suggestions of things he was condemned not to know, touching him most when he had not the key to them. This was especially the case with her reference to her career in Italy, on her husband's estates, and her relations with his family; who considered that they had done her a great honor in receiving her into their august circle (putting the best face on a bad business), after they had moved

heaven and earth to keep her out of it. The position made for her among these people, and what she had had to suffer from their family tone, their opinions and customs (though what these might be remained vague to her listener), had evidently planted in her soul a lasting resentment and contempt; and Hyacinth gathered that the force of reaction and revenge might carry her far, make her modern and democratic and heretical à outrance, lead her to swear by Darwin and Spencer and the revolutionary spirit. Our young man surely need not have been so sensible of the *lacunæ* in his comprehension of the Princess, when he could already surmise that personal passion had counted for so much in the formation of her views. This induction, however, which had no harshness, did not make her appear to him any the less a creature compounded of the finest elements; brilliant, delicate, complicated, but complicated with something divine. It was not until after he had left her that he became conscious she had forced him to talk, as well as talked herself. He drew a long breath as he reflected that he had not made quite such an ass of himself as might very well have happened; he had been saved by his enjoyment and admiration, which had not gone to his head and prompted him to show that he too, in his improbable little way, was remarkable, but had kept him in a state of anxious, delicious tension, as if the occasion had been a great solemnity. He had said, indeed, much more than he had warrant for, when she questioned him about his socialistic affiliations; he had spoken as if the movement were vast and complicated, whereas, in fact, so far, at least, as he was as yet concerned with it, and could answer for it from personal knowledge, it was circumscribed by the hideously papered walls of the little club room at the Sun and Moon. He reproached himself with this laxity, but it had not been engendered by vanity.

He was only afraid of disappointing his hostess too much; of making her say, "Why in the world, then, did you come to see me, if you have nothing more remarkable to relate?" — an inquiry to which, of course, he would have had an answer ready, if it had not been impossible to him to say that he had never asked to come; his coming was her own affair. He wanted too much to come a second time to have the courage to make that speech. Nevertheless, when she exclaimed, changing the subject, abruptly, as she always did, from something else they had been talking about, "I wonder whether I shall ever see you again!" he replied, with perfect sincerity, that it was very difficult for him to believe anything so delightful could be repeated. There were some kinds of happiness that to many people never came at all, and to others could come only once. He added, "It is very true I had just that feeling after I left you the other night at the theatre. And yet here I am!"

"Yes, there you are," said the Princess, thoughtfully, as if this might be a still graver and more embarrassing fact than she had yet supposed it. "I take it there is nothing essentially impossible in my seeing you again; but it may very well be that you will never again find it so pleasant. Perhaps that's the happiness that comes but once. At any rate, you know, I am going away."

"Oh yes, of course; every one leaves town," Hyacinth commented, sagaciously.

"Do you, Mr. Robinson?" asked the Princess.

"Well, I don't as a general thing. Nevertheless, it is possible that, this year, I may get two or three days at the seaside. I should like to take my old lady. I have done it before."

"And except for that you will be always at work?"

"Yes; but you must understand that I like my work. You must understand

that it's a great blessing for a young fellow like me to have it."

"And if you didn't have it, what would you do? Should you starve?"

"Oh, I don't think I should starve," the young man replied, judicially.

The Princess looked a little chagrined, but after a moment she remarked, "I wonder whether you would come to see me, in the country, somewhere."

"Oh, dear!" Hyacinth exclaimed, catching his breath. "You are so kind, I don't know what to do."

"Don't be *banal*, please. That's what other people are. What's the use of my looking for something fresh in other walks of life, if you are going to be *banal*, too? I ask you, would you come?"

Hyacinth hesitated a moment. "Yes, I think I would come. I don't know, at all, how I should do it — there would be several obstacles; but wherever you should call for me, I would come."

"You mean you can't leave your work, like that; you might lose it, if you did, and be in want of money and much embarrassed?"

"Yes, there would be little difficulties of that kind. You see that immediately, in practice, great obstacles come up, when it's a question of a person like you making friends with a person like me."

"That's the way I like you to talk," said the Princess, with a pitying gentleness that seemed to her visitor quite sacred. "After all, I don't know where I shall be. I have got to pay stupid visits, myself, where the only comfort will be that I shall make the people jump. Every one here thinks me exceedingly odd — as there is no doubt I am! I might be ever so much more so if you would only help me a little. Why should n't I have my bookbinder, after all? In attendance, you know, it would be awfully *chic*. We might have immense fun, don't you think so? No doubt it will come. At any rate, I shall return

to London when I have got through that *corvée*; I shall be here next year. In the mean time, don't forget me," she went on, rising to her feet. "Remember, on the contrary, that I expect you to take me into the slums — into very bad places." Why the idea of these scenes of misery should have lighted up her face is more than may be explained; but she smiled down at Hyacinth — who, even as he stood up, was of slightly smaller stature — with all her strange, radiant sweetness. Then, in a manner almost equally incongruous, she added a reference to what she had said a moment before: "I recognize, perfectly, the obstacles, in practice, as you call them; but though I am not, by nature, persevering, and am really very easily put off, I don't consider that they will prove insurmountable. They exist on my side as well, and if you will help me to overcome mine, I will do the same for you, with yours."

These words, repeating themselves again and again in Hyacinth's consciousness, appeared to give him wings, to help him to float and soar, as he turned that afternoon out of South Street. He had at home a copy of Tennyson's poems — a single, comprehensive volume, with a double column on the page, in a tolerably neat condition, though he had handled it much. He took it to pieces that same evening, and during the following week, in his hours of leisure, at home in his little room, with the tools he kept there for private use, and a morsel of delicate, blue-tinted Russia leather, of which he obtained possession at the place in Soho, he devoted himself to the task of binding the book as perfectly as he knew how. He worked with passion, with religion, and produced a masterpiece of firmness and finish, of which his own appreciation was as high as that of M. Poupin, when, at the end of the week, he exhibited the fruit of his toil, and much more freely expressed than that of old Crookenden, who grant-

ed approbation, but was always too long-headed to create precedents. Hyacinth carried the volume to South Street, as an offering to the Princess; hoping she would not yet have left London, in which case he would ask the servant to deliver it to her, along with a little note he had sat up all night to compose. But the majestic butler, in charge of the house, opening the door, yet looking down at him as if from a second-story window, took the life out of his vision, and erected himself as an impenetrable medium. The Princess had been absent for some days; the butler was so good as to inform the young man with the parcel that she was on a visit to a "juke," in a distant part of the country. He offered, however, to receive, and even to forward, anything Hyacinth might wish to leave; but our hero felt a sudden indisposition to launch his humble tribute into the vast, the possible cold, unknown of a ducal circle. He decided to retain his little package for the present; he would give it to her when he should see her again, and he turned away without parting with it. Later, it seemed to create a sort of material link between the Princess and himself, and at the end of three months it almost appeared to him, not that the exquisite book was an intended present from his own hand, but that it had been placed in that hand by the most remarkable woman in Europe. Rare sensations and impressions, moments of acute happiness, almost always, with Hyacinth, in retrospect, became rather mythic and legendary; and the superior piece of work he had done, after seeing her last, in the immediate heat of his emotion, turned into a kind of proof and gage, as if a ghost, in vanishing from sight, had left a palpable relic.

XVIII.

The matter concerned him only indirectly, but it may concern the reader

more closely to know that before the visit to the duke took place Madame Grandoni granted to Prince Casamassima the private interview she had promised him on that sad Sunday afternoon. She crept out of South Street after breakfast—a repast which under the Princess's roof was served at twelve o'clock, in the foreign fashion—crossed the sultry solitude into which, at such a season, that precinct resolves itself, and entered the Park, where the grass was already brown and a warm, smoky haze prevailed, a sort of summer edition of what was most characteristic in the London air. The Prince met her, by appointment, at the gate, and they went and sat down together under the trees beside the drive, amid a wilderness of empty chairs, and with nothing to distract their attention from an equestrian or two, left over from the cavalcades of a fortnight before, and whose vain agitation in the saddle the desolate scene seemed to throw into high relief. They remained there for nearly an hour, though Madame Grandoni, in spite of her leaning to friendly interpretations, could not have told herself what comfort it was to the depressed, embarrassed young man at her side. She had nothing to say to him which could better his case, as he bent his mournful gaze on a prospect which was not, after all, perceptibly improved by its not being Sunday, and could only feel that, with her, he must seem to himself to be nearer his wife—to be touching something she had touched. The old lady wished he would resign himself more, but she was willing to minister to that thin illusion, little as she approved of the manner in which he had conducted himself at the time of the last sharp crisis in the remarkable history of his relations with Christina. He had behaved like a spoiled child, with a bad little nature, in a rage; he had been fatally wanting in dignity and wisdom, and had given the Princess an advantage which she

took on the spot and would keep forever. He had acted without manly judgment, had put his uncles upon her (as if she cared for his uncles, though one of them was a powerful prelate), had been suspicious and jealous on exactly the wrong occasions — occasions on which such ideas were a gratuitous injury. He had not been clever enough or strong enough to make good his valid rights, and had transferred the whole quarrel to a ground where his wife was far too accomplished a woman not to obtain the appearance of victory.

There was another reflection that Madame Grandoni made, as her interview with her dejected friend prolonged itself. She could make it the more freely as, besides being naturally quick and appreciative, she had always, during her Roman career, in the dear old days (mingled with bitterness as they had been for her), lived with artists, archaeologists, ingenious strangers, people who abounded in good talk, threw out ideas and played with them. It came over her that, really, even if things had not come to that particular crisis, Christina's active, various, ironical mind, with all its audacities and impatiences, could not have tolerated for long the simple dullness of the Prince's company. The old lady had said to him, on meeting him, "Of course, what you want to know immediately is whether she has sent you a message. No, my poor friend, I must tell you the truth. I asked her for one, but she told me that she had nothing whatever, of any kind, to say to you. She knew I was coming out to see you. I have n't done so *en cachette*. She does n't like it, but she accepts the necessity, for this once, since you have made the mistake, as she considers it, of approaching her again. We talked about you, last night, after your note came to me — for five minutes: that is, I talked, and Christina was good enough to listen. At the end, she said this (what I shall tell you), with perfect

calmness, and the appearance of being the most reasonable woman in the world. She did n't ask me to repeat it to you, but I do so because it is the only substitute I can offer you for a message. 'I try to occupy my life, my mind, to create interests, in the odious position in which I find myself; I endeavor to get out of myself, my small personal disappointments and troubles, by the aid of such poor faculties as I possess. There are things in the world more interesting, after all, and I hope to succeed in giving my attention to them. It appears to me not too much to ask that the Prince, on his side, should make the same conscientious effort — and leave me alone!' Those were your wife's remarkable words; they are all I have to give you."

After she had given them Madame Grandoni felt a pang of regret; the Prince turned upon her a face so white, bewildered, and wounded. It had seemed to her that they might form a wholesome admonition, but it was now impressed upon her that, as coming from his wife, they were cruel, and she herself felt almost cruel for having repeated them. What they amounted to was an exquisite taunt of his mediocrity — a mediocrity which was, after all, not a crime. How could the Prince occupy himself, what interests could he create, and what faculties, gracious heaven, did he possess? He was as ignorant as a fish, and as narrow as his hat-band. His expression became pitiful; it was as if he dimly measured the insult, felt it more than saw it — felt that he could not plead incapacity without putting the Princess largely in the right. He gazed at Madame Grandoni, his face worked, and for a moment she thought he was going to burst into tears. But he said nothing — perhaps because he was afraid of that — so that suffering silence, during which she gently laid her hand upon his own, remained his only answer. He might, doubtless, do so much he did n't,

that when Christina touched upon this she was unanswerable. The old lady changed the subject: told him what a curious country England was, in so many ways; offered information as to their possible movements during the summer and autumn, which, within a day or two, had become slightly clearer. But at last, abruptly, as if he had not heard her, he inquired, appealingly, who the young man was who had come in the day he called, just as he was going.

Madame Grandoni hesitated a moment. "He was the Princess's bookbinder."

"Her bookbinder? Do you mean her lover?"

"Prince, how can you dream she will ever live with you again?" the old lady asked, in reply to this.

"Why, then, does she have him in her drawing-room — announced like an ambassador, carrying a hat in his hand like mine? Where were his books, his bindings? I should n't say this to her," the Prince added, as if the declaration justified him.

"I told you the other day that she is making studies of the people — the lower orders. The young man you saw is a study." Madame Grandoni could not help laughing out, as she gave her explanation this turn; but her mirth elicited no echo from her interlocutor.

"I have thought that over — over and over; but the more I think the less I understand. Would it be your idea that she is quite crazy? I must tell you I don't care if she is!"

"We are all quite crazy, I think," said Madame Grandoni; "but the Princess no more than the rest of us. No, she must try everything; at present she is trying democracy and socialism."

"*Santo Dio!*" murmured the young man. "And what do they say here when they see her bookbinder?"

"They have n't seen him, and perhaps they won't. But if they do, it won't matter, because here everything

is forgiven. That a person should be singular is all they want. A bookbinder will do as well as anything else."

The Prince mused a while, and then he said, "How can she bear the dirt, the bad smell?"

"I don't know what you are talking about. If you mean the young man you saw at the house (I may tell you, by the way, that it was only the first time he had been there, and that the Princess had only seen him once) — if you mean the little bookbinder, he is n't dirty, especially what we should call. The people of that kind, here, are not like our dear Romans. Every one has a sponge, as big as your head; you can see them in the shops."

"They are full of gin; their faces are purple," said the Prince; after which he immediately asked, "If she had only seen him once, how could he have come into her drawing-room that way?"

The old lady looked at him with a certain severity. "Believe, at least, what I say, my poor friend! Never forget that this was how you spoiled your affairs most of all — by treating a person (and such a person!) as if, as a matter of course, she lied. Christina has many faults, but she has n't that one; that's why I can live with her. She will speak the truth always."

It was plainly not agreeable to the Prince to be reminded so sharply of his greatest mistake, and he flushed a little as Madame Grandoni spoke. But he did not admit his error, and she doubted whether he even perceived it. At any rate, he remarked, rather grandly, like a man who has still a good deal to say for himself, "There are things it is better to conceal."

"It all depends on whether you are afraid. Christina never is. Oh, I admit that she is very strange, and when the entertainment of watching her, to see how she will carry out some of her inspirations, is not stronger than anything else, I lose all patience with her.

When she does n't fascinate she can only exasperate. But, as regards yourself, since you are here, and as I may not see you again for a long time, or perhaps ever (at my age — I'm a hundred and twenty!), I may as well give you the key of certain parts of your wife's conduct. It may make it seem to you a little less fantastic. At the bottom, then, of much that she does is the fact that she is ashamed of having married you."

"Less fantastic!" the young man repeated, staring.

"You may say that there can be nothing more eccentric than that. But you know — or, if not, it is n't for want of her having told you — that the Princess considers that in the darkest hour of her life she sold herself for a title and a fortune. She regards her doing so as such a horrible piece of frivolity that she can never, for the rest of her days, be serious enough to make up for it."

"Yes, I know that she pretends to have been forced. And does she think she's so serious now?"

"The young man you saw the other day thinks so," said the old woman, smiling. "Sometimes she calls it by another name: she says she has thrown herself with passion into being 'modern.' That sums up the greatest number of things that you and your family are not."

"Yes, we are not, thank God! *Dio mio, Dio mio!*" groaned the Prince. He seemed so exhausted by his reflections that he remained sitting in his chair after his companion, lifting her crumpled corpulence out of her own, had proposed that they should walk about a little. She had no ill-nature, but she had already noticed that whenever she was with Christina's husband the current of conversation made her, as she phrased it, bump against him. After administering these small shocks she always steered away, and now, the

Prince having at last got up and offered her his arm, she tried again to talk with him of things he could consider without bitterness. She asked him about the health and habits of his uncles, and he replied, for the moment, with the minuteness which he had been taught that in such a case courtesy demanded; but by the time that, at her request, they had returned to the gate nearest to South Street (she wished him to come no farther) he had prepared a question to which she had not opened the way.

"And who and what, then, is this English captain? About him there is a great deal said."

"This English captain?"

"Godfrey Gerald Cholto — you see I know a good deal about him," said the Prince, articulating the English names with difficulty.

They had stopped near the gate, on the edge of Park Lane, and a couple of predatory hansoms dashed at them from opposite quarters. "I thought that was coming, and at bottom it is he that has occupied you most!" Madame Grandoni exclaimed, with a sigh. "But in reality he is the last one you need trouble about; he does n't count."

"Why does n't he count?"

"I can't tell you — except that some people don't, you know. He does n't even think he does."

"Why not, when she receives him always — lets him go wherever she goes?"

"Perhaps that is just the reason. When people give her a chance to get tired of them she takes it rather easily. At any rate, you need n't be any more jealous of him than you are of me. He's a convenience, a *factotum*, but he works without wages."

"Is n't he, then, in love with her?"

"Naturally. He has, however, no hope."

"Ah, poor gentleman!" said the Prince, lugubriously.

"He accepts the situation better than

you. He occupies himself — as she has strongly recommended him, in my hearing, to do — with other women.”

“Oh, the brute!” the Prince exclaimed. “At all events, he sees her.”

“Yes, but she doesn’t see him!” laughed Madame Grandoni, as she turned away.

XIX.

The pink dressing-gown which Pinnie had engaged to make for Rose Muniment became, in Lomax Place, a conspicuous object, supplying poor Amanda with a constant theme for reference to one of the great occasions of her life — her visit to Belgrave Square with Lady Aurora, after their meeting at Rosy’s bedside. She described this episode, vividly, to her companion, repeating a thousand times that her ladyship’s affability was beyond anything she could have expected. The grandeur of the house in Belgrave Square figured in her recital as something oppressive and fabulous, tempered though it had been by shrouds of brown holiand and the nudity of staircases and saloons of which the trappings had been put away. “If it’s so noble when they’re out of town, what can it be when they are all there together and everything is out?” she inquired, suggestively; and she permitted herself to be restrictive only on two points, one of which was the state of Lady Aurora’s gloves and bonnet-strings. If she had not been afraid to appear to notice the disrepair of these objects, she would have been so happy to offer to do any little mending. “If she would only come to me every week or two, I would keep up her rank for her,” said Pinnie, with visions of a needle that positively flashed in the disinterested service of the aristocracy. She added that her ladyship got all dragged out with her long expeditions to Lambeth; she might be in tatters, for all they could do to help her, at the top of those dreadful

stairs, with that strange sick creature (she was too unnatural), thinking only of her own finery and talking about her complexion. If she wanted pink, she should have pink; but to Pinnie there was something almost unholy in it, like decking out a corpse, or the next thing to it. This was the other element that left Miss Pynsent cold; it could not be other than difficult for her to enter into the importance her ladyship appeared to attach to those pushing people. The girl was unfortunate, certainly, stuck up there like a kitten on a shelf, but in her ladyship’s place she would have found some topic more in keeping, while they walked about under those tremendous gilded ceilings. Lady Aurora, seeing how she was struck, showed her all over the house, carrying the lamp herself, and telling an old woman who was there — a kind of housekeeper, with ribbons in her cap, who would have pushed Pinnie out if you could push with your eyes — that they would do very well without her. If the pink dressing-gown, in its successive stages of development, filled up the little brown parlor (it was terribly long on the stocks), making such a pervasive rose-colored presence as had n’t been seen there for many a day, this was evidently because it was associated with Lady Aurora, not because it was dedicated to her humble friend.

One day, when Hyacinth came home from his work, Pinnie announced to him, as soon as he entered the room, that her ladyship had been there to look at it — to pass judgment before the last touches were conferred. The dressmaker intimated that in such a case as that her judgment was rather wild, and she had made an embarrassing suggestion about pockets. Whatever could poor Miss Muniment want of pockets, and what had she to put in them? But she had evidently found the garment far beyond anything she expected, and she had been more affable than ever, and had wanted to know about every one in

the Place; not in a meddling, prying way, either, like some of those upper-class visitors, but quite as if the poor people were the high ones, and she was afraid her curiosity might be "presumptuous." It was in the same discreet spirit that she had invited Amanda to relate her whole history, and had expressed an interest in the career of her young friend.

"She said you had charming manners," Miss Pynsent hastened to remark; "but, before heaven, Hyacinth Robinson, I never mentioned a scrap that it could give you pain that any one should talk about." There was an heroic explicitness in this, on Pinnie's part, for she knew in advance just how Hyacinth would look at her—fixedly, silently, hopelessly, as if she were still capable of tattling horribly (with the idea that her revelations would increase her importance), and putting forward this hollow theory of her supreme discretion to cover it up. His eyes seemed to say, "How can I believe you, and yet how can I prove you are lying? I am very helpless, for I can't prove that without applying to the person to whom your incorrigible folly has probably led you to brag, to throw out mysterious and tantalizing hints. You know, of course, that I would never condescend to that." Pinnie suffered, acutely, from this imputation; yet she exposed herself to it often, because she could never deny herself the pleasure, keener still than her pain, of letting Hyacinth know that he was appreciated, admired, and, for those "charming manners" commended by Lady Aurora, even wondered at; and this kind of interest always appeared to imply a suspicion of his secret—something which, when he expressed to himself the sense of it, he called, resenting it at once and yet finding a certain softness in it, "a beastly *attendrissement*." When Pinnie went on to say to him that Lady Aurora appeared to feel a certain surprise at his never yet having

come to Belgrave Square for the famous books, he reflected that he must really wait upon her without more delay, if he wished to keep up his reputation for charming manners; and meanwhile he considered much the extreme oddity of this new phase of his life (it had opened so suddenly, from one day to the other)—a phase in which his society should have become indispensable to ladies of high rank, and the obscurity of his condition only an attraction the more. They were taking him up, then, one after the other, and they were even taking up poor Pinnie, as a means of getting at him; so that he wondered, with humorous bitterness, whether it meant that his destiny was really seeking him out—that the aristocracy, recognizing a mysterious affinity (with that fluency of *flair* for which they were remarkable), were coming to him, to save him the trouble of coming to them.

It was late in the day (the beginning of an October evening), and Lady Aurora was at home. Hyacinth had made a mental calculation of the time at which she would have risen from dinner; the operation of "rising from dinner" having always been, in his imagination, for some reason or other, highly characteristic of the nobility. He was ignorant of the fact that Lady Aurora's principal meal consisted of a scrap of fish and a cup of tea, served on a little stand in the dismantled breakfast-parlor. The door was opened for Hyacinth by the insidious old lady whom Pinnie had described, and who listened to his inquiry, conducted him through the house, and ushered him into her ladyship's presence, without the smallest relaxation of a pair of tightly-closed lips. Hyacinth's hostess was seated in the little breakfast-parlor, by the light of a couple of candles, immersed, apparently, in a collection of tolerably crumpled papers and account-books. She was ciphering, consulting memoranda, taking notes; she had had her head in her hands, and

the silky entanglement of her tresses resisted the rapid effort she made to smooth herself down as she saw the little bookbinder come in. The impression of her fingers remained in little rosy streaks on her pink skin. She exclaimed, instantly, "Oh, you have come about the books — it's so very kind of you;" and she hurried him off to another room, to which, as she explained, she had had them brought down, for him to choose from. The effect of this precipitation was to make him suppose, at first, that she might wish him to execute his errand as quickly as possible and take himself off; but he presently perceived that her nervousness, her shyness, were of an order that would always give false ideas. She wanted him to stay, she wanted to talk with him, and she had rushed with him at the books in order to gain time and composure for exercising some subtler art. Hyacinth stayed half an hour, and became more and more convinced that her ladyship was, as he had ventured to pronounce her on the occasion of their last meeting, a regular saint. He was privately a little disappointed in the books, though he selected three or four, as many as he could carry, and promised to come back for others: they denoted, on Lady Aurora's part, a limited acquaintance with French literature and even a certain puerility of taste. There were several volumes of Lamartine and a set of the spurious memoirs of the Marquise de Créqui; but for the rest the little library consisted mainly of Marmontel and Madame de Genlis, the *Récit d'une Sœur* and the tales of M. Émile Souvestre. There were certain members of an intensely modern school, advanced and scientific realists, of whom Hyacinth had heard and on whom he had long desired to put his hand; but, evidently, none of them had ever stumbled into Lady Aurora's candid collection, though she did possess a couple of Balzac's novels, which, by ill-luck, happened to

be just those that Hyacinth had read again and again.

There was, nevertheless, something very agreeable to him in the moments he passed in the big, dim, cool, empty house, where, at intervals, monumental pieces of furniture — not crowded and miscellaneous, as he had seen the appurtenances of the Princess — loomed and gleamed, and Lady Aurora's fantastic intonations awakened echoes which gave him a sense of privilege, of rioting, decently, in the absence of jealous influences. She talked again about the poor people in the south of London, and about the Muniments in particular; evidently, the only fault she had to find with these latter was that they were not poor enough — not sufficiently exposed to dangers and privations against which she could step in. Hyacinth liked her for this, even though he wished she would talk of something else — he hardly knew what, unless it was that, like Rose Muniment, he wanted to hear more about Inglefield. He did n't mind, with the poor, going into questions of poverty — it even gave him at times a strange, savage satisfaction — but he saw that in discussing them with the rich the interest must inevitably be less; they could never treat them *à fond*. Their mistakes and illusions, their thinking they had got hold of the sensations of the destitute when they had n't at all, would always be more or less irritating. It came over Hyacinth that if he found this want of perspective in Lady Aurora's deep conscientiousness, it would be a queer enough business when he should come to go into the detail of such matters with the Princess Casamassima.

His present hostess said not a word to him about Pinnie, and he guessed that she had an instinctive desire to place him on the footing on which people do not express approbation or surprise at the decency or good-breeding of each other's relatives. He saw that she would always treat him as a gentleman,

and that even if he should be basely ungrateful she would never call his attention to the fact that she had done so. He should not have occasion to say to her, as he had said to the Princess, that she regarded him as a curious animal; and it gave him immediately that sense, always so delightful to him, of learning more about life, to perceive there were such different ways (which implied still a good many more) of being a lady of rank. The manner in which Lady Aurora appeared to wish to confer with him on the great problems of pauperism might have implied that he was a benevolent nobleman (Lord Shaftesbury in person), who had endowed many charities, and was noted, in philanthropic schemes, for his practical sense. It was not less present to him that Pinnie might have tattled, put forward his claims to high consanguinity, than it had been when the dressmaker herself descanted on her ladyship's condescensions; but he remembered now that he too had only just escaped being asinine, when, the other day, he flashed out an allusion to his accursed origin. At all events, he was much touched by the delicacy with which the daughter of the Inglesfield comported herself, simply assuming that he was "one of themselves;" and he reflected that if she did know his history (he was sure he might pass twenty years in her society without discovering whether she did or not), this shade of courtesy, this natural tact, coexisting even with extreme awkwardness, illustrated that "best breeding" which he had seen alluded to in novels portraying the aristocracy. The only remark on Lady Aurora's part that savored in the least of looking down at him from a height was when she said, cheerfully, encouragingly, "I suppose that one of these days you will be setting up in business for yourself;" and this was not so cruelly patronizing that he could not reply, with a smile equally free from any sort of impertinence, "Oh dear, no, I shall

never do that. I should make a great mess of any attempt to carry on a business. I have n't a particle of that kind of aptitude."

Lady Aurora looked a little surprised; then she said, "Oh, I see; you don't like—you don't like"—She hesitated: he saw she was going to say that he did n't like the idea of going in, to that extent, for a trade; but he stopped her in time from attributing to him a sentiment so foolish, and declared that what he meant was simply that the only faculty he possessed was the faculty of doing his little piece of work, whatever it was, of liking to do it skillfully and prettily, and of liking still better to get his money for it when it was done. His conception of "business," or of rising in the world, did n't go beyond that. "Oh, yes, I can fancy!" her ladyship exclaimed; but she looked at him a moment with eyes which showed that he puzzled her, that she did n't quite understand his tone. Before he went away she inquired of him, abruptly (nothing had led up to it), what he thought of Captain Sholto, whom she had seen, that other evening, in Audley Court. Did n't Hyacinth think he was very odd? Hyacinth confessed to this impression; whereupon Lady Aurora went on anxiously, eagerly: "Don't you consider that—that—he is decidedly vulgar?"

"How can I know?"

"You can know perfectly—as well as any one!" Then she added, "I think it's a pity they should—a—form relations with any one of that kind."

"They," of course, meant Paul Mument and his sister. "With a person that may be vulgar?" Hyacinth asked, regarding this solicitude as exquisite. "But think of the people they know—think of those they are surrounded with—think of all Audley Court!"

"The poor, the unhappy, the laboring classes? Oh, I don't call *them* vul-

gar!" cried her ladyship, with radiant eyes. The young man, lying awake a good deal that night, laughed to himself, on his pillow, not unkindly, at her fear that he and his friends would be contaminated by the familiar of a princess. He even wondered whether she would not find the Princess herself rather vulgar.

XX.

It must not be supposed that Hyacinth's relations with Millicent Henning had remained unaffected by the remarkable incident she had witnessed at the theatre. It had made a great impression on the young lady from Pimlico; he never saw her, for several weeks afterwards, that she had not an immense deal to say about it; and though it suited her to take the line of being shocked at the crudity of such proceedings, and of denouncing the Princess for a bold-faced foreigner, of a kind to which any one who knew anything of what could go on in London would give a wide berth, it was easy to see that she was pleased at being brought even into roundabout contact with a person so splendid, and at finding her own discriminating approval of Hyacinth confirmed in such high quarters. She professed to derive her warrant for her low opinion of the lady in the box from information given her by Captain Sholto as he sat beside her — information of which at different moments she gave a different version; her anecdotes having nothing in common, at least, save that they were alike unflattering to the Princess. Hyacinth had many doubts of the captain's pouring such confidences into Miss Henning's ear; under the circumstances it would be such a very unnatural thing for him to do. He *was* unnatural — that was true — and he might have told Millicent, who was capable of having plied him with questions, that his distinguished friend was separated from her

husband; but, for the rest, it was more probable that the girl had given the rein to a certain inventive faculty which she had already showed him she possessed, when it was a question of exercising her primitive, half-childish, half-plebeian impulse of destruction, the instinct of pulling down what was above her, the reckless energy that would, precisely, make her so effective in revolutionary scenes. Hyacinth (it has been mentioned) did not consider that Millicent was false, and it struck him as a proof of positive candor that she should make up absurd, abusive stories about a person concerning whom she knew nothing at all, save that she disliked her, and could not hope for esteem, or, indeed, for recognition of any kind, in return. When people were really false you did n't know where you stood with them, and on such a point as this Miss Henning could never be accused of leaving you in obscurity. She said little else about the captain, and did not pretend to repeat the remainder of his conversation; taking it with an air of grand indifference when Hyacinth amused himself with repaying her strictures on his new acquaintance by drawing a sufficiently derisive portrait of hers.

He took the ground that Sholto's admiration for the high-colored beauty in the second balcony had been at the bottom of the whole episode: he had persuaded the Princess to pretend she was a socialist, and should like, therefore, to confer with Hyacinth, in order that he might slip into the seat of this too easily deluded youth. At the same time, it never occurred to our young man to conceal the fact that the lady in the box had followed him up; he contented himself with saying that this had been no part of the original plot, but a simple result — not unnatural, after all — of his turning out so much more fascinating than one might have supposed. He narrated, with sportive variations, his visit in South Street, and felt that he would

never feel the need, with his childhood's friend, of glossing over that sort of experience. She might make him a scene of jealousy and welcome — there were things that would have much more terror for him than that; her jealousy, with its violence, its energy, even a certain inconsequent, dare-devil humor that played through it, entertained him, illustrated the frankness, the passion and pluck, that he admired her for. He should never be on the footing of sparing Miss Henning's susceptibilities; how fond she might really be of him he could not take upon himself to say, but her affection would never take the form of that sort of delicacy, and their intercourse was plainly foredoomed to be an exchange of thumps and concussions, of sarcastic shouts and mutual *défis*. He liked her, at bottom, strangely, absurdly; but after all it was only well enough to torment her — she could bear so much — not well enough to spare her. Of there being any justification of her jealousy of the Princess he never thought; it could not occur to him to weigh against each other the sentiments he might excite in such opposed bosoms, or those that the spectacle of either emotion might have kindled in his own. He had, no doubt, his share of fatuity, but he found himself unable to associate, mentally, a great lady and a shop-girl in a contest for a prize which should present analogies with his own personality. How could they have anything in common — even so small a thing as a desire to possess themselves of Hyacinth Robinson? A fact that he did not impart to Millicent, and that he could have no wish to impart to her, was the matter of his pilgrimage to Belgrave Square. He might be in love with the Princess (how could he qualify, as yet, the bewildered emotion she had produced in him?), and he certainly never would conceive a passion for poor Lady Aurora; yet it would have given him pain much greater than any he felt

in the other case, to hear the girl make free with the ministering angel of Audley Court. The difference was, perhaps, somehow in that she appeared really not to touch or arrive at the Princess at all; whereas Lady Aurora was within her compass.

After paying him that visit at his rooms Hyacinth lost sight of Captain Sholto, who had not again reappeared at the Sun and Moon, the little tavern in Bloomsbury which presented so common and casual a face to the world, and yet, in its unsuspected rear, offered a security as yet unimpugned to machinations going down to the very bottom of things. Nothing was more natural than that the captain should be engaged at this season in the recreations of his class; and our young man took for granted that if he were not hanging about the Princess, on that queer footing as to which he himself had a secret hope that he should some day have more light, he was probably ploughing through northern seas on a yacht or creeping after stags in the Highlands; our hero's acquaintance with the light literature of his country being such as to assure him that in one or other of these occupations people of leisure, during the autumn, were necessarily immersed. If the captain were giving his attention to neither, he must have started for Madagascar, or at least for Paris. Happy captain, Hyacinth reflected, while his imagination followed him through all kinds of vivid exotic episodes, and his restless young feet continued to tread, through the stale, flat weeks of September and October, the familiar pavements of Soho and Pentonville, and the shabby sinuous ways which unite these extensive districts. He had told the Princess that he sometimes had a holiday at this period, and that there was a chance of his escorting his respectable companion to the seaside; but as it turned out, at present, the spare cash for such an excursion

was wanting. Hyacinth had indeed, for the moment, an exceptionally keen sense of the absence of this article, and was forcibly reminded that it took a good deal of money to cultivate the society of agreeable women. He not only had not a penny, but he was much in debt, and the explanation of his pinched feeling was in a vague, half-remorseful, half-resigned reference to the numerous occasions when he had had to put his hand in his pocket under penalty of disappointing a young lady whose needs were positive, and, especially, to a certain high crisis (as it might prove to be) in his destiny, when it came over him that one could n't call on a princess just as one was. So, this year, he did not ask old Crookenden for the week which some of the other men took (Eustache Poupin, who had never quitted London since his arrival, launched himself, precisely that summer, supported by his brave wife, into the British unknown, on the strength of a return ticket to Worthing); simply because he would n't know what to do with it. The best way not to spend money, though it was no doubt not the best in the world to make it, was still to take one's daily course to the old familiar, shabby shop, where, as the days shortened and November thickened the air to a livid yellow, the uncovered flame of the gas, burning often from the morning on, lighted up the ugliness amid which the hand of practice endeavored to put together a little beauty — the ugliness of a dingy, belittered interior; of battered, dispapered walls; of work-tables stained and hacked; of windows opening into a foul, drizzling street; of the bared arms, the sordid waistcoat-backs, the smeared aprons, the personal odor, the patient, obstinate, irritating shoulders and vulgar, narrow, inevitable faces, of his fellow-laborers. Hyacinth's relations with his comrades would form a chapter by itself, but all that may be said of the matter here is that the

clever little journeyman from Lomax Place had a kind of double identity, and that much as he lived in Mr. Crookenden's establishment he lived out of it still more. In this busy, pasty, sticky, leathery little world, where wages and beer were the main objects of consideration, he played his part in a manner which caused him to be regarded as a queer lot, but capable of queerness in the line of good-nature too. He had not made good his place there without discovering that the British workman, when animated by the spirit of mirth, has rather a heavy hand, and he tasted of the practical joke in every degree of violence. During his first year he dreamed, with secret passion and suppressed tears, of a day of bliss when at last they would let him alone — a day which arrived in time, for it is always an advantage to be clever, if only one is clever enough. Hyacinth was sufficiently so to have invented a *modus vivendi* in respect to which M. Poupin said to him, "Enfin vous voilà ferme!" (the Frenchman himself, terribly *éprouvé* at the beginning, had always bristled with firmness and opposed to insular grossness a sonorous dignity), and under the influence of which the scenery of Soho figured as a daily, dusky phantasmagoria, relegated to the mechanical, passive part of experience, and giving no hostages to reality, or at least to ambition, save an insufficient number of shillings on Saturday night, and spasmodic reminiscences of delicate work that might have been more delicate still, as well as of certain applications of the tool which he flattered himself were unsurpassed, unless by the supreme Eustace.

One evening in November, after discharging himself of a considerable indebtedness to Pinnie, he had still a sovereign in his pocket — a sovereign which seemed to spin there at the opposed solicitation of a dozen exemplary uses. He had come out for a walk, with

a vague intention of pushing as far as Audley Court; and lurking within this nebulous design, on which the damp breath of the streets, making objects seem that night particularly dim and places particularly far, had blown a certain chill, was a sense that it would be rather nice to take something to Rose Muniment, who delighted in a sixpenny present, and to whom, for some time, he had not rendered any such homage. At last, after he had wandered a while, hesitating between the pilgrimage to Lambeth and the possibility of still associating his evening in some way or other with that of Miss Henning, he reflected that if a sovereign was to be pulled to pieces it was a simplification to get it changed. He had been traversing the region of Mayfair, partly with the preoccupation of a short cut, and partly from an instinct of self-defense; if one was in danger of spending one's money precipitately, it was so much gained to plunge into a quarter in which, at that hour especially, there were no shops for little bookbinders. Hyacinth's victory, however, was imperfect when it occurred to him to turn into a public house in order to convert his gold into convenient silver. When it was a question of entering these establishments he selected in preference the most decent; he never knew what unpleasant people he might find on the other side of the swinging door. Those which glitter, at intervals, amid the residential gloom of Mayfair partake of the general gentility of the neighborhood, so that Hyacinth was not surprised (he had passed into the compartment marked "private bar") to see but a single drinker leaning against the counter on which, with his request very civilly enunciated, he put down his sovereign. He was surprised, on the other hand, when, glancing up again, he became aware that this solitary drinker was Captain Godfrey Sholto.

"Why, my dear boy, what a remark-

able coincidence!" the captain exclaimed. "For once in five years that I come into a place like this!"

"I don't come in often myself. I thought you were at Madagascar," said Hyacinth.

"Ah, because I have not been at the Sun and Moon? Well, I have been constantly out of town, you know. And then — don't you see what I mean? — I want to be tremendously discreet. That's the way to get on, isn't it? But I dare say you don't believe in my discretion!" Sholto laughed. "What shall I do to make you understand? I say, have a brandy and soda," he continued, as if this might assist Hyacinth's comprehension. He seemed a trifle flurried, and, if it were possible to imagine such a thing of so independent and whimsical a personage, the least bit abashed or uneasy at having been found in such a low place. It was not any lower, after all, than the Sun and Moon. He was dressed on this occasion according to his station, without the pot-hat and the shabby jacket, and Hyacinth looked at him with a sense that a good tailor must really add a charm to life. Our hero was struck more than ever before with his being the type of man whom, as he strolled about, observing people, he had so often regarded with wonder and envy — the sort of man of whom one said to one's self that he was the "finest white," feeling that he had the world in his pocket. Sholto requested the bar-maid to please not dawdle in preparing the brandy and soda, which Hyacinth had thought to ease off the situation by accepting: this, indeed, was perhaps what the finest white would naturally do. And when the young man had taken the glass from the counter Sholto appeared to encourage him not to linger as he drank it, and smiled down at him very kindly and amusedly, as if the combination of a very small boozing binder and a big tumbler were sufficiently droll.

The captain took time, however, to ask Hyacinth how he had spent his autumn and what was the news in Bloomsbury; he further inquired about those delightful people over the river. "I can't tell you what an impression they made upon me — that evening, you know." After this he remarked to Hyacinth, suddenly, irrelevantly, "And so you are just going to stay on for the winter, quietly?" Our young man stared: he wondered what other project any one could attribute to him; he could not reflect, immediately, that this was the sort of thing the finest whites said to each other when they met, after their fashionable dispersals, and that his friend had only been guilty of a momentary inadvertence. In point of fact, the captain recovered himself: "Oh, of course you have got your work, and that sort of thing;" and, as Hyacinth did not succeed in swallowing at a gulp the contents of his big tumbler, he asked him presently whether he had heard anything from the Princess. Hyacinth replied that he could have no news except what the captain might be good enough to give him; but he added that he did go to see her just before she left town.

"Ah, you did go to see her? That's quite right — quite right."

"I went because she, very kindly, wrote to me to come."

"Ah, she wrote to you to come?" The captain fixed Hyacinth for a moment with his curious, colorless eyes. "Do you know you are a devilish privileged mortal?"

"Certainly, I know that." Hyacinth blushed and felt foolish; the bar-maid, who had heard this odd couple talking about a princess, was staring at him too, with her elbows on the counter.

"Do you know there are people who would give their heads that she should write to them to come?"

"I have no doubt of it whatever!" Hyacinth exclaimed, taking refuge in a laugh which did not sound as natural as

he would have liked, and wondering whether his interlocutor were not, precisely, one of these people. In this case the bar-maid might well stare; for deeply convinced as our young man might be that he was the son of Lord Frederick Purvis, there was really no end to the oddity of his being preferred — and by a princess — to Captain Sholto. If anything could have reinforced, at that moment, his sense of this anomaly, it would have been the indescribably gentlemanly way, implying all sorts of common imitations, in which his companion went on.

"Ah, well, I see you know how to take it! And if you are in correspondence with her, why do you say that you can hear from her only through me? My dear fellow, I am not in correspondence with her. You might think I would naturally be, but I am not." He added, as Hyacinth had laughed again, in a manner that might have passed for ambiguous, "So much the worse for me — is that what you mean?" Hyacinth replied that he himself had had the honor of hearing from the Princess only once, and he mentioned that she had told him that her letter-writing came only in fits, when it was sometimes very profuse; there were months together that she didn't touch a pen. "Oh, I can imagine what she told you!" the captain exclaimed. "Look out for the next fit! She is visiting about. It's a great thing to be in the same house with her — an immense comedy." He remarked that he had heard, now he remembered, that she either had taken, or was thinking of taking, a house in the country for a few months, and he added that if Hyacinth did n't propose to finish his brandy and soda they might as well turn out. Hyacinth's thirst had been very superficial, and as they turned out the captain observed, by way of explanation of his having been found in a public house (it was the only attempt of this kind he made), that any friend

of his would always know him by his love of curious, out-of-the-way nooks. "You must have noticed that," he said, — "my taste for exploration. If I had n't explored, I never should have known you, should I? That was rather a nice little girl in there; did you twig her figure? It's a pity they always have such beastly hands." Hyacinth, instinctively, had made a motion to go southward, but Sholto, passing a hand into his arm, led him the other way. The house they had quitted was near a corner, which they rounded, the captain pushing forward as if there were some reason for haste. His haste was checked, however, by an immediate collision with a young woman who, coming in the opposite direction, turned the angle as briskly as themselves. At this moment the captain gave Hyacinth a great jerk, but not before he had caught a glimpse of the young woman's face — it seemed to flash upon him out of the dusk — and given quick voice to his surprise.

"Hallo, Millicent!" This was the simple cry that escaped from his lips, while the captain, still going on, inquired, "What's the matter? Who's your pretty friend?" Hyacinth declined to go on, and repeated Miss Henning's baptismal name so loudly that the young woman, who had passed them without looking back, was obliged to stop. Then Hyacinth saw that he was not mistaken, though Millicent gave no audible response. She stood looking at him, with her head very high, and he approached her, disengaging himself from Sholto, who, however, hung back only an instant before joining them. Hyacinth's heart had suddenly begun to beat very fast; there was a sharp shock in the girl's turning up in just that place at that moment. Yet when she began to laugh, abruptly, with violence, and to ask him why he was looking at her as if she were a kicking horse, he recognized that there was nothing so very extraordinary, after all, in a casual meet-

ing between persons who were such frequenters of the London streets. Millicent had never concealed the fact that she "trotted about," on various errands, at night; and once, when he had said to her that the less a respectable young woman took the evening air alone the better for her respectability, she had asked how respectable he thought she pretended to be, and had remarked that if he would make her a present of a brougham, or even call for her three or four times a week in a cab, she would doubtless preserve more of the precious quality. She could turn the tables quickly enough, and she exclaimed, now, professing, on her own side, great astonishment —

"What are you prowling about here for? You're after no good, I'll be bound!"

"Good evening, Miss Henning; what a jolly meeting!" said the captain, removing his hat with a humorous flourish.

"Oh, how d'ye do?" Millicent returned, as if she did not immediately place him.

"Where were you going so fast? What are you doing?" asked Hyacinth, who had looked from one to the other.

"Well, I never did see such a manner — from one that knocks about like *you*!" cried Miss Henning. "I'm going to see a friend of mine who's a lady's maid in Curzon Street. Have you anything to say to that?"

"Don't tell us — don't tell us!" Sholto interposed, after she had spoken (she had not hesitated an instant). "I, at least, disavow the indiscretion. Where may not a charming woman be going when she trips with a light foot through the gathering dusk?"

"I say, what are you talking about?" the girl inquired, with dignity, of Hyacinth's companion. She spoke as if with a resentful suspicion that her foot was not light.

"On what errand of mercy, of secret tenderness?" the captain went on, laughing.

"Secret yourself!" cried Millicent. "Do you two always hunt in couples?"

"All right, we'll turn round and go with you as far as your friend's," Hyacinth said.

"All right," Millicent replied.

"All right," the captain added; and the three took their way together in the direction of Curzon Street. They walked for a few moments in silence, though the captain whistled, and then Millicent suddenly turned to Hyacinth:—

"You haven't told me where *you* were going, yet."

"We met in that public house," the captain said, "and we were each so ashamed of being found in such a place by the other that we tumbled out together, without much thinking what we should do with ourselves."

"When he's out with me he pretends he can't abide them houses," Miss Henning declared. "I wish I had looked in that one, to see who was there."

"Well, she's rather nice," the captain went on. "She told me her name was Georgiana."

"I went to get a piece of money changed," Hyacinth said, with a sense that there was a certain dishonesty in the air; glad that he, at least, could afford to speak the truth.

"To get your grandmother's night-cap changed! I recommend you to keep your money together—you've none too much of it!" Millicent exclaimed.

"Is that the reason you are playing me false?" Hyacinth flashed out. He had been thinking, with still intentness, as they walked; at once nursing and wrestling with a kindled suspicion. He was pale with the idea that he was being bamboozled; yet he was able to say to himself that one must allow, in life, for the element of coincidence, and that he might easily put himself immensely in the wrong by making a groundless charge. It was only later that he pieced his impressions together, and saw them

—as it appeared—justify each other; at present, as soon as he had uttered it, he was almost ashamed of his quick retort to Millicent's taunt. He ought, at least, to have waited to see what Curzon Street would bring forth.

The girl broke out upon him immediately, repeating, "False, false?" with high derision, and wanting to know whether that was the way to knock a lady about in public. She had stopped short on the edge of a crossing, and she went on, with a voice so uplifted that he was glad they were in a street that was rather empty at such an hour: "You're a pretty one to talk about falsity, when a woman has only to leer at you out of an opera-box!"

"Don't say anything about *her*," the young man interposed, trembling.

"And pray why not about 'her,' I should like to know? You don't pretend she's a decent woman, I suppose!" Millicent's laughter rang through the quiet neighborhood.

"My dear fellow, you know you *have* been to her," Captain Sholto remarked, smiling.

Hyacinth turned upon him, staring, at once challenged and baffled by his ambiguous part in an incident it was doubtless possible to magnify, but it was not possible to treat as perfectly simple. "Certainly, I have been to the Princess Casamassima, thanks to you. When you came and begged me, when you dragged me, do you make it a reproach? Who the devil are you, any way, and what do you want of me?" our hero cried, his mind flooded in a moment with everything in the captain that had puzzled him and eluded him. This swelling tide obliterated on the spot everything that had entertained and gratified him.

"My dear fellow, whatever I am, I am not an ass," this gentleman replied, with imperturbable good-humor. "I don't reproach you with anything. I only wanted to put in a word as a peace-

maker. My good friends — my good friends,” and he laid a hand, in his practiced way, on Hyacinth’s shoulder, while, with the other pressed to his heart, he bent on the girl a face of gallantry which had something paternal in it, “I am determined this absurd misunderstanding shall end as lovers’ quarrels ought always to end.”

Hyacinth withdrew himself from the captain’s touch, and said to Millicent, “You are not really jealous of — of any one. You pretend that, only to throw dust in my eyes.”

To this sally Miss Henning returned him an answer which promised to be lively, but the captain swept it away in the profusion of his protests. He pronounced them a dear, delightful, abominable young couple; he declared it was most interesting to see how, in people of their sort, the passions lay near the surface; he almost pushed them into each other’s arms; and he wound up by proposing that they should all terminate their little differences by proceeding together to the Pavilion music hall, the nearest place of entertainment in that neighborhood, leaving the lady’s maid in Curzon Street to dress her mistress’s wig in peace. He has been presented to the reader as an accomplished man, and it will doubtless be felt that the picture is justified when I relate that he placed this idea in so attractive a light that his companions finally entered a hansom with him, and rattled toward the haunt of pleasure, Hyacinth sandwiched, on the edge of the seat, between the others. Two or three times his ears burned; he felt that if there was an understanding between them they had now, behind him, a rare opportunity for carrying it out. If it was at his expense, the whole evening constituted for them, indeed, an opportunity, and this thought rendered his diversion but scantily absorbing, though at the Pavilion the captain engaged a private box and ordered ices to be brought in. Hyacinth

cared so little for his little pink pyramid that he suffered Millicent to consume it after she had disposed of her own. It was present to him, however, that if he should make a fool of himself the folly would be of a very gross kind, and this is why he withheld a question which rose to his lips repeatedly — a disposition to inquire of his entertainer why the mischief he had hurried him so out of the public house, if he had not been waiting there, preconcertedly, for Millicent. We know that in Hyacinth’s eyes one of this young lady’s compensatory merits had been that she was not deceitful, and he asked himself if a girl could change, that way, from one month to the other. This was optimistic, but, all the same, he reflected, before leaving the Pavilion, that he could see quite well what Lady Aurora meant by thinking Captain Sholto vulgar.

XXI.

Paul Muniment had fits of silence, while the others were talking; but on this occasion he had not opened his lips for half an hour. When he talked Hyacinth listened, almost holding his breath; and when he said nothing Hyacinth watched him fixedly, listening to the others only through the medium of his candid countenance. At the Sun and Moon Muniment paid very little attention to his young friend, doing nothing that should cause it to be perceived they were particular pals; and Hyacinth even thought, at moments, that he was bored or irritated by the serious manner in which the little bookbinder could not conceal from the world that he took him. He wondered whether this were a system, a calculated prudence, on Muniment’s part, or only a manifestation of that superior brutality, latent in his composition, which never had an intention of unkindness, but was naturally intolerant of palaver. There was plen-

ty of palaver at the Sun and Moon; there were nights when a blast of imbecility seemed to blow over the place, and one felt ashamed to be associated with so much insistent ignorance and panting vanity. Then every one, with two or three exceptions, made an ass of himself, thumping the table and repeating over some inane phrase which appeared for the hour to constitute the whole furniture of his mind. There were men who kept saying, "Them was my words in the month of February last, and what I say I stick to — what I say I stick to;" and others who perpetually inquired of the company, "And what the plague am I to do with seventeen shillings — with seventeen shillings? What am I to do with them — will ye tell me that?" an interrogation which, in truth, usually ended by eliciting a ribald reply. There were still others who remarked, to satiety, that if it was not done to-day it would have to be done to-morrow, and several who constantly proclaimed their opinion that the only way was to pull up the Park rails again — just to pluck them straight up. A little shoemaker, with red eyes and a grayish face, whose appearance Hyacinth deplored, scarcely ever expressed himself but in the same form of words: "Well, are we in earnest, or ain't we in earnest? — that's the thing *I* want to know." He was terribly in earnest himself, but this was almost the only way he had of showing it; and he had much in common (though they were always squabbling) with a large, red-faced man, of uncertain attributes and stertorous breathing, who was understood to know a good deal about dogs, had fat hands, and wore on his forefinger a big silver ring, containing some one's hair (Hyacinth believed it to be that of a terrier, snappish in life). He had always the same refrain: "Well, now, are we just starving, or ain't we just starving? I should like the v'ice of the company on that question."

When the tone fell as low as this Paul Muniment held his peace, except that he whistled a little, leaning back, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the table. Hyacinth often supposed him to be on the point of breaking out and letting the company know what he thought of them — he had a perfectly clear vision of what he must think: but Muniment never compromised his popularity to that degree; he judged it — this he once told Hyacinth — too valuable an instrument, and cultivated the faculty of patience, which had the advantage of showing one more and more that one must do one's thinking for one's self. His popularity, indeed, struck Hyacinth as rather an uncertain quantity, and the only mistake he had seen a symptom of on his friend's part was a tendency to overestimate it. Muniment thought many of their colleagues asinine, but it was Hyacinth's belief that he himself knew still better how asinine they were; and this inadequate conception supported, in some degree, on Paul's part, his theory of his influence — an influence that would be stronger than any other on the day he should choose to exert it. Hyacinth only wished that day would come; it would not be till then, he was sure, that they would all know where they were, and that the good they were striving for, blindly, obstructedly, in a kind of eternal dirty intellectual fog, would pass from the stage of crude discussion and mere sharp, tantalizing desirableness into that of irresistible reality. Muniment was listened to unanimously, when he spoke, and was much talked about, usually with a knowing, implicit allusiveness, when he was absent; it was generally admitted that he could see further than most. But it was suspected that he wanted to see further than was necessary; as one of the most inveterate frequenters of the club remarked one evening, if a man could see as far as he could chuck a brick, that was far enough.

There was an idea that he had nothing particular to complain of, personally, or that if he had he did n't complain of it — an attitude which perhaps contained the germs of a latent disaffection. Hyacinth could easily see that he himself was exposed to the same imputation, but he could n't help it; it would have been impossible to him to keep up his character for sincerity by revealing, at the Sun and Moon, the condition of his wardrobe, or announcing that he had not had a morsel of bacon for six months. There were members of the club who were apparently always in the enjoyment of involuntary leisure — narrating the vainest peregrinations in search of a job, the cruelest rebuffs, the most vivid anecdotes of the insolence of office. They made Hyacinth uncomfortably conscious, at times, that if *he* should be out of work it would be wholly by his own fault; that he had in his hand a bread-winning tool on which he might absolutely count. He was also aware, however, that his position in this little band of malcontents (it was little only if measured by the numbers that were gathered together on any one occasion; he liked to think it was large in its latent possibilities, its mysterious ramifications and affiliations) was peculiar and distinguished; it would be favorable if he had the kind of energy and assurance that would help him to make use of it. He had an intimate conviction — the proof of it was in the air, in the sensible facility of his footing at the Sun and Moon — that Eustache Poupin had taken upon himself to disseminate the anecdote of his origin, of his mother's disaster; in consequence of which, as the victim of social infamy, of heinous laws, it was conceded to him that he had a larger account to settle even than most. He was *ab ovo* a revolutionist, and that balanced against his smart neckties, a certain suspicious security that was perceived in him as to the *h* (he had had from his earliest years a

natural command of it), and the fact that he possessed the sort of hand on which there is always a premium — an accident somehow to be guarded against in a thorough-going system of equality. He never challenged Poupin on the subject, for he owed the Frenchman too much to reproach him with any officious step that was meant in kindness; and moreover, his fellow-laborer at old Crookenden's had said to him, as if to anticipate such an impugnement of his discretion, "Remember, my child, that I am incapable of drawing aside any veil that you may have preferred to drop over your lacerated personality. Your moral dignity will always be safe with me. But remember at the same time that among the disinherited there is a mystic language which dispenses with proofs — a freemasonry, a reciprocal divination; they understand each other with half a word." It was with half a word, then, in Bloomsbury, that Hyacinth had been understood; but there was a certain delicacy within him that forbade him to push his advantage, to treat implications of sympathy, none the less definite for being roundabout, as steps in the ladder of success. He had no wish to be a leader because his mother had murdered her lover and died in penal servitude: these circumstances recommended intentness, but they also suggested modesty. When the gathering at the Sun and Moon was at its best, and its temper seemed really an earnest of what was the basis of all its calculations — that the people was only a sleeping lion, already breathing shorter and beginning to stretch its limbs — at these hours, some of them thrilling enough, Hyacinth waited for the voice that should allot to him the particular part he was to play. His ambition was to play it with brilliancy, to offer an example — an example, even, that might survive him — of pure youthful, almost juvenile, consecration. He was conscious of no commission to give the

promises, to assume the responsibilities, of a redeemer, and he had no envy of the man on whom this burden should rest. Muniment, indeed, might carry it, and it was the first article of his faith that, to help him to carry it the better, he himself was ready for any sacrifice. Then it was — on these nights of intenser vibration — that Hyacinth waited for a sign.

They came oftener, this second winter, for the season was terribly hard; and as, in that lower world, one walked with one's ear nearer the ground, the deep perpetual groan of London misery seemed to swell and swell, and form the whole undertone of life. The filthy air came into the place in the damp coats of silent men, and hung there till it was brewed to a nauseous warmth, and ugly, serious faces squared themselves through it, and strong-smelling pipes, contributed their element in a fierce, dogged manner which appeared to say that it now had to stand for everything — for bread and meat and beer, for shoes and blankets and the poor things at the pawnbroker's and the smokeless chimney at home. Hyacinth's colleagues seemed to him wiser then, and more permeated with intentions boding ill to the satisfied classes; and though the note of popularity was still most effectively struck by the man who could demand oftenest, unpractically, "What the plague am I to do with seventeen shillings?" it was brought home to our hero on more than one occasion that revolution was ripe at last. This was especially the case on the evening I began by referring to, when Eustache Poupin squeezed in and announced, as if it were a great piece of news, that in the east of London, that night, there were forty thousand men out of work. He looked round the circle with his dilated foreign eye, as he took his place; he seemed to address the company individually as well as collectively, and to make each man respon-

sible for hearing him. He owed his position, at the Sun and Moon, to the brilliancy with which he represented the political exile, the magnanimous, immaculate citizen wrenched out of bed at dead of night, torn from his hearthstone, his loved ones, and his profession, and hurried across the frontier with only the coat on his back. Poupin had performed in this character now for many years, but he had never lost the bloom of the outraged proscrip, and the passionate pictures he had often drawn of the bitterness of exile were moving even to those who knew with what success he had set up his household gods in Lisson Grove. He was recognized as suffering everything for his opinions; and his hearers in Bloomsbury — who, after all, even in their most concentrated hours, were very good-natured — appeared never to have made the subtle reflection, though they made many others, that there was a want of tact in his calling upon them to sympathize with him for being one of themselves. He imposed himself by the eloquence of his assumption that if one were not in the beautiful France one was nowhere worth speaking of, and ended by producing an impression that that country had an almost supernatural charm. Muniment had once said to Hyacinth that he was sure Poupin would be very sorry if he should be enabled to go home again, for over there he could n't be a refugee; and however this might be, he certainly flourished a good deal in London on the basis of this very fact that he ought n't to be there.

"Why do you tell us that, as if it were so very striking? Don't we know it, and haven't we known it always? But you are right; we behave as if we knew nothing at all," said the German cabinet-maker, who had originally introduced Captain Sholto to the Sun and Moon. He had a long, unhealthy, benevolent face and greasy hair, and constantly wore a kind of untidy band-

age round his neck, as if for a local ailment. "You remind us—that is very well; but we shall forget it in half an hour. We are not serious."

"*Pardon, pardon*; for myself, I do not admit that!" Poupin replied, striking the table with his finger-tips several times, very fast. "If I am not serious, I am nothing."

"Oh no, you are something," said the German, smoking his monumental pipe with a contemplative air. "We are all something; but I am not sure it is anything very useful."

"Well, things would be worse without us. I'd rather be in here, in *this* kind of muck, than outside," remarked the fat man, who understood dogs.

"Certainly, it is very pleasant, especially if you have your beer; but not so pleasant in the east, where fifty thousand people starve. It is a very unpleasant night," the cabinet-maker went on.

"How can it be worse?" Eustache Poupin inquired, looking defiantly at the German, as if to make him responsible for the fat man's reflection. "It is so bad that the imagination recoils, refuses."

"Oh, we don't care for the imagination!" the fat man declared. "We want a compact body, in marching order."

"What do you call a compact body?" the little gray-faced shoemaker demanded. "I dare say you don't mean your kind of body."

"Well, I know what I mean," said the fat man, severely.

"That's a grand thing. Perhaps one of these days you'll tell us."

"You'll see it for yourself, perhaps, before that day comes," the gentleman with the silver ring rejoined. "Perhaps when you do, you'll remember."

"Well, you know, Schinkel says we don't," said the shoemaker, nodding at the cloud-compelling German.

"I don't care what no man says!"

the dog-fancier exclaimed, gazing straight before him.

"They say it's a bad year—the blockheads in the newspapers," Mr. Schinkel went on, addressing himself to the company at large. "They say that on purpose—to convey the impression that there are such things as good years. I ask the company, has any gentleman present ever happened to notice that article? The good year is yet to come: it might begin to-night, if we like; it all depends on our being able to be serious for a few hours. But that is too much to expect. Mr. Muniment is very serious; he looks as if he were waiting for the signal; but he does n't speak—he never speaks, if I want particularly to hear him. He only considers, very deeply, I am sure. But it is almost as bad to think without speaking as to speak without thinking."

Hyacinth always admired the cool, easy way in which Muniment comported himself when the attention of the public was directed towards him. These manifestations of curiosity, or of hostility, would have put him out immensely, himself. When a lot of people, especially the kind of people who were collected at the Sun and Moon, looked at him, or listened to him, at once, he always blushed and stammered, feeling that if he could n't have a million of spectators (which would have been inspiring) he should prefer to have but two or three; there was something very embarrassing in twenty.

Muniment smiled, for an instant, good-humoredly; then, after a moment's hesitation, looking across at the German, and the German only, as if his remark were worth noticing, but it did n't matter if the others did n't understand the reply, he said simply, "Hoffendahl's in London."

"Hoffendahl? Lieber Gott!" the cabinet-maker exclaimed, taking the pipe out of his mouth. And the two men exchanged a longish glance. Then Mr.

Schinkel remarked, "That surprises me *sehr*. Are you very sure?"

Muniment continued, for a moment, to look at him. "If I keep quiet for half an hour, with so many valuable suggestions flying all round me, you think I say too little. Then if I open my head to give out three words, you appear to think I say too much."

"Ah, no; on the contrary, I want you to say three more. If you tell me you have seen him I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"Upon my word, I should hope so! Do you think he's the kind of party a fellow says he has seen?"

"Yes, when he has n't!" said Eustache Poupin, who had been listening. Every one was listening now.

"It depends on the fellow he says it to. Not even here?" the German asked.

"Oh, here!" Paul Muniment exclaimed, in a peculiar tone, and resumed his muffled whistle again.

"Take care—take care; you will make me think you haven't!" cried Poupin, with his excited expression.

"That's just what I want," said Muniment.

"*Nun*, I understand," the cabinet-maker remarked, restoring his pipe to his lips after an interval almost as momentous as the stoppage of a steamer in mid-ocean.

"*Ere*, 'ere?" repeated the small shoemaker, indignantly. "I dare say it's as good as the place he came from. He might look in and see what he thinks of it."

"That's a place you might tell us a little about, now," the fat man suggested, as if he had been waiting for his chance.

Before the shoemaker had time to notice this challenge some one inquired, with a hoarse petulance, who the blazes they were talking about; and Mr. Schinkel took upon himself to reply that they were talking about a man who had n't

done what he had done by simply exchanging abstract ideas, however valuable, with his friends in a respectable pot-house.

"What the devil has he done, then?" some one else demanded; and Muniment replied, quietly, that he had spent twelve years in a Prussian prison, and was consequently still an object of a good deal of interest to the police.

"Well, if you call that very useful, I must say I prefer a pot-house!" cried the shoemaker, appealing to all the company, and looking, as it appeared to Hyacinth, particularly hideous.

"*Doch, doch*, it is useful," the German remarked, philosophically, among his yellow clouds.

"Do you mean to say you are not prepared for that, yourself?" Muniment inquired of the shoemaker.

"Prepared for that? I thought we were going to smash that sort of shop altogether; I thought that was the main part of the job."

"They will smash best, those who have been inside," the German declared; "unless, perhaps, they are broken, enervated. But Hoffendahl is not enervated."

"Ah, no; no smashing, no smashing," Muniment went on. "We want to keep them standing, and even to build a few more; but the difference will be that we shall put the correct sort in."

"I take your idea—that Griffin is one of the correct sort," the fat man remarked, indicating the shoemaker.

"I thought we was going to 'ave their 'eads—all that bloomin' lot!" Mr. Griffin declared, protesting; while Eustache Poupin began to enlighten the company as to the great Hoffendahl, one of the purest martyrs of their cause, a man who had been through everything—who had been scarred and branded, tortured, almost flayed, and had never given them the names they wanted to have. Was it possible they did n't remember that great combined attempt,

early in the fifties, which took place in four Continental cities at once, and which, in spite of every effort to smother it up — there had been editors and journalists transported even for hinting at it — had done more for the social question than anything before or since? “Through him being served in the manner you describe?” some one asked, with plainness; to which Poupin replied that it was one of those failures that are more glorious than any success. Muniment said that the affair had been only a flash in the pan, but that the great value of it was this — that whereas some forty persons (and of both sexes) had been engaged in it, only one had been seized and had suffered. It had been Hoffendahl himself who was bagged. Certainly he had suffered much, he had suffered for every one; but from that point of view — that of the economy of material — the thing had been a rare success.

“Do you know what I call the others? I call ’em bloody sneaks!” the fat man cried; and Eustache Poupin, turning to Muniment, expressed the hope that he did n’t really approve of such a solution — did n’t consider that an economy of heroism was an advantage to any cause. He himself esteemed Hoffendahl’s attempt because it had shaken, more than it had been shaken since the French Revolution, the rotten fabric of the actual social order, and because that very fact of the impunity, the invisibility, of the persons concerned in it had given the predatory classes, had given all Europe, a shudder that had not yet subsided; but for his part, he must regret that some of the associates of the devoted victim had not come forward and insisted on sharing with him his tortures and his captivity.

“C’aurait été d’un bel exemple!” said the Frenchman, with an impressive moderation of statement which made even those who could not understand him see that he was saying something fine; while the cabinet-maker remarked

that in Hoffendahl’s place any of them would have stood out just the same. He did n’t care if they set it down to self-love (Mr. Schinkel called it “loaf”), but he might say that he himself would have done so if he had been trusted and had been seized.

“I want to have it all drawn up clear first; then I’ll go in,” said the fat man, who seemed to think it was expected of him to be reassuring.

“Well, who the dickens is to draw it up, eh? That’s what we happen to be talking about,” returned his antagonist the shoemaker.

“A fine example, old man? Is that your idea of a fine example?” Muniment, with his amused face, asked of Poupin. “A fine example of asininity! Are there capable people, in such plenty, about the place?”

“Capable of greatness of soul, I grant you not.”

“Your greatness of soul is usually greatness of blundering. A man’s foremost duty is not to get bagged. If you want to show you’re solid, that’s the way.”

At this Hyacinth suddenly felt himself moved to speak. “But some one must be caught, always, must he not? Has n’t some one always been?”

“Oh, I dare say you’ll be, if you like it!” Muniment replied, without looking at him. “If they succeed in potting you, do as Hoffendahl did, and do it as a matter of course; but if they don’t, make it your supreme duty, make it your religion, to lie close and keep yourself for another go. The world is full of unclean beasts whom I shall be glad to see shoveled away by the thousand; but when it’s a question of honest men and men of courage, I protest against the idea that two should be sacrificed where one will serve.”

“Trop d’arithmétique — trop d’arithmétique! That is fearfully English!” Poupin cried.

“No doubt, no doubt; what else

should it be? You shall never share my fate, if I have a fate, and I can prevent it!" said Muniment, laughing.

Eustache Poupin stared at him and his merriment, as if he thought the English frivolous as well as calculating; then he rejoined, "If I suffer, I trust it may be for suffering humanity, but I trust it may also be for France."

"Oh, I hope you ain't going to suffer any more for France," said Mr. Griffin. "Has n't it done that insatiable old country of yours some good, by this time, all you've had to put up with?"

"Well, I want to know what Hoffendahl has come over for; it's very kind of him, I'm sure. What is he going to do for us? — that's what I want to know," remarked in a loud, argumentative tone a personage at the end of the table most distant from Muniment's place. His name was Delancey, and he gave himself out as holding a position in a manufactory of soda-water; but Hyacinth had a secret belief that he was really a hairdresser — a belief connected with a high, lustrous curl, or crest, which he wore on the summit of his large head, and the manner in which he thrust over his ear, as if it were a barber's comb, the pencil with which he was careful to take notes of the discussions carried on at the Sun and Moon. His opinions were distinct and frequently expressed; he had a watery (Muniment had once called it a soda-watery) eye, and a personal aversion to a lord. He desired to change everything except religion, of which he approved.

Muniment answered that he was unable to say, as yet, what the German revolutionist had come to England for, but that he hoped to be able to give some information on the matter the next time they should meet. It was very certain Hoffendahl had n't come for nothing, and he would undertake to declare that they would all feel, within a short time, that he had given a lift to the cause they were interested in. He had had a great

experience, and they might very well find it useful to consult. If there was a way for them, then and there, he was sure to know the way. "I quite agree with the majority of you — as I take it to be," Muniment went on, with his fresh, cheerful, reasonable manner — "I quite agree with you that the time has come to settle upon it and to follow it. I quite agree with you that the actual state of things is" — he paused a moment, and then went on in the same pleasant tone — "is hellish."

These remarks were received with a differing demonstration: some of the company declaring that if the Dutchman cared to come round and smoke a pipe they would be glad to see him — perhaps he'd show where the thumb-screws had been put on; others being strongly of the opinion that they did n't want any more advice — they had already had advice enough to turn a donkey's stomach. What they wanted was to put forth their might without any more palaver; to do something, or for some one; to go out somewhere and smash something, on the spot — why not? — that very night. While they sat there and talked, there were about half a million of people in London that did n't know where the h — the morrow's meal was to come from; what they wanted to do, unless they were just a collection of abominable wind-bags, was to show them where to get it, to take it to them with heaped-up hands. Hyacinth listened, with a divided attention, to interlaced iterations, while the talk blew hot and cold; there was a genuine emotion, to-night, in the rear of the Sun and Moon, and he felt the contagion of excited purpose. But he was following a train of his own; he was wondering what Muniment had in reserve (for he was sure he was only playing with the company), and his imagination, quickened by the sense of impending relations with the heroic Hoffendahl and the discussion as to the alternative duty of es-

caping or of facing one's fate, had launched itself into possible perils — into the idea of how he might, in a given case, settle for himself that question of paying for the lot. The loud, contradictory, vain, unpractical babble went on about him, but he was definitely conscious only that the project of breaking into the bakers' shops was well before the assembly, and was receiving a vigorous treatment, and that there was likewise a good deal of reference to the butchers and grocers, and even to the fishmongers. He was in a state of inward exaltation; he was seized by an intense desire to stand face to face with the sublime Hoffendahl, to hear his voice, to touch his mutilated hand. He was ready for anything: he knew that he himself was safe to breakfast and dine, poorly but sufficiently, and that his colleagues were perhaps even more crude and clumsy than usual; but a breath of popular passion had passed over him, and he seemed to see, immensely magnified, the monstrosity of the great ulcers and sores of London — the sick, eternal misery crying, in the darkness, in vain, confronted with granaries and treasure-houses and places of delight, where shameless satiety kept guard. In such a mood as this Hyacinth felt that there was no need to consider, to reason: the facts themselves were as imperative as the cry of the drowning; for while pedantry gained time, did n't starvation rage? He knew that Muniment disapproved of delay, that he held the day had come for a forcible rectification of horrible inequalities. In the last conversation they had had together, his chemical friend had given him a more definite warrant than he had ever done before for numbering him in the party of immediate action, though indeed he remarked, on this occasion, once more, that that particular formula which the little bookbinder appeared to have taken such a fancy to was mere gibberish. He hated that sort of little pretentious label; it was fit only for

politicians. None the less, he had been as plain as possible on the point that their game must be now to frighten society, and frighten it effectually; to make it believe that the swindled classes were at last fairly in league — had really grasped the idea that, closely combined, they would be irresistible. They were not in league, and they had n't in their totality grasped any idea at all. Muniment was not slow to make that equally plain. All the same, society was scareable, and every great scare was a gain for the people. If Hyacinth had needed warrant to-night for a faith that transcended logic, he would have found it in his recollection of this quiet profession; but his friend's words came back to him mainly to make him wonder what that friend had in his head just now. He took no part in the violence of the talk; he had called Schinkel to come round and sit beside him, and the two appeared to confer together in comfortable absorption, while the brown atmosphere grew denser, the passing to and fro of fire-brands more lively, and the flush of faces more portentous. What Hyacinth would have liked to know most of all was why Muniment had not mentioned to him, first, that Hoffendahl was in London, and that he had seen him; for he *had* seen him, though he had dodged Schinkel's question — of that Hyacinth instantly felt sure. He would ask for more information later; and meanwhile he wished, without resentment, but with a certain helpless, patient longing, that Muniment would treat him with a little more confidence. If there were a secret in regard to Hoffendahl (and there evidently was: Muniment, quite rightly, though he had dropped the announcement of his arrival, for a certain effect, had no notion of sharing the rest of what he knew with that raw roomful), if there was something to be silent and devoted about, Hyacinth ardently hoped that to him a chance would be given to show how he could practice

this superiority. He felt hot and nervous; he got up suddenly, and, through the dark, tortuous, greasy passage which communicated with the outer world, he went forth into the street. The air was foul and sleety, but it refreshed him, and he stood in front of the public house and smoked another pipe. Bedraggled figures passed in and out, and a damp, tattered, wretched man, with a spongy, purple face, who had been thrust, suddenly, across the threshold, stood and whimpered in the brutal blaze of the row of lamps. The puddles glittered roundabout, and the silent vista of the street, bordered with low black houses, stretched away, in the wintry drizzle, to right and left, losing itself in the huge tragic city, where unmeasured misery lurked beneath the dirty night, ominously, monstrously, still, only howling, in its pain, in the heated human cockpit behind him. Ah, what could he do? What opportunity would rise? The blundering, divided counsels he had been listening to only made the helplessness of every one concerned more abject. If he had a definite wish while he stood there, it was that that exalted, deluded company should pour itself forth, with Muniment at its head, and surge through the sleeping city, gathering the myriad miserable out of their slums and burrows, and roll into the selfish squares, and lift a tremendous hungry voice, and awaken the gorged indifferent to a terror that would bring them down. Hyacinth lingered a quarter of an hour, but this grand spectacle gave no sign of coming off, and he finally returned to the noisy club-room, in a state of tormented wonder as to what better idea than this very bad one (which seemed to our young man to have at the least the merit that it *was* an idea) Muniment could be revolving in that too comprehensive brain of his.

As he reëntered the place he saw that the meeting was breaking up in disorder, or at all events in confusion, and

that, certainly, no organized attempt at the rescue of the proletariat would take place that night. All the men were on their feet and were turning away, amid a shuffling of benches and chairs, a hunching of shaggy shoulders, a frugal lowering of superfluous gas, and a varied vivacity of disgust and resignation. The moment after Hyacinth came in, Mr. Delancey, the supposititious hairdresser, jumped upon a chair at the far end of the room, and shrieked out an accusation which made every one stop and stare at him:—

“Well, I want you all to know what strikes me, before we part company. There is n’t a man in the blessed lot that is n’t afraid of his bloody skin—afraid, afraid, afraid! I’ll go anywhere with any one, but there is n’t another, by G—, by what I can make out! There is n’t a mother’s son of you that’ll risk his precious bones!”

This little oration affected Hyacinth like a quick blow in the face; it seemed to leap at him personally, as if a three-legged stool, or some hideous hob-nailed boot, had been shied at him. The room surged round, heaving up and down, while he was conscious of a loud explosion of laughter and scorn; of cries of “Order, order!” of some clear word of Muniment’s, “I say, Delancey, just step down;” of Eustache Poupin shouting out, “Vous insultez le peuple—vous insultez le peuple!” of other retorts, not remarkable for refinement. The next moment Hyacinth found that he had sprung up on a chair, opposite to the barber, and that at the sight of so rare a phenomenon the commotion had suddenly checked itself. It was the first time he had asked the ear of the company, and it was given on the spot. He was sure he looked very white, and it was even possible they could see him tremble. He could only hope that this did n’t make him ridiculous when he said, “I don’t think it’s right of him to say that. There are others, besides him.

At all events, I want to speak for myself: it may do some good; I can't help it. I'm not afraid; I'm very sure I'm not. I'm ready to do anything that will do any good; anything, anything—I don't care a rap. In such a cause I should like the idea of danger. I don't consider my bones precious in the least, compared with some other things. If one is sure one is n't afraid, and one is accused, why should n't one say so?"

It appeared to Hyacinth that he was talking a long time, and when it was over he scarcely knew what happened. He felt himself, in a moment, down almost under the feet of the other men; stamped upon with intentions of applause, of familiarity; laughed over and jeered over, and hustled and poked in the ribs. He felt himself also pressed to the bosom of Eustache Poupin, who apparently was sobbing, while he heard some say, "Did ye hear the little beggar, as bold as a lion?" A trial of personal prowess between him and Mr. Delancey was proposed, but somehow it did n't take place, and at the end of five minutes the club-room emptied itself, not, evidently, to be reconstituted, outside, in a revolutionary procession. Paul Muniment had taken hold of Hyacinth, and said, "I'll trouble you to stay, you little desperado. I'll be blowed if I ever expected to see *you* on the stump!" Muniment remained, and M. Poupin and Mr. Schinkel lingered in their overcoats, beneath a dim, surviving gasburner, in the unventilated medium in which, at each renewed gathering, the Bloomsbury club seemed to recognize itself.

"Upon my word, I believe you're game," said Muniment, looking down at him with a serious face.

"Of course you think it's swagger, 'self-loaf,' as Schinkel says. But it is n't." Then Hyacinth asked, "In God's name, why don't we do something?"

"Ah, my child, to whom do you say it?" Eustache Poupin exclaimed, folding his arms despairingly.

"Whom do you mean by 'we'?" said Muniment.

"All the lot of us. There are plenty of them ready."

"Ready for what? There is nothing to be done here."

Hyacinth stared. "Then why the deuce do you come?"

"I dare say I sha'n't come much more. This is a place you've always overestimated."

"I wonder if I've overestimated you," Hyacinth murmured, gazing at his friend.

"Don't say that—he is going to introduce us to Hoffendahl!" Schinkel exclaimed, putting away his pipe in a receptacle almost as large as a fiddle-case.

"Should you like to see the genuine article, Robinson?" Muniment asked, with the same unusual absence of jocosity in his tone.

"The genuine article?" Hyacinth looked from one of his companions to the other.

"You have never seen it yet—though you think you have."

"And why have n't you shown it to me before?"

"Because I had never seen you on the stump." This time Muniment smiled.

"Bother the stump! I was trusting you."

"Exactly so. That gave me time."

"Don't come unless your mind is made up, *mon petit*," said Poupin.

"Are you going now—to see Hoffendahl?" Hyacinth cried.

"Don't shout it all over the place. He wants a genteel little customer like you," Muniment went on.

"Is it true? Are we all going?" Hyacinth demanded, eagerly.

"Yes, these two are in it; they are not very artful, but they are safe," said Muniment, looking at Poupin and Schinkel.

"Are *you* the genuine article, Muni-

ment?" asked Hyacinth, catching this look.

Muniment dropped his eyes on him ; then he said, "Yes, you 're the boy he wants. It's at the other end of London ; we must have a growler."

"Be calm, my child ; *un voici !*" and Eustache Poupin led Hyacinth out.

They all walked away from the Sun and Moon, and it was not for some five minutes that they encountered the four-wheeled cab which deepened so the solemnity of their expedition. After they were seated in it, Hyacinth learned that

Hoffendahl was in London but for three days, was liable to hurry away on the morrow, and was accustomed to receive visits at all kinds of queer hours. It was getting to be midnight ; the drive seemed interminable, to Hyacinth's impatience and curiosity. He sat next to Muniment, who passed his arm round him, as if by way of tacit expression of appreciation. They all ended by sitting silent, as the cab jogged along murky miles, and by the time it stopped Hyacinth had wholly lost, in the drizzling gloom, a sense of their whereabouts.

Henry James.

THE HOMESTEAD.

AGAINST the wooded hills it stands,
Ghost of a dead home, staring through
Its broken lights on wasted lands
Where old-time harvests grew.

Unploughed, unsown, by scythe unshorn,
The poor, forsaken farm-fields lie,
Once rich and rife with golden corn
And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,
The garden plot no housewife keeps ;
Through weeds and tangle only left,
The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A lilac spray, once blossom-clad,
Sways bare before the empty rooms ;
Beside the roofless porch a sad,
Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track, in mould and dust of drouth,
On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,
And in the fireless chimney's mouth
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn, about to fall,
Resounds no more on husking eves ;
No cattle low in yard or stall,
No thresher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear! It seems almost
Some haunting Presence makes its sign;
That down yon shadowy lane some ghost
Might drive his spectral kine!

O home so desolate and lorn!
Did all thy memories die with thee?
Were any wed, were any born,
Beneath this low roof-tree?

Whose axe the wall of forest broke,
And let the waiting sunshine through?
What good-wife sent the earliest smoke
Up the great chimney flue?

Did rustic lovers hither come?
Did maidens, swaying back and forth
In rhythmic grace, at wheel and loom,
Make light their toil with mirth?

Did child feet patter on the stair?
Did boyhood frolic in the snow?
Did gray age, in her elbow chair,
Knit, rocking to and fro?

The murmuring brook, the sighing breeze,
The pine's slow whisper, cannot tell;
Low mounds beneath the hemlock-trees
Keep the home secrets well.

Cease, mother-land, to fondly boast
Of sons far off who strive and thrive,
Forgetful that each swarming host
Must leave an emptier hive!

O wanderers from ancestral soil,
Leave noisome mill and chaffering store;
Gird up your loins for sturdier toil,
And build the home once more!

Come back to bayberry-scented slopes,
And fragrant fern, and ground-mat vine;
Breathe airs blown over holt and copse
Sweet with black birch and pine.

What matter if the gains are small
That life's essential wants supply?
Your homestead's title gives you all
That idle wealth can buy.

All that the many-dollared crave,
 The brick-walled slaves of Change and mart,
 Lawns, trees, fresh air, and flowers, you have,
 More dear for lack of art.

Your own sole masters, freedom-willed,
 With none to bid you go or stay,
 Till the old fields your fathers tilled,
 As manly men as they!

With skill that spares your toiling hands,
 And chemic aid that science brings,
 Reclaim the waste and outworn lands,
 And reign thereon as kings!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

It is but a short time since the people of this country and of England each assumed as an axiom that their own form of government was the most perfect that human ingenuity could devise; while the political writers of each nation received the same doctrine very much like a proposition in geometry, — a thing to be proved, it is true, but a matter of which there could be no doubt, and which needed only a formal demonstration to be readily accepted by every one. All this is so recent that it is not a little surprising to-day to hear criticisms upon the form of their own governments by natives of many of the free countries of Europe and America. The sign is encouraging, because the complaints do not come from persons who wish to change the nature of their governments, making them more or less popular, but arise from a conviction that the government in its actual form does not work as well as it should. The most common grievance is that the legislature is unable to accomplish the work it ought to do. We hear suggestions from England that the rules of the houses of Parliament might be changed to advantage; from

France and from Canada that the system of a responsible ministry is the cause of most of their misfortunes; and for this country the same system of a responsible ministry is recommended as a panacea for all our ills. Now the government by a responsible ministry has many unquestionable advantages. It has a great tendency to interest and instruct the people; it conduces to intelligent and systematic legislation; it turns a flood of light upon every corner of the administration; and if the object of government is to divide the people into two political parties, and to give rapid and unlimited effect to the opinions of the majority, no better political system has ever, perhaps, been suggested, — provided, indeed, that the people themselves have no deep-rooted prejudices, founded on religion, on race, or on historical association, to impede their progress.

But in the United States the object of government is looked upon in a very different light from this. It is here considered of the first importance to protect the individual, to prevent the majority from oppressing the minority, and, except within certain definite limits,

to give effect to the wishes of the people only after such solemn formalities have been complied with as to make it clear that the popular feeling is not caused by temporary excitement, but is the result of a mature and lasting opinion; and this is done, in the words of the Constitution of Massachusetts, "to the end it may be a government of laws, and not of men," or, as we should put it to-day, a government of law, and not of popular impulse. The result is a complicated and unwieldy form of government; a division of powers into legislative, executive, and judicial; a subdivision of the legislative power between two houses and a president or governor; and in most of the States a distribution of the executive power among a large number of officers who are virtually independent of each other. These divisions of power are also accompanied by cross-divisions separating the powers given to the federal government from those reserved to the several States; but the feature of the American system which shows in the most striking manner the attachment of our people to the fundamental principles of law is to be found in the power of the courts to disregard an act of the legislature when it violates those rights which have been protected by the Constitution. The notion that legislative power could never infringe private rights was, indeed, carried so far at one time that certain judges assumed an authority to hold a statute invalid if it was repugnant to the common principles of justice and civil liberty, even if it did not conflict with any provision of the Constitution.¹ It is needless to say that such a doctrine is not law, but the fact that it could be proclaimed from the bench is significant as an indication of popular feeling.

It is not my intention, in this article, to discuss the relative merits of the

English and American forms of government, but merely to attempt to show that a responsible ministry cannot be grafted into our institutions without entirely changing their nature, and destroying those features of our government which we have been in the habit of contemplating with the most pride.

The essential characteristic of a parliamentary government consists in the fact that the ministry (a body comprising all those members of the executive department on whom the policy of the administration depends) can remain in office only so long as it receives the support of the legislature. The members of the ministry have seats in the legislature, and they are expected to superintend its work, and to prepare such bills as they think ought to be enacted. But it is not for the performance of these duties alone that they are responsible. They are liable to be turned out of office if the legislature disapprove of their conduct in matters purely administrative. The late Gladstone ministry, for example, was no less responsible to the House of Commons for sending Lord Wolseley up the Nile than it was for introducing the Franchise Bill, and a vote censuring its policy in the Soudan campaign would have caused its resignation no less certainly than a defeat on the question of extending the suffrage. The legislature is made familiar with the policy of the ministry in legislative matters by the bills it introduces, but it can also obtain as much information about matters of administration as it desires by means of questions addressed to the ministers. It is evident, therefore, that the supervision which the legislature exercises over the details of administration is limited only by the temper of the legislature itself, or, in fact, by the intelligence, energy, and strength of the opposition. The legislature has complete power of control over all matters, both legislative and executive, but so long as the ministry retains the support of the legislature all

¹ See cases collected in Cooley on Constitutional Limitations, * 164, *et seq.*

the powers of government are virtually entrusted to its care. In the words of Bagehot, the cabinet "is a board of control chosen by the legislature, out of persons whom it trusts and knows, to rule the nation;" and this, in the opinion of John Stuart Mill, is the most perfect form of government.

Now let us suppose such a system to be introduced into the United States, and let us try to discover what effect it would produce upon our institutions. I shall, however, confine the inquiry to the federal government, for the results in the States would be very similar.

The first matter to be considered is the position the President would occupy if an amendment to the Constitution were to provide that the executive officers should be responsible to Congress; and let us suppose, to begin with, that the President himself is given a seat in one of the houses. If, in such a case, the President were a man of sufficient ability and force of character, he might become the leader of Congress, and he would then occupy a position essentially the same as that of the premier in England. He would be, in fact, his own prime minister. This was the situation of M. Thiers when President of the French republic, for he refused to allow his advisers to form a ministry, and held himself personally responsible for the acts of his government. But no matter how great a leader the President might be, such a state of things could last only so long as Congress continued to be of his own party. The moment a Congress of the opposite party was elected he would be obliged either to resign, or to give up all exercise of power, and surrender the government into the hands of some one who could obtain the support of Congress; because, by the very definition of a responsible ministry, no one can continue at the head of the administration whose policy has been condemned by the legislature. Experience, indeed, shows us how rarely it

would happen that the President elected by the people would be able personally to lead the Congress. If he were not able to do this, the real leader of Congress and head of the government would be some other member of the administration; and in that case the President would have no more actual power than if he had no seat in Congress, and were not a part of the ministry at all.

But, in fact, no one proposes that the President shall be a responsible prime minister, or have a seat in Congress. The advocates of a parliamentary government go no further than to propose that the advisers of the President shall have seats in Congress, and that they alone shall be responsible to it for their actions. Under such a system the President would remain in office for the four years of his term, in any event, while the cabinet officers would retain their places only so long as Congress was willing to allow them to do so. The President would then be obliged to select his Cabinet from among the leaders of Congress, for otherwise the administration would be without strength, and in danger of being upset whenever the men who really led the Congress should conclude that they wanted cabinet positions for themselves. Now it is evident that cabinet officers, who know that they cannot be dismissed without the consent of Congress, and who are at the same time the leaders of Congress and able to control its actions, will find it very easy to carry out their own policy of administration without much regard to the wishes of the President. They are called upon, moreover, to explain and defend before Congress the policy of the government, and they cannot do this unless that policy is really their own. They would make but a sorry piece of work in defending the acts of the President unless they really approved of those acts, and were willing to assume complete responsibility for them. They clearly could not shield themselves by

pleading the orders of the President, because his orders would not be binding on Congress, and such a defense would not prevent Congress from turning the Cabinet out, and insisting on a ministry which would fulfill its wishes. Of course the responsibility of the Cabinet to Congress would not make the President a figure-head at once. George III. exercised an immense influence over the House of Commons long after the principle of a responsible ministry had become a part of the British Constitution, and in a less degree we should see the same thing here. The tradition of the President's authority would probably enable him to influence politics for a long time, but as Congress became more and more conscious of its power it would follow more and more closely the acts of the administration. It would gradually force the cabinet officers to be strictly responsible to itself, and finally it would concentrate all powers, both legislative and executive, in its own hands. So long as Congress and the President were of the same political party the process would probably go on slowly; but it is clear that if a Congress of a party hostile to the President were elected he would immediately lose all control of the administration, which would pass into the hands of his political opponents. Mr. Bagehot, while discussing the separation of the legislative and executive powers in this country, and the exclusion of our cabinet officers from seats in Congress, remarks, "And, to the effectual maintenance of such a separation, the exclusion of the President's ministers from the legislature is essential. If they are not excluded, they become the executive, they eclipse the President himself. A legislative chamber is greedy and covetous; it acquires as much, it concedes as little, as possible. The passions of its members are its rulers; the law-making faculty, the most comprehensive of imperial faculties, is its instrument; it will *take* the administration,

if it can take it. Tried by their own aims, the founders of the United States were wise in excluding the ministers from Congress." In those countries in which a parliamentary government has been introduced, the nominal head of the administration has lost all political power, and this must, in the nature of things, always take place. Germany, it is true, presents a striking exception to this rule, for there, by means of the vast personal force of Prince Bismarck, the emperor has been enabled to keep a strong hold on the reins of government; but no one can suppose that Bismarck himself would have been able to treat the Congress of the United States as he has treated the German Reichstag, and even in Germany he has done no more than put off the day he so much dreads, because it will not be possible for his successors to follow in his footsteps in this matter.

After considering the position the President would occupy if we had a responsible ministry, we are naturally led to inquire what changes such a system of government would produce upon Congress. That body is now composed of two branches, each of which has not only a constitutional right to refuse to enact laws proposed by the other, but has no hesitation in actually exercising its authority. Mr. Bagehot, a strong advocate of parliamentary government, considers such a state of things exceedingly pernicious, while, on the other hand, the publicists of the last century and most Americans at the present day assert that it is very important, if not absolutely necessary, as a check upon popular impulse. Let us inquire whether the existence of two really independent houses of Congress is possible in a parliamentary government. The Cabinet is to be responsible. Responsible to whom? To the two houses of Congress. This is all very well so long as the houses are of one mind; but what will happen when they disagree? Suppose, for example,

that the House of Representatives should continue to support the Cabinet while the Senate opposed it, and that the Cabinet refused to resign. The Senate would then have but two courses open to it: either to hamper the policy of the administration in every possible way, and attempt to force the hands of the Cabinet and the House, or to submit; and if it should submit, it would fall in prestige, and gradually lose all voice in the control of the administration. When, in such a case, the majorities of the House of Representatives and of the Senate do not belong to radically different parties, a compromise may be arranged, it is true: but if this arrangement is really a compromise, and not a virtual surrender on the part of one of the houses, the Cabinet will be weak and its policy negative; or should it happen that the Cabinet is vigorous and composed of able men, it will play off each of the houses against the other, and be in reality responsible to neither of them. A ministry cannot be responsible to two chambers. In the long run it must depend upon the support of the stronger one alone, and disregard the action of the weaker. And this becomes more clear when we consider that one of the most important duties of a responsible ministry is to explain and defend its policy in the chambers. But the ministry cannot really defend its policy in both chambers, for the debates that take place in one cannot be repeated in the other, nor will a part of the debates take place in one and a part in the other. All the important discussions will tend to occur in the chamber which shows the most power, and the chamber in which the debates take place will have the most attraction for men of talent and ambition; and so the stronger chamber will grow stronger, and the weaker will become weaker, until all authority is centred in the former. Mr. Bagehot's description of the position of the House of Lords must in time apply to

the second chamber in any country, where the principal chamber is not so torn by factions as to be unable to maintain a definite policy of its own. "Since the Reform Act," he says, "the House of Lords has become a revising and suspending House. It can alter Bills; it can reject Bills on which the House of Commons is not yet thoroughly in earnest — upon which the nation is not yet determined. Their veto is a sort of hypothetical veto."

The French Senate appears to be an exception, for it has a very considerable amount of power, and it sometimes happens that it is not afraid to defeat the policy of the Chamber of Deputies. The most extraordinary example of this occurred in 1883, when the premier, M. Duclerk, resigned, because he could not approve of a bill for the expulsion of the Orleans Princes, which was supported by a majority of the committee of the Chamber of Deputies and by most of the members of his own cabinet. M. Fallières formed a ministry, and the bill was immediately passed by the Chamber of Deputies; two weeks later, however, it was defeated in the Senate, and M. Fallières resigned. M. Ferry succeeded him, and managed to deprive the Princes of their commands in the army under the provisions of an existing statute, but the Chamber of Deputies made no attempt to insist upon its policy of expulsion. Thus within three weeks two prime ministers were wrecked by the same bill: the first by the Chamber of Deputies which supported the bill, and the second by the Senate which refused to pass it. Now this was possible only because the majority of the Chamber of Deputies, although agreed upon the bill in question, was not sufficiently united to be really in earnest in the support of the ministry. The Chamber is, in fact, so split up into factions that a compact majority is impossible, and a committee system unsuited to a parliamentary government

tends to increase the difficulty, so that every ministry is the result of a sort of coalition. The Chamber tolerates, but never supports, the ministers; and this is the cause not only of the weakness of the ministries and their uncertain hold of office, but also of the power which the Senate has been able to retain.

In a parliamentary government the power of dissolving the legislature is almost essential to the smooth working of the system, because a minister who feels that the people are on his side when he loses the support of the house cannot be made properly responsible to the latter. The ministry looks to the house for support, but in order that the system may work well both must feel that their policy is in harmony with the will of the people, because the people are the final judges of the policy of the government, and an election, whether it takes place upon a sudden dissolution or at the expiration of a fixed time, is an appeal to their judgment. Now in regard to the two branches of Congress, there can be no doubt which one would overshadow the other and become the centre of power. Every two years, according to the Constitution, the entire House of Representatives is elected, and there assembles at Washington a new House in sympathy with the opinions of the people: if, therefore, we had a responsible ministry, the people, in electing the House, would pass judgment biennially upon the acts of the ministry. But only one third of the Senate is renewed within the same period. The Senate, therefore, is never a very accurate index of the opinions of its constituents, and a reëlection of a third of the Senators could hardly be looked upon as a verdict upon the acts of a responsible ministry; and even if the Cabinet were given power to dissolve entirely both branches of Congress, the two houses would not stand upon an equality, because the election of the House of Representatives would indicate the opinion of the people, while

the new Senate would represent only the States; and there can be no question that the will of the people, and not that of the States, would be the decisive matter. The Senate, indeed, represents the people indirectly; but while the House represents the present wishes of the people, the Senate may be said to represent its more deep-rooted and lasting opinions. It is partly to this quality that the Senate owes its power and its usefulness. In a parliamentary government, however, an appeal to the people means an appeal to the present opinion of the people, for it can mean nothing else. The elections to the House of Representatives would be the answer to this appeal, and it is the House, therefore, which would be clothed with the power of the people.

I shall now boldly assume that I have convinced the reader that all I have said is true, and I shall lay it down as a foundation for further discussion that, if a responsible ministry were introduced into our government, the House of Representatives would acquire the powers of the House of Commons; that the Senate would occupy a position similar to that of the House of Lords; and that the President would be reduced to such a condition that, except for the absence of a pedigree and of crown jewels, he might well bear the dreaded name of King. I wish now to inquire what effect such a state of things would have upon the relations of the state and federal governments. In discussing the government of the United States, Mr. Bagehot remarks, "After saying that the division of the legislative and executive in presidential governments weakens the legislative power, it may seem a contradiction to say that it also weakens the executive power. But it is not a contradiction. The division weakens the whole aggregate force of government — the entire imperial power; and therefore it weakens both halves." The converse of this is also true. The union of

the legislative and executive departments would increase the aggregate force of the federal government, — would increase its power to accomplish its purposes; and would, therefore, enable it with much greater ease to encroach on the authority of the States if it should desire to do so. Now it is almost an axiom in political science that the powerful always hunger for more power, and that the ability of one body to encroach upon the authority of another is the father of a desire to do so. But this is not all. It is claimed by those who advocate a parliamentary government for this country that such a government would increase the interest of the people in national affairs; and this in itself is a very good thing, but it must not be forgotten that a concentration of popular interest means a concentration of popular power. If the people become excited over a federal issue beyond a certain point, if they learn to look upon it as a matter of paramount importance, they will endeavor to give effect to their opinions with all the power that they possess, without much regard for the theoretical rights of the States. We saw an example of this at the time of the civil war. It is indeed a proof of the strength of our Constitution that the war did not

produce a far greater concentration than we have witnessed, and that the system has so nearly recovered its equilibrium; but in spite of its strength the Constitution would not stand many strains of such violence. Now, of course I do not mean to assert that under a responsible ministry the popular excitement would at all compare with what it was at the time of the civil war; but I do mean to say that national questions would constantly assume an importance in the eyes of the people which would entirely overshadow local interests, and that a responsible ministry, armed with the power of public opinion, would bring to bear upon the States a steady pressure which they would be unable to resist. It has been said that the United States is still in its feudal period, and to a certain extent the metaphor is appropriate; because, just as the feudal barons in the Middle Ages presented points of physical resistance to the centralizing ambition of the king, so to-day the States present points of moral resistance to the centralizing tendency of our national government. They form centres for the organization of local opinion, and rallying points for those who are in a minority on federal questions.¹

We have not yet considered the effect

¹ It is also to be remembered that the smaller the community which exercises political power the larger will the individual be in proportion to that community. A member of a small community will find it comparatively easy, therefore, to assert his rights, and the community will find it difficult to trample upon them.

M. Bontmy, in comparing the governments of France, England, and the United States, imputes the absolutism of the French to the absence of great public corporations. His remarks are so much in point here that I venture to quote them at some length (*Droit Constitutionnel*, page 239 *et seq.*): "En France, il n'y a pas depuis 1789 d'autre être collectif animé d'une vie puissante que la nation, conçue dans sa totalité indivisible. Au sein de la nation il n'y a de constant que l'individu. . . . La souveraineté sera théoriquement la volonté de tous les citoyens, et pratiquement elle se confondra avec la volonté de la majorité numérique. . . . Il n'y a pas de point d'appui en dehors de la majorité, il n'y en a donc pas contre elle pour une résistance ou une dissidence qui dure. . . .

On a vu qu'en France l'équation politique ne comprend que deux termes : l'individu et l'État, un infiniment petit et un infiniment grand. . . . L'égoïsme étroit de chaque citoyen fait seul face à l'intérêt indivisible et supérieur de la nation. . . . Les droits de l'individu, premier thème de la constitution, source reconnue de tout pouvoir légitime, pâlisent trop souvent pendant cette seconde phase et s'effacent devant cette idéal usurpateur. L'intempérance législative et réglementaire du Parlement et des pouvoirs publics, l'existence et l'activité exagérée d'une *justice administrative* où l'État figure comme juge et partie, sont les deux faits qui accusent le plus sûrement ce penchant à subordonner et à humilier l'intérêt ou les libertés privées, et à fonder le despotisme consciencieux de l'intérêt public. L'Angleterre, et, dans la sphère fédérale, les États-Unis, ont moins souffert que nous du premier de ces maux; ils ont échappé au second.

"Ces deux pays ont dû en effet à l'importance et au prestige des grandes personnes morales qui ont précédé et créé leurs constitutions, de ne pas con-

of a responsible ministry upon the most vital part of our government, the part on which the whole system hinges, and that is the authority of the courts to refuse to treat as law a statute which violates the provisions of the Constitution. It is this which marks the limits of the different powers in the government, which prevents gradual and unobserved encroachments, and makes it possible to maintain a system of divided sovereignty. To European statesmen this power of our courts is a standing wonder, but to the American it is the obvious and natural result of a written constitution. It is, in fact, the logical consequence of a limited form of government. Suppose, for example, that a legislature is invested with only a limited authority; any act outside that limit is unauthorized, *ultra vires*, as the lawyers would say, — that is, beyond the powers of the legislature, — and has no force. Every one may disregard it, for it is entirely invalid, and clearly the courts cannot give it any effect.¹ Inasmuch as the legislature represents the people, and in the States, at least, the very same people who establish the Constitution, it may seem strange that they should limit the power of their own representatives; but it is precisely because the people alone are the unquestioned source of all government in this country that they are willing to limit their own power. The most astonishing thing to foreign statesmen, however, is not that the people should profess to limit their own power, for this has been done in European constitutions, but that they should keep to those limits, and allow the courts to disregard the acts of their representatives when they overstep them. In the United

naitre jusqu'à présent cette antithèse heurtée de l'État et de l'individu, cette oscillation sans arrêt intermédiaire, qui relève et fait dominer alternativement les droits de l'un et la haute mission de l'autre. Un autre problème a retenu dans une région moyenne l'attention des constituants et les a empêchés de glisser sur la pente vers ces deux questions extrêmes, c'est celui d'une balance à établir entre des puissances préexistantes."

States, on the other hand, all this is so much a matter of every-day occurrence that we are in the habit of looking upon a constitution as possessing a sort of intrinsic strength, and maintaining itself *proprio vigore*. The illusion is beautiful, and justified in our own case by experience, for it is founded on the respect which our citizens feel for the law, and especially for those fundamental principles which are embodied in their constitutions. But in reality a constitution can retain its force only so long as the people care for it more than they care to effect any immediate object. Every government is bottomed on force; or, at least, its existence depends upon the consent of those who have power to change it, and in a purely democratic nation the form of the government depends upon the consent of the majority. When the majority make up their minds that they would rather amend the constitution than fail to effect some desired object, it becomes certain that the constitution will be amended, and if this happens often the fate of the constitution is sealed. The Constitution of the United States depends, therefore, upon the fact that the people, with rare exceptions, care more about that Constitution than about any present issue; and the courts are supported in holding a statute unconstitutional because the people cling to the fundamental principles of law represented by the court with more affection than they feel for the statute which the court decides to be invalid.

Now some one will, perhaps, concede that all this may be very true, but ask how a responsible ministry affects the matter. It affects it vitally, because,

He adds later that this is ceasing to be true of England. It is only fair to say that M. Boutmy considers the absolutism of France to be a higher form of civilization than the decentralization of the United States.

¹ In *The Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1884, Mr. Brooks Adams has made a very interesting study of the historical development of this idea.

as I have attempted to show, a responsible ministry involves the fusion of the legislative and executive branches of the government, and the concentration of all political power in the hands of the direct representatives of the people; and this, accompanied by the increased excitement over national issues and the decay in the political power and importance of the States, would accustom us to seeing rapid and unlimited effect given to the opinions of the majority. The people would soon learn to chafe at the delays and obstructions of our constitutional methods, and lose the habit of restraining themselves for the sake of an ideal; while the majority would naturally consider every political issue as of paramount importance, and feel that the solution of a pressing question ought not to be endangered for the sake of any theoretical principles, or in order to preserve the forms of a paper constitution. The courts, too, would find themselves in a very different position. Instead of standing between the different branches of government among which political authority is divided, and limiting the power of one for the benefit of another, they would have the full force of government on one side, and nothing to support them on the other. At present the more important questions of constitutional law before the court usually involve the authority of the nation as against the States, or the rights of the States as against the nation, or the power of one department of the government as against another; and even when the court holds an act unconstitutional on the ground that it violates one of those provisions which are established solely for the protection of individuals, it does not set aside the act of the people, but only the act of a body which but partially represents the people, and exercises only a very small part of the popular sovereignty. But under a parliamentary government a court which should venture to declare a stat-

ute unconstitutional would be brought face to face with the people themselves.

In a speech at Edinburgh, two or three years ago, Lord Salisbury is reported to have said that he did not often envy the Americans anything, but that there was one institution which he did envy them, and which he should like to see adopted in England, and that was a court possessing power to declare a statute unconstitutional. No doubt the Tory leader would have been pleased with any institution which would check the legislation of the Liberals, but in this instance he was unfortunate, because he desired an impossibility. Apart from the fact that the one principle of the English Constitution is the omnipotence of Parliament, and that the court would find no ground to build its decisions upon, no court in England could possibly have power to hold acts of Parliament invalid, because Parliament is, in effect, a meeting of the people acting through their representatives. Complete sovereignty resides, therefore, in Parliament, and to oppose the will of that body is to oppose the will of the people. But the American Congress has not complete sovereignty, nor has any department of the government, state or federal, nor, indeed, have all of them acting together. Congress has no authority to declare the will of the people, except within the limits prescribed by the Constitution; for the Constitution itself is the final expression of the popular will, and is binding upon every officer of the government as the supreme law of the land. I am not speaking of the Constitution from a legal standpoint alone. I am speaking of it as it is regarded by the people themselves; for if this view of the matter were entertained only by the lawyers, no court which assumed power to set aside an act of Congress would be tolerated for a moment. The power of our court, then, to pass judgment upon the validity of statutes depends upon the fact that

the voice of Congress is not the voice of the people: but if a parliamentary form of government were to be introduced into this country, Congress, like the British Parliament, would acquire authority to declare the will of the people, and then no court could long withstand its power.

I have, so far, only attempted to consider the probable consequences of making cabinet officers responsible to Congress, and to prove that, under such a change of methods, our government would centralize strongly, at the expense of the authority and independence of the States, and that in time the national House of Representatives would draw unlimited political power into its own hands. But a recent writer on the subject claims that, in the absence of a responsible ministry, these results have already taken place, and this article would be incomplete without a review of the facts on which he bases his opinion.

In his book on Congressional Government Mr. Wilson uses a line of argument very different from the one commonly in vogue with those who advocate a parliamentary government for this country. He says nothing, in fact, inconsistent with what I have described as the probable consequences of ministerial responsibility in this country, but, on the contrary, after the manner of Bagehot's essay on the English Constitution, he attempts to show that the actual form of our government is already radically different from the plan that our forefathers designed, and from the descriptions to be found in our political literature. He claims that the supposed checks and balances of the system have failed; that the President has ceased to be an obstacle to the power of Congress; and that the States are no longer able to resist the encroachments of the federal government. Of the power of the Senate, curiously enough, he says but little, although he devotes a chapter to this body; but he certainly gives the reader the impres-

sion that he considers all real power centred in the committees of the House of Representatives. All this is the more surprising, because one of the complaints of Congress which we most commonly hear is that the House of Representatives has brought itself into such a condition that it is unable to legislate. Of the judiciary, after explaining that the courts do not and cannot put any effective restraint upon the actions of Congress, Mr. Wilson says, "This balance of judiciary against legislature and executive would seem, therefore, to be another of those ideal balances which are to be found in the books, rather than in the rough realities of actual practice;" and later he adds, "For all practical purposes the national government is supreme over the state governments, and Congress is supreme over its so-called coördinate branches. Whereas Congress at first overshadowed neither President nor federal judiciary, it now on occasion rules both with easy mastery and a high hand." On these facts he founds the argument that if our theoretical division of powers has miscarried in practice, and if our government has already become centralized, we had better adopt that form of centralized government which will work the best; we had better establish a responsible ministry. The argument is logically sound, and the conclusion follows properly enough, if the premises are admitted; but these I cannot agree with, and I wish to consider them in the brief space which this article will allow.

Our government has undoubtedly centralized since the beginning of the century; for the greater facility of communication between the different parts of the Union, the formation of vast corporations comprising several States in the scope of their operations, and the consequent industrial development of the country make demands upon the federal government for the exercise of powers which were far less important

eighty years ago. There exists unquestionably a tendency to centralization, which all citizens who care for the Constitution should watch with a jealous eye; but it is a tendency very easy to exaggerate, and not yet developed to such an extent as to impair the political power and independence of the States. The war and the reconstruction which followed it necessarily produced for a time a great increase in the power of the national government. A part of this increase of power has been rendered permanent by the adoption of the recent amendments to the Constitution, while the decision of the Supreme Court in the legal tender cases has assured to Congress the possession of another part; and for the rest, it is difficult to shake off habits of political thought once acquired; but for the last ten years the federal government has been playing a constantly decreasing part in the internal affairs of the Southern States, and he must be blind to the signs of the times who does not perceive the tendency to leave to these States the management of their domestic interests. The Supreme Court, moreover, in the civil rights cases has struck a heavy blow at the parental policy of Congress, by denying to it the right to interfere directly with the social condition of the citizens of the States, and limiting its authority to counteracting and redressing the effects of the action of the state authorities. Mr. Wilson cites as an illustration of the growth in the power of the federal government the enormous increase in the number of federal officials; and so long as offices are made a reward for party service, this standing army of placemen adds dangerously to the political power of the United States; but when we obtain the complete reform of the civil service, for which every citizen ought to hope, the mere number of federal office-holders will in itself be little or no source of power to the national government. Mr. Wilson also men-

tions the practice of spending federal money to make internal improvements, and undoubtedly the power of Congress to do this was hotly debated fifty years ago, and has now become an unquestioned part of our constitutional system; and yet even during the administration of President Jackson, Congress, under the name of deposits, in effect gave to the States the surplus from the national treasury, and it can hardly be said that Congress has of late years done anything under the name of internal improvements which carries the doctrine of implied powers further than this. The statute which provides for the appointment of supervisors of election is cited as the most galling example of the assumption of power by the national government. But it must be remembered that the statute was intended to counteract an illegal exercise of power,—not by the States, it is true, but by persons whom the States ought to control,—and that the statute has not so much the effect of changing the original balance of power between the States and the federal government as of restoring the balance of power; for the framers of the Constitution never contemplated any local power to tamper with the results of elections. The fact appears to be that, although the United States has largely increased its authority, the government has not become centralized to such an extent as to upset the balance of power, or even to disturb seriously the equilibrium of the system. Nor has the gain been all on one side. Certain States, of which New York is a conspicuous example, for a long time chose the presidential electors by districts, but by adopting the plan of choosing them on a general ticket they have greatly consolidated their political power. We must not forget, moreover, that the electoral commission in 1876 decided that Congress had no power to go behind the returns of the States in counting the votes for President; where-

as in 1839 the House of Representatives refused to allow certain members whose election was contested to take part in the organization of the House, although these members held the official certificates of the governor and council declaring them elected; for the House denied that the certificate of the State gave the holder even a *prima facie* right to a seat. The two cases, of course, are not exactly parallel, and the decisions were rendered under the pressure of party excitement; but still they go far to disprove the theory that the political power of the States has decayed.

The relative strength of the three departments of the federal government has suffered much greater changes during the century, but it has not always been the same department that has encroached on the others. At times the power of Congress has been in the ascendant, at times that of the President; and this must continue to happen as long as Congresses differ so much in the talent and experience of their members, and as long as a weak and short-sighted President is unable to exercise as much influence as a President of ability and force of character. But Mr. Wilson is in error when he states that "Congress is supreme over its so-called coördinate branches." A sufficient proof of the continuing strength and independence of the President is to be found in the fact that to this day he has no hesitation in using his power of veto; and, indeed, the veto has been used fully as often of late years as at any period of our national existence. If any further evidence of the power of the President is needed, it is enough to refer to the last great struggle he has had with Congress,—the controversy between President Hayes and Congress about riders upon appropriation bills, in which the President was completely victorious. The veto can, of course, be overridden by a two-thirds vote of both houses of Congress, and this is done as often as

the majority in both houses is large enough to make it possible; but this is no encroachment on the part of Congress, for it is merely the legitimate exercise of a power which Congress was intended to possess.

Turning from the legislative to the executive functions of the President, we find that his power has undergone very great variations. When Jackson adopted the practice of giving federal offices as a reward for party service, he forged for the use of Presidents a political instrument of tremendous power. A stranger, indeed, who knew nothing of America except what he could hear during a presidential campaign, would readily believe that the President held the only federal office of any real importance. This results in part from the habit of making the candidate for that office the standard-bearer in the fight, but it comes also from the fact that the party workers yearn more for the spoils which lie in the gift of the President than for the control of legislation which lies in the hands of Congress. The President has not been suffered to reap in peace the benefit of this great invention, for a practice has arisen by which the congressional delegations from the several States have acquired a great power over the distribution of the federal patronage. This practice has grown gradually and silently, but during the attempt of Congress to tie the hands of President Johnson it passed the Tenure of Office Act, which struck an open blow, not only at the power of the President to use the spoils for his own advantage, but also at his power to direct the policy of his own administration. The authority of the President fell at this time lower than it has ever been before or since; and although the Tenure of Office Act, in a slightly modified form, still exists, it has not the political importance which it possessed in Johnson's day. The doctrine that the President has, under the Constitution, no

right to remove any federal officer without the consent of the Senate is not new. It has been a subject of dispute ever since Washington's administration, but in Johnson's time it was used to force him to retain a cabinet officer who was bitterly opposed to his policy. It will probably be a long time before the Senate tries to do this again, and it is clear that such an attempt could not now be successful. The subject of the appointing power of the President cannot properly be dismissed without a reference to the principle of senatorial courtesy, by which each Senator of the President's political party controlled an important part of the federal patronage in his own State, because the contest between President Garfield and Senator Conkling on this matter is one indication of the recovery by the President of his lost influence. Mr. Wilson's views in regard to the position of the President are explained by a passage in which he says, "No one, I take it for granted, is disposed to disallow the principle that the representatives of the people are the proper ultimate authority in all matters of government, and that administration is merely the clerical part of government." The first proposition contained in this sentence is true in a parliamentary government, but the second is not true in any form of government; and that it cannot be applied to our President, even if we pass over the veto and the power to control foreign relations, is clear when we remember how large a part the executive played in the final settlement of the Southern question. The importance of the executive in the solution of that question was not exceptional. It has long been evident, for example, that Congress can do very little towards the reform of the civil service without a zealous coöperation on the part of the President.

It is only necessary to look at the

recent volumes of the Supreme Court reports to be convinced that the judiciary has not lost its independence or its power. The decisions in the civil rights cases,¹ in the Arlington Heights case,² and in the case which decides that the House of Representatives has no power to examine a witness and to commit him for contempt on a matter not strictly connected with its legislative duties,³ all prove that the judiciary has not become subservient to the other departments of the government. In spite of the well-known packing of the bench under President Grant, and the unfortunate connection of the judges with the electoral commission, the Supreme Court appears to stand at the present day as high in public estimation as it ever stood before. I might with truth go further, and say that the concentration of power caused by the civil war has turned in the long run mainly to the profit of the national courts. The recent amendments to the Constitution have increased but little the powers of the President and of Congress, but they have added enormously to the authority of the federal judiciary.

Among the recent historical studies published at Johns Hopkins University is a valuable essay, by Mr. Horace Davis, on the Relations of the Departments as Adjusted by a Century, and the conclusions of the author are singularly contradictory to those of Mr. Wilson. He shows that in the States the executive has been continually gaining at the expense of the legislature, and he considers that the President is recovering the power which he lost during Johnson's administration, while he believes that the judiciary, both state and federal, has steadily increased in power and influence. Slight variations, however, in the relative strength of the different departments of the government do not affect my argument, so long as the bal-

¹ 109 U. S. 3.

² United States v. Lee, 106 U. S. 196.

³ Kilbourn v. Thompson, 103 U. S. 168.

ance of the system remains substantially unimpaired. It is enough that the power of the federal government is still limited by the rights of the States; and that the houses of Congress, the President, and the federal judiciary can each check any serious encroachments on the part of the others.

I have not attempted in this article to consider the question whether a parliamentary system would be better for us than our present Constitution, much less to discuss the relative merits of these two forms of government in the abstract. In fact, the time has passed when every good American believed that all foreign nations were more or less benighted, because they did not adopt our Constitution. For myself, I believe that our own system is still the best for us; although, apart from those abuses which have no necessary connection with our form of government, no one can shut his eyes to the defects inherent in the system itself.

The American does not accept the maxim that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. He has altogether too much tendency to believe that liberty and good government can be bought with a written constitution; and that, once possessed, these blessings form part of that property of which he cannot be deprived, except by due process of law. In consequence of the division of political power into so many small fragments, the ordinary citizen does not take interest enough in any one of them, and leaves the control of public affairs too exclusively in the hands of the professional politicians. Whether these defects are greater than those which we ought to expect under a parliamentary government I do not here pretend to inquire. I have only endeavored to prove that a responsible ministry cannot form a part of our present system; that one of these forms of government or the other must be accepted in its completeness, with all its merits and with all its faults.

Abbott Lawrence Lowell.

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER IN CHINA.

It would seem that English-speaking people have, with singular unanimity, joined in canonizing the remarkable Englishman who is believed to have perished at Khartoum. For such canonization this paper will have no word of disparaging criticism; nor will it touch upon any of this man's work, except that connected with the suppression of the Taeping Rebellion in China.

Were General Gordon living, and able to speak for himself, he would not claim the entire credit of that achievement; nor would he, like his biographers and eulogists, decry or ignore the yeoman's service done by a humble American, who gave his life for the cause. I, the present writer, might hesitate to

break a lance with these autocratic British historians but for the advantage which I possess in having lived on the spot at the time of the operations, and thus gotten information at first hand.

It would be well to strip the performances of the so-called "Ever Victorious Army" of the romance and sentiment with which they have been invested. In their dealings, from the very first, with China, foreign nations have uniformly and completely ignored the golden rule. They have been guided wholly by self-interest, and have enforced their claims by the power of strong battalions. The great concessions to foreign trade of the last thirty years were secured only after the "Arrow" war of 1856, and

the campaign of 1860 which resulted in the capture of Peking. While the Imperialists were struggling in these years against the Allies, the great Taeping Rebellion gained much ground; and a ghastly and terrible thing it was, attended by a loss of human life and a destruction of property for which no parallel can be found in modern history. The city of Nankin, and Soochow, the "Paris of China," were taken, and Shanghai was threatened. Within a hundred miles of the latter place I have walked for hours through a country once thickly settled, happy and prosperous, but now deserted and rapidly becoming a jungle, strewn with ruins.

When the Allies had driven General San-ko-lin-sin into Peking, and the Antin gate of the city had been opened just as Sir Robert Napier was about to storm it, the Allies were confronted with this internal dissension, threatening the very existence of the government with which they were just making treaties of peace and commerce. Of course they had no more right to meddle with the Taeping Rebellion than they had to interfere in our civil war; but the world has condoned their action, because it is taught that in helping the Imperialists they acted from pure motives and in the great cause of humanity. As a matter of fact, they did nothing of the kind. They only debated as to which side it would be better to assist, in the interest of trade.

Between the two, in the matters of fiendish cruelty and ruthless barbarity, there was nothing to choose. Foreign residents, until the settlements were actually threatened, generally sided with the Rebels. These latter craved the good-will of the Fang-Kwei and promised him all sorts of concessions. Under date of February 19, 1861, Mr. Consul Meadows, one of the ablest and best informed men in the East, addressed an elaborate dispatch to Lord John Russell, in which he argued the

claims of the Taepings. Fate was against them, however. The Allies determined that it would be better to aid the "Imps" (as the Rebels called them), and, step by step, they threw themselves into the cause. In 1862 they announced, among other things, their purpose of holding, and excluding the Taepings from, the "thirty-mile radius" around Shanghai; and this from no motive under heaven but the benefit of their pockets. The British policy was delightfully summarized by a vivacious officer of the Royal Engineers, whom I met at dinner in 1860. The tired volunteers, who had served at the Shanghai barricades in the burning sun, had just been relieved by a strong British force, under Brigadier Jephson, sent post haste from Sir Hope Grant's army before Peking. We rejoiced, but we wondered. "How is it," I asked my red-jacketed friend, "that, while you are fighting the Imperialists up there, you send down to help them here?"

"My dear fellow," he replied, "we always *pitch into the swells*. At the north the Imperialists are the swells, but down here, by Jove! the Rebels are, don't you know?—so we pitch into them both."

The hostility of the English and French hopelessly handicapped the Rebels; and, as we all know, they went down. The effective operations of the Chinese against them were initiated and conducted to an advanced stage by an American, General Ward, and concluded by an Englishman, General Gordon. The former began his work under crushing difficulties, and was at first obstructed, abused, and even threatened by the English, who came in time to respect and admire him; the latter had the moral and physical aid of Great Britain at his back, first, last, and all the time. Both fought for the supremacy of one set of Chinamen over another, and for material advantage; both were pure soldiers of fortune; both were des-

perately brave and desperately ambitious. One made no claim to goodness or philanthropy ; he only sought to

— “chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world.”

The other goes down to history as a saint and martyr. There are few enough of such in the world, and Americans may well join in singing his praises ; but they ought not to forget their own countryman.

I myself served several times at the defense of Shanghai in the company of as brave and good a set of fellows as ever lived, the Shanghai Volunteers. Inasmuch as we were primarily men of peace, and the treaties guaranteed us protection, we thought it hard that we must defend the miserable Chinamen as well as ourselves ; but I am sure we were all proud of having done so. I say *were* ; for of the infantry who manned the barricades, of the rangers who charged upon the Rebels at the Stone Bridge, of the artillerists who, after long and laborious drill with the celebrated Light (Horse) Battery, fully held their own when brigaded with regulars, many are dead, and the rest are scattered in far-distant lands. Their deeds were unhonored and unsung, — but they came to know a good deal about the Taeping Rebellion.

On the afternoon of August 18, 1860, when things looked black for us, a man of slight figure approached me, as I stood at the Maloo Barrier. He had collected a few fighting men, and desired to place them where they would be of use ; and so, amid the roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry, and the shrieks of native fugitives, I first met General Ward. He was a man of excellent address, mild and gentle in manner, and as kind and warm-hearted as possible. His long hair and slight mustache were dark, and he habitually wore a blue coat tightly buttoned.

What a history was his ! He was a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and a sea-

man. He volunteered with the French in the Crimea, where he quarreled with his superior officer, and was allowed to resign. Returning to the United States, he adopted the peaceful occupation of a ship-broker in New York, but soon found it irksome. Hearing of an advantageous chance to buy some old ordnance in Mexico, he went thither and concluded the operation, on account of a New York acquaintance who furnished the capital ; but a second venture at Alvarado, on his own behalf, was not successful. Then followed an attempt to secure a grant of land in Sonora, and an intrigue for the possession of some church property.

Later, alone and poor, he crossed the continent on horseback, and reached California. There he heard of the troubles in China, and, taking ship, sailed for Shanghai. He knew a man named Gough, a so-called admiral in the Chinese Imperial service ; and under his advice he attempted the organization of a force of Manilamen, who proved worthless. Next he went to Takee, an eminent Chinese banker, and made with him the celebrated contract of which so much was said in years gone by. The party of the first part (Ward) was to carry by assault the important town of Sungkiang, not far from Shanghai, and then in the hands of the Rebels. For said service, the party of the second part (Takee) was to pay said party of the first part the sum of forty thousand dollars, cash, and to promptly dispatch men to *loot* or plunder said town. This contract was faithfully carried out. Ward hid some forty or fifty foreigners (including several free lances, who subsequently became famous) in cargo-boats, and landed them in the night at Sungkiang. They reached the moat, crossed it on a large beam, used said beam as a battering-ram, carried a guard-house, and turned the guns on the city. Those familiar with Chinese warfare will know

that it was quite natural for the Rebels to run when surprised in this manner, —and so they did. The city was captured and looted, and the cash was duly paid.

There was something strikingly original about this method of carrying on warfare, and it did not commend itself in large degree to foreigners in China. The English pronounced Ward a freebooter and a dangerous man; and an indiscreet naval captain proposed arresting him, but happily thought better of it. Nor were we Americans, I am bound to say, highly impressed at the outset by what we heard of our countryman.

Then for a time we lost sight of him; but he was not idle. He began drilling, in European style, a native force of, I think, about one thousand men. He gained the confidence of the Chinese, and secured the funds with which to import a steamer from the United States. It was in connection with this steamer that I came to know him well. I never saw him in action, nor except in the foreign settlement at Shanghai, but I learned greatly to admire him.

It was soon time for general appreciation and admiration to replace distrust and ignorant dislike. One day it was known that a powerful Rebel force was approaching Shanghai. Then came again the familiar call to arms, the preparations to receive women and children on board the steamers, the daily orders and bulletins.

Then, however, followed something new and surprising. The Rebels had, we heard, been met and defeated with tremendous slaughter, — and by whom? By a native force, admirably drilled, equipped, and disciplined, fighting by European tactics, and led to victory — complete, overwhelming victory against an enormous numerical superiority — by our lately despised American *filibustero*, General Ward.

Public opinion changed at a jump.

It must have been with a grim satisfaction that Ward awoke, the morning after this battle, to find himself famous; to receive the friendly congratulations of such a rare old paladin as Vice-Admiral Sir James Hope (who had two flagships sunk under him at the Peiho ports in 1859); and to find the allied commanders anxious not only to see in him the leader of the Chinese army of the future, but also to coöperate with him in all ways. Rarely was poetical justice more speedily done.

Next came eulogies. Sir John Michel, on resigning the British military command in China on February 28, 1862, spoke in the highest terms of Ward, and said he ought to have eight or ten thousand men. Sir Frederic Bruce, who at first had nothing but lofty contempt for Ward, wrote, on March 26, 1862, to Earl Russell, "In the Chinese force organized and led by Mr. Ward I see the nucleus and beginning of a military organization which may prove most valuable in the disturbed state of China."

It would be wearisome and useless to detail Ward's subsequent operations. It would be simply to give a list of uniform successes in the capture of a long array of Chinese towns with unpronounceable names. On July 21, 1862, Prince Kung himself wrote to Sir Frederic Bruce, "The native musketeer force formed at this place [Shanghai] by the foreigner Ward has been named by natives and foreigners the 'Ever Victorious.' So well established is its repute for valor and energy: wherever it fights it gains the day."

It was a terrible service. Ward spared neither himself nor those under him. The officers, conspicuous figures among the native privates, suffered fearfully. Ward was struck and wounded many times.

"Some day," he remarked to me, "I may be able to say Go! Now I must say Come!" Such a one found ready

followers and commanded prompt obedience. His chief of artillery was a man named Glasgow. He had been a non-commissioned officer in the British service, and so brave and skillful that promotion was twice in his grasp, only to be forfeited by excesses. On a memorable day, when he was with Ward, he had a battery in the open, pounding at the walls of a city. To him came his slight, boyish-looking commander.

"That battery is making bad practice," said he. "Advance it one hundred yards." The position was enfiladed by bullets, and men were dropping every moment; but from that order there was no appeal. Glasgow shrugged his shoulders, took a surreptitious pull at a flask, and gave the word. Another half hour, and he could cease firing, for the small man in the blue coat was in the breach, with the forlorn hope of the Ever Victorious Army.

In the autumn of 1862, Ward was at the zenith of his power. It is a fact that he had reached a position never attained by any other foreigner in the Chinese service. He had received unexampled promotion, and knew that upon the expected capture of Nankin he would be raised to the rank of a prince of the blood royal. It is also a fact that his consuming ambition aimed at the restoration of the old Chinese dynasty to the throne so long held by their Tartar conquerors.

He was a soldier to the ends of his fingers, and doubtless accepted all risks and counted all chances. He had faced death too often not to know how near it was to him from hour to hour, and that at any moment all his dreams, hopes, and ambitions might be as naught.

I have said that I saw him first in a stormy scene. My last sight of him was under far different circumstances. On a day late in September, 1862 (the 19th, I think), I looked up from my writing to see him standing by me. I could not think of this smiling, amiable

man as a great commander and a future ruler. I only remembered then that when I, a few months before, lay sick of that terrible Shanghae fever, which is said to combine all the bad features of other fevers with a few of its own, he had taken time from his cares and duties to come and sit by a young countryman's bedside. He asked me to lend him my Arab horse, which of course I was glad to do.

Later in the afternoon, walking in a street of the settlement, I met him, sitting erect in the saddle. We stopped, and I was patting my horse's neck and talking to the general, when the impulse seized me to speak to him as I did.

"General," I said, "you are taking fearful risks. You may be killed at any moment. In such case, what will become of your property and affairs? Let me find you a confidential secretary, or some one in whose hands you can trust your great interests." His blue coat was buttoned tightly over his chest. He smiled as he pointed with his right hand to the outline of a small book in his left breast pocket, and then touching it said, "Oh, it is all here."

I bade him farewell, and never saw him again. About forty-eight hours later, the town of Tsekie, not far from Ningpo, was attacked by his forces. Co-operating with him was a gallant and intelligent British sailor, Captain Roderrick Dew, R. N., of H. M. S. *Encounter*. As a contrast to the shabby treatment which Ward's memory has had from historians and biographers, let us see what this brave man, who knew more of that of which he spoke than all of them put together, wrote to Sir James Hope from Ningpo on September 23, 1862:—

"It is now my painful duty to inform you that General Ward, while directing the assault, fell, mortally wounded. The Hardy brought him down the same evening to Ningpo, and he died the next morning in Dr. Parker's house.

"During a short acquaintance with General Ward, I have learnt to appreciate him much, and I fear his death will cast a gloom over the Imperial cause in China, of which he was the stay and prop."

So perished this remarkable man. Of the deeds of his successor in the command of the army I need not speak. These deeds are worthy of record, and those who have chronicled them are to be impeached not for what they have said about Gordon, but for what they have left unsaid about Ward.

In this paper I have tried to make no statement which is not susceptible of proof by documents or living witnesses. Such support I have not for the assertion, which I nevertheless believe to be strictly true, that Gordon, who had served at times in the staff with Ward, and greatly admired him, declared, on succeeding him in command, that he "had but to follow where the American soldier had led." Whether he said so or not, however, that is what he did. The creator and the first great commander of the Ever Victorious Army was Frederic T. Ward. That he would have taken Nankin and speedily crushed the Taeping Rebellion is beyond all question; and he left to Gordon a task far easier than that which he had himself accomplished.

It is difficult to withhold praise from brave deeds, even if we be not wholly in sympathy with the cause in which they are done. While dwelling upon the striking and dramatic character of Ward's achievements, and having only admiration for the many excellent traits of his character, a conscientious historian must guard himself from approval, actual or implied, of the entry of any right-minded and self-respecting foreigner into the Chinese naval or military service. To this day we maintain the "ex-territorial jurisdiction" in that country, because no one would dream of trusting the lives or liberties of Amer-

icans to the mercies of Chinamen even in time of peace. How much more dreadful must it be to have part or lot with them in time of war! Both Ward and Gordon were brave, and in a way great men; but in China they were engaged in a miserable business, and we must like and praise them in spite of this business, not on account of it. They waded to their ends through the blood of thousands of men who had done them no harm, and whom no sentiment of patriotism nor love of liberty impelled them to oppose. They were associated, too, with Imperialist authorities and forces, for whose evil deeds they were of course not responsible, but who were sorry allies for honorable men. The story has been told of the cruel murder of the Wongs, or rebel chiefs, who had surrendered to Gordon under his pledge that their lives should be spared, and of his rage and despair thereat. This was but an isolated case; and so horrible were the atrocities connected with the suppression of the Rebellion that one must shrink from pursuing the subject.

Ward, as I have said, must have known what desperate chances he took from day to day, and it was doubtless a consolation to him to think of the honor in which his name would be held and the wealth which he would leave to his family, should death suddenly lay low his hopes of earthly power and greatness. Let us see how both his fame and his fortune fared at the hands of the cowardly and imbecile dynasty of which he had been the "stay and prop," and in whose service he sacrificed his life.

They gave him a gorgeous funeral at Sungkiang; and it is understood that unprecedented honors were conferred upon his lifeless remains when they were allowed to rest in the inner sanctuary of the Confucian temple. Then, with promptness and thoroughness, they proceeded to deal with his property,—

with the houses and lands, the flocks and herds, the shekels of gold and silver, with which they had lavishly endowed him.

When taken on board H. M. S. Hardy, mortally wounded, Ward made the following dying statement, —

"The Taotai of Shanghae owes me 110,000 taels. Takee also owes me 30,000 taels, — 140,000 taels.

"I wish my wife to have 50,000 taels, and all remains to be between my brother and sister.

"I wish Admiral Sir James Hope and Mr. Burlingame to be my executors."

These words were taken down, and witnessed by Archibald G. Bogle, Lieutenant R. N., commanding, and John Colter, Boatswain. When I spoke to Ward, two days before he died, I warned him all in vain. The Taotai (Governor) and the excellent Takee shrugged their shoulders in pitying contempt. *Wah* (Ward) was a great man, indeed, but, by the blessed memory of Confucius, he did but jest when he spoke of their owing him money. The United States consul-general made a gallant fight, and compelled the Chinamen to refer the matter to arbitration. Curiously enough, I was myself selected as an arbitrator on behalf of the estate. When I met the gentleman named by the Chinese, I had vividly in mind the little book in Ward's pocket, wherein "it all was." Of this book no trace could be found; nor could a scintilla of evidence on behalf of the estate be brought to light. Our almond-eyed friends were then, as always, "peculiar for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." Of the fortune which Ward was known to possess, we — American minister (Mr. Burlingame, who took much interest in the matter), consul-general, administrators, arbitrators, rel-

atives, friends — could find but a pitiful and beggarly remnant. Between six and seven years after Ward died I was making the journey from Hong Kong to Shanghae in the U. S. S. Monocacy. As fellow passenger I had the American minister, the lamented J. Ross Browne, and we stopped at the open coast ports. At Ningpo, among the callers on board the ship was an ex-officer of Ward's army, then in command of a so-called Anglo-Chinese force. It occurred to me to ask him if he knew what became of the now celebrated little book. He drew me to the rear of the cabin, and spoke in low tones.

"I can tell you," said he. "I was guarding the general's body. The blue coat which you remember lay on a chair, and the book was in the breast pocket. Colonel —, my superior officer, relieved me. The book was never seen again, but *I saw Colonel — buy exchange for forty thousand dollars.*"

If my Anglo-Chinese friend spoke truly (and he was a man of most excellent reputation), that poor little book was a very cheap purchase for the Chinese government at \$40,000.

During the late Franco-Chinese war I was more than once pained to hear men who ought to know better talk about seeking service under the dragon flag. This is no place in which to say the very much that might be said as to the wretchedness of such service, and the pirate's fate which they would court, and very probably meet, when encountering a foreign foe; but they might take a lesson from the history of Ward. Not one in ten thousand of them could at all approach him in military genius, in courage, and in resources, or do anything like what he did. Yet the Rebels took his life, the Imperialists took his money, and Gordon's biographers took his fame.

A. A. Hayes.

IN THE CLOUDS.

III.

THE iterative echoes of the shooting-match, sharply jarring from mountain to mountain, from crag to crag, evoked a faint reverberation even in the distant recesses of Wild-Cat Hollow. Alethea Sayles, sitting at her loom on the porch of the little log cabin, paused, the shuttle motionless in her deft hand, to listen.

All aloof from the world was Wild-Cat Hollow, a limited depression, high up on the vast slope of the Great Smoky. It might have seemed some secret nook, some guarded fastness, so closely did the primeval wilderness encompass it, so jealously did the ridgy steeps rise about it on every hand. It was invisible from the valley below, perhaps too from the heights above. And only a glimpse was vouchsafed to it of the world from which it was sequestered: beyond a field, in a gap of the minor ridges superimposed upon the mountain, where the dead and girdled trees stood in spectral ranks among the waving corn, might be seen a strip of woods in the cove below, a glint of water, a stately file of lofty peaks vanishing along the narrow skyey vista. Sunrise and sunset, — the Hollow knew them not: a distant mountain might flare with a fantasy of color, a star of abnormal glisten might palpitate with some fine supernal thrill of dawn; but for all else, it only knew that the night came early and the day broke late, and in many ways it had meagre part in the common lot.

The little log cabin, set among its scanty fields, its weed-grown "gyarden spot," and its few fruit trees, was poor of its kind. The clapboards of its roof were held in place by poles laid athwart them, with large stones piled between to weight them down. The chimney was

of clay and sticks, and leaned away from the wall. In a corner of the rickety rail fence a gaunt, razor-backed hog lay grunting drowsily. Upon a rude scaffold tobacco leaves were suspended to dry. Even the martin-house was humble and primitive: merely a post with a cross-bar, from which hung a few large gourds with a cavity in each, whence the birds were continually fluttering. Behind it all, the woods of the steep ascent seemed to touch the sky. The place might give a new meaning to exile, a new sentiment to loneliness.

Seldom it heard from the world, — so seldom that when the faint rifle-shots sounded in the distance a voice from within demanded eagerly, "What on yearth be that, Lethe?"

"Shootin' fur beef, down in the cove, I reckon, from thar firin' so constant," drawled Alethea.

"Ye dunno," said the unseen, unexpectedly, derisive of this conjecture. "They mought be a-firin' thar bullets inter each other. Nobody kin count on a man by hisself, but a man in company with a rifle air jes' a outdacious, jubious critter."

Alethea looked speculatively down at the limited section of the cove visible from the Hollow above. Her hazel eyes were bright, but singularly grave. The soft sheen of her yellow hair served to definitely outline the shape of her head against the brown logs of the wall. The locks lay not in ripples, but in massive undulations, densely growing above her forehead, and drawn in heavy folds into a knot at the back of her head. She had the delicate complexion and the straight, refined lineaments so incongruous with the poverty-stricken mountaineer, so commonly seen among the class. Her homespun dress was of a dull brown. About her throat, of ex-

quisite whiteness, was knotted a kerchief of the deepest saffron tint. Her hands and arms — for her sleeves were rolled back — were shapely, but rough and sun-embrowned. She had a deliberate, serious manner that very nearly approached dignity.

"I hopes they ain't," she said, still listening. "I hopes they ain't a-shootin' of one another."

"Waal, I 'm a -thinkin' the lead would n't be wasted on some of 'em," said the acrid voice. "Piomingo Cove could make out mighty well 'thout some o' them boys ez rip an' rear aroun' down thar ez a constancy. I dunno ez I'd feel called on ter mourn fur Mink Lorey enny. An' I reckon the cove could spare him."

Looking through the window close by the bench of the loom, Alethea could see the interior of the room, rudely furnished and with the perennial fire of the wide chimney-place slowly smouldering in a bed of ashes. A half-grown Shanghai pullet was pecking about the big flat stones of the hearth in a premature and unprecient proximity to the pot. There were two bedsteads of a lofty build, the thick feather beds draped with quilts of such astounding variety of color as might have abashed the designers of Joseph's coat. The scrupulous cleanliness and orderliness of the place were as marked a characteristic as its poverty. A sharp-featured woman of fifty sat in a low chair by the fire, wearing a blue-checked homespun dress, a pink calico sun-bonnet, and a cob-pipe, — the last was so constantly sported that it might be reckoned an article of attire. She was not so old as she seemed, but the loss of her teeth and her habit of crouching over the fire gave her the cronish aspect common to the elderly women of the region.

Alethea hesitated. Then, with a deprecatory manner, she said in her soft contralto drawl, "He ain't down 'mongst the boys in Piomingo Cove none."

Mrs. Sayles sneered. "Ye b'lieve that?"

"He be a-herdin' cattle along o' Ben Doaks on Piomingo Bald."

Mrs. Sayles looked at her step-daughter and puffed a copious wreath of smoke for reply.

"Reuben tole me that hisself, — an' so did Ben Doaks," persisted Alethea.

"*Mink*, I calls him, an' nuthin' shorter," said Mrs. Sayles, obdurately, — as if anything could be shorter. "But ef Ben Doaks gin the same word, it mus' be a true one."

Alethea flushed. "I know ye air sot agin Reuben, but I'd believe his word agin enny other critter's in the mountings."

"Set a heap o' store on him, don't ye?" said Mrs. Sayles, sarcastically. "An' when he kem a-courtin' ye, an' 'peared crazy 'bout'n ye, an' ye an' him war promised ter marry, ye could n't quit jowin' at him fur one minit. Ye plumb beset him ter do like *ye* thought war right, — ez ef *he* hed no mo' conscience o' his own 'n that pullet thar, an' hed n't never hearn on salvation. An' ye'd beg an' beg him ter quit consortin' with the moonshiners; an' a-drinkin' o' apple-jack an' sech; an' a-rollickin' round the kentry; an' layin' folkses fences down on the groun'; an' liftin' thar gates off'n the hinges; an' ketchin' thar geese, an' pickin' 'em, an' scatterin' thar feathers in the wind, an' sendin' 'em squawkin' home; an' a-playin' kyerds; an' a-whoopin', an' ridin', an' racin'. An' ye war always a-preachin' at him, an' tryin' ter straighten him out, an' make him suthin' he war never born ter be."

Her pipe was smoked out. She drew from her pocket a fragment of tobacco leaf, which was apparently not sufficiently cured for satisfactory smoking, for she laid it on the hot ashes on the hearth and watched it as it dried, her meditative eyes shaded by her pink calico sun-bonnet.

"Naw, sir!" she continued, as she

crumpled the bit of leaf with her fingers and crowded it into the bowl of her pipe, "I hev never liked Mink. I ain't denyin' it, nuther. I ain't gamesome enough ter git tuk up with sech ways ez his'n. Mighty few folks air! But I could see reason in the critter when he 'lowed one day, right hyar by this very chimbly-place, — he sez, sez he, 'Lethe, ye don't like nuthin' I do or say, an' I'm durned ef I kin see how ye like me!'"

Alethea's serious, lustrous eyes, looking in at the window, saw not the uncouth interior of her home, — no! As in a vision, irradiated by some enchantment, she beheld the glammers of the idyllic past, fluctuating, waning, as she met her step-mother's light gray eye.

Even to Alethea, herself, it sometimes seemed that she might be content more lightly. Her imbue with those practical ideas of right and wrong, the religion of deeds rather than the futilely pious fervors of the ignorant mountaineers, in which creed and act were often widely at variance, was as mysterious an endowment as the polarity of the loadstone. She was not introspective, however; she never even wondered that she should speak openly, without fear or favor, as she felt impelled. Had she lived in an age when every inward monition was esteemed the voice of the Lord, she might have fancied that she was called to warn the world of the errors of its ways. Her sedulous conscience, the austere gravity of her spirit, her courage, her steadfastness, her fine intelligence, even her obdurate self-will, might all have had assertive values in those long bygone days. As an historic woman, she might have founded an order, or juggled with state-craft, or perished a martyr, or rode, enthusiast, in the ranks of battle. By centuries belated in Wild-Cat Hollow, she was known as a "perverted, cross-grained gal" and "a meddlin' body," and the "widdier Jessup" had much sympathy for having

in a misguided moment married Alethea's father. Sometimes the Hollow, distorted though its conscience was, experienced a sort of affright to recognize its misdeeds in her curt phrase. It could only ask in retort who set her up to judge of her elders, and regain its wonted self-complacency as best it might. Even her own ascetic rectitude lacked some quality to commend it.

"I can't find no reg'lar fault with Lethe," her step-mother was wont to say, "'ceptin' she's jes' — Lethe."

Mrs. Sayles's voice, pursuing the subject, recalled the girl's attention: —

"An' ye tired his patience out, — the critter hed mo' 'n I gin him credit fur, — an' druv him off at last through wantin' him ter be otherwise. An' now folks 'low ez him an' Elviry Crosby air a-goin' ter marry. I'll be bound she don't harry him none 'bout'n his ways, kase her mother tole me ez she air mighty nigh a idjit 'bout'n him, an' hev turned off Peter Rood, who she hed promised ter marry, though the weddin' day hed been set, an' Pete air wuth forty sech ez Mink."

Alethea turned away abruptly to her work, and as she lightly tossed the shuttle to and fro she heard, amidst the creaking of the treadle and the thumping of the batten, her step-mother's persistent voice droning on: —

"An' so ye hed yer say, an' done yer preachin', an' he profited by it. I reckon he 'lowed ef ye jawed that-away afore ye war married, thar war no yearthly tellin' what ye *could* say arterward. An' now," rising to the dramatic, "hyar kems along Ben Doaks, powerful peart an' good enough ter satify ennybody; perlite, an' saaft-spoken, an' good-lookin', an' respected by all, an' ready ter marry ye ter-morrer, ef ye'll say the word. He owns cattle-critters" —

"An' sheep," put in an unexpected voice. A dawdling young woman, with an opaque blue eye and a pretty, inane

soft face, had stepped into the back door, and heard the last words of the monologue which apparently had been often enough repeated to admit of no doubt as to its tenor. She had a slatternly, ill-adjusted look, and a snuff-brush in the corner of her mouth.

"An' herds cattle in the summer season," said Mrs. Sayles.

"He hev a good name 'mongst the cattle-owners," observed the young woman.

"An' hev bought him right smart land," added Mrs. Sayles.

"Down in Piomingo Cove! not h'isted up on the side o' the mounting, like we-uns!" exclaimed the young woman, with more enthusiasm than one would have believed possible from the flaccid indifference of her manner.

"An' he put in all the fair weather las' winter a-raisin' him a house," Mrs. Sayles pursued.

"An' he 'lowed ter me ez every log war hefted, an' every pat o' clay war daubed on the chinkin', with the thought o' Lethe!" cried the other.

"He hev been plantin' round thar some, a'ready," said the old woman.

"Corn, pumpkins, wheat, an' ter-bacco," supplemented the daughter-in-law.

"An' he hev got him some bee-gums, — I never hearn how many bees," said Mrs. Sayles.

"Down in Piomingo Cove!" the climber of worldly prosperity.

"Laws-a-massy!" exclaimed Mrs. Sayles, with a freshened realization of despair. "Lethe ain't never goin' ter live in it! I dunno what ails the gal! She takes a notion ez she likes a man with sech ways ez she can't abide, an' she quar'ls with him mornin' an' evenin'. An' then when a feller kems along, with all sort'n good ways ez she likes, she don't like *him*! Gals never acted similar whenst I war young. I 'low it mus' be the wiles o' Satan on the onruly generation."

"Lethe 'pears ter think the Lord hev app'inted the rocky way," said the other. "She be always a-doin' of what's the hardest. An' she can't quit nowhar this side o' nuthin'! Ef ever she's condemned ter Torment she 'll kerry a leetle kindlin' along, fur fear the fire won't be het up hot enough ter burn her fur her sins."

She was silent during a momentary activity of the snuff-brush.

"But ef I war you-uns, Lethe, an' hed the chance o' livin' in my own house all ter myself" — she began anew.

"Plenty o' elbow-room," interrupted Mrs. Sayles; "not all jammed tergether, like we-uns hyar."

Alethea, aware of her lack of logic, made an effort to effect a diversion.

"I never hearn o' folks a-grudgin' a gal house-room, an' wantin' her ter go off an' marry fur a place ter bide," she said, pausing in her weaving.

Mrs. Sayles, who piqued herself, not without some reason, on her kindness to her step-daughter, having her prosaic welfare, at least, at heart, retorted in righteous wrath. "An' nobody ain't never said no sech word," she declared, with amplest negation. "Grudgin' ye house-room, — shucks!"

"One less would n't be no improve-*mint* ter we-uns, Lethe," said the amiable daughter-in-law. "We air jes' like a hen settin' on forty aigs: she kin kiver 'em ez well ez thirty-nine."

"But I ain't got no medjure o' patience with this latter-day foolishness!" said Mrs. Sayles, tartly. "Whenst I war young, gals married thar fust chance, — mought hev been afeard they'd never git another," she added, impersonally, that others might profit by this contingency. "An' I don't keer much nohow fur these hyar lonesome single wimmen. Ye never kin git folks ter b'lieve ez they ever *hed* enny chance."

"Laws-a-massy, Lethe," the daughter-in-law reassured her, still vaguely serene, "I ain't wantin' ter git shet o' ye,

nohow. Ye hev tuk mo' keer o' my chill'n than I hev, an' helped me powerful. It's well ye done it, too, fur Jacob Jessup ain't sech ez kin content me with Wild-Cat Hollow. I war raised in the cove!"

"Thar's L'onidas now, axin' fur suth-in' ter eat," said the uncompromising Alethea, whose voice was the slogan of duty.

The loom occupied a full third of the space on the little porch; two or three rickety chairs stood there, besides; a yoke hung against the wall; the spinning-wheel was shadowed by the jack-bean vines, whose delicate lilac blooms embellished the little cabin, clambering to its roof; on the floor were several splint baskets. A man was languidly filling them with peaches, which he brought in a wheel-barrow from the trees farther down on the slope. He was tall and stalwart, but his beard was gray, and he had assumed the manner and all the exemptions of extreme age; occasionally he did a little job like this with an air of laborious precision. He was accompanied both in going and coming by his step-son's daughter, a tow-headed, six-year-old girl, and a gaunt yellow dog. The little girl's voice, dictatorial and shrill, was on the air continuously, broken only by the low, acquiescent refrain of the old man's replies, carefully adjusted to meet her propositions. The dog paced silently and discreetly along, his appreciation of the placid pleasure of the occasion plainly manifested in his quiet demeanor and his slightly wagging tail. His decorum suffered a lapse when, as they came close to the porch, he observed Leonidas issue from the door, — a small boy of four, a plump little caricature of a man, in blue cotton trousers, an unbleached cotton shirt, and a laughably small pair of knitted suspenders. He held in his hand a piece of fat meat several inches square, considered in the mountains peculiarly wholesome for

small boys, and a reliable assistant in "gittin' yer growth."

Tige paused not for reflection. He sprang upon the porch, capering gleefully about, and uttering shrill yelps of discovery with much his triumphant manner in treeing a coon. Leonidas shared the common human weakness of overestimating one's own size. He thought to hold the booty out of Tige's reach, and extended his arm at full length, whereupon the dog, with an elastic bound and extreme nicety of aim, caught it and swallowed it at a single gulp. Leonidas winked very fast; then, realizing his bereavement, burst into noisy tears. Tige's facetiousness had a discordantly sudden contrast in the serious howl he emitted as he was kicked off the porch by the child's father. This was an unkempt young fellow just emerging from the shed-room. He had a red face and swollen eyes, and there were various drowsy intimations in his manner that he was just roused from sleep. No natural slumber, one might have judged; the odor of whiskey still hung about him, and he walked with an unsteady gait to the end of the porch and sat down on the edge of the floor, his feet dangling over the ground. Tige, who had sought refuge beneath the house, and was giving vent to sundry sobbing wheezes, thrust his head out to lick his master's boots. Upon this mollifying demonstration, the man looked down with the lenient expression of one who loves dogs. "What ails ye, then," he reasoned, "ter be sech a fool as ter 'low ye kin be let ter rob a child the size o' L'onidas thar?"

And forthwith the mercurial Tige came out, cheerful as before.

In the limited interval when Leonidas — who had been supplied with another piece of meat, but still howled with callow persistence because of the affronts offered by Tige — was fain to pause for breath, and between the alternate creaking of the treadle of the loom and the

thumping of the batten, the man's ear caught, too, that unwonted stir in the air, the sound of consecutive rifle-shots.

"Look-a-hyar," he cried, springing to his feet, "what 's that a-goin' on down in the cove? Lethe, stop trompin' on that thar n'isy treadle, so ez I kin listen! Quit yellin', ye catamount!" with a vengeful glance at the small boy.

But the grief of Leonidas was imperative, and he abated nothing.

Jacob Jessup stood for an instant baffled. Then suddenly he put both hands to his mouth, and roused all the echoes of Wild-Cat Hollow with a ringing halloo.

"Who be ye a-hollerin' at?" asked his mother from her nook in the chimney corner.

"I 'lowed I viewed a man up yander 'mongst them woods, — mought be one o' the herders."

Alethea's foot paused on the treadle. Her uplifted hand stayed the batten, the other held the shuttle motionless. She turned her head, and with a sudden rich flush on her cheek and a deep light in her lifted eyes looked up toward the forests that rose in vast array upon the steep slopes of the ridge until they touched the sky. Accustomed to the dusky shadows of their long avenues, she discerned a mounted figure in their midst. There was a tense moment of suspense. The man had wheeled his horse on hearing the halloo. He seemed to hesitate; then in lieu of response he took his way down the hill toward the cabin. The trees were fewer on the edge of the clearing. Before he drew rein by the rail fence she had turned back to the loom, and once more the shuttle winged its short, clumsy flights, like a fledgeling bird, from one side to the other, and the treadle creaked, and the batten thumped, and she spared not an instant from her work.

For it was only Ben Doaks dismounting, glad of a pretext, throwing the reins over a projecting rail of the fence, and tramping up to the house.

"Howdy," he observed comprehensively. And the family, meditatively eying him, responded, "Howdy."

"Keep yer health, Ben?" the old woman demanded. She had come to the door, taking a gourd of water from a pail which was on a shelf without. She drank leisurely, and tossed the surplus water from the gourd across the porch, where it splattered the half-grown pullet, which shunted off suddenly with a loud, shocked exclamation, as if it sported half a score of ruffled petticoats.

"Yes m'," drawled Ben, seating himself on the floor of the porch, near Jacob, "I keeps toler'ble well."

"I dunno how ye do it, — livin' off'n what ye cooks yerse'f." She manifested a truly mundane interest in the eligible young man. She did not return to her chair by the fireside, but sat down on the doorstep. "I'd look ter be p'isoned ef I hed ter live on yer cookin'."

"Waal, I reckon *ye* could n't put up with it right handy, seein' the sorter table ye set out hyar."

Was the old woman more than human, to be untouched by this sincere tribute?

"Ye oughter kem down hyar oftener ye do, Ben, an' bide ter meals," she said, her spectacles turned upon him with a certain grave luminosity. "We'll make ye powerful welcome ter sech vittles ez we hev got. Ye ain't been hyar fur a right smart time."

"I know that, but somehow I never kin feel right welcome comin' so often," said Ben. He had leaned back against the post of the porch. He could look, without moving, into Alethea's grave, absorbed face as she worked.

"Count o' Lethe? Shucks! thar ain't but one fool hyar. Mought kem ter see the rest o' we-uns."

Alethea's face flushed to the roots of her hair. Ben Doaks, dismayed to be the indirect occasion of her anger, and secretly affronted by the breach of decorum which he considered involved in

this open mention of his bootless suit, hastened to change the subject. "Did ye hev a word ter say ter me, Jacob?" he asked. "Ye 'lowed, day 'fore yis-tiddy, ye wanted ter sell yer steer."

There was now no sound from the cove. The burnished glisters of the sunshine hung above it almost materially visible, holding in suspension a gauzy haze, through which the purple mountains were glamorous and darkly vague. Jacob, his senses yet in thrall, could hardly recall the question he had desired to ask concerning the rifle-shots that had trivially jarred its perfect serenity.

"Yes, yes," he said, hastily. "Buck, ye know," with the manner of introduction. "Yander he be." He pointed to a gaunt dun-colored ox, with long horns and a joyless mien, standing within a few feet of a rude trough which the spring branch kept supplied.

"Jacob," said Alethea, turning her head with a knitted brow, "ef ye sell Buck, how air we goin' ter plough our craps? How air we goin' ter live along?"

"Laws-a-massy!" exclaimed Mrs. Sayles. "I ain't s'prised none ef the man ez marries Lethe at last will find out he hev got more 'n he bargains fur. She jes' ups an' puts inter her elders' affairs ez brash ez ef hern war the only brains in the fambly. Jacob's a-savin' ter buy a horse, child. Yer dad 'lowed Jacob mought use his jedgmint 'bout all the crappin', bein' ez yer dad's old an' ain't long fur this worl'. So Jacob hev determinated ter buy a horse. Who wants ter work a steer when they kin hev a horse?"

Doaks looked intently at Alethea, loyally eager to range himself on her side. She was oblivious of his presence now; every faculty was on the alert in her single-handed contest against the family.

"Whar's the money he hev saved?" she demanded.

Her step-brother seemed frowzier than ever, as he lifted his eyebrows in vain cogitation for an answer.

"Ye shet up," he said, in triumphant substitution; "ye ain't no kin ter me."

Alethea, all lacking in the bland and mollifying feminine influences that subtly work their ends in seeming submission, bluntly spoke her inmost thought:

"Ez long ez thar's a moonshine still a-runnin' somewhar round Piomingo Cove Jacob ain't goin' ter save no money."

"Thar ain't no still round hyar ez I knows on," said Doaks, in surprise. "Over yander in Eskagua Cove thar air a bonded still, I know."

"That bonded still hev ter sell wholesale, hevin' no license otherwise," she retorted, "an' Jacob hain't saved enough yit ter buy by the five gallon. An' though he may 'pear sober ter you-uns, he don't ter me."

Jacob bore her scathing glance with an admirable equanimity.

"Ye shet up, Lethe; ye dunno nuthin' 'bout stills, bonded or no. Look-a-hyar, Ben, don't ye want ter buy Buck? See him thar?"

"I don't want him," said Ben.

Jacob turned fiercely on Alethea. "Why n't ye hold yer jaw, ef ye know how; ye have done spiled my trade. Look-a-hyar, Ben," he said alluringly, "it's this hyar steer," — there was but one, — "this hyar steer; he's wuth money. I tell ye," he vociferated, with a drunken wag of his head, "Buck's a good steer. I dunno ef I kin git my cornsent ter trade Buck off, no-ways. Buck's plumb like a member o' the fambly. I tell ye we-uns fairly dote on Buck."

"Waal, I don't want him. Older 'n enny of ye, ain't he?" drawled Ben. He was not a dull fellow, and he had taken his cue. He would decry the ox and forego his bargain, a consciously hopeless sacrifice to his affection.

Jacob straightened himself with an effort, and stared at his interlocutor.

"Who? Buck? Why, Buck ain't much older than L'onidas thar." He waved his hand toward the boy, who had perched on the bench of the loom beside Alethea. Now and then she patted his shoulder, which effort at consolation he received with a distinct crescendo; he had begun to relish the sound of his vocal performance, evidently attempting new and bizarre effects.

"L'onidas air about four year old, ain't he, Mrs. Jessup?" Doaks asked of the young matron, who seemed placidly regardless how the negotiation should terminate.

"I b'lieve he's 'bout four," she said, without animation.

"Waal, he be toler'ble bouncin' fur that," said Doaks, looking with the eye of speculation at the boy, as if he were about to offer a bid for Leonidas, "but I kin see a heap o' diff'unce 'twixt his size an' Buck's."

The drunken man turned and stared at the diminutive person on the bench. "Waal," he said in a low-spirited way, as if he must yield the point, "I never knowed ye wanted a steer o' that size. Would n't be much use ter ye. Our'n ain't."

"He 'pears sorter jubious in his temper. Does he hook?"

"Who? Buck?" — with an air of infinite amazement. "Why, Buck's ez saaft ez L'onidas thar."

As Leonidas was just now extremely loud, the comparison was hardly felicitous.

"I don't want no work-ox, nohow," said Doaks. "I want cattle ter fatten."

"Jes' try Buck. He 'll lay on fat fur ev'y ear o' corn fedded him. Ye dunno Buck. He hain't laid on much yit, kase, ye see," — Jessup's voice took on a confidential intonation, although it was not lowered because of the roaring Leonidas, — "we-uns ain't hed much corn ter feed ter Buck, bein' back'ard

las' year. The drought cotched our late corn, an' so Buck, though he worked it, he never got none sca'cely. An' that's why he ain't no fatter 'n he be."

Logical of Buck, but it availed him as little as the logic of misfortunes profits the rest of the world.

Alethea had risen and turned half round, leaning against the great clumsy frame of the loom. Her posture displayed her fine height; her supple figure was slight, as became her age, but with a suggestion of latent strength in every curve. There was something strangely inconsistent in the searching, serious expression of her grave brown eyes and the lavish endowment of her beauty, which seemed as a thing apart from her. Perhaps only Ben Doaks noted, or rather felt in a vague, unconscious way, the fascination of its detail: the glister of her dense yellow hair against the brown wall, where a string of red peppers hung, heightening the effect; the glimpse of her white throat under the saffron kerchief; the lithe grace of her figure, about which her sober-hued dress fell in straight folds. To the home-folks she gave other subjects to contemplate.

"Naw," she drawled, in her soft, low voice, whose intonation only suggested sarcasm, "we did n't plant much o' nuthin' this year, — hed no seed sca'cely, an' nuthin' ter trade fur 'em. The plenties' o' ennythin' roun' hyarabouts war bresh whiskey, an' as Buck don't drink it he ain't no fatter 'n he be."

"Waal," said Doaks, feeling all the discomforts incident to witnessing a family row, incompetent to participate by reason of non-membership, "I 'lowed the mountings hed in an' about done with moonshinin', considerin' the way the raiders kep' up with 'em. It's agin' the law, ye know."

"I ain't a-keerin' fur the law," said Alethea loftily. "The law air jes' the mea's foolishness, an' they air a-changin' of it forever till 't ain't got no constancy.

Ef I war minded ter break it I'd feel no hendrance in the sperit."

Her eyes met his. He looked vaguely away. Certainly there was no reasoning on this basis.

"'T ain't right," she said suddenly. "Jacob sleeps an' drinks his time away, an' don't do his sheer o' the work. I done *all* the plowin' this year, — me an' Buck, — an' I ain't one o' the kind ez puts up with sech. I ain't a Injun woman, like them at Quallatown. Pete Rood, — he hev been over thar, — he 'lows the women do *all* the crappin' while the men go huntin'. I'll kerry my e-end o' the log, but when the t'other e-end draps 'pears ter me I oughter drap mine."

"What ye goin' ter do, Lethe?" said the old woman. "Goin' ter take ter idlin' an' drinkin' bresh whiskey, too?"

She laughed, but she sneered as well.

Alethea, all unmoved by her ridicule, drawled calmly on: "I don't know nuthin' 'bout bresh whiskey, an' I ain't idled none, ez the rest o' you-uns know; but ef Jacob don't do his stent, nex' year thar 'll be less corn hyar than this."

It was hard for Doaks to refrain from telling her that there was a home ready for her, and one to share it who would work for both. Only futility restrained him. He flushed to the roots of his light brown hair, and as a resource he drew out a clasp knife and absently whittled a chip as he listened.

"Waal, wimmen hev ter holp men along with thar work wunst in a while," said Mrs. Sayles patronizingly. "Ye 'll find that out, child, wheast ye git married."

"Ef I war married," said Alethea, severely contemplating the contingency, — and Doaks felt a vague thrill of jealousy, — "I'd do his work ef he war aillin' ennywise, but not ter leave him in the enjoyment o' bresh whiskey."

"Ye shet up, Lethe," said Jacob, at last nettled. "Ye ain't no kin ter me, — jes' a step-sister, — an' ye ain't got

no right ter jow at me. Ye dunno nuthin' 'bout bresh whiskey. Ye dunno whar it's made nor who makes it."

"Ef I did" — she began abruptly.

He looked up at her with a sober dismay on his face.

"Don't go ter 'lowin' ye'd gin the word ter the revenueers?" he said.

Mrs. Sayles dropped her knitting in her lap.

"Look-a-hyar, Lethe," she exclaimed, "it's ez much ez yer life's wuth ter say them words!"

"I ain't said 'em," declared Alethea. Yet she was plainly ill at ease afterward. She looked vaguely away with absent eyes, disregarding Jacob's growling defense of himself, which consisted in good measure of animadversion on people who faulted their elders and gals who could not hold their tongues. Suddenly she stepped from the porch.

"Whar be ye goin', Lethe?" demanded Mrs. Sayles, ruthlessly interrupting Jacob's monologue.

"Ter hunt up that thar lam'," replied Alethea calmly, as if nothing else had been under discussion. "I ain't seen nuthin' of it ter-day, an' some o' the chill'n — I b'lieve 't war Joe — 'lowed its dam war up yander nigh Boke's spring yestiddy, actin' sorter cur'us, an' I reckon suthin' 's happened ter it."

Doaks looked after her as she went, tempted to follow. She took her way down the path along the zigzag rails of the fence. All the corners were rank with wild flowers, among which her golden head showed from time to time as in a wreath. She was soon without the limits of Wild-Cat Hollow. More than once she paused as she went, holding her hands above her eyes, and looking at the vast array of mountains on every side. A foreign land to her, removed even from vague speculation; she only saw how those august summits lifted themselves into the sky, how the clouds, weary-winged, were fain to rest upon them. There was a vague blur-

ring at the horizon-line, for a shower was succeeded by mist. The woods intervened presently; the long stretches of the majestic avenues lay before her, all singularly open, cleared of leaves and undergrowth by the fiery besom of the annual conflagration. It was very silent: once only she heard the shrill trilling of a tree-frog; and once the insistent clamor of a locust broke out close at hand, vibrating louder and louder and dying away, to be caught up antiphonally in the distance. Often she noted the lightning-scathed trees, the fated of the forest, withered and blanched and spectral among their flourishing kindred. There were presently visible at the end of the long leafy vista other dead trees: their blight was more prosaic; they stood girdled and white in an abandoned field that lay below the slope on which she had paused. A broken rotting rail fence still encircled it. Blackberry bushes, broom-sedge, a tangle of weeds, were a travesty of its crops. A fox, a swift-scudding tawny streak, sped across it as she looked. Hard by there was a deserted hut: the doors were open, showing the dark voids within; the batten shutters flapped with every changing whim of the winds. Fine sport they had had, these riotous mountain sprites, screaming down the chimney to affright the loneliness; then falling to sobs and sighs to mock the voices of those who had known sorrow here and perhaps shed tears; sometimes wrapping themselves in snow as in a garment, and reeling in fantastic whirls through the forlorn and empty place; sometimes twitting the gaunt timbers with their infirmities, and one wild night wrenching off half a dozen clapboards from the roof and scattering them about the door. Thus the moon might look in, seeing no more those whose eyes had once met its beam, and even the sunlight had melancholy intimations when it shone on the forsaken hearth-stone. A screech-owl had found refuge among

the rafters, and Alethea heard its quavering scream ending in a low, sinister chuckle. There was a barn near at hand, — a structure of undaubed, unhewn logs, with a wide open pass-way below the loft to shelter wagons and farm implements; it seemed in better repair than the house. The amber sky above the dark woods had deepened to orange, to crimson; the waning light suffused the waters of the spring branch which flowed close by the barn, the willows leaning to it, the ferns laving in it. The place was incredibly solitary and mournful with the persistent spectacle of the deserted home, suggestive of collapsed energies, of the defeated scheme of some simple humanity.

A faint bleat rose suddenly. Alethea turned quickly. Amongst a patch of briars she caught a glimpse of something white; another glance, — it was the ewe, quietly nibbling the grass.

Alethea had no intention of moving softly, but her skirts brushing through the weeds made hardly a sound. Her light, sure step scarcely stirred a leaf. The ewe saw her presently, and paused in feeding. She had been making the best of her woes, remaining near her lamb, which had fallen into a sink-hole, sustained by the débris of loose earth and banks of leaves held in the mouth of the cavity. Its leg was broken, and thus, though the sheep could venture to it, the lamb could not follow to the vantage-ground above. Seeing that succor was at hand, the sheep lost all patience and calmness, and ran about Alethea in a distracting fashion, bleating, till the lamb, roused to a renewed sense of its calamities, bleated piteously too. As it lay down in the cavity upon the dead leaves, it had a strangely important look upon its face, appreciating how much stir it was making in the world for one of its size. Alethea noticed this, albeit she too was self-absorbed at the moment. These treacherous hopper-shaped cavities are of indefi-

nite depth. To reach the lamb she must needs venture half across the sink-hole. She stepped cautiously down upon the débris, holding fast the while to the branches of an elder-bush growing on its verge. She felt the earth sinking beneath her feet. The sheep, which had jumped in too, sprang hastily out. Alethea had a dizzying realization of insecurity. She caught the lamb up in one arm, then stepped upon the sinking mass and struggled up the side of the aperture, as with a great gulp the leaves and earth were swallowed into the cavity. She looked down with that sickening sense of a sheer escape, still holding the lamb in one arm; the other hand readjusted the heavy masses of her golden hair, and the saffron kerchief about the neck of her sober-hued dress. The sheep, one anxiety removed, was the prey of another, and pressed close to Alethea, with outstretched head and all the fears of kidnapping in her pleading eyes.

Alethea waited for a moment to rest. Then as she glanced over her shoulder her heart seemed to stand still, her brain reeled, and but for her acute consciousness she would have thought she must be dreaming.

The clearing lay there all as it was a moment before: the deserted buildings, the weed-grown fields, the rotting rail fence; the woods dark about it, the sky red above it. Around and around the old barn, in a silent circuit, three men were solemnly tramping in single file. She stood staring at them with dilated eyes, all the mystic traditions of supernatural manifestations uppermost in her mind. Once more the owl's scream rent the brooding silence. How far that low, derisive chuckle echoed! A star, melancholy, solitary, was in the pensive sky. The men's faces were grave,—once, twice, thrice, they made the round. Then they stood together in the open space beneath the loft, and consulted in whispers.

One suddenly spoke aloud.

"Oh, Tobé!" he called.

"Tobe!" called the echoes.

There was no answer. All three looked up wistfully. Then they again consulted together in a low tone.

"Oh, Tobias!" cried the spokesman in a voice of entreaty.

"Tobias!" pleaded the plaintive echoes.

Still there was no answer. The owl screamed suddenly in its weird, shrill tones. It had flown out from among the rafters and perched on the smokeless chimney of the hut. Then its uncanny laughter filled the interval.

Once more the men consulted anxiously together. One of them, a tall, ungainly, red-haired fellow, seemed to have evolved a solution of the problem which had baffled them.

"Mister Winkeye!" he exclaimed, with vociferous confidence.

The echoes were forestalled. A sneeze rang out abruptly from the loft of the deserted old barn,—a sneeze resonant, artificial, grotesque enough to set the blades below to roaring with delighted laughter.

"He mus' hev his joke. *Mister Winkeye* air a mighty jokified old man," declared the red-haired fellow.

They made no effort to hold any further communication with the sneezer in the loft above. They hastily placed a burly jug in the centre of the space, and laid a silver half-dollar upon the cob that served as stopper. The coin looked extremely small in its juxtaposition. There may be people elsewhere who would be glad of a silver coin of that size capable of filling so disproportionately large a jug. Then they ran off fleetly out of the clearing and into the woods, and Alethea could hear the brush crackling as they dashed through it on the slopes far below.

She was still pale and tremulous, but no longer doubts beset her. She understood the wiles of the illicit distiller, pursued so closely by the artifices of the

raiders that he was prone to distrust the very consumers of his brush whiskey. They never saw his face, they knew not even his name. They had no faint suspicion where his still was hid. They were not even dangerous as unwilling witnesses, should they be caught with the illicit liquor in their hands. The story that they left a jug and a half-dollar in a deserted barn, and found the jug filled and the coin vanished, would inculpate no one. From the loft the distiller or his emissary could see and recognize them as they came. Alethea, having crept down the slope amongst the briars in search of the lamb, had been concealed from him. She was seized instantly by the desire to get away before he should appear. She coveted the knowledge of no such dangerous secret. She walked boldly out from the leafy covert, that he might see her in the clearing and delay till she was gone.

The lamb was bleating faintly in her arms; the sheep pressed close to her side, nudging her elbow with an insistent nozzle. The last flush of the day was on her shining hair and her grave, earnest face. The path led her near the barn. She hesitated, stopped, and drew back hastily. A man was swinging himself alertly down from the loft. He caught up the coin, slipped it into his pocket, and lifted the jug with the other hand. The next moment he dropped it suddenly, with a startled exclamation. His eyes had met her eyes. There was a moment of suspense charged with mutual recognition. Then she ran hastily by, never pausing till she was far away in the deep obscurity of the woods.

IV.

The night came on. The dark summits of the great mountains were heavily defined against the ethereal pallors of the sky. Here and there along those steep slanting lines that mark the ra-

vines a mist hung, vaguely perceived. A point of red light might gleam in the dusky depths of Piomingo Cove where the flare of a hearth-stone flickered out. All the drowsy nocturnal voices joined in an iterative monody, broken only when the marauding wolf of the Great Smoky howled upon the bald. The herders ruefully thought of the roaming yearlings, and presaged calamity. All the world was sunk in gloom, till gradually a rayonnant heralding halo, of a pallid and lustrous green, appeared above the deeply purple summits; in its midst the yellow moon slowly revealed itself, and with a visible tremulousness rose solemnly into the ascendancy of the night.

It was high in the sky when Mink Lorey rode along the wild forest ways. More than once he looked up earnestly at it, not under the spell of lunar splendors, but with a prosaic calculation of the hour. Suddenly he drew up the mare. He lifted his head, listening. Voices sounded in the depths of the woods, — faint, far, hilarious voices; then absolute silence. He struck the mare with his heels. The animal pushed on unwillingly, breaking through the brush, stumbling over the stones, scrambling up and down steep slopes. All at once, with a burst of laughter, there was disclosed an opening in the woods. A glory of pale moonlight suffused the mountains in the distance and the shimmering mists in the valley. In the flecking shadow of the great trees, with hairy moonlit faces and shining eyes, were half a dozen figures seated on logs or stones, or lying upon the ground.

Not fauns nor satyrs; not Bacchus come again with all his giddy rout. Only the malcontents because of the bonded still.

"Hy 're, Mink!" exclaimed Jerry Price. "We fund the jug hyar 'cord-in' ter promise, hid in a hollow tree."

"I hope," said Mink with sudden apprehension, as he dismounted, "thar be some lef' fur me."

"A leetle, I reckon. Hyar, Mink, wet yer whistle."

Mink sat down on the roots of a tree draped from its summit to its lowest bough with the rank luxuriance of a wild grapevine. The pendent ends swayed in the wind. The dew was upon the bunches of green fruit and the delicate tendrils, and the moonlight slanted on them with a glistening sheen.

Mink took the jug, which gurgled alluringly. He removed the cob that served as stopper, and smelled it with the circumspect air of those who drink from jugs. Then he turned it up to his mouth. A long bubbling sound, and he set it down with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Ye don't 'pear ez riled ez ye did when ye rid out'n Piomingo Cove," suggested Pete Rood.

He had a swaggering, triumphant manner, although he was lying on the ground.

Mink, leaning back against the bole of the tree, the moonlight full on his wild dark eyes, his clear-cut face, and tousled hair, gave no sign of anger or even of attention.

"Whar ye been all this time?" asked Jerry Price.

"Waal," said Mink leisurely, "ye know that thar coon ez Tad gin me, — I won it at 'five corn : ' arter I hed rid out'n Piomingo Cove an' hed started up the mounting, I hearn suthin' yappin' arter me, an' thar war Tad a-fetchin' his coon. That thar idjit hed run mighty nigh three miles ter fetch me his coon! Waal, I hed n't no 'casion fur a cap, an' the coon war a powerful peart leetle consarn, — smiled mighty nigh ekal ter a possum, — an' I 'lowed Elviry Crosby mought set store by sech fur a pet, an' so I rid over thar an' gin the coon ter her. She war mos' pleased ter death ter git the critter."

"Ye ain't been thar ever sence!" exclaimed Jerry.

"Yes," said Mink demurely. "I bided ter supper along of 'em, — the old

folks bein' powerful perlite an' gin me an invite."

Jerry poked him in the ribs. "Ye air a comical cuss! Ye hev got all the gals in the mountings crazy 'bout'n ye."

Mink laughed lightly, and stayed the fleet jug, which was agile considering its bulk, and once more drank deeply. If he had needed zest for his draught, he might have found it in the expression of Pete Rood's face. He had already revenged himself, but he must needs push the matter further. He laughed with reminiscent relish, as he leaned against the tree.

"Elviry axed mighty p'inted ef I war a-goin' right straight up ter the herder's cabin ter-night, an' I tole her ez I hed a job on hand with a man named Tobias Winkeye ez I hed ter look arter fust. But she suspicioned suthin', count o' the name, I reckon, though she never dreamt 't war jes' whiskey. She 'lowed she hed never hearn o' nobody named sech. An' I tole her she hed : her dad used ter like old Winkeye mightily, though *she* did n't know him ez well ez some. She 'lowed I war a-goin' off a-courtin' some other gal. It war toler'ble hard ter pacify her," with a covert glance at Rood. "I hed ter talk sixteen ter the dozen."

"Waal, we hed better look out how our tongues wag so slack with that thar name," said Price. "I lef' old man Griff settin' outside the mill door a-waitin' fur old Winkeye ter ride by, bein' ez I hed gin the word he lives in Eskaquia Cove, kase he wanted ter warn him not ter let no job o' work go ter Mink Lorey. He 'lowed he war goin' ter gin Mink a bad name."

Mink's blood, fired by the liquor, burned at fever heat. His roving eyes were distended and unnaturally bright as the moonlight flashed into them. His swarthy cheek was deeply flushed. Despite the rare chill air of the heights, he was heated; often he took off his hat to let the wind play in his long tangled

hair that hung down to his shoulders, and lay in heavy moist rings on his forehead. Every fibre was strained to the keenest tension of excitement. He was equally susceptible to any current of emotion, to anger or mirth. He broke out indignantly:—

"Old man Griff hed better quit tryin' ter spite me. I'll fix him fur it. I'm goin' by thar this very night an' lift the mill gate an' set the wheel a-runnin'. It'll be good ez a coon-fight ter see him kem out'n his house an' cuss!"

He burst into sudden laughter.

"Oh, ah! Oh, ah!" he sang,—

"The wind blows brief, the moon hangs high;
Oh, listen, folks!—the dead leaves fly.
The witch air out with a broom o' saidge,
Ter sweep 'em up an' over the aidge
O' the new-made grave, 'ter hide,' she said,
'The prints o' my fingers buryin' the dead;
Fur how he died—oh, ah! oh, ah!
I'd tell ef 't warn't fur the mornin' star.'"

His mellow, rich baritone voice, hilarious and loud, echoed far and wide, and incongruously filled the solemn solitudes.

"Who air a-goin' ter hear?" he demanded, when caution was suggested. "The herders on the mounting? Too fur off! Too high up! Asleep, besides."

"They'd think 't war a wolf," said Peter Rood, still lying at length on the ground.

Mink had his sensibilities. On these harmonious numbers he piqued himself. He felt affronted.

"A leetle mo', an' I'll break this jug over yer head. Nobody ain't a-goin' ter think ez my singin' air a wolf."

"Ye hand it hyar," said Pete; "nobody gits a fair show at that jug but you-uns." As he rose to his knees one foot caught in a grapevine, in his haste.

"Wait till it be empty," said Mink, making a feint of lifting it to his mouth. Then turning suddenly, he faced Pete Rood as he staggered to his feet, and dealt a blow which sent that worthy once more prone upon the ground.

There was a jumble of excited protest from the others. One was vociferously trying to quiet his companions. Mink had risen, and was squaring off with clenched fists.

"Kem on," he observed; "thar's ground enough hyar fur ez many ez kin kiver it."

"Look-a-hyar," exclaimed Jerry Price, whose grief that the placidities of the festivity should be frustrated very nearly resembled a regard for law and order, "ye two boys hev jes' got ter quit fightin' an' sech, an' spilin' the enjoyment o' the rest o' we-uns. Quit foolin', Mink. Ye ain't hurt no-ways, air ye, Pete?"

"Laws-a-massy, naw," said Pete unexpectedly. "Mink never knocked me down nohow. I jes' cotched my foot in a grapevine. That's all."

But he lifted himself heavily, and he limped as he walked to a rock at a little distance and sat down.

Mink with his sudden change of temper had let the encounter pass as a bit of fun. He referred to the jug frequently afterward, and again burst into song:—

"Oh, ah! Oh, ah!
The weevil's in the wheat, the worm's in the corn,
The moon's got a twist in the eend o' her horn;
Fur the witch, she grinned and batted her eye,
An' gin 'em an ail ez she went by
Ter fresk in the frost, 'an' show,' she said,
'I kin dance on my ankle-j'int's an' swaller my head,
An' how I do it, oh, ah! oh, ah!
I'd tell ef 't warn't fur the mornin' star.'"

The others joined tumultuously in the chorus. One sprang up, dancing a clumsy measure and striking his feet together with an uncouth deftness worthy of all praise in the estimation of his comrades. They broke into ecstatic guffaws, in the midst of which Mink's "Oh, ah! Oh, ah!" heralding the next verse, seemed a voice a long way off.

The shadows had shifted, slanted. The moon was westering fast. Every gauzy effect of vapor had its fascination in the embellishing beam, and shone

vaguely iridescent. All were drifting down to where the Scolacutta River breaks through Chilhowee. Above them rose that enchanted mountain's summit, with its long irregular horizontal line, purple and romantic, suggestive of its crags, its caves, its forests, and its wild unwritten poetry. A star was close upon it. Peace brooded on its heights. Down the ravine one could see a collection of great white trees standing in some field, all so tiny in the distance that it was as if the fingers of a ghostly hand had pointed upward at the group of uncouth revelers on the ridge.

The prophecy of dawn was momentarily reiterated with fuller phrase, with plainer significance. Even Mink, reluctant to recognize it, yielded at last to Jerry Price's insistence. And indeed the jug was empty.

"Put the jug in the hollow tree, then, like we promised, an' let 's go," said Mink. "Mos' day, ennyhow. 'Oh, ah! Oh, ah! The daylight's apt ter break, said the witch.'"

The jug was thrust in the hollow of the tree, and the drunken fellows, in the securities of their fancied quiet, went whooping through the woods. The owl's hoot ceased as their meaningless clamor rose from under the boughs. Now and then that crisp, matutinal sound, the vibrant chirp of half-awakened nestlings, jarred the air.

The group presently began to separate, some going down to Eskaquia Cove, where they would find their several homes if they could, but would at all hazards lay down their neighbors' fences. Rood lingered for a time with Mink and one or two others who cherished the design of seeing old man Griff's mill started before day. He turned off, however, when they had reached the open spaces of Piomingo Cove. It lay quiet, pastoral, encircled by the solemn mountains, with the long slant of the moonbeams upon it and the

glisten of the dew. The fields had all a pearly effect, marked off by the zig-zag lines of the rail fences and the dark bushes that stood in corners. The houses, indicated by clumps of trees among which they nestled, were dark and silent. Not even a dog barked. When a cock crew the sudden note seemed clear and resonant as a bugle. "Crowin' fur fower o'clock," said Mink.

The road ran among woods much of the distance; through the trees could be caught occasional glimpses of the illuminated world without. But presently they gave way. A wide, deep notch in the summit of Chilhowee revealed the western sky, and within the limits of this gap the moon was going down. A translucent amber sphere it swung between the purple steeps, all suffused with its glamorous irradiation. Below, the shining breadth of the Scolacutta River swept down from the vague darkness that lay beneath. It was still night, yet one could see how the pawpaw and the laurel crowded the banks. The oblique line of the roof of the mill was drawn against the purple sky; its windows were black; its supports were reflected in the stream with a distinct reduplication; the water trickled down from crevices in the race with a lace-like effect, seeming never to fall, but to hang as if it were some gauzy fragment of a fabric. Beneath the great wheel, motionless, circular, shadowy, was a shoaling yellow light, pellucid and splendid,—the moon among the shallows. The natural dam, a glassy cataract, bursting into foam and spray, was whitely visible in the dim light, with surging rapids below. The sound seemed louder than usual; it deadened the snap when Mink cut a pole from a pawpaw tree and hastily trimmed the leaves. He climbed gingerly upon the timbers of the race, then paused, looked back, and hesitated.

The others had reined in their horses, and stood, ill-defined equestrian shadows, on the bank watching him.

He placed the pole beneath the lever by which the gate was raised, its other end being within the building. There was no sound but the monotone of the river. Then with a great creak the gate was lifted. The imprisoned water came through with a tumultuous rush. Mink felt the stir beneath as the wheel began to revolve. There was a sudden jar, a jerk, the structure swayed beneath him, a crash among the timbers, a harsh, wrenching sound as they tore apart. He saw the faint stars reel as in some distraught vision. He heard the wild exclamations of the men on the bank. He could not distinguish what they said, but with an instinct more than any appreciation of cause and effect he tried to draw away the pole to let the gate down.

Too late. Through the sunken wreck of the race still poured the water over the madly plunging wheel. Mink sprang upon the bank, fell upon his hands and knees, and as he struggled to his feet he saw beneath the race the grotesque distortions of the simple machinery. Some villain's hand had adroitly contrived a series of clogs, each of insufficient weight to stop the wheel with the water still pouring over it, but as it crushed them — first a barrel, then a pole, then a fence-rail — giving it a succession of shocks that were fast breaking it in pieces. Thus what was designed for jest should result in destruction. The mill itself was a rotten old structure at best. Jarring with every convulsive wrench and jerk of the bewitched wheel, its supports tottered feebly in the water, and when all at once the race came down, and the wheel and the heavy beams were driven against it, for an instant it quivered, then careened, crashed. There was a great cloud of dust rising from the tumbled wreck on the bank. In the water, floating away on the swollen floods, were heavy timbers, and barrels, and boards, and parts of the clapboard roof.

And then, from their midst, as if the old building had an appreciated agony in its dissolution, a great cry of pain went up. Mink turned, as he put his foot in the stirrup, to stare over his shoulder with a white face. Surely he was drunk, very drunk. Had the others heard? A twinkling light sprang up in the midst of the orchard boughs. The house had taken the alarm. His companions were getting away in haste. Sober enough for flight and flapping their elbows, they crowed in mockery. Mink leaped into his saddle to ride as ride he must, still looking with a lingering fear over his shoulder, remembering that quavering cry.

Was he drunk, or did he hear? Could any creature have been in the mill, undisturbed, — for they were so craftily quiet, — asleep till awakened by those death throes of the little building? Could it have been a dog, a pet fawn bleating with almost a human intonation in that common anguish of all life, the fear of death, — a pet cub? What! his heart ached for it, — he, the hardy hunter? Oh, was his conscience endowed with some subtle discernment more acute than his senses? It seemed a surly fate that crept up on the unwitting creature in the dark, in the humble peace of its slumbers. And he was sorry, too, for the old man's mill; and then a vague terror possessed him when he thought of the trickery with the wheel. Surely the hand of another had compassed its destruction, yet when or why he could not understand, could not guess; or was he himself the miscreant? He could not remember what he had done; he had been so very drunk.

Ah, should he ever again see Chilhowee thus receive the slant of the sunrise, and stand revealed in definite purple heights against the pale blue of the far west? Should he ever again mark that joyous matutinal impulse of nature as the dawn expanded into day? The note of a bird, sweet, reedy, thrilling

with gladness, came from the woods, so charged with the spirit of the morning that it might have been the voice of the light. And the dew was rich with the fragrance of flowers, and as he galloped along the bridle-path they stretched their rank growth across his way, sometimes smiting him lightly in the face, like a challenge to mirth. When he climbed the steep ridge from which were visible the domes of the Great Smoky, all massive and splendid against the dispersing rose in the sky, the sunlight gushing down in a crimson flood while the dazzling focus rose higher than the highest bald, he cared less to look above than into the shadowed depths of Piomingo Cove. Did he fancy, or could he see a stir there? An atom slowly moved down the lane, and across the red clay slope of a hill,—another, and yet one more. Was the settlement already roused with the news of the disaster to the mill? He turned and pressed his horse along the rocky road, up slopes and down again, still ascending and descending the minor ridges that lie about the base of the Smoky. Sometimes he wondered at himself with a harsh, impersonal reprehension, as if his deed were another's. "How's the old man goin' ter make out ter barely live 'thout his mill?" he demanded of himself; "an' them gran'-chil'n ter keer fur, an' Tad, an' all."

Then would come again the recollection of that strange muffled scream, and though the sun was warm he shivered.

Often he drew up the mare and listened with a vague sense of pursuit. Stillness could hardly be more profound. Not the stir of a leaf, never a stealthy tread. Then as he started again down the rocky way, some vagrant echo, or a stone rolling under his mare's hoof, would bring to him again that sudden affright, and he would swiftly turn to see who dogged him.

There were many curves in the path, and unexpected turns, and once in its

sudden vista he saw before him a girl with yellow hair outlined against the green and gold foliage of the sunlit woods, clad in brown homespun, partly leading and partly driving a dun-colored ox, with a rope knotted about his long horns. She paused, swaying hard on it to check the beast, when she beheld the horseman, and her brown eyes were full of surprised recognition.

Mink gravely nodded in response to her grave salutation. He seemed at first about to pass without stopping, but when it was evident that she intended to let the ox trudge on he drew up the mare.

"Howdy, Lethe," he said.

"Howdy," returned Alethea.

"Enny news?"

She shook her head without speaking.

"Whar be ye a-goin' with Buck?" he asked.

"Arter the warpin' bars. They war loaned ter aunt Dely, an' she hain't got but one steer ter haul 'em home. So Buck hed ter go."

The ox had reached up his dun-colored head for the leaves, all green and flecked with golden light, behind her bright hair. She did not move out of the creature's way. She only stood and gazed at Mink.

"I war down ter Crosby's yestiddy evenin'," he observed, watching her.

"I hopes ye enjoyed yerse'f," she said, with tart self-betrayal.

He laughed a little, and turned the reins in his hands. He relished infinitely the sight of the red and angry spot on either cheek, the spark in her eye.

"I did," he said, jauntily, watching the effect of his words. "I seen Elviry."

She made an effort at self-control.

"Waal," she returned, calmly, although her voice trembled a little, "I hope ye kin agree with her better 'n ye ever done with me. We warn't made fur one another, I reckon, no-ways."

"Oh, I hain't never axed Elviry;

'tain't never gone ez fur ez that. I 'lowed ez mebbe ye an' me mought make it up some day."

He was only trying her, but the vaunted feminine intuition did not detect it. She crimsoned to the roots of her hair. Her eyes were full of liquid lights. She laughed, a low gurgling laugh of happiness, that, nevertheless, broke into a sob.

"I dunno 'bout that," she said, evasively, belying the rapture in her face.

She was very beautiful at the moment. A cultivated man, versed in the harmonies of line and color, tutored to discriminate expressions and gauge feelings and recognize types, might have perceived something innately noble in her, foolish though the affection was which embellished her.

Even he was impressed by it. "I hev never axed nobody but ye," he said. "Not even arter we quar'led."

He was not bound by this, which he knew full well, and it promised nothing. But it held her love and loyalty for him, if ever he should want them.

Nevertheless, while he piqued himself on his domination, he was under her influence at the fleeting moment when he was with her. Perhaps her presence induced some tender affinity for the better things. He said with a sigh, "I hev done gone an' got in a awful scrape, Lethe. I reckon nobody never hed sech a pack o' troubles in this worl'."

With a sort of pitying deprecation of the wiles of old Tobias Winkeye she gravely listened. Once she unconsciously put up her hand and stroked his mare. He was petulant, like a spoiled child, when he told how he only meant a jest and such woeful destruction had ensued. "An' me so boozy I dunno *what* I done. An' that thar pore ole man! An' his mill plumb ruined! An' all his gran'chillen an' Tad ter keer fur!"

Her face had become very pale. Her voice trembled as she said, —

"Ain't sech agin the law, Reuben?"

He noticed that she called him by his name, rather than the sobriquet his pranks had earned. He was unfamiliar with himself thus dignified, and it gave him an added sense of importance.

"Yes, but 't ain't nuthin' but ten dollar fine, mebbe, an' a few days in jail," — she gasped, — "*ef* they ketches me."

He looked at her with a swift, crafty brightness that was wonderfully like the little creature whose name he bore.

"I would n't keer fur that, though," he added after a pause. "Bein' in jail fur rollickin' roun' the kentry jes' fur fun ain't a disgrace, like fur stealin' an' sech. What pesters me so is studyin' 'bout the old man and his mill, plumb ruined. Lord! Lord! I'd gin my mare an' hogs an' gun ef it hed never happened!"

She stood meditative and motionless against the leafy background, all dark and restful verdure close at hand, opening into a vista of luminous emerald lightened in the distance to a gilded green where the sunshine struck aslant with a climax of gold.

"I reckon ye think so, Reuben, but ye would n't," she said at last, with her fatal candor.

He winced. He was both hurt and angry as he rejoined, "An' why would n't I?"

"Why, ye be 'bleeged ter know ef ye war ter gin the old man yer mare an' gun an' hogs, he'd be more 'n willin' ter gin it up agin ye. The mill stones air thar yit under the water, an' he could sell that truck o' yourn an' build ez good a shanty ez he hed afore, — better, kase 't would be new."

He looked down at her, tapping his heavy boot with the hickory switch in his hand.

"Ye ain't changed none, since we war promised ter marry," he said slowly. "Then ye war forever a-jawin' an' a-preachin' at me 'bout what I done an' what I oughter do, same ez the rider. Ye talk 'bout jewty ez brash ez ef ye

never hed none, same ez he does 'bout religion. He ain't hurt with *that*, ef ye watch him fresk 'round when they's pourin' him out a dram or settin' out the table. That's sech grace ez he hev got, but he kin talk powerful sober ter other folks; jes' like you-uns. I'm sorry I ever tole ye about it, ennyways. I'm sorry I met up with ye this mornin' —

The girl's face was as visibly pained as if he had cruelly struck her. He went on tumultuously, aggregating wrath and a sense of injury and a desire of reprisal with every word.

"I'm sorry I ever seen ye! Ye 'mind me o' that thar harnt o' a Herder on Thunderhead the folks tells about. Ef ye happen ter kem upon him suddint, an' don't turn back but ketch his eye, that year air withered. Nuthin' ye plant will grow, an' ef the craps air laid by they won't ripen. He can't kill ye; he jes' spiles yer chance. An' ye 'minds me o' him."

"Oh, Reuben!" the girl cried, in deprecation.

"Ye do, — ye do! I tole ye, kase I 'lowed mebbe ye mought help me, — more fool me! — leastways ye mought be sorry. Shucks! And now I'm sorry I tole ye."

He turned the mare suddenly and slowly rode away. He glanced back once. If she had been looking wistfully after him he might have paused. He expected it; he had even listened for her to call. The light struck with a rich tinge on her golden hair and her delicate profile as she reached up to adjust the rope on the long horns of the dun-colored ox. The vacillating color of the leaves shoaling in the wind and the sunshine seemed the more fantastic for the sober hue of her brown gown and the crude red clay path. Even when the animal resumed his journey she did not once look back, and presently the fluctuating leaves hid her from sight.

Mink's gust of temper had served to divert him for the moment from the contemplation of his perplexities. Now they reasserted themselves. Before, however, he had seen no hope of extrication. But Alethea's words had given him something. He began to appreciate the necessity of a definite plan of action. If he should go up to Piomingo Bald he would be taken at the herders' cabin by the officers of the law. His home could be no refuge. He felt a respite essential. He craved the time to think of Alethea's suggestion, to canvass the ground, to judge what was possible. At last he dismounted and turned his mare out; even here he could hear the occasional jangling bells of the herds, and the animal would soon follow the familiar sound. He took his way on foot down the mountain and through Eskaquá Cove. "The news'll travel slower 'n me," he said.

He hardly felt hunger; he did not realize his fatigue. The red clay roads were vacant, the few daily passers were not yet astir. He avoided the possibility of meeting them as far as he might by taking short cuts over the mountains and through valleys. His instinct was to remove himself as far as he might from his accustomed haunts. Nevertheless, he had no definite intention of hiding, for after traversing Hazel Valley he struck boldly into the county road that leads up the eastern slope of Big Injun Mountain. He had no thought of resisting arrest. He walked along slowly, meditatively, hardly conscious even of the vague company of his shadow climbing the mountain with him, until he suddenly found that it had skulked away and he was bereft of this vague similitude of a comrade. For the sun was already west of Big Injun. A pensive shade lay far down the slope, but below there was again the interfulgent play of sunshine itinerant with the wind among the leaves.

Once he sat down on a rock close by

the road, with his head in his hands and his elbows on his knees, and sought again to adjust his course to the best interests of conscience and policy. A woman with a bag of fruit on her back passed him presently. He gave her "howdy;" then after a time rose and trudged up and up the road. He had known repentance before, for he was plastic morally. But in his experience there had been no perplexity. It seemed to him, with the urgency of decision and the turmoil of doubt pressing upon him, that it was happier to be resolutely reckless. The harassments of uncertainty had affected his nerves, and he gave a quick start when the abrupt jangle of a bell smote the air. On the opposite side of the road, among the great craggy steepes, there was a wide, low niche in the face of the cliff, with a beetling roof and a confusion of rocks and bushes below. Sheep had climbed into it: some were standing looking down at him, now and then stirring and setting the bell to jangling fitfully; others lay motionless in the shadowy nook. He was about to go on; suddenly he turned and began to scale the huge fragments of rock to the niche in the cliff.

"Ye clar out," he said to the sheep as they scuttled away at his approach; "ye hev got the very spot I want."

They huddled together as he crept in; two or three hastily ran out upon the rocks, — only a little frightened, for they began presently to nibble the grass growing in the rifts. He lay down, pillowing his head upon his arm, and turning his eyes on the scene without. He could see far below into the depths of Hazel Valley, with hill and dale in undulatory succession. The light glanced here and there on the minute lines of a zigzag fence; on a field in which the stark and girdled trees stood in every gaunt attitude of despair; on a patch striped with green where tobacco grew in orderly ranks, — all amongst the dense forests, upon which these tiny sugges-

tions of civilization seemed only some ephemeral accident, some ineffective incident, capable of slightest significance. Beyond, the wooded mountains rose in the densities of unbroken primeval wilderness, with irregular summit-lines, with graduating tones from bronze-green to blue-gray, with a solemnity that even the sunshine did not abate. Still further, the Great Smoky, veiled with mist and vague with distance, stood high against the sky, — so high that but for the familiar changeless outline it must have seemed the fiction of the clouds.

The sheep came back and crowded about him, — he lay so still. Once he was conscious of their motion; he intended to rouse himself in a moment and drive them off. And once afterward he was vaguely aware of the tinkle of the bell. Then he heard no more.

The afternoon wore on. The sunlight deepened to orange and burned to red. The mountains were all garbed in purple. The sky above that splendid summit-line of the Great Smoky caught the reflection from the west and was delicately roseate. Cow-bells were clanking in Hazel Valley, faintly, faintly. A star, most serene, was at the zenith.

The sheep in the dark niche of the crags stirred, and huddled together again, and were quiet. The moon came and looked coyly in, as if she sought Endymion. The face of the mountaineer, its reckless spirit all spent, was gentle and young in the soft, shy light.

All at once he was awake. The sheep were crowding timorously about him. A voice broke with sudden discord into the harmonies of the night.

"Nuthin' but sheep, I reckon."

There was a great scuffling among the rocks and bushes, and Mink ventured to lift his head.

He saw the mist-filled valley below, the glister of the moon in the skies above; the infinite expanse of vague mountain forms all along the back-

ground, and in the stony road on the verge of the precipice an equestrian group standing motionless in shadow and sheen.

He recognized the sheriff of the county among them, and the constable from Piomingo Cove was in the act of clamoring up the rocks.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

SALEM CUPBOARDS.

THERE were cupboards in Salem. Whether they are there still, or have been built up, or pulled down, or swept away, in the march of modern improvement, I know not, but in my childhood there were cupboards in Salem.

They were, moreover, real cupboards; no after-thoughts, built across the end of an entry here, or the corner of a room there, — places into which to huddle umbrellas and overcoats, or to hustle mending and children's litter out of the sight of visitors. Salem cupboards were always intentional. The builder understood his responsibility, and acted accordingly. The housewife regarded her cupboards as the inner and most sacred portion of her trust. It was no light task even to keep the keys always counted and polished. As for losing one, or forgetting which was which, that would indicate a mind so utterly frivolous that one could hardly conceive of it.

The genuine, old-time Salem house-keeper realized that there was a conscience in her work. She took her cupboards seriously. To her there was nothing trivial about them. To do her duty by her cupboards was one of the most inviolable principles of her sober and decorous life.

It took no ordinary brain to keep watch and ward over these cupboards. They were many in number. They were confusing as to size and shape. They possessed the charm of the unexpected. One never knew quite when or where one should chance upon them.

They were tall and narrow beside the fireplace, or low and chubby above it; they lurked behind the wainscoting, like Polonius back of the arras. One of them was to be reached only by a step-ladder; another jolly pair occupied cranies under two deep window-seats. In one house was a cupboard which pretended to be solid wall, but was really a deep recess for the concealment of firearms; and in yet another was a narrow closet about which hung the horror of an old Ginevra-like legend of smothering to death.

There was literally no end to the number and variety of Salem cupboards. They possessed a charm quite their own, and this charm was felt to the utmost by the children, who were only occasionally allowed to view the treasures kept under strict lock and key by the high priestesses of these sacred nooks and shrines.

Foremost in the memory of delightful Salem cupboards stands the dining-room closet of a second-cousin of ours, whom I will call cousin Susan, because that is as far as possible from being her real name. She was a widow of some fifty odd years, and kept house for a bachelor brother, who was a retired sea-captain. She was a round, trim, black-eyed woman, greatly afflicted with rheumatism, for which reason she always walked with a cane. The cane was of some dark, foreign wood, highly polished, and the top was carved to resemble a falcon's head, with shining eyes of yellow glass.

Cousin Susan was a kindly soul, who would, I think, have even been merry, had not the austerity of her youthful training warped her natural instincts and given her a certain rigidly virtuous air. She believed very sincerely in the old-time maxim that "children should be seen, and not heard," and she had rather an alarming way at times of saying "Tut, tut!" But she was really fond of young people, and whenever we went to see her she would say seductively, —

"I wonder, now, if we could find anything nice in cousin Susan's dining-room cupboard."

And truly that person who failed to do so must have been hard to please; for, in our eyes at least, that cupboard held a little of everything that was rare and delightful.

A most delicious odor came forth when the door was opened: a hint of the spiciness of rich cake, a tingling sense of preserved ginger, and a certain ineffable sweetness which no other closet ever possessed, and which I know not how to describe. It might well have proceeded from the walls and shelves of the cupboard itself, for they were indeed emblems of purity. The paint was varnished to a high degree of glossiness, and was so exquisitely kept as to look like white porcelain.

The china here, as in all genuine Salem cupboards, was chiefly of the honest old blue Canton ware. There were shining piles of those plates which, while they are rather heavy to handle, always surprise one by being so thin at the edges. There were generous teacups like small bowls, squat pitchers with big noses, and a tureen whose cover had the head of a boar for a handle. And in all this the blue was dull and deep in tint, with a certain ill-defined, vaporous quality at the edges of the lines, and the white of the cool greenish tinge of a duck's egg. You can buy blue Canton to-day, but it is not old blue Canton.

Such china is matchless now, but in this cupboard there were shelves of it.

Cousin Susan possessed also another set of china, which she valued far above her blue. It was always singularly attractive to us as children, though I have come to believe that it is far less beautiful than the Canton. It was a pure, thin white ware, delicately fluted at the edges and decorated with little raised lilac sprigs. It was used only upon occasions of solemn company tea-drinkings, and cousin Susan always washed it herself in her little cedar dish-tub. We children considered this china so choice and desirable that a bit of a broken saucer, which included one of the pale, tiny sprays, was cherished far above our real doll's dishes. We lent it from one to another, each of us keeping it for one day; but it was always one of those unsatisfactory treasures of childhood for which we could never find any adequate use. We could think of nothing to do with this bit of china which seemed at all worthy of so lovely an object.

At the left hand of cousin Susan's shelves of china was a little cupboard with a diamond-paned glass door. This was the *sanctum sanctorum*, — a cupboard within a cupboard; and here, as one might have expected, were stored the choicest treasures of all. It was not the domestic preserve closet. Cousin Susan was thrifty, and had good store of home-made dainties, but they were kept in the cool seclusion of a dark cellar store-room. This little glass cupboard held the stock of foreign sweetmeats: the round-shouldered blue jars, inclosed in a network of split bamboo, which contained the fiery, amber ginger; the flat boxes of guava jelly, hot curry powders, chilli sauce, and choleric Bengal chutney. Here were two miniature casks of tamarinds, jolly and black, cousin Susan's favorites. She had a certain air of disapproval toward most of these strange conserves. "They were not good for little people," she averred;

and indeed she always maintained that these ardent sweetmeats were fitter for the delectation of rude men than for the delicate palates of gentlewomen. Of tamarinds, however, cousin Susan did approve. Properly diluted with cool water, they made what she called a "very pretty drink." She was fond of sending a glass to any neighbor who was ill and feverish, and she was always following our cousin the sea-captain about with a blue china bowl of the mixture, begging him to partake of it.

"Susan, I hate tamarind-water," our cousin would protest.

"It will cool your blood, William," his sister would urge.

"But I don't want my blood cool. I want it warm," the captain would reply.

As a general thing, however, cousin Susan came off triumphant. The captain grumblingly partook of his dose, and was always most generous in sharing it with us children. The beautiful little brown stones also fell to our lot, and we hoarded the useless things with great care, although it always seemed to us a great oversight on the part of nature that tamarind seeds did not have holes through them, that one might string them as beads.

Cousin Susan's cupboard also contained stronger waters than tamarind, for side by side sat two corpulent cut-glass decanters, of which one was half filled with madeira wine, and the other with honest rum. A variety of sweet cakes was near by, to be served with the wine to any chance visitor. There were black fruit cake in a japanned box; "hearts and rounds" of rich yellow pound cake; and certain delicate but inane little sponge biscuit, of which our cousin spoke by the older-fashioned name of diet — or, as she chose to pronounce it, "dier" — bread. She always called the sponge cakes "little dier breads." Pound and fruit cakes were forbidden to our youth, but we might have our ladylike fill of "dier breads," and also

of delightful seed-cakes, which were cut in the shape of an oak-leaf, and were marvels of sugary thinness.

These seed-cakes, by the bye, were kept in a jar which deserves at least a passing mention. It was, I suppose, some two or three feet high, though it looked to me then much higher. It was of blue-and-white china, and was fitted with a cover of dull silver. Tradition stated that some seafaring ancestor had brought it home from Calcutta, filled with rock-candy. What was done with so large a supply of this confection I never knew. In those days choice sugar-plums were not as plenty as they have since become; possibly at the time "black-jacks" and "gibraltars" were unknown, and this was Salem's only candy. At all events, it is somewhere recorded that the ship *Belisarius* brought from Calcutta "ten thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven pounds" of this same rocky and crystalline dainty. The fact of such a quantity of candy had for us children a superb and opulent significance. What an idea, to have a choice confection, not by the stick or beggarly ounce, but by the jarful! To think of going and casually helping one's self at will! To imagine lifting that silver lid, and gazing unreprieved into the sugary depths! Perhaps nice, white-haired spinsters used it in glittering lumps to sweeten their tea, or even served it at table by the plateful, as one might serve cake. Fancy exhausted itself in all sorts of delightful speculations. The whole legend had a profuse and mythical sound. It was like a fairy tale, a scene from *Arabian Nights*. It threw about the jar and the cupboard a mystic charm which time fails to efface. Even now a stick of sparkling rock-candy has power to call up cousin Susan's dining-room cupboard, its sweet, curious perfume, the quaint old silver and blue china, and the huge turkey-feather fan, with its wreath of brilliant painted flowers, which hung on the inside of the door.

Out of the shadows of the past comes another memory, the picture of that strange old Salem homestead which has been made known to fame as the House of the Seven Gables. Some alterations have done away with two of the gables, but the old house is otherwise unchanged. In the days of my childhood its mistress was a lonely woman, about whom hung the mystery of one whose solitude is peopled by the weird visions that opium brings. We regarded her with something of awe, and I have wondered, in later days, what strange and eldritch beings walked with her about those shadowy rooms, or flitted noiselessly up and down the fine old staircase.

The House of the Seven Gables was no open and joyous dwelling, where children loved to flock and run about at will. There was always an air of ceremony and dignity there, and a certain oppressive chill haunted the great low parlor, where the beams divided the ceiling into squares. We never paid a visit there except with some grown person, and then sat throughout our stay, dangling our legs from our high chairs, and studying the quaintly stiff array of ornaments upon the lofty mantel. There were three covered Delft jars, two vases of flowers, and at either end a flask-shaped china vase. Between these taller articles were set shallow cups of painted china. Except in the flowers which filled the two middle vases, I never knew the arrangement of the mantel to differ.

A large jar stood on the floor directly beneath the mantel, and ranged firmly about the room were several Dutch apple-tree chairs, with others of old-fashioned severity. On the right of the mantel was a delightful cupboard, whose tall, arched door often stood open, displaying a beautiful collection of old cut glass. We children used to describe this cupboard as "hollow," it being, in fact, shaped like an apse. It had six semi-circular shelves, all of rich dark

wood, against which the rows of splendid old glass glittered most bravely. There were graceful pitchers, shallow dishes, odd bowls, and flagons almost without number. On the floor of the cupboard a vast china punch-bowl was flanked by jars and vases each more enchanting than the other. I believe there was no truly housewifely dame in Salem who did not adore and envy this wealth of crystal, but although we children admired it, it did not inspire us with any deeper feelings. It did not appeal to the youthful imagination. It was an array of frail and icy splendor, toward which our hearts could not warm; not even the subtle suggestions of good cheer conveyed by delicate wine-glasses and portly old decanters could charm minds so unformed and simple as ours.

Equally far removed, and even more splendid, was the chest of family silver, which we were sometimes allowed to behold. How little did we think, as we viewed in admiring silence the fine heavy tankards, candlesticks, old two-tined silver forks, and antique porringers, that the fate of this haughty collection was to be sold for mere old silver, and hustled without respect or reverence to a fiery death in the silver-smith's crucible! Sadly changed since that day is the House of the Seven Gables. The family silver is melted; the antique furnishings are scattered; and gone, one knows not whither, the beautiful old glass, the glory of that tall, dark, "hollow" cupboard, and the pride of that strange mistress, who dreamed such dreams and saw such eerie visions in her great lonely chamber above-stairs.

Another Salem cupboard, which is always of pleasant memory, was in the house of one of my schoolmates, with whom I was spasmodically intimate. I am sorry to say that our visits to this closet were attended by a certain awful joy, from the fact that they always partook of a character surreptitious, not to say sneaking. I was assured by my

companion that her mother approved of her investigations, but, at the same time, she casually mentioned that it was as well not to speak in the front entry, and that the fourth stair from the top creaked "so awful" that she usually made a point of stepping over it.

The chamber containing the closet was a back room, seldom visited, and used only for the storage of trunks and boxes. The windows were fitted with shutters, in one of which a heart-shaped hole had been cut to admit a little light. At the chimney end the room was wainscoted to the ceiling with wood which had never been painted, but which had taken a fine brown color from age and the fires which had once roared on the red-tiled hearth. The closet in this brown paneling was one of the tall and narrow sort, and the shelves ran back very deep. It was of the same age-darkened wood within as without, and the door sagged on its hinges, so that we had to lift it together when we opened it; otherwise we might have disturbed some of those people below who were so very willing we should be there. In this cupboard were stored the possessions of a great-aunt of my friend. We had seen an ivory picture of her in the parlor many times, and we thought of her always as a thin young creature, with unnaturally large gray eyes, and a neck that looked too slender to bear the weight of the small head with its wealth of piled-up auburn hair. Her name was Isabel, and she had died in her early girlhood. Nobody seemed to remember much about her. Perhaps there was nothing to remember. Her miniature and her framed sampler were preserved with honor, but I think my friend and myself were the only ones who cared for the relics which were put away in this upper cupboard.

There were a number of books of the floral-token order, containing sentimental verses and bits of elegant prose in praise of the Rose, the Lily, the Rain-

bow, and kindred subjects. They were embellished with the portraits of large-eyed and small-mouthed beauties with wonderful ringlets, and the covers, though now faded, had once been gorgeous with gilding and floral designs. An unpleasant feature of these books was the fact that when one opened them tiny brown spiders went "tacking" crookedly across the pages. They were a highly objectionable sort of spiders, that did not at all mind being suddenly jammed between the pages, — for they were already too flat to be any flatter, — and that would just as lief run backward as forward with their ugly curving legs.

On the same shelf with the books was the mahogany box of water-colors with which poor Isabel, who had accomplishments, forsooth, had made the prim little sketches which filled a portfolio. They were chiefly of the stencil-plate variety, done from boarding-school "patterns," in clear colors, upon white, gilt-edged drawing-paper. There was one full-blown white rose, painted with exquisite neatness and delicacy, which was an especial favorite of ours; but most of the designs were wreaths and garlands of flowers surrounding verses of poetry copied in a fine hand. There was also on this shelf an album, wherein friends had written verses from the poets, and admirers had even ventured upon original tributes "To Isabel."

In a bag of faded brocade was a tangle of pale sampler silks and crewels, not in that deliciously prim state of order which one would have expected of Isabel. Perhaps before our day some other child had tossed them over, even as we did, longing but not daring to appropriate them. Somehow, these silks and wools seemed so much prettier than those of any ordinary, down-stairs work-bag; and certainly nothing could in any way compare with the basket of pieces of French prints with which Isabel had been "setting a Job's Patience." No

modern cottons possess the faint delicacy of color and fabric of these old-time French calicoes. We used to delight in spreading the pieces out upon the floor, and choosing, in discreet whispers, what patterns we would like for gowns.

Piles of yellow old newspapers filled the closet's upper shelves, and a box of thin gauze ribbons and a few pairs of silk gloves, long and limp, completed the list of Isabel's relics. It would be hard to describe the singular charm which clung about these simple keepsakes, though probably, in great part, it was that the joy was a forbidden one. Be that as it may, there was a remarkable attraction exercised upon us by the silent chamber, the ray of sunlight which fell through the heart-shaped hole in the shutter, the narrow brown cupboard, and the precious possessions of poor gray-eyed Isabel, who to us could never be old.

When, as children, we had been especially good, we were sometimes rewarded by being sent upon a visit to a certain delightful maiden lady whom we called "Miss Mary-Ellen." It was really Miss Mary-Ellen whom we went to see, but we always hoped that her sister, Miss Eliza-Ann, would be at home, for Miss Eliza-Ann was very strange and did surprising things. She was the elder of the two sisters, and might in these days have been called strong-minded, though the word then was "eccentric." She was a tall, long-armed woman, with a Roman nose, piercing black eyes, and a wild-looking brown wig which was always awry. This wig, by the way, possessed an awful fascination for us children, partly because it was a wig, and partly because Miss Eliza-Ann had a startling habit of suddenly plucking it from her head with a vindictive clutch, and casting it upon the floor, when she was absorbed in study, annoyed by the heat, or excited by discussion. One never knew at what moment she might do this, and therefore

we always watched her with hopeful interest. She held great possibilities of amusement. She became in time, for us, a sort of majestic Punch and Judy. Her head was as smooth and ivory-tinted as the ostrich egg which adorned the mantel, and when she doffed her wig her whole appearance underwent the most extraordinary change. This habit was terribly annoying to Miss Mary-Ellen, herself the most dainty and decorous of maiden ladies. I can see yet the horrified way in which she would lift her hands, crying, —

"Oh, Eliza-Ann, Eliza-Ann, how can you do so?"

"Because, Mary-Ellen," Miss Eliza-Ann would respond, in her slightly bass voice, "I am uncomfortable. My brain is too warm to think."

"Then at least put on a handkerchief," her sister would plead. "It really does n't seem decent; before the children, too!"

To which Miss Eliza-Ann was apt to reply by her favorite exclamation, "Fiddlesticks!"

However, she would eventually hang loosely over her head a red bandana handkerchief, which certainly gave her a very witch-like and unpleasant look. She was a woman of superior and, for those days, unusual scholarly attainments. Her friends sighed and shook their heads a little over "poor Eliza-Ann." It would have been more truly feminine, they felt, had she not been quite so fine a linguist and mathematician. They could not thoroughly approve of her being able to fit youths for Harvard. Her masculine failings were, however, rather softened by the fact that Miss Eliza-Ann was a model of feminine modesty. In spite of the episodes of the wig, she was severely proper in her way, and a highly irreverent nephew has even been known to declare that his aunt always drew circles by a saucer, considering dividers indelicate on account of their limbs. She had what

was, in our eyes, a highly objectionable habit of unexpectedly pouncing upon us with mathematical conundrums. She delighted to spring upon us at unguarded moments and ask triumphantly, —

“How much are twelve and nine? and thirteen? and twenty-one? and seven?”

And this abominable practice she would sometimes pursue for an entire afternoon, waiting until we were happily forgetful and absorbed, and then suddenly attacking us once more with an explosive “And fifteen? and nine?” She called this pastime the “game of mental addition,” but it was a sorry game for us. We used to dodge around corners to avoid meeting her on the street, for fear of being confronted with one of these baleful questions; and I recollect encountering Miss Eliza-Ann at a party, when I was quite a grown girl, and having to struggle to persuade myself that she would no longer raise her thin forefinger and say, “And seven? and eighteen?”

As for Miss Mary-Ellen, she was in every way a contrast to her more brilliant sister. She was tall, but, being in delicate health, she was of fragile figure, and was never seen without a demure little shawl about her shoulders. She usually wore a gown of very dark satin, changing from green to black, and a long black silk apron. Her ordinary shawl was of fine white cashmere, with a border in black and slaty-blue, and a single large palm-leaf ornamented the corner which hung exactly in the middle of the back. She had other shawls of much gorgeousness, which appeared only upon festive occasions. Miss Mary-Ellen's face was almost as pale as her lovely silver hair, which she wore in little curls each side of her temples. Her cap was white, with tiny bows of lavender ribbon, and her wide worked collar was fastened by a pin containing hair from the heads of her father and mother. I think that she had the very sweetest and

most lovable withered old face in the world. I dare say she was no beauty, but we firmly believed her one. She was so delicately and exquisitely fragrant and immaculate that it was like caressing a bunch of garden pinks to put your cheek against hers. Above all, her countenance so beamed with a gentle and innocent kindness, a sort of beneficent love and charity for all mankind, that we children could not choose but adore her. She was not a scholar, like her sister, but she possessed various pretty accomplishments. She directed the house, and, when her health permitted, she always made the “diet bread.” It used to be a belief in Salem that it took a lady's hand to make really elegant sponge-cake. Heavier sorts of dainties might be trusted to servants, but only a gentlewoman could fitly be expected to take the responsibility of this most delicate of sweets. So true was this that if a once famous school in Salem did not actually include sponge-cake in its curriculum, at least it is true that no young lady's education was considered finished until she had made a loaf of irreproachable “diet bread.” Miss Mary-Ellen's was famous even in Salem. She could also fashion very pretty needle-books, and could paint bright-colored butterflies on Chinese rice-paper. Her delicate health confined her much to the house, and she dearly loved to have children visit her, if they were good. She could not bear boisterous conduct, and quarrels and bickerings caused her deep distress. It should be said, however, that we seldom displayed any but our best behavior to gentle Miss Mary-Ellen, and she, on her part, used to exert herself for our enjoyment. We were allowed to play with the curious ivory chessmen which her great-uncle Joseph had brought from Calcutta; she let us look over her piece-bags, and choose one bit of silk or satin for ourselves; and last, and best of all, she showed us her sitting-room cupboard.

The sitting-room was above-stairs, as Miss Mary-Ellen was often too feeble to go down for many weeks together. Here was Miss Eliza-Ann's severe study-table, with its globe and books; and here was her sister's little work-stand, whose deep green-baize drawer held her crewel work and fine sewing; and here, in a cupboard in the white wainscoting, were stored away many curious and delightful objects.

Miss Mary-Ellen disliked to have her belongings handled, and during the inspection we were seated opposite our hostess, and cautioned to keep our hands clasped. This air of mild ceremony only added to the delight of "seeing Miss Mary-Ellen's things." It was in this cupboard, to begin with, that she kept her shawls. There was one of creamy China *crêpe*, heavy with silken embroidery; another was of scarlet camel's hair, of such fabulous fineness that it might well have been one of those fairy-tale fabrics which were so easily tucked away in a nutshell. In our eyes, however, the most beautiful were a pair of lovely shoulder shawls from Canton, which dwelt in scented seclusion in a sandal-wood box. They were always called "the pina shawls," but their softness was unlike the wiry texture of any pina cloth. One was white, with the clear and dazzling whiteness of spun glass, the groundwork as sheer as a frost web, and the pattern of silvery lilies gleaming with a silky sheen. The companion shawl was of a charming shade of rose-pink, and this was also shot through with a design of silken flowers. These shawls, our friend told us, she wore with her black satin gown when she gave a "tea-company;" and she added cannily, while putting them to bed in their folds of soft Chinese paper; that she always wore them by turns, so that one should last just as long as the other.

On the second shelf of the cupboard was a small tea-chest, which was appar-

ently full of certain strange beads. Our hostess could not remember whether her great-uncle had said that they had been brought from Canton or Calcutta, but she knew that they came from somewhere in the magical East. Each bead was of the size of a large pea, and was grooved longitudinally. They were made of a fine clay, and were dull blue in color, with an odd glistening effect, as if silver dust might have been mixed with the clay. They were perfumed, and when they became warm in the hand or on the neck gave forth a musky sweetness, faint and enchanting. Miss Mary-Ellen gave us each a string of these beads, and I never happen upon them to this day without being touched by a sense of mystery. They suggest strange Hindoo rites, Nautch dances, and women with dusky throats; they never have lost the suggestive charm of that Orient from whence they came.

Among the most pleasing of Miss Mary-Ellen's relics were her fans, of which she possessed a variety. There was one of carved sandal-wood inlaid with pearl and silver, and one of ivory, as fragile as yellow lace; but our delight was an old French fan of light blue silk, whereon a little marquis in silver and pink offered a rose to a dainty marquise in puffs and patches, while, just beyond, three maids, with arms entwined, forever danced a minuet measure, and about all were pale garlands of faded roses and little naked Loves. We loved the pretty marquise and the dancing trio, and much preferred this fan even to the Chinese one of white feathers, oddly decorated with little leaves and blossoms in tinsel and gay-colored embossed paper.

And, speaking of feathers, I am reminded of one other drawback, beside the game of mental addition, to the complete enjoyment of our visits to this pleasant house. This drawback was Miss Mary-Ellen's parrot, than which a more thoroughly vicious and disreputa-

ble old bird was never seen. As far as I know, he had absolutely no claim to respect or even toleration, except the fact that his mistress loved him. He was ragged and battered in appearance, and his colors, like his morals, were low in tone. He had always about him an air of having been out all night, and, so far from repenting, of reveling in a sense of his own evil ways. He had a wicked eye, and an unpleasant habit of roosting upon the chair-rails and unexpectedly pecking at the legs of us children. His disposition was morose and vengeful. He loved nobody. He only endured his mistress for the sake of the loaf-sugar she gave him. Between him and Miss Eliza-Ann a deadly dislike existed. As a general thing, he sulked and glowered on the back of a small sofa in the corner. Here I suppose him to have spent his time in reviewing dark episodes in his past life, possibly with some degree of sullen satisfaction. Occasionally he varied this occupation by making a sortie to attack Miss Eliza-Ann's ankles, for which he entertained the greatest aversion. I never knew anything to afford the least amusement to Polly except Miss Eliza-Ann's clutching off her wig; and even in this case I think it was not so much mirth at a ludicrous action as it was diabolic glee at the dreadful guy the poor lady looked, and fiendish enjoyment of her sister's distress. It is certain, however, that it did cause him pleasure, for he would burst into peals of rasping, metallic laughter, swaying insanely on his perch, drawing long breaths, and apparently becoming quite exhausted with his mirth. If Miss Eliza-Ann made an attempt to touch him, he would hastily sidle away out of reach, and resume his hoarse, derisive laughter in safety. Our gentle friend was made very unhappy by these exhibitions, which usually ended by Miss Eliza-Ann's assuming the red bandana, and seating herself at her writing with an injured air, while Polly clucked and

glowered from his corner, and Miss Mary-Ellen hastily brought forth some new curiosity to attract our wandering attention.

One thing of which we never tired was a pair of Chinese picture-books, with paintings on rice paper in clear and brilliant colors. There was, of course, no attempt at perspective, and we were much entertained by the little mandarins walking calmly about in the sky, quite over the heads of the jugglers with their yellow balls, and the women under flat-topped umbrellas. A pair of carved ivory chop-sticks also appeared during the display of Chinese curiosities, and Miss Eliza-Ann, from her corner, threw in a few darkly learned remarks concerning Confucius, to which we listened with respect and vacuity. Miss Eliza-Ann was always ready enough to give us useful information, and she was generally called upon to tell us about a curious Japanese bonze in painted clay, with naked chest and stomach. It had an ugly, wrinkled face, and was squatted on its feet. Miss Eliza-Ann explained all about it in very long words, but we only gathered that the bonze was a holy man or priest, and we secretly thought it a pity that while his robes were otherwise so voluminous, so much of his person should be exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

A department more modern, but not less attractive, of Miss Mary-Ellen's cupboard was the shelf of knick-knacks which kind friends had given her, and which she hoarded in little boxes and baskets with almost childish pleasure. Many of these things were oddly trivial as gifts to a grown woman, but the truth was that many of Miss Mary-Ellen's friends had evidently never realized her growing up; at least, they still took a simple delight in bringing to her tiny fancy boxes, miniature fans, baskets of pink sugar, and microscopic books, all of which were received as they were given, and preserved with great care.

On rare, memorable days our hostess would gladden us by bestowing upon us some of these desirable objects.

"Let me see," she would muse, regarding fondly a tiny bird-cage of gilded wire, or a barley baby tucked snugly into a sugary cradle. "I have had this five years, and it has given me much pleasure. I think I can spare it now to give pleasure to somebody else. You may have it, my dear, and I hope you will keep it carefully."

The only two of these presents which lasted us for any length of time were a little bonnet of yellow sugar, decorated with a wreath of miniature roses, and a small book. The bonnet was my sister's, and was kept for some years in a box of cotton, until one hapless day we found it broken, by the cold we always supposed. Its owner shed bitter tears over the loss, while her more practical sister suggested that, since it was broken, we might as well see how it tasted. This we proceeded to do, and the result was pasty and disappointing in the extreme. My book was a small black volume, entitled *Frank and Flora*, being the history of a pair of children of such an aggressive

and rampant state of morality that but for the fact that it told what they had to eat and drink upon every occasion it would have been utterly unendurable.

We always loved Miss Mary-Allen's gifts, however, for they took a grace from the gentle giver, and a charm beyond belief from the delightful cupboard which once had been their home.

Dear Miss Mary-Allen and her sister have long since gone — a loving but incongruous pair — to a better world. I am quite certain that the same sort of after life could never satisfy them both. The quaint old house yet stands, but it is occupied by strangers. They may be, and doubtless are, the most delightful of people, and yet it seems to me all wrong that they should live in that house. The world is out of joint with all these changes. I would not peep into the old mansion, had I the chance, for I like to fancy everything still as it used to be: yet I cannot help sometimes wondering who owns the parrot's corner now; what furniture has deposed Miss Eliza-Ann's table, with its books and globe; above all, what these new folk keep in Miss Mary-Allen's cupboard.

Eleanor Putnam.

SIBYLLINE BARTERING.

FATE, the gray Sibyl, with kind eyes above

Closely locked lips, brought youth a merry crew
Of proffered friends; the price, self-slaying love.

Proud youth repulsed them. She and they withdrew.

Then she brought half the troop; the cost, the same.

My man's heart wavered: should I take the few,
And pay the whole? But while I went and came,

Fate had decided. She and they withdrew.

Once more she came, with two. Now life's midday

Left fewer hours before me. Lonelier grew

The house and heart. But should the late purse pay

The earlier price? And she and they withdrew.

At last I saw Age his forerunners send.

Then came the Sibyl, still with kindly eyes

And close-locked lips, and offered me one friend, —

Thee, my one darling! With what tears and cries

I claimed and claim thee; ready now to pay

The perfect love that leaves no self to slay!

Andrew Hedbrook.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XLVIII.

"Two little girls. He came over to tell us yesterday. Poor Theo! He is pleased, of course, but I think half ashamed too. It seems a little ridiculous to have twins, and the first."

"I can't think how you can say it is ridiculous. It is very interesting. But nowadays people seem to be ashamed of having children at all. It used to be thought the strength of a country, and doing your duty to the state. But people have different notions now."

"Well," said the rector, "I should have thought Theo would be pleased; for he likes to be original in everything, and two little girls are as unlike as possible to one little boy."

Mrs. Warrender's eyes shot forth a gleam, half of humorous acquiescence, half of irritation that Mr. Wilberforce should have divined her son's state of mind. She had come to the Warren with Chatty for a few weeks, for what they called "change;" though the change of a six miles' journey was not much. The Warren bore a very different aspect now from that which it had borne in former days. It was light and cheerful; some new rooms had been built, which broke the commonplace outline of the respectable house. It was newly furnished with furniture not at all resembling the mahogany catafalques. Only the hall, which had been old-fash-

ioned and harmonious, in which Chatty was attending to the flowers, was the same; and so far as that went, it might have been the very day on which Dick Cavendish had paid his first visit, when Chatty with her bowl of roses had walked, as he declared, into his heart. There were still roses of the second bloom, with the heat of July in their fervent hearts: and she stood at the table arranging them, changed, indeed, but not so changed as to affect the indifferent spectator, to whom she still seemed a part of the background, a figure passive though sweet, with no immediate vocation in life. Old Joseph, too, was in the depths of the hall, just visible, doing something, — something that was not of the least urgency or importance, but which kept him about and hearing all that passed. He and his old wife were in charge of the Warren, in the present changed days: and though they both half resented the fact that the young master had abandoned his own house, they were yet more than half pleased to have this tranquillity and ease at the end of their long service. To do them justice, they had been glad to receive their old mistress and her daughter, welcoming them as visitors with a sense of hospitality, and declaring that they did not mind the trouble, notwithstanding that Joseph's health was bad, and late dinner had always been an affliction to his wife.

"I hope," Mrs. Warrender said, continuing the conversation, "that the two little girls will soon make their own welcome, as babies have a way of doing, and convince everybody that they are much sweeter than any one little boy."

This was how Theo's mother took the sting out of the rector's speech, which was not intended to have any sting, and was only a stray gleam of insight amid his confused realization of the state of affairs; but it was so true that it was difficult to believe it was that, and no more. The Wilberforces had come to inquire, not only for Lady Markland and her babies, but into many other things, could they have found the opportunity. But Chatty's presence stopped even Mrs. Wilberforce's mouth. And when the visitors went in to inspect all the improvements and the new decorations and furniture, Chatty came with them, and followed everywhere, which seemed very strange to the rector's wife. Did she mean to prevent them from talking? Was that her purpose? She took little part in the conversation. She was more silent than she had ever been, though she had never been given to much conversation; and yet she came with them wherever they went, putting an effectual stop to the questions that quivered on the very edge of Mrs. Wilberforce's lips. Nor had the rector the sense, which he might so easily have had, to engage her in talk, to occupy her attention, and leave his wife free to speak. Anybody but a man would have had the sense to have done that: but a man is an unteachable creature, and never will divine the things that are required of him which cannot be told him in plain words. Accordingly, the whole party strolled from one room to another, commenting upon the new arrangements without a possibility of any enlightenment as to the real state of affairs. Mrs. Wilberforce was very indignant with her husband as they left, — an indigna-

tion that seemed quite uncalled for to this injured man.

"What you could have done? Why, you could have talked to Chatty. You could have interested her on some subject or another, about where they were abroad, or about the parish, or — Dear me, there are always plenty of subjects. When you knew how anxious I was to find out all about it! Dick Cavendish is a great deal more a friend of yours than he was of theirs until this unfortunate business came about, and it seems very strange that we should know nothing. Why, I don't know even what to call her, — whether she is still Miss Warrender, or what she is."

"You would not call her Miss Warrender in any case," said the rector, with a little self-assertion. "But of course you know that is her name: for the moment the other wife was proved to be living, poor Chatty's marriage was as if it had not been."

"Well, that is what I cannot understand, Herbert: to be married just like anybody else, and the ring put on, and everything (by the way, I did notice that she does not wear her ring), and then that it should be as if it had not been. Bigamy one can understand, but how it should come to mean nothing! And do you intend me to believe that she could marry somebody else, the same as if it had never happened?"

"To-morrow, if she likes, — and I wish she would, poor Chatty. It would be the best way of cutting the knot."

"Then I can tell you one thing that all your superior information would never teach you," cried Mrs. Wilberforce, — "*that she never will!* You may take my word for it. Chatty has far too much principle. What! be married to one man in church, and then go and be married to another! Never, Herbert! Oh, you may tell me the ceremony is nothing, and that they can have nothing to say to each other, and all that: it may be quite true, but that Chatty will

ever marry any one else is not true. She will never do it. For anything I can tell, or you can tell, she may never see Dick Cavendish again. But she will never marry any one else. It is very hard to be sure of anything nowadays, when all the landmarks are being changed, and the country is going headlong to — But if I know anything, I hope I know Chatty Warrender: and *that*, you may be sure, she will never do.”

This flood of eloquence silenced the rector: and indeed he had no objection to make; for he was aware of all those sacred prejudices that are bound in the hearts of women everywhere, and especially of ladies in the country, and he believed it very likely that Chatty would feel herself bound forever by what was no bond at all.

In the mean time there had been only one letter from Dick, a short and hasty one, telling that he was better, explaining that he had not been able to let them know of his illness, and announcing that he was off again as soon as he should be able to move upon his search. Chatty and her mother wondered over this, without communicating its contents to any one. His search! — what did his search mean? There was no search wanted for those proceedings which he had declared were so easy and so certain at that far end of the world. Evidently they had not been so easy, and the words that he used were very strange to the ladies. He had no doubt, he said, of his success. Doubt! He had spoken of it before he went away as a thing which only required asking for, to have; and the idea that there was no doubt at once gave embodiment and force to the doubt which had never existed. Mrs. Warrender had joined the forces of the opposing party from the moment she had read this letter. After a day or two of great depression and seriousness, she had taken Chatty into her arms and advised her to give up the lover,

the husband, who was no husband, and perhaps an unfaithful lover. “I said nothing at first,” Mrs. Warrender had said with tears. “I stood by him when there was so much against him. I believed every word he said, notwithstanding everything. But now, my darling, — oh, Chatty, now! He was to be gone for three months at the outside, and now it is eight. And he was quite sure of being able to do his business at once; but now he says he has no doubt, and that he is off on his search. His search for what? Oh, my dearest, I am most reluctant to say it, but I fear Theo is right. To think of a man trying, and perhaps trying in vain, to get a divorce in order to marry *you*! Chatty, it is a thing that cannot be; it is impossible, it is disreputable. A divorced man is bad enough, — you know how Minnie spoke even of that, — but a man who is trying for a divorce with the object — Chatty, my darling, it is a thing which cannot be.”

Chatty was not a girl of many words, nor did she commit herself to argument: she would enter into no controversy with her mother. She said only that she was married to Dick. It might be that he was not married to her. She might never see him again: but she was bound forever. And in the mean time, until they knew all the circumstances, how could they discuss the matter? When Dick returned and gave them the necessary information, then it would be time enough: at present she had nothing else to say. And nothing more could be got from her. Minnie came and quoted Eustace; but Chatty only walked out of the room, leaving her sister in possession of the field, though without any of the satisfaction of a victory. And Theo came, but he contented himself with talking to his mother. Something of natural diffidence or feeling prevented him from assailing Chatty in the stronghold of that modest determination which they all called obstinacy. When

Theo came he made his mother miserable, almost commanding her to use her authority, declaring that it would be her fault if this farce went on, — this disreputable farce, he called it; while poor Mrs. Warrender, now as much opposed to it as he, had to bear the brunt of his objurgations until she was driven to make a stand for the very object which she most disapproved.

In the midst of all this Chatty stood firm. If she wept, it was in the solitude of her own chamber, from which even her mother was shut out; if she ever wavered or broke down, it was in secret. Externally, to the view of the world, she was perfectly calm and cheerful, fulfilling all her little duties with the composure of one who has never known what tragedy means. A hundred eager eyes had been upon her, but no one had been able to tell how Chatty "bore it." She said nothing to anybody. It was thought that she held her head a little higher than usual and was less disposed for society: but then she had never loved society. She arranged her flowers, she took her walks, she carried beef tea and port wine to the sick people. She even sat down daily at the usual hour and took out her muslin work, a height of self-command to which it was indeed difficult to reach. But what woman could do Chatty would do, and she had accomplished even that. There are many in the world who must act and cannot wait, but there are also some who, recognizing action to be impossible, can sit still with the whole passive force of their being, until that passiveness becomes almost sublime. Chatty was of this kind. Presumably she did not torment herself hour by hour and day by day, as her mother did, by continual rearguments of the whole question: but if she did she kept the process altogether to herself.

There had been one interview, indeed, which had tried her very much, and that had taken place a day or two after

her arrival at the Warren, when she had met Lizzie Hampson on the road. Lizzie had shrunk from the young lady in whose life she had interfered with such extraordinary effect, but Chatty had insisted on speaking to her, and had called her almost imperiously. "Why do you run away? Do you think I am angry with you?" she cried.

"Oh, Miss Chatty!" The girl had no breath or courage to say more.

"You did right, I believe," Chatty said. "It would have been better if you had come and told me quietly at home, before — anything had happened. But I do not blame you. I think you did right."

"I never knew till the last minute that it would hurt you so!" Lizzie cried. "I knew it might be bad for the gentleman, and that he could be tried and put in prison; but she would never, never, have done that. She wanted him to be free. It was only when I knew, Miss Chatty, what it would do to you — and then it was too late. I went to Highcombe, but you had gone from there; and then when I got to London" —

A flush came over Chatty's face, as all the extraordinary scene came back to her. "It seems strange that it should be you who were mixed up with it all," she said. "Things happen very strangely, I think, in life; one can never tell. If you have no objection, I should like you to tell me something of — I saw her — do you remember? here, on this very road, and you told me — ah! that to put such people in penitentiaries would not do; that they wanted to enjoy themselves. Do you remember? It seemed very strange to me. And to think that" — This moved Chatty more than all the rest had done. Her soft face grew crimson, her eyes filled with tears.

"To think that she — Oh, Miss Chatty, I feel as if I ought to go down on my knees and ask you to forgive me

for ever having anything to do with her."

"That was no fault of yours," said Chatty very softly. "It can have been nobody's fault. It is just because—it has happened so: which makes it harder and harder. None of us meant any harm—except perhaps"—

"Miss Chatty, she didn't mean any harm to you. She meant no harm to any one. She was never brought up to care for what was good. She was brought up just to please her fancy. Oh, the like of you can't understand, if you were to be told ever so, nor should I if I hadn't seen it. They make a sort of principle of that, just to please their fancy. We're taught here that to please ourselves is mostly wrong: but not there. It's their religion in a kind of a way, out in those wild places, just to do whatever they like; and then when you come to grief, if you are plucky and take it cheerful—The very words sound dreadful, here where everything is so different," Lizzie said, with a shudder, looking round her, as if there might be ears in the trees.

Chatty did not ask any further questions. She walked along very gravely, with her head bent. "It makes one's heart ache," she said. There was an ease in speaking to this girl who had played so strange a part in her life, who knew her trouble as no one else did. "It makes one's heart ache," she repeated. She was not thinking of herself. "And where is she now? Do you hear of her? Do you know what has become of her?"

"Only one thing can become of her," said Lizzie. "She'll fall lower and lower. Oh, you don't think a poor creature can fall any lower than that, I know," for Chatty had looked at her with wonder, shaking her head; "but lower and lower in her dreadful way. One day there," said Lizzie philosophically, but sadly, pointing to the high wall of the Elms, "with her fine dresses

and her horses and carriages, and the next in dirt and misery. And then she'll die, perhaps in the hospital. Oh, she'll not be long in anybody's way. They die soon, and then they are done with, and everybody is glad of it"—the girl cried, with a burst of sudden tears.

Chatty stopped suddenly upon the road. They were opposite to the gate from which so often the woman they were discussing had driven forth in her short-lived finery; the stillness as of death had fallen on the uninhabited house, and all was tranquil on the country road, stretching on one side across the tranquil fields, on the other towards the clustering houses of the village and the low spire which pointed to heaven. "Lizzie," she said, "if it is never put right,—and perhaps it will never be put right, for who can tell?—if you will come with me, who know so much about it, we will go and be missionaries to these poor girls. I will tell them my story, and how I am married but have no husband, and how three lives are all ruined,—all ruined forever. And we will tell them that love is not like that,—that it is faithful and true; and that women should never be like that,—that women should be—Oh, I do not believe it, I do not believe it! Of her own free will no woman could ever be like that!" Chatty cried, like Desdemona, suddenly clenching her soft hands in a passion of indignation and pity. "We will go and tell them, Lizzie!"

"Oh, Miss Chatty! They know it all, every word," Lizzie cried.

XLIX.

Two little girls are as unlike as anything can be to one little boy. This gave Warrender a sort of angry satisfaction in the ridiculous incident which had happened in his life. For it was a ridiculous incident. When a man is hardened to

it, when he has had several children and is habituated to paternal honors, such an event may be amusing and interesting. But scarcely a year after his marriage, when he was not quite four and twenty, to be the father of twins! He felt sometimes as if it must be the result of a conspiracy to make him ridiculous. The neighboring potentates, when he met them, laughed as they congratulated him. "If you are going to continue like this, you will be a patriarch before you know where you are," one of them said. It was a joke to the entire country round about. Twins! He felt scarcely any of the stirrings of tenderness in his heart which are supposed to move a young father, when he looked at the two little yawning, gaping morsels of humanity. If there had been but one, perhaps!—but two! He was the laughing-stock of the neighborhood, he felt. The sight of his wife, pale and smiling, touched his heart, indeed. But even that sight was not without its pangs. For alas, she knew all about this position which was so novel to him. She understood the babies and their wants, as it was natural a mother who was already experienced in motherhood should. And finally she was so far carried away by the privileges and the expansion of the moment as to ask him—him! the last authority to be consulted on such a subject—whether Geoff was delighted to hear of his little sisters. Geoff's little sisters! The thought of that boy having anything to do, any relationship to claim, with *his* children clouded Warrender's face. He turned it away, and Lady Markland, in the sweet enthusiasm of the moment, fortunately did not perceive the change. She thought, in her tender folly, that this would make everything right; that Geoff, as the brother of his little girls, would be something nearer to Theo, claiming a more favorable consideration. She preserved this hope for some time, notwithstanding a great many signs to the contrary.

Even Theo's dark face, when he found Geoff one day in her room, looking with great interest at the children, did not alarm the mother, who was determined not to part with her illusion. "Do you think it right to have a boy of Geoff's age here in your room?" he said. "Oh, Theo, my own boy,—what harm can it do?" she had said,—so foolishly! forgetting that Geoff's crime in the eyes of his young step-father was exactly this, that he was her own boy.

Thus the circumstance which every one hoped was to make the most favorable change in the position only intensified its difficulties. Geoff naturally was more thrown into the society of his step-father during his mother's seclusion, and Geoff was very full of the new event and new relationships, and was no wiser than his mother. When they lunched together the boy was so far forgetful of former experiences as to ply Theo with questions, as he had not done since the days when the young man was his tutor, and everything was on so different a footing. Geoff's excitement made him forget all the prudence he had acquired. His "I say, Warrender," over and over repeated drove Theo to heights of exasperation indescribable. Everything about Geoff was offensive to his step-father: his ugly little face, the nervous grimaces which he still made, the familiarity of his address, but above all the questions which it was impossible to silence. Lady Markland averted them more or less when she was present, and Geoff had learnt prudence to some extent: but in his excitement he remembered these precautions no more.

"I say, Warrender! shall you take mamma away? Nurse says she must go away for a change. I think Markland is always the nicest place going, don't you?"

"No: I prefer the Warren, as you know."

"Oh!" Geoff could scarcely keep out of his voice the wondering contempt

with which he received this suggestion: but here his natural insight prevailed, and a sort of sympathetic genius which the little fellow possessed. "To be sure, I like the Warren very much indeed," he said. "I suppose what makes me like Markland best is being born here."

"And I was born there," Theo said.

"Yes, I know. I wonder which the babies will like best. They are born here, like me: I hope they will like Markland. It will be fun seeing them run about, both the same size and so like. They say twins are always so like. Shall we have to tie a red ribbon round one and a blue ribbon round the other, to know which is which?"

To this question the father of the babies vouchsafed no reply.

"Nurse says they are not a bit like me," Geoff continued, in a tone of regret.

"Like you! Why should they be like you?" said Warrender, with a flush of indignation.

"But why not, Warrender? Brothers and sisters are alike often. You and Chatty are a little alike. When I am at Oxford, and they come to see me, I shall like fellows to say, Oh, I saw your sisters, Markland."

"Your sisters!" Theo could scarcely contain his disgust, all the more that he saw the old butler keeping an eye upon him with a sort of severity. The servants in the house, Theo thought, all took part with Geoff, and looked to him as their future master. He continued hastily: "I can only hope they will prefer the Warren, as I do: for that will be their home."

"Oh!" cried Geoff again, opening round eyes. "But if it isn't our home, how can it be theirs? They don't want a home all to themselves."

"I think they do," said Theo shortly.

The boy gave him a furtive glance, and thought it wise to change the subject. "But Mrs. Warrender is there now. Oh, I say! She will be granny

to the babies. I should like to call her granny, too. Will she let me, do you think, Warrender? She is always so kind to me."

"I should advise you not to try."

"Why, Warrender? Would she be angry? She is always very kind. I went to see her once, as soon as she came home, and she was awfully kind, and understood what I wanted." Geoff paused here, suddenly catching himself up, and remembering — with a forlorn sense that he had gone a long way beyond them in his little life — the experiences, which were sufficiently painful, of that day.

"It requires a very wise person to do that," said Warrender, with an angry smile.

"Yes, to understand you quite right even when you don't say anything. I say, Warrender! if mamma has to go away for a change, where shall we go?"

"We!" said Warrender significantly. "Are you also in want of a change?"

The boy looked up at him suddenly, with a hasty flush. The tears came to his brave little eyes. He was overpowered by the sudden suggestion, and could not find a word to say.

"Markland is the best change for you, after Eton," said Theo. "You don't want to travel with a nursery, I suppose."

Geoff felt something rise in his throat. Why, it was his own nursery, he wanted to say. It was his own family. Where should he go but where they went? But the words were stopped on his lips, and his magnanimous little heart swelled high. Oh, if he could but fly to his mother! — but to her he had learnt never now to fly.

"Wherever we may go," said Warrender coldly, "I think you had much better spend your holidays here;" and he got up from the table, leaving Geoff in a tumult of feelings which words can scarcely describe. He had suffered a great deal during the past year, and

had said little. A sort of preternatural consciousness that he must keep his own secret, that he must betray nothing to his mother, had come upon him. He sat now silent, his little face twitching and working, a sudden new, unlooked-for horror stealing over him: that he was to be separated from his mother; that he was to be left behind while they went away. It did not seem possible, and yet, with all the rapidity of a child's imagination, Geoff's mind flashed over what might happen, — he to be left alone here, while *they* went away. He saw his mother go smiling into the carriage, thinking of the babies, in their little white hoods, little dolls. Oh, no, dear little helpless creatures, to whom the boy's heart went out; his babies as well as his mother's. But of course she would think of them. She must think of them. And Geoff would be left behind, with no one, nobody to speak to, the great rooms all empty, only the servants about. He remembered what it had been when his mother was married: then he had the hope that she would come back to him, that all would be well; but now he knew that never, never, as of old, could he have her back. Geoff did not budge from the table for some time after, but sat with his elbows on it and his head in his hands, in the attitude which he had so often been scolded for, with nobody to scold him or take any notice. He thought to himself that he might put his elbows on the table as much as he liked, and nobody would care. It was only the return of the servants to clear the table, and the old butler's question, "What's the matter, Master Geoff?" that roused him. The butler's tone was far too sympathetic. He was an old servant, and the only one in the house who did not call poor little Geoff *My lord*. But the boy was not going to accept sympathy. He sprang up from the table, with a "Nothing's the matter. I'm going out for a ride," and hurried towards the

stables, which were now his resource more and more.

This knowledge rankled in Geoff's heart through all the time of his mother's convalescence. He was very brave, very magnanimous, without knowing that he was either. That he would not vex his mother was the determination of his soul. She was very sweet, sweeter than ever, but pale, and her hands so thin that you could see the light through them. Though he anticipated with a dull anguish the time when she should go away, when Warrender would take her away, leaving him behind, Geoff resolved that he would say nothing about it, that he would not make her unhappy. He would bear it; one could bear anything when one tried, even spending the holidays by one's self. But his heart sank at the thought. Supposing she were to stay a month away, — that was four weeks, it was thirty days, — and he alone, all alone in Markland: and when she came back it would be time for him to go to school. Sometimes he felt as if he must cry out when he thought of it; but he would not say a word, he would not complain; he would bear it rather than vex mamma. When she came down-stairs she was still very pale. She began to walk about a little, but only with Warrender's arm. She drove out, but the babies had to be with her in the carriage; there was no room for Geoff. He twisted his poor little face out of shape altogether in the effort to get rid of the scalding tears, but he would not betray the state of his mind; nothing, he vowed to himself, should make him worry mamma.

One day he rode over to the Warren, pondering upon what Theo had said: that the Warren must be liked best by the babies, because it was their home. Would it ever really be their home? Would Warrender be so hard as that, to take away mamma and the babies for good, and leave a fellow all alone in Markland, because it was Geoff's, and

not his own? Geoff's little gray face was as serious as that of a man of eighty, and almost as full of wrinkles. He thought and thought what he could do to please Warrender. Though his heart rose against this interloper, this destroyer of his home, Geoff was wise, and knew that to keep his mother he must please her husband. What could he do? Not like him, — that was impossible. Riding along, now slowly, now quickly, rather at the pony's will than at his own, Geoff, with loose reins in his hands and a slouch in his shoulders which was the despair of Black, pondered the subject till his little mind was all in confusion. What could he do to please Warrender? He would be good to the babies, by nature, and because he liked the two funny little things, but that would not matter. He would do almost anything Warrender chose to tell him, but that would n't please him. What was there, then, that would do? He did not know what he could do. He rode very carelessly, almost as much at the mercy of the pony as on the occasion when Theo picked him from under the wheels of the high phaeton; but either the pony was more wise, or Geoff stronger, for there was no question now of being thrown. When he came in sight of the little gate, he saw some one standing there, at sight of whom he quickened his pace. He knew the general aspect of the man's figure though he could not see his face, and a welcome new excitement made the heart jump up again in Geoff's breast. He hurried along in a sudden cloud of dust, and threw himself off the pony like a little acrobat. "Mr. Cavendish!" cried Geoff, "have you come back?" with a glow of pleasure which drove all his troubles away.

It was Dick, very brown, very thin, a little wild in his aspect and dress. "Hallo, Geoff!" he replied. "Yes, I have come back. Did n't they expect me to come back?"

"Oh, I don't know. I think they wondered."

"That's how it is in this world," said the stranger: "nobody trusts you; as soon as you are out of sight — oh, I don't say you're out of mind, but nobody trusts you. They think that perhaps, after all, you were a villain all the time."

To this, naturally, Geoff had no reply to make; he said, "Are you going in by that door, Mr. Cavendish?" Upon which Dick burst into a loud laugh, which Geoff knew meant anything but laughing.

"What do you think, Geoff?" he cried. "My wife's inside, and they've locked me out here. That's a joke, is n't it?"

"I don't think it's any joke. And Chatty wants you so. Come round to the other door."

"Are you sure of that?" said Dick. "Here's that fellow been talking, — that Thynne fellow, — telling me" — Then he paused and looked at the boy with another laugh. "You're a queer confidant for a poor vagabond, little Geoff."

"Is it because I'm little?" cried Geoff. "But though I am little there are a heap of things I know. I know they are all against you except Chatty. Come along and see Chatty. I want to go to her this moment and tell her" —

"I thought," said Cavendish, "I'd wait for her here. I don't want to make a mummy of that fellow, my brother-in-law, don't you know, the first moment. Tell Chatty — tell my wife, Geoff, that I am waiting for her here."

Geoff did not wait for another word, but clambered on to his pony again and was off like the wind, round by the village to the other gate. Meantime Dick stood and leaned upon the wooden paling. His face was sharp and thin with illness, with eagerness and suspense, his complexion browned and paled out of its healthful English tints. But this was not because he was weak any longer, or in diminished health. He was worn by

incessant traveling, by anxiety and the fluctuation of hope and fear; yet that great tension had strung his nerves and strengthened his vitality, though it had worn off every superfluous particle of flesh. A keen anxiety mingled with indignation was in his eyes as he looked across the gate which the clergyman had fastened against him, — indignation, yet also a smile. From the moment when Geoff's little voice had broken upon his angry reverie, Dick had begun to recover himself. "Chatty wants you so." It was only a child that spoke. But a child does not flatter or deceive, and this was true. What Eustace Thynne thought, what anybody thought, was of little consequence. Chatty! — the simple name brought a softening glow to Dick's eye. Would she come and open to him? Would she reverse the judgment of the family by her own act, or must it be he who should emancipate Chatty? He waited with something of his old gayety rising in his mind. The position was ludicrous. They had shut him out, but it could not be for long.

Geoff galloped his pony to the gate, and up the little avenue, which was still very shady and green, though so much of the wood had been cut. He threw himself off his pony and flung the reins to the gardener's boy, who stood gazing open-mouthed at the little lord's head-long race. The doors were not open, as usual, but Geoff knew that the drawing-room windows were seldom fastened in the summer weather. He darted along round the corner of the house, and fell against one of the windows, pushing it open. In the drawing-room there seemed a number of people assembled, whom he saw vaguely without paying any attention, — Mr. and Mrs. Thynne, and Warrender, in a group, talking with their heads together; Mrs. Warrender standing between them and the tranquil figure of Chatty, who sat at work at the other end of the room, taking no part in the consultation of the

others, paying no heed to them. Chatty had an almost ostentation of disregard, of separation from the others, in her isolated place and the work with which she was busy. She looked up with a little alarm, when Geoff came stumbling through the window: but she did not look as if she expected any one, as if she had heard who was so near at hand. The boy was covered with dust and hot with haste, his forehead bathed in perspiration. He called out to her almost before he was in the room: "Chatty! Mr. Cavendish is outside at the little gate. They will not let him come in. He sent me to tell you" —

Chatty started to her feet, and the group in the end of the room scattered and hastened towards the new-comer. Theo seized his step-son by the collar, half choking the boy. "You confounded imp!" he cried, "what business is that of yours?"

"Geoff, where, where?" Chatty rushed to the child and caught his hand. He struggled in Theo's grasp, in a desperate, nervous anguish, fearing he could not tell what, — that he would be strangled, that Chatty would be put in some sort of prison. The strangling was in progress now; he called out in haste, that he might get it out before his breath was gone: —

"Oh, run, Chatty! The little gate in the road — the wooden gate." She seemed to flash past his eyes, — his eyes which were turning in his head, with the pressure and the shaking of Warrender's hand. Then the child felt himself suddenly pitched forward, and fell, stunned for the moment, and thinking, before consciousness failed him, that all was over, and that he was killed indeed; yet scarcely sorry, for Chatty had his message and he had fulfilled his commission before he died.

Chatty flew along the shady paths, a line of whiteness fluttering through sunshine and shadow. She called out her lover's name as she approached the gate.

She had neither fear nor doubt in her mind. She did not know what news he was going to bring her, what conclusion was to be put to the story. She called to him as soon as he was within hearing, asking no questions, taking no precautions. "Dick, Dick!" Behind her, but at some distance, Minnie too fluttered along, inspired by virtuous indignation, which is only less swift than love and happiness. The gentlemen remained behind, even Eustace perceiving that the matter had now passed beyond their hands. This is one of the points in which men have the advantage over women. They have a practical sense of the point at which opposition becomes impossible. And Warrender had the additional sense that he had done that in his fury which at his leisure it would be difficult to account for. Mrs. Warrender, who had not been informed of the crisis, nor known upon what matter her children were consulting, was too much horrified by what had happened to Geoff to think even of Chatty. She raised the boy up and put him on a sofa, and bathed his forehead, her own heart aching and bleeding, while Warrender stood dumbly by, looking at his handiwork, his passion still hot in him, and a half frenzy of dislike and repugnance in his mind.

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"Dick!" Curiously enough Dick had not thought till then that even a high gate may be vaulted by a man whose heart has leaped it before him, and who is in perfect training and knows no fear. He had been more discouraged by Eustace Thynne than any authority on the part of that poor creature at all warranted, and his heart had failed him still more when he thought that perhaps Chatty might have been talked over, and might stand by him no longer. She was his wife, but what if her heart had

given him up! But when a man hears the voice he loves best in the world calling him, everything takes a different aspect. "Dick!" Her voice came first faint, so that he scarcely believed it; then nearer and nearer, giving life to the silent world. The thin brown face of the vagabond, as he had called himself, grew crimson with a flush of happiness and new life. He could not wait until she came; his soul flew to meet her in a great revulsion of confidence and joy. The gate was high, but he was eager and she was coming. He put his sinewy, thin hands upon it, and was over in a moment. And there she came, flying, fluttering, her light dress making a line of whiteness under the trees. She did not stop to ask a question, but ran straight to him, into his arms. "Dick, Dick!" and "Chatty, my darling, at last!" — that was all they said.

Minnie did not run so fast. She had not the same inducement; for opposition, though very nearly as swift, has not quite the same impetus as love. She only came up to them when these first greetings were over, and when, to the consciousness of both, life had taken up its threads again exactly where they had broken off. Chatty did not ask any questions, — his presence was answer enough to all questions; but indeed she did not think of any. Everything else went out of her mind except that he was there.

"Mr. Cavendish!" Minnie came up breathless, putting her hand to her side. "Oh, Chatty, you are shameless! Do you know what you are doing? It was his duty — to satisfy us first. Mr. Cavendish, if she is lost to — all sense of shame" —

Panting, she had got up to them, and was pulling Chatty away from him by her arm.

"There is no shame in the matter," he said. "But, Chatty, your sister is right, and I must explain everything to your family at once. There is no time

to lose, for the train leaves at six, and I want to take you away directly. If you can be ready" —

"Yes, Dick, I can be ready. I am ready whenever you please."

He pressed her arm, which she had placed within his, with a look that said everything there was to say. But Minnie replied with a scream: "Take her away! What right have you to take her away? Eustace will never consent, and my mother — oh, even my mother will not hear of that. If you were a hundred times divorced, — which it is a shame to think of, — you can't take her away like that; you will have to be married again."

"I am sorry to push past you, Mrs. Thynne. It is your husband's fault, who stopped my entrance in the natural way. But we have no time to lose." He looked back, waving his hand to Minnie, whose wrath took away the little breath she had left. "I am not a divorced man," he said. Mrs. Eustace looked after them with feelings indescribable. They went hurrying along, the two figures melting into one, swift, straight, carried as by a wind of triumph. What did he mean? It was horrible to Minnie that she could not go so fast, that she had to wait and take breath. With a pang of angry disappointment, she felt at once that they were on the winning side, that they must inevitably reach the Warren before she could, and that thus she would not hear what Dick had to say. It may here be added that Minnie had, like Chatty, the most perfect confidence that all was right. She no more believed that Dick would have come here had the end of his mission been unsatisfactory than she believed that night was day. She would not have owned this for the world, and she was vexed and mortified by the conviction, but yet at the bottom of her heart, being not at all so bad as she wished to believe she was, she felt a sense of consolation and relief, which made it at once easier and more tantalizing to have to wait.

Foolish Chatty held Dick's arm fast, and kept up a murmur of happiness. "Oh, Dick, are you sure it is you? Have you come at last? Are you well now? And I that could not go to you, that did not know, that had no one to ask! Oh, Dick, did n't you want me when you were ill? Oh, Dick! oh, Dick!" After all, his mere name was the most satisfactory thing to say. And as he hurried her along, almost flying over the woodland path, Chatty, too, was soon out of breath, and ended in a blissful incapacity to say or do anything except to be carried along with him in his eager progress towards the tribunal which he had to face.

Eustace Thynne opposed his entrance, but quite ineffectually, at the drawing-room door. Dick with his left hand was more than a match for the Reverend Eustace. Warrender stood in the middle of the room, with his head towards the sofa, over which his mother was bending, though his eyes turned to the new-comers as they entered. He made a step towards them as if to stop them, but a movement on the sofa drew him back again as by some fascination. It was Geoff, who struggled up with a little pale, gray face and a cut on his forehead, like a little ghost. His sharp voice piped forth all at once in the silence: "I told her, Mr. Cavendish. I gave her your message. Oh, I'm all right, I'm all right. But I told Chatty. It don't matter about me."

"Mr. Cavendish!" cried Mrs. Warrender, turning from the child. She was trembling with the excitement of these hurrying events, though the sick terror she had been seized with in respect to Geoff was passing away. "Mr. Cavendish, my son is right in this, — that before you saw Chatty we should have had an account of you, he and I."

"I should have said so, too, in other circumstances," said Dick, holding Chatty's arm closely within his own. "If my presence or my touch could harm

her, even with the most formal fool" — he flashed a look at Eustace, angrily, which glowed over the pale parson like a passing lamp, but left him quite unconscious. "As it is, you have a right to the fullest explanation, but not to keep my wife from me for a moment."

"She is not your wife," cried Warrender. "Leave him, Chatty. Even in the best of circumstances she cannot be your wife."

"Chatty, do not move. I have as full a right to hold her here as you have your wife, or any married man. Mrs. Warrender, I don't want to get angry. I will tell you my story at once. On our wedding-day, when that terrible interruption was, the poor creature whom I then thought, whom I then believed, to have been" —

"You mean Mrs. Cavendish, your lawful wife."

"Poor girl, do not call her by that name; she never bore it. She did not mean to do any harm. There was no sanctity to her in that or any other tie."

Chatty pressed his arm more closely in sympathy. Her clasp did not relax even at the recollection thus brought before her.

"She meant no harm, from her point of view. She scarcely meant to deceive me. Mrs. Warrender, it was a fiction all through. There has been no need of any divorce. She was already married when — she made believe to marry me. The delusion was mine alone. I hunted the man over half the continent. I did not dare to tell you what I was doing, lest it should prove to be a false hope. But at last I found him, and I have all the evidence. I have never had any wife but Chatty. She forgives me what was done in folly so long ago, before I ever saw her. There was no marriage. What was done was a mere idle form, in deference to my prejudices," he said, with a short laugh of excitement. "I was a fool, it appears, all through; but it was not as a wise man

that Chatty married me," he said, turning to her. "Our marriage is as true as ever marriage was. I have no wife but Chatty. Mrs. Warrender, I have all the evidence. Don't you believe me? Surely you must believe me!" Dick cried.

His voice was interrupted by a shrill little outburst from the sofa behind. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" cried little Geoff before Dick had ended. "Chatty, it was me that brought the first news! Chatty, are you happy now?"

Mrs. Warrender, in the act of going forward to the pair who stood before her awaiting her judgment, turned with a thrill of anxious terror. "Oh, hush, hush!" she cried, putting herself before the boy.

Theo, too, had turned round with a suppressed but passionate exclamation, clenching his hands. "Mother, I can think of nothing till that imp is out of the way."

"He shall go, Theo. I will see to that; but speak to them, — speak to them!" cried the mother, anxiously, bending over the sofa, with an indescribable tumult in her heart. She had to leave her own child's fate at its crisis to look after and protect this child who was none of hers, who was the stumbling-block in her son's way. And yet her heart condemned her son, and took part with the little intruder. Thus Chatty for the moment was left to stand alone before her husband's judge, but was not aware of it, thought nothing of it, in her confidence and joy. Warrender stood looking darkly on till his mother had taken his step-son out of the room. The pause, perhaps, was useful in calming the excitement of all. When the door closed Theo turned round, mastering himself with an effort. Geoff had diverted the rush of hasty temper which was natural to him. He looked upon the new-comer less severely.

"We can have no interest," he said, "but that your story should be true.

But it cannot rest on your word, Cavendish. You have been deceived once; you may be deceived again. My mother is no judge of points of law, and she is favorable, too favorable, to you. You had better come with us into another room, and let us see what proofs you have of what you say."

"That is quite just," said Dick. "I'd like you to kiss that little beggar for me, Chatty; he knows what it is to stand by a man in trouble. It is all right, Warrender. Of course it is the interest of all of us that there should be no mistake. Send for Wilberforce, who will be impartial; and if you could have Longstaffe, too"—

Minnie came in, out of breath, at this stage of the affairs. "What does he say, Eustace,—oh, what does he say? Are you sure it is true? What has he got to say? And what does he mean about Mr. Longstaffe and Mr. Wilberforce? Aren't you good enough for him? Can't you judge without Wilberforce? Wilberforce," she cried, with professional contempt for another clergyman, "is nothing so very wonderful; and he is *his* friend and will be sure to be on his side. Why can't Eustace do?"

Mrs. Warrender, with her anxious face, had now come back again alone. She went up to Dick, holding out both her hands. "God bless you," she said. "I believe you, dear Dick, every word you say. But everything must be made as clear as daylight, both for her sake and your own."

"I know it, dear mother," he replied. "I am quite ready. I should be the first to ask for a full examination. Take care of my Chatty while I show my papers. I want to take my wife away with me. I cannot be parted from her again."

"Oh, Dick! oh, Dick!" The mother, like the daughter, could find no other words to say.

Little Geoff found himself alone in Mrs. Warrender's room. She had taken

him there with much kindness and many tender words, and made a little nest for him upon the sofa. "Lie down and try to go to sleep," she said, stooping to kiss him, a caress which half pleased, half irritated, Geoff. But he obeyed, for his head was still aching and dazed with the suddenness and strangeness of all that had passed. To lie down and try to sleep was not so hard for him as for most children of his age, and for the first moment no movement of revolt was in him. He lay down in the silence, not unwilling to rest his head on a soft pillow. But the fire of excitement was in Geoff's veins, and a restlessness of energy and activity which after a minute or two forbade all possibility of rest. Something had happened to him which had never happened before. He had not been quite clear what it was at first; whether it was the wonder of Dick's return or of his own part in it,—the fact that he had been the messenger and had discharged his trust. But presently it all came to him, as he lay quietly with his aching head pressed against the cool pillow. Geoff had encountered many new experiences in the last two years of his life, but he had not known at any time what personal violence was. Everybody round him had made much of him; his delicate health had always been in the thoughts of those who were about him; and his rank, to which he was so indifferent, of which he was scarcely conscious, had made him important. Till Theo had appeared upon the scene, Geoff had been the central figure in his own little world. Since that time, the boy had suffered, with a magnanimity which few men could have equaled, a gradual deposition from most of the things he prized. He was no longer first; he had partially lost the mother who for so long had been his companion and play-fellow as well as the chief object in his existence. Many humiliations had come to the keen feelings and sensitive heart of the little dethroned boy. Many

a complaint and reproach had been on his lips, though none had got utterance. But now a deeper indignity still had befallen him. As Geoff lay in the room to which he had been banished to be out of Warrender's sight, all this swept across his little soul like a tempest. He remembered the suffocating sensation in his throat, the red mist in his eyes, the feeling that he had but a moment left in which to deliver his message; and then the giddy whirl of movement as he was flung away like a rag or a stone, the crash in his ears, the sharp blow which brought back his scattered faculties for a moment, only to banish them again in the temporary unconsciousness which brought all this tingling and thrilling into his ears. How had it all come about? It was Warrender who had seized him, who had flung him upon the floor, who had — had he? tried to kill him? had he tried to kill him? Was that what Warrender meant? A wild flood of feeling, resentment, terror, desire for revenge, swept through Geoff's mind. Warrender, to whom already he owed so much; Warrender, who had taken his mother from him, and his home, and everything he cared for in the world, — Warrender now wanted to kill him! If mamma knew! Mamma had not ceased to care for her boy. Even now that the babies had come she still loved Geoff, — and if she knew!

The boy jumped up from his couch. He was pale and trembling, and the cut on his forehead showed doubly from the total absence of color in his little gray face; but he got himself a great draught of water, and, restored by that and by the rush of rage that swelled all his veins, he flew down-stairs, past Joseph in the hall, who gave an outcry of astonishment, to where the gardener's boy was still holding his pony outside. Geoff, scarcely able to stand, what with the shock and what with the emotion, clambered up upon the pony, and turned its head homewards. The pony was

well pleased to find himself in that way, and obeyed with enthusiasm his little master's impulse. The small steed and rider flew along the road to Markland. Geoff had no cap; he was dusty, as if he had been for days on the road; and as he flew by, the cottagers came out to the doors to look, and said to each other that the little lord must be mad, that he would have an accident like his father. He went on thus, with scarcely a pause till he reached the gates of Markland, wrath and pain carrying his mind at even a swifter rate than the pony carried his little person, eager for sympathy and for revenge.

Something stayed this headlong race all at once. It was when he came within sight of the avenue, which was so bare, which had no trees except at distant intervals. There he saw a speck upon the way, a slowly moving figure, which he recognized at once. It was his mother, coming down, as was her wont, to meet — whom? Her husband. Geoff's hot heart, all blazing with childish rage, sank into a shivering calm at the sight of her. In a moment he turned from heat to cold, from headlong passion to the chill of thought and self-sacrifice. Mamma! She it was now who was "delicate," as he had been all his life. It might make her ill; it would make her miserable. What! she who had been everything to him, — was he now going to seize upon her as Theo had seized him, and shake her and hurt her, he, her own boy? The child drew up his unwilling pony with a sudden force which almost carried him over its head. No, he could not do that. He would not. He would rather be shaken, strangled, thrown down, anything in the world, rather than hurt mamma. His little heart swelled with a new spring of impassioned emotion. He would bear it for her sake; he would bear anything, he did not mind what, rather than do that. He would never, he cried to himself, with a rush of scalding tears to his eyes, hurt

her. He turned the pony's head round with a force of passion which that astonished animal could not resist, to give himself, after the wild rush of his flight homeward, a little time to think. And he thought, knitting his little brows, twitching his little face, his heart aching, his small body all strained with the effort. No! whatever he did, whatever he had to bear, he would not hurt mamma.

LI.

Warrender had a long conference with Dick Cavendish in the old library at the Warren. Mr. Wilberforce, who had been sent for, came at once, full of curiosity and excitement; and though Mr. Longstaffe could not be had, the experience of the two clergymen, who knew all about marriage registers and the proofs that were necessary, was of use in this curious family crisis. It was all very important both to Chatty and to the family in general, and Theo did his utmost to keep his attention to it: but his thoughts were elsewhere. He was glad to be released, when all was done that could be done by the little family commission. The result was a kind of compromise. No one had any moral doubt that Dick was right, but some higher sanction seemed to be necessary before he could be allowed to take Chatty away. The ladies had to be called in to soothe and subdue his impetuosity, to get him to consent to delay. Warrender scarcely waited to see how it was settled. The impatience within him was not to be controlled. His heart was at Markland, hot with anger and anxiety, while he was forced to remain here and talk of other things. Yes, to be sure, Chatty's good name, her happiness, — if she considered her happiness to be involved in that, — were important. It was important for Cavendish, too, if any one cared what was important for Cavendish: but good heavens, not so impor-

tant — could any one suppose so for a moment? — as what had happened, what might be happening, elsewhere. Old Joseph had stopped him as he went through the hall to tell him that the little lord had run off and got on his pony, and was gone home. He was gone home. It was a relief for one thing, for Theo had felt that it would be impossible for him to carry that little demon back with him in the dog-cart, as it would have been his duty to do. But in another — how could he tell what might be happening while he was kept there, amid maddening delays and hesitations, looking over Dick Cavendish's papers? What could Dick Cavendish's papers matter? A few days sooner or later, what could it matter to Dick Cavendish? Whereas to himself — That boy might be lying senseless on the road, for anything he knew; or, what was worse, he might have got home and told his story. And the sting was that he had a story to tell.

Warrender knew that he had done what he ought not to have done. He had treated the child with a violence which he knew to be unmanly. He had thrown him down, and stunned, and might have killed him. He did not deny to himself what he had done. He would not deny it to her, — and he fully expected that she would meet him with upbraidings, with anger. With anger! when it was he who was the injured person, — he, her husband, whose privacy was constantly disturbed and all his rights invaded by her son. He turned this over and over in his mind, adding to the accumulation of his wrongs, till they mounted to a height which was beyond bearing. The fire blazed higher and higher as he kept on throwing in fuel to the flames. It must come to some decision, he said to himself. It was contrary not only to his happiness, but to his dignity, his just position, to let it go on, to be tormented perpetually by this little Mordecai at the gate, this child who was made of more importance than he

was, who had to be thought of, and have his wishes consulted, and the supposed necessities of his delicate health made so much of. Geoff's generosity, the constant sacrifices of which he was conscious, were lost upon his step-father. He knew nothing of the restraint the child put on himself, or of the wistful pain with which Lady Markland looked on, divining more than she knew. All that was a sealed book to Theo. From his side of the question Geoff was an offense on every point. Why should he be called upon to endure that interloper always in sight, — never to feel master in his own house? To be sure, Markland was not his house, but Geoff's; but that was only a grievance the more, for he had not wished to live in Markland, while his own house stood ready for his own family, with plenty of room for his wife and children. There grew upon Warrender's mind a great resolution, or, rather, there started up in his thoughts, like the prophet's gourd, full grown, a determination, — that this unendurable condition of affairs should exist no longer. Why should he be bound to Geoff, in whose presence he felt he was not capable of doing himself justice, who turned him the wrong way invariably, and made him look like a hot-tempered fool, which he was not? No, he would not endure it longer. Frances must be brought to see that for the sake of her son her husband was not always to be sacrificed. It should not continue. The little girls must not grow up to see their father put in the second place, to think him an irritable tyrant. No, it must not continue, not for a day.

And there occurred to Theo, when he approached the gate of Markland, something like the same experience which had befallen Geoff. He saw going slowly along the bare avenue two figures, clinging closely together, — as he had seen them a hundred times, though never without jealousy, when he had no right to interfere. For a long time these

walks had been intermitted, and he had almost forgotten that one among the many irritations of the past. But now it all surged back, with an exasperation entirely out of proportion to the offense. For the offense was no more than this: that Lady Markland was walking slowly along, Geoff clinging with both hands to her arm, clasping it, with his head almost on her shoulder, with a sort of proprietorship which made the spectator frantic. He stopped the dog-cart and sprang down, flinging the reins to the groom outside of the gate. The sight brought his resolution, his rage, the fierce passion within him, to a climax. Yes, he had been anticipated; that was clear. The story of all that had passed had been poured into his wife's ear. She would meet him with reproaches, perhaps with tears, pointing to the cut on her son's forehead. There came into Theo's mind a maddening recollection that he himself had been once cut on the forehead for Geoff; but no one, not *she*, at least, would remember that now. She would meet him furious, like a tiger for her cub; or, worse, she would meet him magnanimous, forgiving him, telling him that she knew it must have been an accident, — whereas it was no accident. He would make no pretense; he would allow that he had done it, he would allow that he had meant to do it; he would make no further pretenses, and tolerate no pretenses from this day.

In his anger he was as swift and light as a deer. Their backs were turned towards him, and they were too much absorbed in their talk to hear his approach. He was close to them, on Lady Markland's other side, before they heard anything. The mother and son looked up simultaneously, and started as if they were but one being at the sight of him. She gave a faint cry, — "Theo!" — and Geoff unclasped her arm and slid from her in a moment, which, though it was what he wished, made the fire burn still higher in Warrender's heart.

"So," he said, with the harsh laugh of excited temper, "he has been telling you his story. I knew he would."

"He has been telling me no story, Theo," said Lady Markland. "Oh, yes; he has been telling me that Mr. Cavendish" —

"Confound Mr. Cavendish! I am speaking of your boy, Lady Markland. He has been telling you about the cut on his forehead."

She looked from the man to the child, growing pale. "He fell," she said, faltering. "But he says it does not hurt."

"The little liar!" cried Theo, in his excitement. "Why did n't you tell your mother the truth?"

"Warrender!" said little Geoff, in a tone which conveyed such a warning as Theo would not have taken from any man in the excited state of his mind. The child was red with sudden indignation, but still he held fast to his part.

"Geoff, run away home!" cried his mother, trembling. "Nurse will bathe it for you — and papa" — she had ventured to call her young husband by this name since the birth of the babies — "will give me his arm."

"I tell you he is a little liar," said Theo again. "He did not fall. I threw him down. He thrust himself into the midst of my family affairs, a meddling little fool, and I caught hold of him and threw him out of the way. It is best that you should know the truth."

They stood all three in the middle of the bare road, the afternoon sun throwing its level light into their eyes, — looking at each other, confronting each other, and standing apart.

"Theo," said Lady Markland, "I am sure you did not mean to hurt him. It was — an accident, after all. And Geoff, I am sure, never meant to interfere. But, indeed, you must not use such words of my boy."

"What words would you like me to use? He is the pest of my existence. I want you to understand this once for

all. I cannot go on in this way, met at every turn by a rival, an antagonist. Yes, he is my rival in your heart, he is my opponent in everything. I cannot turn round at my own table, in my own house, without his little grinning face" — Here Theo stopped, with a laugh still wilder than his words. The startled faces of the mother and son, the glance they gave at each other like a mutual consultation, the glow of indignation that overcame Lady Markland's paleness, were all apparent to him in a flash of meaning. "Oh, I know what you will say!" he cried. "It is not my house; it is Geoff's. A woman has no right to subject her husband to such a humiliation. Get your things together, Frances, and come with me to my own house. I am in a false position here. I will bear it no longer. Let him have what is his right. I am resolved that he and I shall not sleep again under the same roof."

"Theo, you cannot mean what you say. You can't be so — If Geoff has done anything wrong, he will beg your pardon. Oh, what is it, what is it?" She did not ask her son for his version of the story with her lips, but she did with her eyes, which exasperated Theo more and more.

"It does not matter what it is," he said. "It is not any temporary business, to be got over with an apology. It is just this, that you won't face what is inevitable. But it is inevitable. You must choose between him and me."

Geoff had been overwhelmed by this sudden storm. He was so young to play the hero's part. He was not above crying when such a tempest burst upon him, and he had hard ado to keep back his tears. But when he met his mother's anguished, imploring look, Geoff felt in his little forlorn heart a courage which was more than man. "Warrender," he said, biting his lips to keep them from quivering, — "Warrender, I say! As soon as the holidays are over, I —

I'll go to school. I'll — be out of the way."

"Oh, Geoff!" Lady Markland said, with a heart-rending cry.

"It's — it's right enough, mamma; it's — quite right. I'm too old. I'm too — Warrender, I'll be going back to school in about six weeks." Alas, the holidays were just begun. "Won't that do?" cried little Geoff, with horrible twitchings of his face, intended to keep back the tears.

His mother went up to him, and kissed him passionately, and put him away with her hand. "Go," she said. "Geoff, go, and wait for me in your room. We must talk — alone; we must talk alone. Go. Go."

Geoff would have given much to throw himself into her arms, to support and to be supported by her: but the child was moved beyond himself. He obeyed her without a word, turning his back upon the combat, though he would fain have stood by her in it. Warrender had taken no part in this; he had made no response to Geoff's appeal. He was walking up and down, with all the signs of impatience, pale with passion and opposition. He paused, however, as the boy went away, a solitary, forlorn little figure stealing along the avenue in silence, too dutiful even to look back. Lady Markland stood, too, and looked after him, with a pang of compunction, of compassion, of heart-yearning, which it would be impossible to put into words. Her boy! who had been her chief, almost only companion for years; who was more dear — was he more dear? — than any one; who was her very own, all her own, with no feeling in his mind or experience in his little consciousness that was not all hers, — and this man bade her send him away, separate from her child: this — man. It is not safe for a union when one of the parties thinks of the other as that man. All at once a light had flashed up in Lady Markland's heart. She had been made

very soft, very submissive, by her marriage. She had married a young man, younger than herself. She had seemed to herself ever since to be asking pardon of him and of the world for doing so. But now his violence had called her back to herself. She had not been too soft or submissive in the old days. She had been a woman with a marked character, not always yielding. The temporary seemed suddenly to disappear out of her life, and the original came back. She stood for a moment looking after her child, and then, being feeble of body, though waking up to such force of mind, she went to a bench which stood on the edge of the road, and sat down there. "If this is as you say, it is better that we should understand each other," she said.

Her tone had changed. From the anxiety to soften and smooth everything, the constant strain of deprecation and apology which had become habitual to her, she had suddenly emerged into a composure which was ominous, which was almost tragic. Even the act of sitting down, which was due to her weakness, made her appear as if taking a high position, assuming an almost judicial place. She did not intend it so, but this was the effect it produced upon Warrender, stinging him more deeply still. He felt that he was judged, that his wife had thrown off the yoke which he had made so heavy, and that his chance of bringing her back to her subjection, and of forcing her into the new and sudden decision which he called for, was small. This conviction increased his fury, but it also made him restrain the outward signs of it. He went after her, and stood in front of the bench of which she had made a sort of judicial throne.

"You are right in that," he said. "Things have gone too far to return to their old level. I must have my house to myself, and for that reason it must be my own. I wish you to come with

me to the Warren,—the children and you.”

“Your mother and your sisters are there,” she said, fixing upon him a steady look.

“What does that matter? There is room, I hope, at all times for the master of the house.”

“You ask me,” she said, “to turn all my life upside down, to change my habits and arrangements, at a moment’s notice. But you have not told me why. Have you told me? You have said that my little boy of twelve has offended you, and that you knocked him down. Is that why I must change my house, and all my life?”

The slow steadiness of her tone made him frantic; that, more than the deliberate way in which she was putting him in the wrong.

“I have told you,” he cried, “that I am in a false position altogether, and that I will not bear it any longer! You ought to see that I am in a false position. As for your little boy—of twelve”—

“What of him?” she asked, growing very pale, and rising again from her seat.

“Only this one thing, Frances: that you can’t serve God and mammon, you know; you can’t keep both. You must choose between him and me.”

“Choose?” She sat down again suddenly, as if her strength had failed her. “Choose! between Geoff, my little Geoff—my boy—my baby—Geoff”—

There was a kind of ridicule in her voice, a ridicule which was tragic, which was full of passion, which sounded like a scoff at something preposterous, as well as an indignant protest.

“Your scorn does not make it different. Yes, Geoff—who is all that: and me,—between him and me.”

For a moment they gazed at each other, having arrived at that decisive point, in a duel of this kind, when nei-

ther antagonist can find a word more to say. Lady Markland was very pale. She had been brought in a moment from her ease and quiet, when she expected no harm, to what might be the most momentous decision. She was still feeble, her nerves strained and weak from the long tension at which they had been held. She had clasped her hands together, and the fingers quivered. Her eyes seemed to grow larger and more luminous as she looked at him. “Theo,” she said, with a long breath. “Theo! do you know—what you are saying? Do you mean—all that—all that?”

He thought he was going to get an easy, an unlooked-for victory; he congratulated himself with a swift flash of premature triumph that he had pushed matters to a crisis, that he had been so firm. “Yes,” he cried, “I mean it all. We can’t go on longer as we are. You must choose between him and me.”

She kept looking at him, still without relaxing from that fixed gaze. “Do you know what you are asking?” she said again. “That I should give up my child,—my first-born child, my little delicate boy, who has never been parted from me. Was it ever heard of that a mother was asked to give up her child?”

“They have done it,” he said,—“you must know that,—when a higher claim came in.”

“Is there any higher claim? Every other is at our own choice, but this is nature. God made it. It cannot change. There may be other—other”—she faltered, her voice grew choked,—“but only one mother,” she said.

“Other—other?” he cried; “what? To me there has been but one, as you know. I have put all my choices in one. God made it? Has not God made you and me one?—whom God has joined together”—

“Oh, Theo.” She got up and came towards him, holding out her hands. “One, to bear each other’s burdens, to help each other; not to go against na-

ture, to abandon what is the first of duties. Theo! oh, help me; do not make it impossible, do not rend me in two! What can I say to you? Theo!" She tottered in her weakness; her limbs were not strong enough to support her. But Warrender made no forward step. He did not take the hands she held out to him. He had to be firm. It was now or never, he said to himself.

"If we are ever to live happily together the sacrifice must be made. I don't want to hurt you, Frances. If I seem harsh, it is for our good, the good of both of us. Make up your mind. Can any one doubt what is your first duty? It is to me. It is I that must settle what our life is to be. It is you who must yield and obey. Are you not my wife? Spare yourself further pain—and me," he went on, with all the absolute and cruel sincerity of youth. He made it up in his own mind that this was the right thing to do, and steeled himself to resist the appeal of her weakness, to see her flutter back to the hard bench, and drop down there, unsupported, unaided. It was for the best, it was for her good, to put things on a right footing at once and for always. After this, never a harsh word, never an opposition, more.

Her husband thus having her to himself, standing before her, magisterial, coldly setting down what her duty was, enforcing obedience,—he who little more than a year ago — She wavered back to her bare seat alone, and sat there looking up at him till the peroration came to an end. In these few minutes many things flew through Lady Markland's thoughts,—unspeakable offense, revolt against this unlovely duty presented to her, a sudden fierce indignation against him who had thus thrust himself into her life and claimed to command it. At that moment, after all the agitation he had made her suffer, and before the sacrifice he thus demanded of her, she could scarcely believe that she too had

loved him, that she had been happy in his love. It seemed to her that he had forced himself upon her, taken advantage of her loneliness, compelled her to put herself in his power. It had been all adoration, boundless devotion, help, and service. And now it was command. Oh, had he but said this before! Had he bidden her then choose between her child and him, before — And as she looked at him a wild ridicule added itself to those other thoughts. To see him standing making his speech, thinking he could coerce a woman like herself, thinking in his youthfulness that he could sway any woman's heart like that, and cut off the ties that vexed him, and settle everything for the good of both! Heaven! to see him lifting up his authoritative head, making his decision, expecting her to obey! Spare yourself—and me! That she should refuse did not enter into his mind. She might struggle for a time, but to what use? Spare yourself—and me! She could not help a faint smile, painful enough, bitter enough, curving her lips.

"You speak at your ease," she cried, when his voice stopped. "It is easy to make up one's mind for another. What if I should refuse—to obey, as you say? A wife's obedience, since you appeal to that, is not like a servant's obedience nor a child's. It must be within reason and within nature. Suppose that I should refuse?"

He had grown cool and calm in the force of his authority. The crimson flashed to his face and the fire to his eye at her words.

"Refuse—and I have my alternative," he cried. "I will never enter your house again nor interfere in your concerns more."

Again they contemplated each other in a deadly pause, like antagonists before they close for the last struggle. Then Lady Markland spoke:—

"Theo, I have done all that a woman could do to please you and satisfy you,

—all, and more than all. I will not desert my little boy.”

“You prefer Geoff to me?”

“There is no preferring; it is altogether different. I will not give up my child.”

“Then you give up your husband?”

They looked at each other again, — she deadly pale, he crimson with passion, both quivering with the strain of this struggle; her eyes mutely refusing to yield, accepting the alternative, though she said no more. And not another word was said. He turned on his heel, and walked back down the avenue, with quick, swinging steps, without ever turning his head. She watched him till he was out of sight, till he was out of hearing, till the gate swung behind him, and he was gone. She did not know how she was to get back to the house, over that long stretch of road, without any one to help her, and thought with a sickening and failing of her heart of the long way. But in this great, sudden, unlooked-for revolution of her life she felt no weakness nor failing. The revulsion was all the greater after the self-restraint. For the first time after so long an interval she was again herself.

LII.

That night Lady Markland did not close her eyes. The strength of resistance, of indignation, of self-assertion, failed her, as was inevitable, in the long and slow hours, during which she looked out, at first with a certainty, then with a hope, that Theo would come back. He must come back, she said to herself, even if all were over, which seemed impossible, impossible! — all in an hour or two, in one afternoon, when she thought no evil — still the most prosaic of considerations, the least important, his clothes, if nothing more, must bring him back. She went on saying this to herself, till from a half scorn which was in it at

first it came to a kind of despair. He must come back, at all events, for his clothes! She could scarcely bear Geoff during the afternoon, though it was for him all this misery was. She never could, nor would, give up her child, but his society was intolerable to her just then; and she felt that if Theo came and found them together he might think — he would have a certain right to think — It was a relief to her when at last Geoff went to bed, all his questions silenced, chilled, terrified, yet still heroically restraining himself, and making up his mind that he was to be sent away. After this she felt a kind of relief, a freedom in being left to herself, in wandering about the rooms and looking out in succession at every window that commanded the avenue. When the hour came to shut up the house she gave the butler an elaborate explanation: how Mr. Warrender had been obliged to return to the Warren about some business; how it was possible that he might not come back that night; in fact, she did not expect him that night; but still he might return. It was not necessary that any one should sit up, — oh, no, not necessary at all. She should hear him if he came, or he could let himself in. “But I really do not expect him to-night. He has — business,” she said, with a smile, which the butler thought not at all like my lady. She was not given to explanations in an ordinary way. She was very kind and considerate; but she was always a great lady, and not expansive to her servants. She smiled in a strange, conciliatory way, as if begging him to believe her, and explained, to make it all right. The butler was not deceived. When was any butler ever deceived by such pretenses? He knew better, — he knew that something had happened. He told the company down-stairs that he made no doubt there had been a row, and most likely about Master Geoff, and that they might make up their minds to see rare changes. They were all mak-

ing their comments upon this in the servants' hall, while Lady Markland, standing at the window, looked out with a sort of desperation, shaping the figure of Theo a hundred times in the distance, scarcely able to restrain the impulse to go out and look for him; saying to herself, no longer scornfully, but with the profoundest tragic gravity, that he must come back, if only for his clothes! It was a dim summer night, the sky veiled with clouds, and after midnight fitfully lit by the gleam of a waning moon. She went from window to window noiselessly, thinking that now one, now another, had the most perfect command of the avenue; hearing a hundred sounds of footsteps, even of distant wheels and horses' hoofs, which seemed to beat upon the ground far off, and never came any nearer. Then when the dawn began to be blue in the sky, she threw herself upon her bed and hid her face, knowing that all was over, and that he would come back no more.

Scarcely less was the consternation in the Warren when Theo, pale and silent, wrapped in silence as in a cloak, making no reply to the questions asked, ordering his old room to be made ready without any explanations, came back to the already excited house. Dick and Chatty and all their affairs were forgotten in the extraordinary new event. "Oh, Theo, what has happened," Mrs. Warrender cried, "what has happened? Are you not going home?"

"This is my home, I suppose," he said, "unless you have any objections," which closed her mouth. She thought there must have been a quarrel, and that Lady Markland had resented Theo's treatment of Geoff, which his mother immediately began to justify to herself; saying that of course he did not mean to hurt the child, but that a person put in charge of the children of another, in any case, must have some power of correcting them when they want correction:—with great wonder and indigna-

tion at his wife, yet an obstinate counter-question in her mind if any one had corrected Theo so, when he was a boy—She did all she could to urge him to return, sitting up till very late, keeping the groom awake for possible orders. "Frances will be very anxious," she said to her son. "She has no reason to be anxious; she knows where I am." "Oh, Theo, don't let it come to a quarrel," Mrs. Warrender urged imploringly, with tears in her eyes. Her attitude put him in mind of his wife's attitude as she stood holding out her hands, and was intolerable to him. "Good-night, mother. I am going to bed," he said. Mrs. Warrender was as restless as Lady Markland. She had come and listened to his breathing outside his door, and seen that his light was out, and that he had actually gone to bed, as he said, before she would allow herself to be convinced. It was a quarrel, then; and what was to come of it,—what was to come of it? Lady Markland was very yielding and gentle, but Theo! Theo was not yielding. Mrs. Warrender, too, lay down when it was nearly morning, as miserable as could be.

And yet none of them, not even the chief actors, who were both at the pitch of desperation, really believed that what this meant was a breach which should last for years. Even they did not believe it in their hearts. That things should not all come right was incredible. But as a matter of fact they did not come right. Lady Markland was not by nature the yielding and anxious woman which for this year of troubled woe she had appeared; and everybody knew that Theo was neither persuadable nor reasonable, but had the hottest temper, the most rigid will, of his own, and that ingenuity in finding himself in the right which gives a fatal character to every quarrel. Lady Markland was willing to make any concession but the one which he required, the abandonment of Geoff. But he would make no concession; he

stood upon his rights. With all the fervor and absolutism of inexperience he stood fast. No! nothing less than everything, nothing but entire submission, nothing but obedience. Alarmed and anxious friends gathered to the fray, as was inevitable, and everything was made worse. The result was that within a few weeks Theo Warrender had gone off with a burning sense of injury and wrong, to travel he did not much care where, to forget himself he did not much care how; and Lady Markland, feeling as if she had awakened suddenly from a strange dream, a dream full of fever and unrest, of fugitive happiness but lasting trouble, came to herself all alone, with the two little babies, in a strange solitude which was no longer natural, and with Geoff. She had chosen, who could say wrongly?—and yet in a way which set wrong all the circumstances of her life.

This was how for the moment her second venture came to an end. Theo went forth upon the world for that wander-year in which so much of the superfluous vigor of life is often expended, which it would have been so well for everybody if he had taken before, and stormed about the world for a time, no

one knowing what volcanoes were exploding in his soul. How much he gathered of better wisdom it is not within the limits of this history to say.

The happy ones were Dick and Chatty, who began their life together as if there had been no cloud upon it. He had fully lived out his wander-year, and had paid dearly for the follies, which had been done with no evil meaning on his part, but in all honor and good intention, bitterly foolish though they were. And perhaps he never was very wise, nor rose above the possibility of being taken in, which is a peculiarity of many generous spirits. But why should we say they were the happy ones? The really happy ones were Minnie and her Eustace, who never felt themselves to be in the wrong, or were anything less than the regulators of everybody's life and manners wherever they went. It was Mrs. Eustace Thynne's conviction to the last that all the misfortunes which temporarily befell her sister were owing to the fact that she herself was not on the spot to regulate affairs; and that Theo, if he had taken her advice, would never have placed himself in the way of the trouble which had overwhelmed his life.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

PRISONERS.

EVERYWHERE the sculptor hears
A voice unheard by other ears;
It half commands and half entreats,
As this burden it repeats:
"Hasten, master! quickly come!
Countless ages, dark and dumb,
Frozen in this prison white,
Has my beauty longed for light.
Hasten! With thy chisel keen
Cut away my marble screen,
And before your gladdened eyes
See a perfect statue rise!"

So at times I strangely hear
 Messages distinctly near.
 "Tarry not, but set me free!"
 Whisper lips well known to me.
 "Silence deeper than the tomb,
 Darkness raven as the gloom
 Wrapping the decrees of Fate,
 Here surround me as I wait.
 Hasten, hasten to set free
 Thy perfect self that is to be!"

Paul Hermes.

A RHAPSODY OF CLOUDS.

"O ETHER divine!" cried Prometheus; but *he* was chained supine on the rock, and forced to see the sky. We who walk erect at will are apt to confine our attention to the things of earth. There are two landscapes, two firmaments, always visible to us; but it is as if, by some secret compact, the upper and finer one were reserved apart for birds and poets, or for the forlorn face that here and there turns upward in search of some better justice or fairer hope than has been found on earth. Now and then we find a person who has the habit of looking at the night skies, and mayhap knows the constellations, so that the stars are not accidental sparks to him any longer, but old friends, any one of whose faces would be missed if it were withdrawn. But who looks upward by day and sees the clouds?

There are ways of enticing people, or reminding ourselves, to appreciate this neglected side (the upper side) of landscape. It is no sin to improve upon Nature, or at least upon our physical endowments for apprehending her beauty. The *camera obscura* is one such contrivance. Fix a suitable lens in the front of any old box, with a dark curtain under which to thrust the head, and the "divine ether," with its cloud-cuckoo-town of shifting scenery, will

stoop to our infirmity, and mimic itself in little — but with all its glorious light and color — below our face. The Claude Lorraine glass is another simple instrument of magical effect. The great landscape that seemed too vast to look at, in its sweep of valley and woods and hills and sky, comes into the compass of the hand, with the lights and shades and hues all there, but mellowed and softened; it is beautiful as ever, but it all floats on the facet of a crystal; the big giant has eaten of Alice's cake in Wonderland, and becomes a heavenly child; the finite eye has captured the infinite distance by a pretty trick. The poet Gray, it is said, used always to carry a common lens in his pocket when he "walked abroad," in whose surface to see the landscape imaged; thus, we may suppose, to bring it nearer the compass of an elegy or an ode.

But this present screed was entered upon in order to recommend to all readers of *The Atlantic* and lovers of nature the use of still another bit of artifice for aiding the natural eye to see the supernatural beauties and wonders of sky-and-cloud scenery. I mean the ordinary smoked glasses of the optician's shop. They should not be colored glasses at all, but just sufficiently clouded with a colorless smoke-tint to

tone down the intensity of the brightest light. The test should be that one can gaze fixedly at a bright, sunlit white cloud floating in noonday blue, without trying the eye. I do not believe (though I am no optician) that the ordinary habitual use of such glasses is to be recommended, except where the eye imperatively demands protection. They are rather for special emergencies, such as a dusty wind-storm in the city, to keep the awning-posts and paving-blocks out of one's eyes; or on the snow slopes of a mountain, to blunt the intolerable glare; or in a railroad car, to fend off cinders blundering in through an open window; and especially for this æsthetic use of which I speak. One feels, on using them for the first time, that he never before has properly seen a cloud; for the reason that never before has he been able to look steadily right into the face and eyes of a brilliant noonday sky.

In this way, with the shield of the soft-toned glasses before the eyes, one no longer gives a general look at the heavens now and then, with a hasty glance, as to know whether it is necessary to take an umbrella; but he seats himself before it, as before the surf, or before a play at the theatre, to watch deliberately what goes on. Nor does he any longer look at an individual cloud that is pointed out for some grotesque shape, or some remarkable color; but he sees the whole field, the complex groupings of forms and tints, the marchings and countermarchings of the sky battalions. One might as well suppose he knew the wonders of forest scenery when he had only looked at single trees, as to imagine he had seen the clouds when he had only glanced hastily at an occasional cloud. There are wonderful mountains among them, with sheer precipices, and shadowy caves, and Alpine crags; dark towers, such as Childe Roland blew his blast before; minarets and domes, with mysterious arabesque of Oriental tracery; serene ocean shores,

where the gray sand glimmers through shoaling blue, and the round-breasted galleons sail smoothly over.

It is great to sit in a lawn-chair, of a summer Sunday afternoon, and gaze undazzled into the upper sky. A light breeze taps the pear-tree leaves softly, as a mother might pat together the palms of her child. The organ snores sleepily in the distant church; even the choir sounds musical, heard faintly and occasionally, as if it were a far-off memory of better music. The blue of the zenith is intense with light that would be unbearable to the unshielded eye, and as the Cleopatra's barges of slow clouds sail softly across, with their round, bellying sails of snow and pearl, it only makes the azure more "deeply and darkly" blue. By and by the color, or the very depth and boundlessness of it, seems to inundate one's brain, as the blue, deep sea-tide lifts through a coral reef, and all the little ocean-creatures stretch out their delicate hands and feed confidently in the lucid clearness. So do delicate brain-fancies float and feed tranquilly in this inflooding tide of the blue heavens.

Nor is all this without its possibility of solid scientific usefulness. O dear specialist, that inclinest to flout such skyey contemplations! *Why* do those clouds float there so buoyantly; and what makes the cirrus take on those feathery forms? Do not tell me it is the wind, unless I am to believe there be winds celestial, very different from winds terrestrial. Those filmy tufts, those lightest dabs, drawn out in wavy brush-lines, as if with a pencil dipped in sublimated wool, or in the quintessence of dissolved cobweb,—is it by electricity, or magnetism? Or have some of those puffy-cheeked cherubs, seen so commonly tilting about the mediæval skies by the old masters, but not any more seen with the naked eye,—have some of these bodiless baby-heads blown them at one another, for a game?

Even thou, O dear Gradgrinding, canst find thine account in this sky-gazing! It is even of "use," "practically." For there is no better barometer, or prophet of the weather, than such a film of cloud as one sees yonder. If it grows and grows, as we watch it (not that we can see it grow, — cloud prophets are too subtle for that; but if we see from moment to moment that it *has* grown), then we may know it will pretty surely rain. While if it fade and fade, and suddenly we find ourselves only remembering what was, — for it *is* not any more, — then we may pretty safely leave the umbrella at home.

Some days the outlines of the clouds are all making faces at each other: merry faces, if one feels in that mood, and therefore unconsciously compels the eye to that selection of forms; solemn faces, if that be the masterful feeling. Why should the profiles generally be looking from right to left? Or is that only an idiosyncrasy of my own? With me, it is so on wall-paper, it is so in the cloud-tapestry of the sky; my mind, if for the moment idle, perpetually sees faces, nearly always profiles, and nearly always looking to the left. Is it because one sketches a profile on paper with the right hand, and so with the projecting points toward the left, away from the hand, which otherwise would hide them? Some poet may say, if he chooses to, that it is with *all* the faces and aspects of this universe as with those of the clouds, — that all look smiling and benevolent to us, or grim and forbidding, according to our own voluntary state of heart; but I will not say it, for I am not perfectly sure it is true. The poet will probably say it if he only hopes it is true.

When presently we are able to sail the air in the coming balloon, it will be pleasant to make afternoon excursions among the summer clouds. We shall *rendezvous* here and there in their recesses. "Come!" one will say to his

friend; "let us talk it over on the rosy southwest corner of that mother-of-pearl mountain in the sky." Or we shall bid John unpack the luncheon basket in the shade of yonder floating shelf of foamy ivory; or we shall agree to meet, at half past two, just under the billowy chin of what seems an aerial Martha Washington.

How can so soft and fluffy a texture, an airy pile of birds' breasts and gossamer, hold so firm an outline against the blue, and catch such a splendor of intense light? As it comes floating and toppling across the sky, one would like to shoot a feather bed up through it, and let the azure through the soft hole. Or one would like to see an angel out of Paradise Lost, or, better, out of Dante's Paradiso, push the yielding curtains of it aside, and for an awed and heart-beating moment look earnestly, half smiling, down upon the earth.

It is a dead enough world, if people merely glance at it with the rambling, unsteady eye of a preoccupied mind. Water, for example, — what is it but drinkable fluid, or oxygen and hydrogen, to the average mortal? The "primrose by the river's brim" and the river by its own brim are equally stale, flat, and unprofitable. But let a man look *close*, — say, at the tense muscle of the running stream, or the bubble-shadows on the sands in the eddy, each with a yellow star in its centre: then the water is a living wonder. And these clouds — an every-day affair, no doubt, a "useful trouble," to most apprehensions; but if we look *close* we cannot but take in the unimagined beauty of them. Changeful as the sea, over which they have sailed so many leagues that they have taken on a certain mimicry of the intricate forms of ocean-waves, they are without the quick, criss-cross fret and restlessness of the sea; for the clouds are nearly always calm: over its "restlessness," their "rest." Yet they are never still; the gossamer tracery, if you watch it, is

all alive, as if the films and veins of agate should come to life, and begin to weave and unweave their interchanging fibres.

There is another odd and interesting effect of the dark glasses. When one takes them off, after a prolonged gaze through them, the whole world gains suddenly a new splendor. It is like a *sforzando* chord in a symphony of Rubinstein's. Or it is like a sudden bracing up of the spirit when one concludes to fling off a dusky mood, and enters the sunshine of some hearty action.

It is not often that we can watch, near by, the rapid formation of cloud; but it once happened to me, in climbing among the "American Alps," — the Sierra Nevada, — to find myself on a crag precisely underneath the line of low cloud formation. Leaning back to rest against the rock, and looking upward, I saw the mountain drapery weaving itself — out of nothing, as it appeared: blue air on one side of the line; dark slaty films (nearest it), then shreds, then masses of flying cloud, on the other. Clear across the sky extended the distinct edge of this swift and incessant weaving. It was like nothing but a great shadowy banner streaming out in the gale from an invisible cord strained tight across the sky. It was the work of the Earth Spirit in Faust: —

"At the roaring loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou seest him by."

Sometimes, with the eyes shielded by their smoke-tint armor against the blinding splendor of the summer blue contrasting with its dark cloud scenery, we may attend a thunder-storm symphony in the air. Solemnly the curtain begins to rise; the wind carries it, for there is a wild wind far up in the heavens, though as yet all is still below. There is a deep hush upon us all, — the trees, and birds, and the rest of us in the audience; for we are full of expectancy.

It grows insensibly darker and darker in "the hall of the firmament." There are rolls of distant thunder, — it is the orchestra, and the instruments are being tuned; you hear the contra-basses trying a chromatic passage in hesitating touches. There is some trilogy of Wagner's toward; for the stage is preparing, and the scenes are slowly shifting, — lofty walls of cloud that move silently to one side and the other; but no celestial actors emerge, and the azure floor remains empty. Or possibly they are there, but invisible; as most of the orchestral harmonies are still inaudible,

"Whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in," —

all but those louder and bolder double-basses, and the rolling and rattling *crescendo* of the drums. By and by a flash of keen lightning blazes out, like the crash of brazen cymbals threaded with the shrilling piccolo.

At such times you may occasionally catch a strange effect. You are looking through a deep cleft in the black clouds, cut down across the sky, at the brilliant blue between. Suddenly a lightning flash completely reverses, for just an instant, the light and shade; the gloomy cloud-walls gleam out intensely luminous, while the towering shaft of intervening sky is dark by contrast, and so starts forward tangibly from the distance, like a momentary incarnation of some black *genie* of the Arabian Nights.

On some more tranquil August afternoon, when the sky-dome is lifted to its serenest height, and only pearly cirrus, so far up as almost to be motionless, bars it from being infinite, we may recline in our couch-chair and gaze upward so long and steadily that we drowse a little. Or, if still awake, we seem to lose ourselves in space. It is as if there were a second sort of sleep possible to us; not the withdrawal of the consciousness back into the inner brain, as in night slumber, but the expansion or floating out of the consciousness into

the deeps of outer existence. Is it any wonder if sometimes, then, the methodical reason gives way to flitting fancies, and, while the clouds flow slowly and smoothly across the upper world, our reveries run into rhythm, and such things get themselves written as this with which we close?

CLOUD TRACERY.

What wind from what celestial wood hath sown
Such delicate seed as springs in air, and turns

The blue heaven-garden to a bed of ferns
In feathery cloud? They are not tossed, or blown

To such wild shapes, but motionless they ride,
Like a celestial frost-work on the pane
Of our sky-window, where the breath has lain
Of the pure cold upon the thither side.

They are but pencil touches, soft and light,
Traced faintly under some magnetic spell
By an entranced spirit, that would write

Hints of heaven-language ere the soul's release, —
Dim outlines of the syllables that tell
Of words like faith, and confidence, and peace.

A HALF-SCORE NEW NOVELISTS.

THERE is little doubt that the success of a very small group of American novelists of the day is having its legitimate outcome in an access of novel-writing, and that our descendants will devote a chapter in their literary histories to the rise of the American school of fiction as surely as we now group the dissimilar poets who had their day in the middle of this century. It is worth while, therefore, to make an occasional survey of current novels that shall exclude the books of those writers who have won their spurs. We still have plenty of stories of the old conventional type, but we also have books that represent a more or less conscious departure from ancient models, — that have, we will say, a literary as well as a fictitious being; and it is these novels and romances which interest us most, whether they are better or worse than the books which we used to read.

I.

Mr. Arlo Bates may object to being called a new novelist, since twice before, at least, he has appeared with a book; but his recent novel, *A Wheel of Fire*,¹ is a good starting point for his reputation.

¹ *A Wheel of Fire*. By ARLO BATES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885.

tion. When Lear returns slowly to sane consciousness, under the gentle restorative of Cordelia's presence, the distance between him with the overpowering sense of misery and her whose beautiful love he recognizes is the distance between hell and heaven.

"You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead."

In Mr. Bates's novel the heroine is bound upon the wheel of fire, but it is the more terrible wheel of the anticipation of madness, culminating in the fatal attack. Miss Wainwright and her brother are the children of a mother who was incurably insane. At the opening of the story, the brother, escaping from mild confinement at a retreat, makes his way back to the homestead where his sister is living, is found by her in an exhausted condition outside of the house, is brought within, and lies for weeks in a state of fever, with outbreaks of delirium. He is under the constant care of a young physician from the retreat, but finally dies by his own hand in an unguarded moment.

Meanwhile Miss Wainwright's cousin, Miss Elsie Dimmont, is visiting her, and a young lawyer, Sherlock Lincoln, who

has partial charge of the Wainwright property, makes a fourth in the *partie carrée* of the novel. There are two or three subordinate characters, who are well distinguished, including among the number an admirably individualized dog, but the action of the story is carried forward by the four. These early divide into their natural pairings: the somewhat coarse-fibred but resolute doctor with the self-willed and flirting cousin, and the fine-tempered, chivalric lawyer with the heroine of the unkind fate. From first to last the reader is never allowed to lose sight of the theme of the novel. The chapter headings, ingeniously taken like the title from Shakespeare, contain hints of the tragic course of events, and the absence of any incidents or episodes to withdraw the mind from the central action intensifies the feeling with which the reader moves through the tale, hardly daring to believe in the final escape of the heroine, yet occasionally buoyed with hope that the worst may not prove true.

We wish to say emphatically that in point of construction *A Wheel of Fire* is an uncommon piece of work. The men and women in it are real, without relying for their reality upon an indefinite number of minute touches; they are clearly conceived in the author's mind, and set before the reader with strong lines. The incidents are simple and unstrained. The few slight conventional scenes, like the breaking of the old glass, are not made to carry too much. The conversations, barring an occasional feeble smartness, are natural and bear the narrative along; and the main thread of the story, that is, the development of the heroine's tendency to insanity, is skillfully and powerfully led. The reliefs, through the flirtation of Elsie Dimmont and the doctor, and the characters of Hannah and Peter, are just enough to heighten the effect of the central image, and the reader is filled with the pity for the victim which the author himself seems to feel.

Why is it, then, that with all this fine workmanship before him a healthy-minded reader recoils from the book as from something false, not merely as from something painful? The turning point of the story is when Damaris Wainwright, who has wisely resolved within herself not to marry because of the taint of insanity in her blood, yields to the assaults made upon her resolution by her lover, and persuades herself that she may consult only her own intense longing for the consolation of love. Mr. Bates has not disguised the falsity of her position. "She abandoned," he says, "all attempt to justify her change of mind. That was done with; the matter was settled for once and all, and her elation was in no small degree due to the delightful sense of having reached a certainty. But woe to the woman who closes the court of conscience in a question, no matter how insignificant, pertaining to love. Practically there was no end to Damaris' struggle with self, although she had for the moment won a joyous tranquillity. To accept as a condition of happiness a consciousness that the temple of justice in the heart is barred is with sensitive and upright natures to assume an impossibility, and poor Damaris, dazzled and won for the moment by Fenton's smooth subtleties of speech, was never more pathetically pitiful than in this hour of insecure bliss."

While, however, the moment of yielding is the critical moment in the life of the heroine, and so the turning point in the story, there is no real struggle and no victory. The will of Damaris makes after all only a feeble resistance from the beginning; thenceforth it is swept along, and acquires such a momentum that the discovery of an outside confirmation of her own internal fear makes scarcely a perceptible difference in her intention. It is too late! she cries; she feels the destiny that awaits her, and simply moves unresistingly toward the catastrophe.

The objection which we make to the book as a piece of art is that the author, having set before us two human beings of educated conscience, fine sense of honor, and strong will, having given them eyes to see the fatal consequences of their act, permits them to be overcome by the very destiny they have feared, — a destiny which is involved not in some external force, but in physical conditions of their own nature. Now, great art does not make this mistake. Lear goes mad; his madness lay always coiled in his self-willed passion, ready to spring out on occasion, but Shakespeare gave him occasion enough. It was the blow struck at his pride by outrageous daughters that let loose the demon, and it was the power of love in Cordelia that tamed the wild beast and dispossessed the old man of his devil. Shakespeare would never have let physical weakness so surmount spiritual sense, and crowned necessity instead of free will. It may be said that Mr. Bates's conception is that of the Greeks; but the Greek Necessity was a recognized divinity which was absolute and apart from man, — acting, indeed, through him, but permitting no moral choice in the man himself.

No; it is all wrong. It might have been a commonplace story which Mr. Bates would have told, if he had gifted Damaris Wainwright with the persistent power of self-denial and restraint, and had made Sherlock Lincoln chivalrously regardful of the woman, despite his own loss, but that would have involved no degradation of love. This story does involve it, and the painful scene at the close is repulsive, not merely because we see a beautiful woman transformed into a maniac, but because of the underlying thought of the story, which tells us, Thus *must* it have been. We cry out against that "must." We refuse to accept a logic which is based solely on physical processes. And so we say that the fine workmanship of the story is

wasted work. Inevitable insanity forms no foundation for a work of art, for it is not the final word of nature. Reason, not unreason, lies at the core of life, and a picture of life which denies this is false.

II.

The realistic treatment in fiction is pretty sure to provoke some extremist on the romantic side to see what he can do with thaumaturgic methods. By putting his story into the mouth of a Jewish musician, the author of *As it was Written*¹ has gone far to set free the probabilities. Almost any flight of fancy becomes credible when the flyer is a musician, and a Jew to boot, for one instantly is able to take advantage of the supernatural element as a part of the ordinary furniture of the mind. So far, then, the author does well, and we begin to follow the Jewish musician into the world of improbability with a cheerful abandonment of the mere understanding, — the meanest faculty, as De Quincey contemptuously says, in the human mind. This musician, Ernest Neuman, while taking the air one May evening at the eastern extremity of Fifty-First Street in New York, hears Gounod's Ave Maria sung by a soprano voice somewhere in the neighborhood. Entranced by the beauty of the voice and the passion of the air, he suddenly is aware of the presence at his side of a pale lady, whose pallor is not that of ill health, but of a luminous white soul.

"I knew at once," he says, "by the sudden pain that pierced it, that my heart had been waiting for this lady all its life. I did not stop to reflect and determine. The words flew to my tongue, and were spoken as soon as thought. 'Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful!' I exclaimed, meaning her. 'Very beautiful,' I heard her voice, clear and soft, respond. 'It is almost a

¹ *As it was Written. A Jewish Musician's Story.* By SIDNEY LUSKA. New York: Cassell & Co. 1885.

pain, the feeling such intense beauty gives,' — meaning the scene before us."

The precision with which the Jewish musician explains his own remark is more than equaled by the precision which he uses in clearing Veronika Pathzuol of any perception of the force of his impassioned words. Nature, he remarks to the reader, had introduced them, and we may add that, as Veronika's uncle, Mr. Tikulski, was in attendance, Nature was guiltless of any offense against conventionality. The introduction is followed by an invitation to the lodgings of the pair. They are all musicians and all Jews, and now the reader perceives that anything may happen. Happen everything does. The two young people become almost instantly engaged, the love-making being a sort of musical rhapsody on the part of the lover, and the plans for the marriage and for wedded life are quickly formed. This part of the story is hurried over, because the narrator has something of more importance to tell. He is to explain how and why Ernest Neuman without knowing it killed Veronika Pathzuol, before they were married, and how he came to find out long afterward the whole course of events in two or three generations which had culminated in this involuntary act of his. The title of the story refers to the method of disclosure. The hero is beset by a musical theme which insists upon being written down; he writes the score at last with a sort of possessed fury, and discovers, when his task is completed, that his music has run into downright script, and that what he supposed to be one of the movements is nothing more nor less than a perfectly intelligible account of his very methodical madness.

We have not thought it necessary — perhaps it would not be fair — to put the reader in possession of the whole course of the story, as given in this book. It is enough to say that the author proposes to reveal, by a somewhat

unique device, the causes of what may be termed a hypnotic homicide. Ingenuity is at the bottom of everything, and in his admiration for this one piece of novelistic property which he has invented the author sacrifices everything else. He had in the scheme of a musician writing sense, when he thought he was writing musical nonsense, a device which a man of fantastic imagination, like Poe, for example, might have employed very dexterously, giving it a culminating place, and making all else really lead to it; his fault is in bungling over it and making his whole book such a thin tissue of improbabilities that the reader is never swayed by the story-teller's emotion, but is simply curious to see how the story will turn out. Neuman dwells at length upon his own emotions, and goes through his experiences with sufficient cloudiness of behavior to justify the notion that he is somewhat irresponsible; but there is a lack in the book of that deft joining of all the parts which leaves no opening for skepticism. One has a right, when surrendering himself to a confessedly supernatural treatment, to be protected against his own inherent incredulity, and this can be done only by a writer who has so mastered his theme that he has conceived a certain consistency of improbability. As it was Written reads to us like a story dashed off at white heat by a writer who was only eager to reach the ingenious device; everything having been invented for the sake of that.

III.

The writer of *As it was Written* laid the scenes of that novel in New York, but gained nothing by opposing the matter-of-fact city life to the ghostly drama enacted there. Mr. Brander Matthews, in his story *The Last Meeting*,¹ attempts a realistic picture of New York life, or rather of that section of city life which

¹ *The Last Meeting. A Story.* By BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885.

is represented by club men, for the sake of the setting which it gives to a single mysterious incident. When realism takes hold of club life, it is apt to make a very earthly piece of business of it, and Mr. Matthews's young men and his old men of thirty-five do not give one an intense longing to be voted into their club. There is nothing low or vulgar about them, but they are dreadfully uninteresting companions, with their heavy-witted talk and their mock-airiness of sentiment. They have the lightness of eighteenth-century comedy-folk, probably the most dreary set of people, except their nineteenth-century descendants, that ever cut pigeon wings.

It is one of this number, an artist of easy habits of despondency, who blunders through a quarrel with the girl whom he loves, and is last seen — that is, before he turns up again at the end of the story — sitting at a table in a friend's house, engaged upon a letter. His friend stoops to mend the fire, turns, and misses Fred Olyphant, whom he had just left sealing his letter. The room in which they are is a windowless room, which separates larger rooms at the front and back, — a common arrangement in deep city houses. There are three modes of egress, by doors leading into these larger rooms, and by a concealed door, opening through the book-shelves into the passage way which passes all three rooms. In order to make the situation perfectly clear, Mr. Matthews gives a rude ground plan. Olyphant could not have passed into the larger rooms without coming upon other members of the dining club who were there. Hence, the reader as well as the more stupid of the club is driven to the irresistible conclusion that he went out by the book-shelf door. His hat is gone, though his coat remains.

The real mystery is after all why he left the house and where he went, for all the clues which are followed fail to lead to him, — all but one, which con-

nects with his mysterious absence a certain Greek miscreant who had arrived from Europe the same day, and who was a bitter enemy of Olyphant. The reader has already been given a glimpse of the fellow dogging Olyphant in the earlier part of the story, and waits patiently for the dénouement. It comes finally, and accounts in somewhat melodramatic fashion for the disappearance and long obscurity of the artist.

Mr. Matthews has properly called his book a story. It is, in fact, what paradoxically may be called a long short story. It has all the properties of a short story except the dimension of length, and it is the length which destroys the element of wit and surprise so essential to the successful short story. By dwelling on the several critical passages in his story, Mr. Matthews gives his readers the fatal privilege of thinking about the crises, and they solve the difficulties without his assistance. Had he carried them swiftly from one point to another, he might have diverted their attention from the weak links in his chain, whereas now he invites their notice. Look closely, he seems to say, by his reiterated discussion of the mystery: do you see any flaw? And the reader looks closely, and says at once, Yes, I do. Whatever merit such a story possesses must lie not in its delineation of persons, — and these people are discriminated only by a few obvious marks, — but in the cleverness with which the reader is kept in suspense, the perplexity of the situation, the sense that one is face to face with a blank wall, when suddenly a chink of light shows a crevice, and a new turn lets one out of the confinement. Such stories are never left behind by any refinement of the novelist's arts; they are scarcely improved by greater delicacy of personal characterization; but they must, to justify themselves, leave behind in the reader's mind the satisfaction of a secret well kept and finally well disclosed. Invention of this

sort is well worth the study of a bright story-teller, and the excellence of our short stories indicates that the art is a latent possibility. There seems to be no reason why fiction in America should not be strongly reinforced on this side. Certainly it would be a relief to many readers if they could again get stories in place of attenuated novels; but then they do not want wire-drawn stories.

IV.

The pleasure which the reader may derive from Mr. Sullivan's *Roses of Shadow*¹ is not the result of any novelty of plot. The story is a familiar one: she puts up with an inferior love; he tries to console himself with an unworthy substitute; the friend thinks himself wronged by the man whom he has befriended. Nor are the characters strongly individualized or drawn with skill. The one on whom the author has apparently spent most labor, Denise Gérard, a moderately equipped Becky Sharp, never renders the reader very uncomfortable; her intrigues and cool calculations are rather faintly impressed upon her character. Captain Bromfield is more cleverly sketched, and Bruni is somewhat distinct, though the scenes between him and his wife are scarcely as humorous in execution as in intention. The expression of determining character is even less successful. Why should Helena Bromfield ever have loved Maitland Ambrose? No reason in circumstance is given, and every reason in character and tendency is as much against the engagement as it is against the marriage. There are missing links in the narrative. Perhaps it was not necessary to account for Mr. Musgrave's acquaintance with Miss Gérard, though the author seems to hide the fact only for the sake of surprising the reader; but no explanation is given of Denise's relations with the family which justifies

the mildly melodramatic interruption of her interview with Marvin in the Granary burial-ground. Mr. Sullivan evidently relies upon his situations to give interest and piquancy to his novel. His people behave in no extraordinary fashion, and they talk simply enough; but the intriguing woman and the honorable lover meet under the walls of the Athénæum, and the fatal word is arrested by the sudden appearance of one of the library girls with a photograph; the adventure — if so harsh an epithet can be applied to Denise — is swept over Niagara Falls, after a deliberate preparation for this ending of her career on the part of the author, which robs the scene of any power to thrill; Mr. Musgrave has an attack of apoplexy at a most opportune moment; and to crown all, Miss Bromfield is hid behind a curtain in the artist's studio while her lover and the artist discuss her. In this final situation Mr. Sullivan appears quite to have lost his wits, and to have been afraid of the tableau which he created.

Why is it, then, that we have spoken as if the reader would derive pleasure from this somewhat ineffective piece of art? The answer is simple enough. A piece of amateur acting or an amateur water-color may easily produce an agreeable sensation, despite the absence of professional skill and confidence. There is a quality of refinement about such work, the outcome of good breeding and good taste, which one accepts with satisfaction as a genuinely good thing. This is what makes Mr. Sullivan's timid novel with its faint strokes a book better worth reading than some which can more surely stand the test of criticism. The quality of refinement which pervades it is an agreeable quality. Even the club scenes take on a harmless impropriety; there is no swagger about them, and one feels that a man of the world does not necessarily smell of brandy. More than this, there is a disposition to depend for interest upon real sentiment. One is honestly

¹ *Roses of Shadow*. A Novel. By T. R. SULLIVAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885.

asked to care for a man who has been disappointed in love, and to be glad that a woman has escaped an unfortunate marriage. We do not know that any great thing is to be expected from this writer, but if he will develop from a decorative into a constructive artist and retain all his fineness of tone, one has reason to hope for fiction of a quiet sort that may be genuinely good and interesting.

v.

It is a delight to come upon naturalness in a story, and this is the charm which awaits the reader of *Within the Capes*.¹ Mr. Howard Pyle has made a good reputation as designer of illustrations which reproduce the costumes and manners of late colonial and early federal days. He has been more successful here than in reconstructing the early colonialism, but in his best work he has indicated a capital mastery of character, and a vivid rather than an idealizing imagination. All this appears in the story before us, which deals with the fortunes of a young sailor on the Delaware shore, who loves a Quaker maiden and wins her love, but is somewhat distrusted by her prudent father. The old Friend bids the sailor come back at the end of the year with seven hundred and fifty dollars, and he shall have his daughter. Off goes the young fellow, Tom Granger, a little in a dudgeon, and makes for Philadelphia as the nearest shipping port. It is in the days of the war with England, in the early spring of 1813, and the coast has just been under a blockade from British ships. The only maritime ventures of any promise are those undertaken by privateersmen, and Tom, under the influence of the Friends' principles, is averse from taking to this half-piratical life. He is finally persuaded, however, and ships as second mate on the *Nancy Hazlewood*. To his dismay, they are ordered to sea before the vessel

is at all ready, in order that they may take advantage of a lift in the blockade. They have a terrible time of it: the captain proves to be a madman, and the consequence is that the *Nancy* founders in a storm; a heavily laden boat puts off, and finally is swamped on a sandy island; the boat is a total wreck, and no lives are saved except those of our hero and the first mate, Jack Baldwin. Here for a year and a half the two men live in a dull, despairing way, until a terrible cyclone tears up the beach and uncovers some coin washed ashore from an old wreck. Their time is now occupied in hoarding the silver which fortune has sent them, and they are finally picked up by a vessel, which has become aware of their fate by means of an ingenious advertisement of their whereabouts which Tom had devised.

Tom gets back to his native village to learn that, having given him up for dead, the girl he left behind had at last been persuaded to marry a staid old Friend whom Tom had outrun in the earlier course of his love-chase. Tom meets this potential bridegroom, has high words with him, pounds him vigorously, but is saved from actually killing him in a frenzy. The next day, he is just bidding good-by to his family when the sheriff comes to arrest him for the murder of Isaac Naylor, his thrashed rival. Tom knows he has not killed him, but he goes to jail, and there manages his own case so far as to give his friend the lawyer the necessary lines upon which to work, demonstrative of his own innocence and the guilt of a man who would be better off for Naylor's death, and who really had dispatched him.

Here is incident enough, and, considering the very slight erotic element, one would not go far out of the way who should pronounce the book one for boys. It is, without doubt, a breezy book of adventure, acceptable to those who like a good story, tinged with the marvelous, well told, and brought to a triumphant

¹ *Within the Capes*. By HOWARD PYLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885.

conclusion. The art of the tale is no mean factor in its success. We question the entire reasonableness of making the old sailor who tells the story use the third person, interchanged with the first; there is a little too much affectation in this, but the reader is not especially annoyed, and perhaps the characterization of Tom Granger is helped by the half-withdrawal of the first person. Aside from this doubtful expedient, all the characters and scenes are managed with a rough spirit very proper to the supposed story-teller. No strength is wasted on mere refinements of form; the several incidents are sketched with a firm, bold hand, and are perfectly clear to the reader's mind. The scene of the boat wreck, for instance, and of Tom's scramble for life through the breakers is capitably described. Nor is the near remoteness of the whole story lost sight of. Without troubling himself about petty details, Mr. Pyle has contrived to keep the reader easily aware of the actual time of the story, and to invest the tale with a true atmosphere. It is such stories, hearty, objective, picturesque, full of life and vigor, which reveal to one who has been dwelling upon the refinements of modern fiction the capabilities of our American historical field. The war of 1812 is far enough away to be out of reach of our memory, and within that of our fathers and grandfathers, and thus affords a capital chance for the story-teller who has the art to catch at the salient features of life then, and the sympathy which enables him to enjoy a retrospective experience.

VI.

If the pleasure which one takes in Mr. Pyle's story is due to its naturalness, the disappointment which overtakes him when reading *A Mission Flower*¹ is owing to the artificial gloss

of that novel. A more distinctly literary air pervades it, and we admit at once that the author has expended conscientious labor on it, has shown refinement in his use of words, and has carefully wrought at a conception which was by no means commonplace. In his contrast of persons and scenes he has, indeed, shown an excellent sense of what constitutes the foundation of a finished work of art. To place a young English girl, with proclivities toward a conventual life, cheek by jowl with an American girl who had been early deposited for safe-keeping in a mission convent school; to make the Mexican murderer of the American girl's father in love with her, while the English girl is in love with the Mexican, and her brother in love with the little *religieuse*; to carry on the scenes in a Western State, say Kansas, where the crude social life of the border is led just outside the inclosure of a Roman Catholic mission, presided over by a venerable French pair, Father Caron and Madam Clement, who have transplanted into this wilderness a patch of hoary piety,—to conceive of all this was to show himself no mean artist, so far as regards perception of harmonies and contrasts. Nor is the design altogether feeble. True, the reader is too early aware of the probable guilt of Manuel Silva, but the exact conclusion is not foreseen, and the wavering mind of Dona Solace serves to keep one in doubt as to the final disposition of persons. The events follow in orderly and reasonable succession, and serve to develop the plot. Nothing seems to be wanting which a careful study of the plan of the novel could suggest.

Yet the very care with which the author has worked may be accounted as the reason why he has missed the higher value which his scheme rendered possible. We are led to suspect that he never really saw the mission or mingled in the society about it. He has managed

¹ *A Mission Flower*. An American Novel. By GEORGE H. PICARD. New York: White, Stokes & Allen. 1885.

to set before the reader a sort of No-man's land, carefully bounded, and provided with necessary land-marks, but still answering by no genuine reflex of nature to any real spot in the Western States. We are not complaining that he has so described the scene of his story as to throw the reader off a scent for some particular locality, but that he has failed to make it correspond with the general features of the life which it is supposed to represent. There is not the least inherent improbability in an English baronet holding a large estate hard by an old mission, nor in his permitting two young people, his son and daughter, to go out to see it, and for a time to occupy the premises. There is nothing actually impossible in the sort of life they lead there, yet Mr. Picard has thrown an air of unlikelihood over the whole proceeding by failing to give a touch of genuine Kansan life, shall we say? and by constructing a social system out of the odds and ends of conventional society in any locality, the slight frontier flavor being scarcely perceptible.

It is, however, in the characters themselves that we perceive the art which has not concealed art. Curiously enough, the best portrait in the group confirms our criticism by its excellence. Father Caron may be excepted as a satisfactory likeness. And why? Simply because the subtle old Jesuit, whose every movement is studied, is so finely artificial in the very grain of his nature that one is not offended by the nicely artificial touch with which Mr. Picard has painted him. But the other characters, at least Dona and Manuel, call for broad treatment and for a free, generous expression which they do not get. The young English people, ordinary in their personality, are individualized by trifling tricks of conversation and behavior, and fail to live in any genuine fashion.

In the brief space at our disposal, we are in danger of saying our say with

too little reserve, and we should be sorry to leave upon the reader's mind the notion that Mr. Picard's novel was a conventional, metallic sort of work. We wish rather to intimate that it is a book out of the ordinary course, but that it suffers from what, for want of a better term, we must call literary lacquer. It recalls to one the pictures, more familiar once than now, of what was known as the Dusseldorf school, highly finished, painfully glazed, correct in all that the schools could teach in the way of manipulation, but interposing a perfectly perceptible medium between the person who looked and the bit of nature he was asked to look at.

VII.

By chance, the novels which we have so far been considering have all been by men, and reflect Northern culture. Mr. Pyle's, perhaps, may be excepted, as occupying a species of border State position, and thrown by its subject and time out of the current of fashions in fiction; but the others give us a view of civilization as it presents itself to the eye of the dweller in cities. The next three happen to be by Southern women, and two of them are distinctly Southern in theme. The third, Miss Baylor's *On Both Sides*,¹ may answer as a connecting link, since it is very cosmopolitan in its plan, and from internal evidence alone gives little sign of Southern origin. The book is confessedly a somewhat composite affair. It consists of two stories: the scenes of the one are laid in England, of the other in America, while some of the characters in the former are carried forward in the latter. There is a suspicion of an after-thought in this continuation of the beginning. It is as if the author wrote her first story, *The Perfect Treasure*, to sketch English social life as it appeared to a small party

¹ *On Both Sides. A Novel.* By FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott Company. 1886 [1885].

of Americans who were domiciled at Cheltenham, and afterward had the happy thought of bringing the English characters to America, with a roving commission to discover phases of American social life, and incidentally to exhibit their own colors in stronger light than it was possible to do at home. Many of the same persons appear in *The Perfect Treasure* and *On this Side*, and to all intents and purposes the two stories may answer as one continuous book.

This is the more easily granted, since neither in the first nor in the second story is there any great concern shown for the development of a well-constructed novel. The "perfect treasure" is an English butler, who takes service in the American family, and who, in the opening scenes, promises to be the hero of the tale, but is so repeatedly forgotten by the author of his being that at the very end of the story he is hustled to the front as a thief, with scarcely the least warning to the reader, and with no after explanation. The fact is that Miss Baylor became so much more interested in the fortunes of Job Ketchum, a highly efflorescent Westerner, who makes an irruption into the calm English society of Cheltenham, that she quite forgot what she had called her story, and apparently what she had set out to develop.

In the second part, as we have said, several of the English characters reappear on this side of the water, and their experiences in New York, Baltimore, Washington, Niagara, Michigan, California, and Virginia afford an opportunity for contrasting national peculiarities of manner and temperament. The reader sees from the above enumeration how varied may be the American life which is presented. Miss Baylor displays an astonishing facility not so much in sketching representative persons in these places as in hitting off social characteristics, and in reproducing something of the in-

digenous life. The English are always and everywhere the same, the Americans differ according to localities; and part of the fun is in the changes of view which one gets of the English character by this diversity of contrast.

So far as the book is a novel, it is a very indifferent one. Miss Baylor is quite inattentive to her characters in their parts. The lovers love in a haphazard, accidental sort of fashion; their relations to each other are never kept long in mind. The author seems to catch herself up now and then, to remember that she has some affairs of these people to settle, and then goes about it with dispatch. Such carelessness is amusing in a book like this, but it would be likely to stand very much in the author's way if she were writing a deliberate novel. As it is, *On Both Sides* has something of the gay lawlessness which makes the *Pickwick Papers* so diverting. There is an exuberance of good-humor which keeps the reader entertained without any severe demand on his judgment, and it is long since we have had such clever caricature as is shown in Job Ketchum on the American side, and Sir Robert Heathcote and Mrs. Sykes on the English. Much is forgiven to one who makes us laugh honestly, and if on cooler reflection we think that Miss Baylor has sometimes laid the color on rather thickly, — that she has brought together in Job Ketchum, for instance, too many incongruous virtues and linguistic felicities, — we are not prevented from asking our friends right and left to amuse themselves with a book so bright as to create a sort of despair, as in the presence of literary prodigality. If this author would attend to character and its incident with more care, and keep her exuberance within bounds, she would be a positive addition to our literary force. The little picture of the interior of a decayed Virginian household, dashed off almost at random, one may say, is so admirable that one cannot help wishing

for the same kind of work carried out with sustained skill and the sort of structural ability which is essential to thoroughly good work in fiction.

VIII.

What Miss Baylor lacks in composition, Mrs. Tiernan, another Southern writer, has in a well-developed degree. *Suzette*¹ is a Richmond story, of the antebellum days, and the reader is introduced to the society of two or three families who may be taken to represent the *noblesse* of that highly self-respecting city. The heroine is a volatile creole from New Orleans, who drops, half by chance, into a family consisting of a gentle old lady and her disagreeable, domineering, and patrician son. This last character will be recognized early in his career by astute novel-readers. He is the unpleasant person who at once excites extreme antagonism in the heroine, but by occasional revelations of character makes it clear that if you scratch the brute a little you will find the passionate lover. It is of little consequence that in this case the hero is already engaged to a fine lady. Such a fact only affords a convenient cover for the growth of relations between the hero and the real heroine, and the novel is finished when the underground stream of love, scarcely seen at any time, rises at last into the light.

The hardened novel-reader foresees the end from the beginning, but it would be a mistake to suppose that he therefore reads on as if it were a foregone conclusion. One has really told nothing about such a novel as *Suzette* when one has said that opposite poles become magnetized. Indeed, the very use of a spiritual plot so familiar as this gives an opportunity to the novelist to show of what stuff she is made. Just as the fine employment of every-day material is one test of an artist's power, so the

translation into fresh terms of a well-known spiritual law is another. Mrs. Tiernan has brought together two well-defined characters, and has shown their influence upon each other through a series of incidents which are delightfully unhackneyed. She has used a society which she evidently knows by heart, and it is one which has not figured much in the higher order of American fiction. There have been stories enough and to spare of Southern social life, but heretofore such stories have almost inevitably had a partisan character; they have in one form or another reflected the author's attitude toward slavery, and have taken sides in the great ethical conflict. What we like in *Suzette* is the fresh delineation of life at Richmond among the well born and bred, with the slave playing his own part, and the system of slavery inextricably entangled with society. Mrs. Tiernan well says:—

“Edmund's public of that day, indeed Edmund himself, then honestly believed slavery to be the palladium of freedom. To touch or even to breathe upon the institution was like touching the sacred person of Spanish royalty, which done even accidentally is treason. Thus much must be said in order to explain why people began to turn at least a cool shoulder toward Gaskell. He was so unfortunate as to have incurred the suspicion of not only defrauding his neighbor, but of attacking the foundations of society.”

This is almost the only passage in the book in which the author steps aside from her story to make an explanation, and just as it is it serves to emphasize her artistic view of her work. She is telling a story; she is working in certain material which has a historic interest, and she does not feel called upon to enforce any special view of the ethical bearings of the material in which she is working. One may guess at her sympathies from the manner in which she treats the charming girl Innis and

¹ *Suzette*. A Novel. By MARY SPEAR TIERNAN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1885.

the incident of her giving freedom to her bird; but after all, this incident was a constituent and very cleverly conceived part of the design of the story.

It is a satisfaction to welcome into our literature so admirable a representative of a very honest class of fiction. The writer takes rank with authors more common in England than with us, who are concerned with the fortunes of a few well-discriminated men and women; who write with clear touch of a social life which is not foreign from their personal knowledge, and have the art to choose scenes and incidents which are thoroughly interesting. They have no great mission to accomplish, but they succeed excellently in pleasing their readers, and in this case, at least, one is introduced to a field of American life which is fairly new to literature.

IX.

Miss McClelland's novel¹ of Southern life carries one into a region which is only not absolutely new because it has been brought vividly into notice of late by Miss Murfree's powerful tales. The scene is laid chiefly in the mountain region of North Carolina, bordering on Tennessee. In a terrible freshet a young and beautiful mother and child have been rescued by a sturdy mountaineer; but the child is already dead, and the mother has suffered a severe blow. The child is buried, and the mother is tenderly brought back to life by the rude mountain folk. There is no trace whatever of her antecedents, and by a physical process not unknown to the medical profession, and not entirely strange in fiction, she returns to consciousness with a great blur in her memory where there should have been clear perception of recent facts. She is wholly bereft of any recollection except the faint remembrance of childhood. She speaks French, which was the language

of her childhood, and is delightfully ingenuous.

By a simple series of accidents not at all improbable, the friends of Lady, as she is called by the people who harbor her, have no doubt of her death. They even visit, as they think, her grave and that of her child, and thus she is left entirely to strangers. For three years her life goes on in seclusion. She acquires English speech, but it is in some subtle way good English as contrasted with the dialect of the mountains. She also — and this is the main thing — inspires her deliverer with profound love. He loves her with a strange, protecting, adoring passion, which she accepts, returning a child's instinctive trust. This relation of the two is delicately outlined, and goes far toward reconciling the reader to the situation.

It happens that before they are married, as they purpose to be, two young men, traveling in the mountains, come upon the lady at a rustic wedding feast of a neighbor, and are greatly impressed by her beauty and by her strange unlikeness to her surroundings. They get her story from others in a curiously distorted form, and go back with it and with sketches to Washington. The family of Lady hear their narrative, told as a singular romance of mountain life, and are variously affected by it. They do not, however, perceive clearly the full meaning; their suspicions are not aroused, since they have had indubitable evidence of the death of the young mother.

But the presence of these strangers out of her old familiar world has an influence upon Lady, who is at the time gradually recovering the use of her dormant memory. Before her own wedding-day comes, she wanders away under stress of thought, falls asleep from exhaustion, is brought back, and lies in a delirium, out of which she is again delivered by the mountaineer. This second shock has restored her old consciousness. Like the man who was

¹ *Oblivion*. An Episode. By M. G. McCLELLAND. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1885.

wondrous wise, she has now back both her eyes. The three years just passed are a blank to her. She does not know the people about her, though she recognizes their devotion, and she is impatient to get back to her husband, whom she had left sick. The mountaineer, Dick Corbyn, attends her to Washington, and delivers her over to her family.

Such, in rude outline, is a story which so far will seem to many simply an attempt at availing one's self of a *motif* in fiction lately made popular. It is a great deal more. Miss McClelland writes a brief note to the effect that she had not read *Called Back* when she wrote *Oblivion*. It could scarcely have mattered if she had. *Called Back* was not the first book to use the scheme common to both, but *Called Back* was merely a clever piece of invention; *Oblivion* uses a forced situation to disclose certain fine qualities of character and to sketch scenes of mountain life. The pictures of nature and humanity in the rough country are not charged with the fine imaginative power which we admire in Miss Murfree's stories; but they strike one as accurate and taken at first hand, — a little toned down, perhaps, and relieved of ugliness, but, like Miss Murfree's, instinct with human interest.

The defect of the book is unfortunately a central one. A character like that of Dick Corbyn would never have taken the step of marrying Lady, under the conditions of the tale. Not that the man would have been deterred by any such prudential considerations as a possible husband still living, and the absolute lack of knowledge respecting Lady's antecedents: the simple mountaineers had a plausible theory which accounted for all this. But one so finely organized in emotional nature as Dick would have instinctively shrunk from the indefinite advantage which he was taking of Lady. He sees well enough that she

does not love him as other women whom he knows love, but his passion is supposed to blind him. It might blind him to all ordinary consequences, but it would not have stilled the deeper voice of his nature which ought to cry out against the unnatural alliance. This mistake is vital, yet it is of such a nature that, while it prevents the book from taking a high rank as a work of art, it does not prevent us from recognizing in this author a capital gift, and we may reasonably hope that we have in her a new writer who will at any rate give us valuable pictures of life at the South. She has a firm hold of her pencil and a knack at hitting off telling sketches. Every fresh worker in the field of Southern life, who has the genuine home-bred quality, is a distinct gain, and we heartily hope that Miss McClelland will show us what she can do without the aid of an adventitious plot, which is likely to obscure the really excellent qualities of her work.

X.

At the last moment, as we complete our survey of the most notable of the newer works of fiction, comes a novel different in kind and temper from any which we have been considering. We leave to others the duty of trying Mr. Astor's novel of *Valentino*¹ by the standards of history, and content ourselves with calling attention to it as a contribution to fiction. Mr. Astor has busied himself with the political and amorous intrigues of Cesare Borgia, and has made that somewhat unsavory gentleman the central figure in his narrative. We say central, and yet in the series of tableaux of which the book consists Borgia is not always present and not always conspicuous. As a composition the book has this defect, that the reader's interest is not riveted upon any one figure long enough at a time to

¹ *Valentino*. An Historical Romance of the Sixteenth Century in Italy. By WILLIAM WALDORF

ASTOR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885.

insure his interest in the continuous development of the fortunes of that figure. Cesare Borgia is, as we have said, the hero; at any rate, he is the principal character, and gives the name to the story; but although the other characters have more or less to do with him throughout the book, and are in a sense subordinate characters, the reader's interest is asked for each in turn, quite independently of their relation to Cesare. It was so in real life, but this is not real life; it is a novel, and we have a right to demand a certain concentration of interest, a culmination of movement, resulting from a constant direction of the mind toward this chief personage.

The details of workmanship are excellent. Mr. Astor writes apparently out of a full mind and a thorough interest in his subject. There is none of that excessive explanation and historical comment which is apt to depress historical romances, nor is there such a collection of bricabrac as to make the book seem like a museum of curiosities. The people are fairly well discriminated, and they speak good English. Mr. Astor might have made his characters speak an English of the sixteenth century, which would not have been a wholly inappropriate rendering of an Italian effect, but he contents himself with an occasional "prithee," and now and then a little formality of structure, while for the most part he gives the conversations in dignified, unaffected style.

There is, moreover, a certain straightforwardness of language in the descriptive portions which is very grateful to the mind. One can forgive much to the writer of a historical romance who does not attitudinize, and the simplicity and good taste which rule in this book are first-rate notes in any form of literature.

Nevertheless, this coolness of temper, this (so to speak) impartiality of the author toward his subject, is likely to affect people by making them rather indifferent toward the fortunes of the characters. One's pulse hardly beats quicker in the passages which record some trifling bit of stiletto practice or some dropping of a fatal fluid into the glass of wine, — and the Borgias seemed to live with an arsenal on one side and an apothecary's shop on the other. There is a curiosity to see how adventures will turn out, but it is an impassive curiosity.

In fine, we cannot see why all that Mr. Astor tells might not better have been told in the form of a historical narrative. He has gained nothing by adopting the novelist's methods. He may have secured a few more readers, but not any more intelligent readers, and he has by no means demonstrated that he is a novelist or has the making of a novelist in him. Indeed, if he has proved anything, he has proved the contrary, for what makes the book good as history makes it lacking as a piece of romantic fiction.

On the whole, we think the outlook for novels is by no means a depressing one. There are signs that more attention is being paid to the art of novel-writing, and that it is going to be harder for a writer to gain attention who deals with the crude materials of fiction and is careless about to the form. There are signs also of freshness in the novel-writing mind. We have a great advantage in America in the stability of our political, the fluidity of our social life, and writers of fiction are beginning to discover how inexhaustible are the combinations which can therefore be formed.

JOHN BROWN.

THE story of John Brown¹ is distinguished among the few narratives of modern history which accumulate additional interest with the lapse of time. Many a man, who has played a great part in human affairs, retains upon the chronicler's page only the poor survival of a name, almost as impersonal as a convict's number; whereas Brown, neither statesman nor warrior, only a simple fanatic put to death on the gallows, grows a more vivid, real, and living image with each year that removes into further distance his life in the flesh. This sort of apotheosis is due to the fact that his character and his deeds have that quality which stirs the imagination, and moves the poetic feeling. He is seen walking far apart from the usual ways of men, in strange and solitary paths which he cuts out for himself, differing from the rest of us who travel in masses on the highway, not because he is stronger and can go more miles in a day and get to the head of the column like the ordinary great man, but because he is seeking a peculiar goal by a forbidden route. We do not note him because of his extraordinary brain power or the imperial faculty, but because in his ways of looking at and mingling in the life around him, in his motives and purposes, and in his notions as to his own personal relations to environing facts, he was unlike all others. In a word, he felt, thought, and demeaned himself like those whom the Greeks of old called heroes, human yet in certain respects elevated above the customary and familiar plane of humanity. So grand a subject cannot fail in time to inspire a writer able to do justice to the theme; and when such an one draws

Brown, he will produce one of the most attractive books in the language. But meantime the ill-starred "martyr" suffers a prolongation of martyrdom, standing like another St. Sebastian to be riddled with the odious arrows of fulsome panegyrists. With other unfortunate men of like stamp, he has attracted a horde of writers, who, with rills of verses and oceans of prose, have overwhelmed his simple, noble memory beneath torrents of wild, extravagant admiration, foolish thoughts expressed in appropriately silly language, absurd adulation inducing only protest and a dangerous contradictory emotion. Amid this throng of ill-advised worshipers, Mr. Sanborn, by virtue of his lately published biographical volume, has assumed the most prominent place. Not that he has worked wholly to ill purpose, for he has been industrious in collecting and liberal in printing letters and original papers which will doubtless be of great service to the true biographer, who in time will surely come. But the general reader, who usually undervalues, if he does not actually dislike, this kind of reservoir service, will be disappointed to find little other attraction in the clumsy volume.

Mr. Sanborn believes, if we construe correctly his often-reiterated statements, that John Brown was divinely inspired, which phrase should apparently be taken, not in any commonplace sense, but with the full force which it carries in speaking of the Christian prophets. That is to say, we understand Mr. Sanborn to intend to convey the idea that God communicated to John Brown, specially, directly, and personally, a knowledge of the divine purposes concerning slavery, and of the divine plans for working out those purposes in Kansas and Virginia; so that Brown, in fulfilling these plans

¹ *The Life and Letters of John Brown, Liberator of Kansas, and Martyr of Virginia.* Edited by F. B. SANBORN. Roberts Brothers. 1885.

and advancing these purposes, was not following his own judgment, but was, probably intelligently, obeying divine orders. John Brown himself often said, with unquestionable sincerity, that he was a chosen instrument of the Lord, working under God's guidance in the antislavery cause. Thus Mr. Coleman, of Kansas, reports a singular interview between his wife and Brown concerning the Osawatimie murders. "My wife spoke, and said, 'Then, captain, you think that God uses you as an instrument in his hands to kill men?' Brown replied, 'I think he has used me as an instrument to kill men; and if I live, I think he will use me as an instrument to kill a good many more.'" This is no isolated instance of the expression of this feeling by Brown. Coming from his lips, and spoken with a faith so profound and intense as seems to belong to earlier and simpler generations than our own, such words are impressive to the last degree. Such a deep abiding conviction, governing the deeds of a stirring, forceful man, not insane, certainly, in any ordinary sense of the word, renders Brown one of the most imposing figures and interesting studies of modern days. But we regret to say that the frequent assertion by Mr. Sanborn of this inspiration neither makes him impressive, nor his book interesting; giving, on the contrary, an unpleasant sense of feebleness and of a lack of genuineness. Between the grand fanatic, absorbed, devoted, ranking himself with the prophets of God, alleging communion with the divine spirit, and the showman who gets up to talk about this strange being, and to advance the same claims for him, the contrast is very strong and not in favor of the exhibitor.

Without this singular belief concerning his relationship to the Almighty, it must be confessed that Brown would rest in an awkward predicament. Most men are, and must be, judged by their deeds, and their motives must be inferred retrogressively from their actions; other-

wise society could not go on. But it is not so with Brown. We must separate Brown from what Brown did; we must agree that his motives are not such as would be inferred from like acts in the cases of other men, and that his motives give the character to his acts. Take, for example, the Osawatimie transaction: the deed, considered solely in and by itself, without getting color or character from the faith and purposes of the actors, was a series of brutal and cowardly murders. The world, however, is well agreed that John Brown was neither brutal, cowardly, nor murderous. He was one who virtuously committed a frightful atrocity, because he believed himself divinely inspired and ordered to do so. To acquit, even to respect, him, it is only necessary to admit the sincerity of the belief; and this no one now questions. It would seem to us that this is going far enough, and that the wise man would pause at the point at which he has granted not only an extraordinary pardon, but more than a pardon, upon extraordinary grounds for an extraordinary crime. But Mr. Sanborn does not hesitate to go very much further, not only vindicating the actor, but exalting the act itself. He is not content with having it that Brown *thought* himself divinely inspired; he dares even to demand that the world shall agree with Brown upon this point. If we understand Mr. Sanborn aright — which we hope that we do not — he is of opinion that these acts were a part of the divine plan; that the wise, merciful, and loving God, the omnipotent God of Christianity, could devise no better mode of forwarding the antislavery cause than these hideous, midnight slaughterings of defenseless men. It would be painful to be obliged to accept him as an authority on this point. His opinion, however, will seem the less valuable, when it is known that he speaks of these deeds as "executions," which they certainly were not upon any possible theory of his own,

or of any other person who has ever discussed the subject; also, when it is known that he says that "if Brown was a murderer, then Grant, and Sherman, and Hancock, and the other Union generals are tenfold murderers, for they did simply on a grand scale what he did on a small one." However else Brown is to be defended, even to the point of changing blame to praise, this is a foolish and utterly unintelligent argument. A private cutting down differs from a public war, whether judgment is to be rendered beneath the code of morals or the code of law.

The interest which attaches to Brown is psychological rather than historical. How greatly it is psychological must already have appeared. On the other hand, that it is only very slightly historical seems to us clear, though here again we are compelled to differ utterly from Mr. Sanborn. He appears to say that the civil war and emancipation proceeded from the Osawatomie foray as directly as a tree springs from a seed, — an absurd, extravagant assumption. In fact, on the contrary, the results of this and of the Harper's Ferry raid were almost insignificant. They stimulated discussion, intensified passion, affected transitorily the emotions; they were forerunners — those who like the word may call them omens — of what was to come, but they were not efficient causes of great practical effects. Afterward, when Brown had become the hero of martial song, a new influence emanated from his name and memory: but by that time the labor of preparation had been done; the North had made up its mind and was hard at work. At the time of their doing, these acts neither led the reason, nor strengthened the convictions, nor aroused the consciences of people outside the pronounced antislavery ranks. It was Garrison, primarily, with Parker and Phillips and the other *talkers*, of whom Brown spoke contemptuously, who were really bringing the

minds and hearts of the Northern people to the condition necessary in order to make the war a possibility and emancipation an inevitable result. In a purely historical point of view, Brown is chiefly valuable thermometrically, as showing to what degree of heat persons were arriving in this antislavery business between 1856 and 1859. Even thus, if he had stood wholly at an isolated point of intensity, he and his doings would have been of little *historic* interest. It was because others were nearly as hot as he, and because at each small remove from the same measure of heat the multitudes who felt the lessened warmth greatly increased, that his position is valuable to the historian. He was not a man who induced many to follow him, who convinced men and caused them to cohere and persist, through permanent influences of reason and the sense of right. He startled people and set them talking, excited all and repelled most. It is certain as such a thing can be that he did not win over the doubting nor incite the lukewarm, at least beyond the circle of those with whom he came into personal contact.

Indeed, it would have been impossible for him to perform such tasks. He was not a man of sufficient intellectual power. In this respect he is not to be named with Garrison, Parker, and Phillips. Mr. Sanborn has the hardihood to compare him with Cromwell, thereby committing the unfortunate blunder of claiming for one's hero traits which he obviously does not possess. Brown gains nothing and suffers much if he is set beside Cromwell for comparison in any point save as an honest and kindly man. Cromwell was such a clever fanatic that he could not help diluting his fanaticism with liberal dashes of worldly wisdom and hypocrisy. Brown was a fanatic so little clever that he could not help being wholly guileless, simple, and unworldly in his fanaticism. Among Cromwell's follow-

ers were many men like Brown, whom the astute statesman used with infinite skill and great effectiveness; but certainly Brown and Cromwell were alike only in a few wholly superficial points. So far as calibre of brain went, Cromwell's brain could have been divided to fill the skulls of a whole regiment of Browns. In all the great collection of Brown's writings furnished by Mr. Sanborn, there is nothing to show that he ever gave a moment's thought (beyond such attention to crops and cattle as circumstances forced upon him) save to the one matter of negro slavery in the United States. A fervent Christian, he had Scripture ever on his tongue; but he had accepted his creed from childhood, and had only to read and re-read his Bible with simple faith and adoration. The great world held for him only one idea, — the abolition of slavery in the Southern States; all other thoughts and purposes of humankind, all activities of men, all civilizations, all problems, all rights and wrongs, all moral and mental developments and tendencies of the human race, were absolutely as nothing for him. None of these things existed within his vision. His picture of life and the world held only the single figure of one great duty standing alone on the groundwork of Christianity, with no surroundings, no background, no distance, no atmosphere. Of course he became a fanatic, and fell into those errors which entire absence of the perception of relationship, per-

spective, and proportion surely involve. Yet with all these limitations, and in spite of the fact that his achievements have to be vindicated by the immunity accorded to fanatics before they can shed lustre upon the actor, Brown compelled in his lifetime from many, and among posterity is likely to compel from all, both affection and respect. It will freely be admitted that what he did was ill-judged, of limited usefulness, morally defensible only by arguments not generally admissible; but it will be said concerning himself that he was a zealous, courageous, tender-hearted, self-devoted, noble-souled servant of the loftiest cause which men have yet been called to advance. In life his face told at once his loving-kindness and his fearlessness, his capacity to dare and to suffer for those who needed aid. His manner won the love of little children, inspired the enthusiastic loyalty of friends, extorted a singular respect and forbearance from many foes. All felt that he was not like other men; that he would not act like them, nor accept their standards, nor submit to be judged by their laws. The world has yielded to these bold and high demands, and in his case makes exceptions to its usual rules for trial and judgment. In spite of the bloody horrors of Osawatomie and the insane frenzy of the Harper's Ferry raid, Brown will not be thought a murderer nor quite a madman, and will be held in noble memory by the coming generations of the American people.

TRAVEL AND ART.

MR. HOWELLS, in his character of Italian traveler, figures in our mind not unlike the gentlemen of some romantic drama, who age seven or a score of years between the acts. Since his en-

trance, time has touched him lightly; and now our traveler fills no part more gracefully than that of his *début*, in which all the admirable qualities of his art, more ripe and rich and full with

long observation and culture, still blend in a congenial impersonation.¹

Florence, however, is not Venice, and not even the literary craft, for whose sake Mr. Howells has so zealously improved the years since he "swam in a gondola," can give to the City of the Flower the fascination which his youthful pen stole from her sister by the Adriatic. But one of the wonders of Italy is the marvelous difference in the character of the cities which island the plains and turret the steepes of that changeful land, so that, on entering each, one seems to have disembarked in a strange country; and thus it comes about quite naturally that in Florence one forgets he is not in Venice, and in the home of Dante and Cosimo there is some compensation for the loss of the eye's delight on those silent canals where tragedy and heroism sink back and melt away into the shadows. Venice is the city of a vanished past, but the past of Florence is still real; the affairs of the turbulent democracy touch us moderns more nearly, the names of its leaders live in our books, and the events of its fiery life stand out vividly in the memory of the world. It happens easily, therefore, to a traveler of Mr. Howells's sureness of instinct that the historical and literary tradition of Florence is the central fact, about which the girdling hills and sweeping river, the broad driveways of the short-lived capital of Italy, the gray-walled streets and cook-shop markets, and the cloisters, with their placid faded frescos and green grass, are only clustering details, tones of local color, means of relief and facilities for pleasant setting, prologues and sketches by the way and tail-pieces at the end of the chapter. Amid all this his eyes are searching the faces of the shadows that jostle him in the old quarters, and he follows them, like a novelist eavesdropping on his characters, to win back the

look of that dead Florence, now so spectral, but over gay and vital when the thing was earnest.

It must be conceded that, except the poets, who do everything best, the novelists write the most entertaining history, and Mr. Howells has not been denied the common distinction. He does not, of course, give us any elaborate study, but deals with the episodes of the chroniclers, and recounts their more famous anecdotes of feud and romance. The manner in which they narrate facts, or what went for facts in those confiding days, has, perhaps, a special attraction for a writer who likes to see things just as they were in those rude times; for the scenes and incidents are given with that reality which modern sensibility would no longer suffer in refined literature. One can see very plainly in the old books, if he cares to turn their leaves, what Florentine passion and action were, and Mr. Howells uses these sources to give, if not a great canvas like *Romola*, painter effects, rapid, intense, and indelible. He, however, is not inured to these inhumanities of old Florence as the chroniclers were, and must relieve the tension of his story by bringing out the minor characters, the infinite dramatic play of motive and gesture in the conduct of the participants, and blend something of the novel and the drama with the bald history; and he can do this with no sacrifice of truthfulness, for it is not in passion so much as in its violent expression in pitiless deeds that life has changed since the Medicean age. Even this is not enough to soften down the iron lines of the old records, but from time to time the modern adapter of the tales must emerge upon the comedy of the contemporary life that is now going on, or the beauty of nature which has continued through all; and thus he continually lights up the dark course of murder and treachery by some

¹ *Tuscan Cities*. By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. With illustrations from drawings and etchings by

JOSEPH PENNELL and Others. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

gleam of the humor, never far distant, in Italian life, or of the sentiment which always invests the Italian landscape, and he thoughtfully reminds us at frequent intervals that we live in a much more comfortable century. Taken altogether, the successive irregular blocks of text do make the mosaic, which he set out to blend, of Florence past and present; and the effect is a very pleasing one, and within its close limits is wonderfully complete.

But Florence is a large subject, and is really so various that it becomes perplexing even in Mr. Howells's skillful rendering of it by the help of his novelist's imagination and treatment; and, privately, we find in his briefer and simpler impressions of the other Tuscan cities more of the pleasurable of our old Venetian Days. Siena, in particular, is a delightful study of a town which, by its open garden spaces and its wooded road to Belcaro, seems to be more hospitable to the spring than any other of the northern cities. It has its legends and traditions, too, and its art, and civic and religious memorials, as none needs to be told, and the whole, treated in the same way as in the case of Florence, is turned into the *panforte* of the country. In Siena, Mr. Howells is more of a traveler than when he was settled for the winter in Florence; and though he is in all places an indefatigable sight-seer, he inspected this city with extraordinary thoroughness. His eyes were less upon his books; and, under the temptation of the Italian charm to which he often yields, he seems to give the rein to his fancy, and to allow more scope, both of perception and feeling, to that imaginative element in his nature which was, possibly, more noticeable in his early work, but is still the secret of his success in writing of things Italian. The presence of this spirit is most marked in the Siennese sketch, but

it comes upon one again in the ride to Lucca and in the wanderings there. The last of the cities, the group of Pistoia, Prato, and Fiesole, are more perfunctorily treated, but they are of very minor importance in a description of historic or contemporary Tuscany, and the justice that is done them will not be thought scanty. The volume as a whole is well proportioned, and it has, perhaps, the greatest freshness of topic that was possible in so bewritten a field. Its vividness is not much, if any, increased by the illustrations, nor do these add to the value of the book what might have been expected in other ways, not even as an accurate and suggestive help to the eye in the mere effort to imagine buildings, walls, and streets. They are, like the cover, neither the best nor the worst of their kind.

To read De Amicis's Spain¹ directly afterwards would suggest to the reader an entirely new standpoint of criticism. The country, as the author remarks, is not unlike Italy in its general atmosphere, and there is a cousinly relationship between the two great branches of the Latin race. The mode of approach which De Amicis uses is very different from that of the Northerner. It is, for one thing, far more sensuous. To Mr. Howells, except in those rare paragraphs where he confesses his temptation to stay in some sunny retreat, and there "loaf and invite his soul" for the rest of his days, Italy is a mental fact, to be come at intellectually, after the Saxon way; but to the kindred-blooded Italian Spain is very often only a sensation. We do not refer to the emotional susceptibility, the readiness for "roses and raptures," the theatrical (though quite natural) attitudinizing, the tears, carnival of gaiety, and pensive regrets, of the exuberantly expressive Southern nature; but there seems to be in it a real knowledge, which is sympathetically arrived at other-

¹ *Spain and the Spaniards*. By EDMONDO DE AMICIS. The Guadalquivir Edition. New York

and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press. 1885.

wise than by the brain — intimations such as an impressionable traveler in these parts must sometimes have caught from popular song or dance, or any of a score of chance unfathomed things, and which rouse in him at once the conviction that in these alien races there is a mystery he can never understand. The sharp contrasts of sun and shadow in those dark-walled streets, the repose that pervades the mountain-perched towns, have their analogue in the people's nature, and to the Northerner it is a sealed secret, as inaccessible as the impulses of a gypsy heart. To this sense of impassable barriers in humanity De Amicis himself confesses, when he comes upon the strange gypsy quarters in the suburbs of Granada, of which he gives a picturesque and powerful account, though his stay was brief, and his departure from among them a hasty and ignominious flight. These denizens of the rocks are beyond his faculties of apprehension; but in the case of the Spaniards themselves he succeeds in an affiliation which is felt rather than expressed in his pages, and he seems to reach it by instinct rather than observation. The readiness with which he appropriates their civilization reminds one of Grant White in England, but the method is not the same; it is not by consanguinity of mind, but of sense, of which the ways are as subtle as Brahma's.

This quality of De Amicis underlies the surprise and glamour which make reading his book much more like a real excursion amid the scenes he describes than is usually the case, even with the most excellent literary travelers. The mere abandon of the author, which in a man of our own breeding would be offensive, does of itself transport one to a foreign clime, and the impression of Spanish gravity suffers nothing by the contrast, while the passion that lurks behind that haughty reserve is felt more vitally. The consequence is that one enters into Spain at once, and, escaping

all tedious detentions, begins to enjoy the land immediately in De Amicis's own spirit. It is curious to observe how similar his mood is to that of a transatlantic tourist; he is as eager to see the walls and streets of a Spanish capital, or the historic sites of some time-forgotten town, as if the lanes of his own Genoa were as broad as the avenues of Cleveland and as destitute of Dorias as Omaha. He runs to a cathedral, where he is as arrant an unbeliever as any country parson, and views little boxes of bones and horrible wooden crucifixions as if such things were never heard of in Italy. He climbs towers, loses himself in alleys, delights in peasant costumes, hurries to the fêtes, strays into promising cafés, adores the old masters, and is always as ready for an adventure or a note as the most tireless of American correspondents, while he suffers from traveler's trials as sorely as Mr. Howells, and sets them aside as gracefully. He is homesick, too, and has a panic or two in his solitude until he finds some companion of the country to talk to; for that is his national necessity. Sometimes one thinks that the Italian is more curious than the widest-awake American, and enjoys more in anticipation, and expects stranger wonders and novelties, than the most sentimental of the readers of *The Last Days of Pompeii*. With all this ardor for the revelations of romance, art, and life in a new land, so like his own in many of its showy interests, there is a sense of its remoteness from himself which is an instructive matter for reflection. The American expects to find Spain remote, but so is Italy to him; and the extent of the living modern element in Italy, its share in European civilization, cannot be more forcibly brought home than by the marked and wide difference which the Italian traveler notices and defines between Spain and his own country. This isolation of Spain in the modern world is aptly typi-

fied by the city of Granada as he found it, solitary and apart like an island. But, for all that, he understood the Spaniards as very few foreigners have done at any time; he sets forth their good qualities, and for their peculiarities he has the kindness of a humorist of the Cervantes order. The literature of the country had taught him many a lesson beside that, before he took his voyage, and his delight in it was the common ground on which he met the cultivated men who became his friends, young or old. Poetry in Spain has still something of the true popular character, and is on the tongues of men as well as in the books. Indeed, from this volume one would judge that it shared with politics the distinction of being still alive in that death-ridden land.

But we are delayed too long by the charm of a book not now printed for the first time. The Guadalquivir edition of it is a very beautiful example of typography and the bookbinder's art. The paper is a delight to the fingers, and the text lies on the page artistically. The illustrations are either inserted prints on Japanese paper, or etchings, or photogravures, and are usually suggested by the references in the text to well-known places or pictures, so that there is an agreeable variety of architectural and figure pieces. In the copy before us the printing of the etchings is not remarkably successful; in fact, the beauty of the whole owes less than the usual proportion to the illustrations, but results from the excellent workmanship of the volume as a mere book. It is in this respect luxurious, in the sense in which that word has nothing of excess in it; and is fully equal to the works of a similar kind from the same press, which have been previously warmly welcomed and praised in these columns.

The last publication¹ upon our list

is rather a portfolio than a book, for the text is merely explanatory, and its parts have no connection with one another. The twenty etchings which are bound up in it, by their great variety and freedom, are a speaking proof of the ease with which the art lends itself to the individuality of its students, to their peculiarities of both taste and of technical education; and to this fact something of its favor is to be ascribed. But, as one turns over the prints, the consideration is forced upon him that they represent rather an experimental than a settled state of the art. The range is from most careful and painstaking methods derived from formal traditions to the most sketchy efforts of modern impressionism; and success is not to be affirmed of all the attempts indiscriminately. The future of the art is to be looked for in that field in which it has original and exclusive powers, undoubtedly; in the production of those bold and fresh effects which are at once a surprise and a felicity. Academic or pre-Raphaelite work in this art fails of the distinction and richness of a more free and broad style; and we say this, although it seems to us that the most pleasing of these etchings are those in which there is the most finished detail and the firmest handling, such as *Moonlight on the Androcoggin*, the *Devil's Way*, *Old Pockets at New Bedford*, and *Mrs. Merritt's admirable portrait of Sir Gilbert Scott*. This fact, however, does not disturb us; for it is to be noticed that the editor's text, in commenting upon the various characteristics of the series, frequently insists on the point that success in the more vigorous and novel manner is not to be obtained except when a man holds his powers well in hand, and has a thorough knowledge of the dangerous temptations which attend the absence of all restraint. No one but the master can

¹ *American Etchings*. A Collection of Twenty Original Etchings, by MORAN, PARRISH, FERREIS, SMILLIE, and Others; with descriptive text

and biographical matter, by S. R. KOEHLER and Others. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1886.

safely trust his free hand and obey an impulse without question, in any art. Others will fall into some rudeness, some error of taste or truth, some indifference to one or another element in the whole, which mars the pleasure of the work and often spoils it. The drawing must not be impossible, nor the main lines of an interior like a crushed hat, nor the masses utterly indistinguishable as to substance, as sometimes happens; and defects of this nature are not obscured, though not unkindly dwelt

upon, in the frank criticism of the editor. American etchers are, generally speaking, young at their art, and its laws clearly are still matters of discussion among them. The present collection exhibits the state of their practice and opinion with great catholicity, and is a fair example of the quality of the work that is being done. It is to be noted, however, that, by a curious error, one of our better etchers, Parrish, whose name appears on the title-page, has no place elsewhere.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHAT is this quality in the sad tones of Russian writers, as in all Turgeneff's stories, for example, so different from that of any other people? The sadness of the German, in literature, often appears weak, self-indulgent, sentimental; the sadness of the Frenchman, is a little too neatly expressed; the sadness of the Englishman or American is oftenest only a dramatic and imagined one, for his own genuine sorrows he is not apt to express, openly and directly. In the Russian mournfulness there lies something heavy, oppressive, — terrible in its reality, and in the simple, honest expression of it; as if the dark mood were the natural air of the country, that all men breathed, and that no one need be reticent about; as if some weight of national wrong and hopelessness were added to all individual sorrow, so as to make it the common experience, and even the common bond. Turgeneff seems to me one of the greatest figures of our time, and in all ways the most mournful figure. A friend of mine, while on his travels, wrote me some years ago from Paris: "The biggest thing I have seen abroad is Mont Blanc, but the greatest is Turgeneff." Then he re-

ferred to the sober existence of the man, and how he spoke pathetically of his own perennial interest in birds and beasts, and affirmed that except for this he did not know how he could get on with human life at all. I was reminded of this when I read in a late number of *L'Art* the *Mémoires posthumes d'un Artiste*, by Turgeneff, of which I venture to give here one extract in translation: —

"Enough, — enough! It is enough! Enough of agitation, of self-abandonment. It is time to collect one's self; to take the head in the two hands, and to say to one's heart, 'Be still!' . . . All has been experienced, all has been felt a thousand times. I am tired. . . . Yes, all has been, all has already been; everything repeats itself endlessly; and when I say to myself that all things will continue the same through eternity, as if a law, an edict, had commanded it, then I revolt, — yes, I revolt! . . . Alas! age is upon me. . . . It must be avowed: all grows sombre about me, and life becomes colorless. . . . There comes back to my memory a night in Moscow. It was late. I drew near the barred window of an old church, and

leaned my forehead against the rough pane. All was gloom under the low arches; a forgotten lamp scarcely burned with a slender reddish flame before a smoke-dulled picture; one could but discern confusedly in the obscurity the lips of the saint, — lips severe and sad; mournful shadows entered on all sides, and seemed to wish to crush with their heavy weight the feeble glimmer of the struggling light. In my heart at this hour I feel that same light burn, and those same shadows enter."

— There are all ways of wasting time, of fretting the heart, and of missing the prime relish of existence. One way is by the misrule and trivial speculation which we permit in our thoughts. Physically, we may withdraw from the crowd, but our minds still remain in the crowd and are jostled on every side. "The world is too much with us," we confess with a sigh, when it would be more pertinent and truthful if we put the situation thus: "We are too much with the world;" for our reprieve therefrom, our rest and renovation of spirit, are much more within our control than we are accustomed to believe. Antoninus lays it down as a rule that we ought to "check in the series of our thoughts everything that is without a purpose and useless, but most of all the over-curious feeling and the malignant." And elsewhere he declares, "It is in our power to have no opinion about a thing, and not to be disturbed in our soul." It is precisely this privilege, overlooked or unesteemed, that, if we would but exercise it, would save our spirits from so much needless fret and attrition. A selfish indifference is not to be commended, — no more so is a profuse and indiscriminate altruism, — but the bestowal of one's thought is a dear outlay, and the object, or objects, on which it is expended should be, in every instance, worthy. In what a fool's court of justice these pragmatic sympathies of ours involve us! How we try to settle daily,

hourly, petit cases that concern ourselves not at all, and but slightly and transiently our associates! With what sense of unthriftiness and inefficiency one rouses one's self from some train of idle reflections on what has been said and done during the day just closing! One snaps one's fingers impatiently at the gossip of his neighborhood, and cries, "Hence afar, ye profane!" but, turning, discovers a bevy of gossips holding unreprieved sway in his own brain. It might not be amiss to post this advertisement: Wanted, a strict and incorruptible police force at the doors and in the lobbies of the mind, to keep out the rabble of the Thoughts which we do not need to think. We are none of us private citizens to the full extent of our right and privilege. Yet we approve and admire what we might term the grand bad manners of Genius, when it waves its hand towards the distance, and thus delivers itself: —

"Leave me! There's something come into my thought,

That must and shall be sung high and aloof!"

Well for us if we sometimes imitated what we admire, and so got away where we could hear our muses sing to us in quiet.

Spite of the adage, Misery loves company, it never has been demonstrated that Misery convalesces more rapidly for seeing much company. On the contrary, for many kinds of spiritual indisposition a mere letting alone proves wonderfully remedial. I would not, perhaps, go to such lengths of insistence on this point as does one of my acquaintance, who declares that when it has been his luck to fall among thieves he regards as Good Samaritan him who goes by on the other side, and as Priest and Levite those who cross over and make particular examination of the situation. The unfortunate of the remodeled parable must be understood to be of a most irritably sensitive and retiring disposition, preferring to recover himself alone,

as best he may, rather than have the full extent of his losses ascertained, as it would be, of necessity, if he accepted assistance.

Any inclination towards fleeing the social centre is quickly noted and characterized as morbid: but what of that perpetual craving for society manifested by some, and their panic dread of being alone for an interval? Is not this, as well as the opposite, tendency a morbid one? The recluse offends by an implied preference for the society of himself to that of all others, but, at the other extreme, it is an indigent soul, living by uncertain alms, that must always go out of itself to find good company, that has never learned the essential nature and sweet uses of solitude. It has been well said that "a man thinking or working is always alone, let him be where he will."

Solitude is the imagination's great friend, — not the solitude, simply, of unsecular place and hour, but the worker's thought must be solitary, withdrawn, one alone: his multiplex self is reduced to its lowest terms; he banishes prospects and pleasures and all the mobile crowd of wishes, inquiries, preferences, and prejudices, and, for the time, are vacant those mansions of his mind in which the images of his dearest friends are lodged. Such withdrawal and renunciation pertain not merely to will or choice, but are a necessity to the worker. De Quincey's observation, "No man ever will unfold the capacities of his own intellect who does not at least checker his life with solitude," is permanently true. Undoubtedly, the most abiding results are those which are worked out in the tranquillity of partial seclusion. The checker of solitude affords this advantage also: it makes the foil against which to set off the rich and varied colors of our connected and social life. An occasional withdrawing from society but strengthens our alliance with it. Stand off, and help your neighbor, might be offered as a precept for experiment.

Of two who espouse the cause of humanity at some juncture of humanity's need, which will render the better service, — he who passionately and unreservedly identifies himself with all the rancors and indignations of the cause, or he who is able frequently to retire to some ground of calm insulation, unreached by rancors and indignations? It is necessary somewhat to idealize the cause; and to idealize, one must not always be *in medias res*.

Finally, for keeping the spirit's peace, perhaps no better direction can be given than the following (once more citing Antoninus): "Whenever thou hast been compelled by circumstances to be disturbed, quickly return to thyself, and do not continue out of tune longer than while the compulsion lasts; for so thou shalt master the harmony by continually recurring to it." Happy are they who possess the power of stopping discordant vibrations with the cessation of the cause which produced them. With the most of us, to be out of tune is the commoner phase of our music: we who scarcely know what is harmony, — how shall we with ease recur to it?

— It is surprising what a pleasure we take in an apt similitude. Not only does it enter largely into our enjoyment of poetry, but it gives zest to all bright colloquial talk. The voluble centre of any group of listeners — on the street or in the drawing-room — is sure to be heard spicing his narration with the "like" and "as" of the frequent simile. If I were a novelist (as I do not at all thank Heaven I am not) I would keep lists of good similitudes; not only those of my own invention, — which I should not expect to be prosperous, — but those picked up by the wayside in actual speech. It is not so much that they adorn the expression of thought as that they illuminate it. Or if they adorn, it is as the modern jewelry, set with the electric spark. It used to be supposed that in poetry, for instance, figures of

speech were for mere ornamentation. Now we know that in good poetry they are chiefly used for throwing light. So in colloquial speech: the reason we enjoy them seems to be that they hit out the idea like a flash. There is nothing the mind enjoys, after all, like getting an idea, and getting it *quick*, — which is only giving, in a nutshell, the gist of Herbert Spencer's admirable essay on Style. A friend was telling me the other day that he had a new cook. He said (he is a small man), "I am afraid of her. She is as big as a bonded warehouse." I saw in the paper lately that somebody expressed himself as being "dry as a covered bridge." And how can we declare the fineness of anything so well as by saying it is "fine as a fiddle"? The alliteration, no doubt, helps, but it does not count for very much. You could not substitute *fish*, or *feather*, or *fife*, or *flamingo*, though each is fine after a fashion. Nothing will serve but the "fiddle," with its preternatural shine of varnish, its perky angles and curves — pointed like a saucy nose, — with perhaps (but this is venturing into deep psychological water) a suggestion, sub-conscious, of the jaunty fiddler with his airs and graces, dressed as if just out of a bandbox. "Lively as a flea" seems good and lively, but an old sea-captain of mine used to say "he flew around like a flea in a hot skillet." "Like a bumble-bee in a bass-drum" describes the activity of a different sort of temperament.

Why would it not make a pleasant occupation for a rainy day ("wet-weather work," as Ik Marvel would phrase it) to collect what seem to us the most beautiful similitudes of our favorite poets? If, for instance, we were quoting from Longfellow, perhaps it would be, —

"When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing
of exquisite music."

If from Shelley, it might be, —

"And multitudes of dense, white, fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind."

If from Matthew Arnold, it might be the close of that beautiful ebb and flow of rhythmical meditation, *Dover Beach* :

"And we are here as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

If Browning, would it be his *Last Words*, with their likening of the seen-unseen Beloved to the thither side of the moon?

I would like the liberty of imparting to the Club an odd thing that has happened to me; though it may be, for aught I know, a common experience. I began, when a boy, to keep an *index rerum*. It never got farther than a beautifully arranged table of contents, and a few scattering entries made while the volume had the nutritious fragrance of the bindery still upon it. Among these entries, on a page headed *Similitudes*, are two similes, in very yellow ink. Now the interesting point is that I have totally forgotten whether they were original or selected. I *hope* they were my own; but they sound more as if they might have come from Longfellow's *Hyperion*, or from some *Conversation of Landor's*. It may be that every school-boy (except myself) will recognize and locate them, and that some lively contributor will treat me with cold sarcasm, at some future sitting of the Club, for my ignorance. Here they are: —

"This earthly life is like an album at an inn: we turn over its pages curiously or wearily, and write a scrap of wisdom or of folly, and away."

"He who has loved and served an art is like the child that was nursed by Persephone: he is not subject to the woes of other men, for he has lain in the lap and on the bosom of a goddess."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. The fourth volume of the Dictionary of National Biography, edited by Leslie Stephen (Macmillan), comes with gratifying punctuality. It extends from Beal to Biber, and contains among its more important articles one on Bentham, one on Bentinck, one on Bentley by Jebb, one on Bewick by Austin Dobson, and one on Admiral Benbow, whose name seems to have been made for a roaring song.—The Peace of Utrecht, a Historical Review of the Great Treaty of 1713-14, and of the principal events of the war of the Spanish Succession, by James W. Gerard (Putnam): a painstaking work, but difficult to read. It is curious that an American author writing on this subject should apparently make scarcely a reference to movements on this side of the water. Yet, in the far-reaching consequences of the Peace of Utrecht, America was very distinctly involved. We would recommend Mr. Gerard to read Seeley's *Expansion of England*.—Farthest North, or the Life and Explorations of Lieutenant James Booth Lockwood, of the Greely Arctic Expedition, by Charles Larman (Appleton): a most interesting biography of a man who wins the reader's admiration and love for his delightful qualities and his sterling heroism. What companions he and De Long would have been! They were made out of much the same material. It is a pity that the book is not better written, and that the biographer is not as modest for his subject as his subject was for himself.—Myrtilla Miner (Houghton): a brief memoir of a remarkable woman who maintained a school for colored girls, when to do so required not only principle, but unflinching courage. One reads with admiration the account of Miss Miner's respect for cleanliness.—The Life and Times of Samuel Bowles, by George S. Merriam. In two volumes. (The Century Co.) One pauses at the title-page, with a hesitation at accepting the implication of Mr. Bowles's central position. Of course, as a newspaper editor, he had much to say about and to do with the times. Every editor is in like case. Then, in two volumes. Is not that rather over much? But once given a personal interest in the subject, and these difficulties are likely to vanish. The biography is an interesting one, with a curious reflection of Mr. Bowles's own taste, in the publication of a large number of family letters. The man was notable, and Mr. Merriam has tried his best to make him alive; but we think he has tried too hard, and has made a book out of all true proportion. There is an enormous amount of talk about Mr. Bowles and his times. We fancy that Mr. Bowles himself, with his newspaper instinct, would have brought the whole work into one quarter of the space, — and then it would be read. That is what he did with the Republican.—Bryant and his Friends, by James Grant Wilson (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is a volume of pleasant gossip about

the earlier American authors and wits, and particularly the Knickerbocker group, as the title would indicate. Though the book contains little that is new, beyond certain hitherto unpublished letters of no great moment, it contains much that is agreeable to recall, and is written in an appreciative and genial mood. The most interesting chapter is that devoted to brief personal sketches of several of the less noted, not to say wholly obscure, prose-writers and verse men who served as corporals in the Knickerbocker pioneer corps of American letters. Some of them certainly deserve to be brevetted. The work is adorned with three steel plates, — a beautiful head of J. K. Paulding, and the finest engraving we have of Bryant. The portrait of Fitz-Green Halleck, though not so admirable, is still excellent. — *Rameses the Great, or Egypt 3300 years ago* (Scribners), is a reissue, without change, of one of the volumes of the *Library of Wonders*, published a few years ago. A considerable portion of the book is devoted to the historical monuments of Egypt, but the narrative is rather dry, and presumes a good deal on the historical knowledge of the reader. — Mr. George Makepeace Towle has followed his England and Russia in Central Asia, which we noticed on its appearance, with a companion volume, *England in Egypt*, both books being in a series called *Timely Topics*. (Ticknor.) — *The Story of Rome, from the earliest times to the end of the republic*, by Arthur Gilman, is the second in the series entitled *The Story of the Nations*. (Putnam.) The plan of the series supposes a lighter vein in the historical treatment than is ordinarily adopted, but does not therefore exclude exactness of statement. Mr. Gilman, like his predecessor Mr. Harrison, means to give in familiar form the results of historical students, and we think he is more successful than the former. His proportions are better, and we are spared the too jocular tone. The style is generally clear without being elegant, and one gets the impression of a good piece of task-work, rather than a fresh, individual book, forced out of one from his full knowledge and strong interest. — *The Royal Mail, its Curiosities and Romance*, by James Wilson Hyde. (Harpers.) This little book is the work of a superintendent of the Edinburgh post office, who has amused himself by sketching the history of the postal service in England, not from its earliest time, but since the beginning of the century. There are plenty of anecdotes and entertaining incidents. — The second part of the *Greville Memoirs* (Appleton) contains Mr. Greville's journal of the reign of Queen Victoria. Naturally this portion is not so pungent as that which preceded and had to do with a more variegated morality. As moralists we much prefer Queen Victoria's reign, — at least the earlier part of it. As gossips we find the Georges and William much more entertaining; they were surrounded by a society which threw off anecdotes

freely. However, in these two volumes the lover of literature, as well as of politics and history, will find much that is agreeable; he will look with interest, for instance, to see what is said about that obscure power, John Allen. — *The Fall of Constantinople*, being the story of the fourth crusade, by Edwin Pears, LL. B. (Harpers.) "The conquest of Constantinople," Mr. Pears says, "was the first great blunder committed by the West in dealing with the Eastern question," for the result was to let Asia loose upon Europe. The book is very readable, and has that independence of thought in the treatment of great historical questions which is very stimulating to the reader. — *Lincoln and Stanton* is the title of one of the numbers of *Questions of the Day*. (Putnams.) The author is Judge Kelley, the veteran member of the House, who makes in it a study of the war administration of 1861 and 1862, with special consideration of General McClellan's paper in the Century. The appendix contains the author's letter to the Tribune in reply to some strictures of Oliver Johnson. Judge Kelley writes with feeling, but his long experience and earnest patriotism are forces which work on his side. — *Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War*, by Admiral Porter (Appleton), is a personal narrative by a prominent officer, who has lately shown an astonishing fertility in book-making. We think this book is by all odds the most readable as it is the most important of the lot; the lively manner in which Admiral Porter writes gives the work almost the air of a romance. — *A Narrative of Military Service*, by General W. B. Hazen. (Ticknors.) This also is a record of personal experience, but in a more dignified and historical form. We wish General Hazen had left out the cheap wood-cut portraits, which detract from the appearance of the book. We are glad to learn from his preface that he reserves his criticism and self-defense for another book. The longer he can put it off the better it will be. — In the new series of *English Worthies*, edited by Andrew Lang, the first volume is *Charles Darwin*, by Grant Allen (Appleton), who is perhaps more to be trusted in a personal and general narrative than in a strictly scientific review of Darwin's work.

Poetry. Ticknor & Co. have brought out, in a most tasteful shape, a new edition of Mr. Howells's poems, including several pieces hitherto uncollected. In its essentials, however, the work belongs to the author's early period, and makes one regret, in spite of his great success as a novelist, that he broke his youthful engagement with the lyric muse. It was a match promising singular happiness, as every living reader of the first issue of these poems is still ready to testify. The lover of choice verse will not find in contemporary poetry anything better in its kind than the touching *Elegy* on John Butler Howells, or *The Song the Oriole Sings*. Such a lyric as *In Earliest Spring*, in which an exquisite imaginative quality breaks into perfect flower at the end, causes one seriously to doubt if realism is after all so superior a thing. — *Wishmaker's Town*, by William Young (Holt), is a small volume of poems, which are not commonplace, yet fail to arrest attention and hold it

surely. The thought which lies back of the poems seems stronger than the poems themselves. — *Utopian Dreams and Lotus Leaves*, by George W. Warder. (Sampson Low, London.) Hopelessly smooth verse. — *A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles*, and other Poems, by Sarah M. B. Piatt. (Houghton.) This is a collection of Mrs. Piatt's poems, made up from her previous volumes, and by its content impressing itself upon the reader's attention, we would hope. — *Afternoon Songs*, by Julia C. R. Dorr (Scribners): a volume of graceful verse. — *The New King Arthur*, an opera without music, by the author of *The Bunting Ball*. (Funk & Wagnalls.) It is also a poem without wit. Mr. Gilbert must begin to regret that he set the fashion of grave nonsense when he finds such a following at his heels. — *Verses*, by Francis Allen Hildard. (Putnams.) The author modestly puts out this volume as rather for his own pleasure than for that of the public. The truth is, every sensible man writes poetry some time or other in his life; only every sensible man does not print his verses. — Dodd, Mead & Co. have reprinted in a very handsome manner Monier Williams's translation of *Sakontala*. This charming India drama is worthy of its present setting, which is in every respect superior to the English edition issued in 1856.

Fiction. Bret Harte's *Maruja* (Houghton) reads like a drama turned into a novel, with the improbabilities of the stage carefully retained. — *Mustard Leaves*, or *a Glimpse of London Society*, by D. T. S. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) D. T. S. makes the mistake for American readers of beginning with a scene in the New Hampshire hills, and for English readers of completing the story in London. The American judging by the first part will know that the last is untrue, and the Englishman by the last part that the first is untrue. One does not, however, need to be from either country to discover that the story is a silly one. — *Oblivion*, by M. G. McClelland, is an American novel in the *Leisure Hour Series* (Holt), the oblivion being the temporary loss of memory of the heroine. — *Lob lie-by-the-fire*, or *the Luck of Lingborough*, by Juliana Horatia Ewing (S. P. C. K., London; Youngs, New York), is one of the bright little stories which seem to have been left over from Mrs. Ewing's portfolio. There are some spirited sketches by Caldecott accompanying it. — *Endura*, or *Three Generations*, a New England Romance, by B. P. Moore (Golden Era Co., San Francisco): a curious sort of novel, into which the author has dumped people and places in an apparently confused heap. The theme of the story is the recovery of a lapsed property, but the author has added all manner of observations on a variety of topics. — *An Ill-Regulated Mind*, by Katharine Wyld (Holt): a volume of the *Leisure Hour Series*, in which a somewhat strained relation between a young man and young woman is played upon with variations. Originality is not a quality to be so forcibly attempted. — *The Red Route*, by William Sime (Holt): an Irish story in the *Leisure Hour Series*. — *Fiammetta*, a summer idyl, by William Wetmore Story (Houghton), is a pathetic little romance, which has a charm of manner and a grace in its pictures of Italian life

that indicate how much of the poet has gone into the making of this prose piece. Mr. Story is always clever, but in this slight work it is not his cleverness so much as his refinement of feeling which strikes one. — Mr. Grant Allen's novel, *Babylon* (Appleton), may be called an international novel from the other side, and we don't know but his Americans and their lingo are as near as we get to the English and their talk. Mr. Allen is a bright man, very handy with his pen, but, on the whole, brighter in spots than in the business of constructing a whole novel. — *Slings and Arrows* and other Tales is a collection of four stories by the late Hugh Conway. (Holt.) — Another volume in the *Leisure Hour Series* (Holt) is *At Bay*, by Mrs. Alexander. — A *Mortal Antipathy* is the apt title given to the tale which Dr. Holmes included in this last year's papers of the *New Portfolio*. (Houghton.) — John Maidment, by Julian Sturgis (Appleton), is the agreeable work of an agreeable writer. It has the circumstance of youth in it; it has also some of the ingenuousness of youth. In spite of Mayfair, there is always a suggestion of unspoiled human nature, and the whole effect is of fiction which is not great nor profound, but is honest and unaffected. — *Bonnyborough*, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. (Houghton.) It is so long since Mrs. Whitney has published a new story that we are curious to see whether she has retained her old audience or is compelled to draw a new one about her. This story has all her old characteristics, though not perhaps the intricacy of plot of the last one. — *High Lights* (Houghton): a slight novel, in which an artist is the hero, and the whole story is led, not so much in the ordinary light of day as under a glass skylight. — Recent numbers of Harper's *Handy Series* are *The Flower of Doom*, and other stories, by M. Betham-Edwards; *The Dark House*, by G. Manville Fenn; *The Ghost's Touch*, and other stories, by Wilkie Collins; *The Sacred Nugget*, by B. L. Farjeon; *Goblin Gold*, by May Crommelin; *Primus in Indis*, by M. J. Colquhoun; *In Quarters with the 25th* (the Black Horse) *Dragoons*, by J. S. Winter; *A Barren Title*, by T. W. Speight; *Half-Way*, an Anglo-French Romance; *Christmas Angel*, by B. L. Farjeon. — Recent numbers of Harper's *Franklin Square Library* are *My Wife's Niece*; *The Mistletoe Bough*, edited by M. E. Braddon; *Self or Bearer*, by Walter Besant.

Music. The *Franklin Square Song Collection*, No. 3, edited by J. P. McCaskey (Harpers), contains two hundred favorite songs and hymns for schools and homes, nursery and fireside. A good deal of reading about music and musicians is mixed in. We think a selection is just now more important than a collection of songs. — *St. Nicholas Songs*, with *Illustrations* (The Century Co.), is a charming and novel book for the household where there are children. The volume contains upwards of a hundred pieces, accompanied by music composed expressly for the work. The reader will find nowhere else so large and excellent a collection of American music. — *Music*, by Henry C. Bannister (Holt), is a compact hand-book, intended originally for the use of candidates for middle-

class examinations in England, but useful for the large class of amateurs in this country who desire to study the subject in a less formal manner. — *Musical History*, with a roll of the names of musicians, and the times and places of their births and deaths, by G. A. Macfarren, is a number of Harper's *Handy Series*, and is a reprint of the same article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It would be hard to find in the same space a more convenient hand-book of the subject. — Here may be placed, also, *Dancing and its Relations to Education and Social Life*, with a new method of instruction, including a complete guide to the cotillion (German), with 250 figures, by Allen Dodworth. (Harpers.) The author is a veteran teacher, and what he has to say about teaching will receive attention. It ought to receive it all the more for the good taste which he shows in his general observations. — *The Standard Operas*, their plots, their music, and their composers, a hand-book, by George P. Upton (Jansen, McClurg & Co.): a useful and well-prepared little volume, which comes almost with a surprise when one considers the incredibly poor accounts of the operas which have appeared in connection with this or that opera company. Mr. Upton tells one just what one wishes to know, and tells it in a simple, readable English. — *The Principles of Expression in Pianoforte Playing*, by Adolph F. Christian. (Harpers.) The author, who is himself a teacher, has aimed to find and formulate principles of expression which answer to a definition of music that does not confine the art to the expression of emotion. Intelligence, not feeling, he says, is the chief requirement in expression. His book bears the mark of thoroughness.

Medicine and Hygiene. *Cholera, its Origin, History, Causation, Symptoms, Lesions, Prevention, and Treatment*, by Alfred Stillé, M. D. (Leas): a conservative work. Dr. Stillé, at the close, pays a little attention to the proposed or rumored cholera inoculation, and decides that it is entirely opposed to the whole course of pathological investigation of the disease. — *Lectures on the Principles of House Drainage*, by J. P. Putnam. (Ticknor.) The principles are fully and freely illustrated by intelligible examples, and the book is one more contribution to the art of clean and healthy living. We notice, by the way, a curious paragraph on the last page. The peppermint test is described. The assistant is to carry a two-ounce bottle of oil of peppermint up to the roof and pours the contents into the soil-pipe. "The assistant," Mr. Putnam proceeds, "remains upon the roof until the examination within the house has been completed; otherwise the odor clinging to his clothes will be likely to follow him into the house." Can't the poor fellow come down from the roof and sit on the doorstep? — *Brain-Rest*, being a disquisition on the curative properties of prolonged sleep, by J. Leonard Corning, M. D. (Putnams.) Dr. Corning describes also the mechanical contrivances which he has invented for regulating the cerebral circulation. — *Common Sense in the Nursery*, by Marion Harland (Scribners), has appeared in part in *Babyhood*, but in its present complete and comprehensive form will be

of real value to many mothers. It is experience, judgment, and affection precipitated into advice so simple and rational as to commend itself at once to right-minded people. — *Twenty-Five Years with the Insane*, by Daniel Putnam. (MacFarlane, Detroit.) Mr. Putnam is not a physician, but a clergyman who was chaplain of an asylum, and in this volume he recounts some of his experience as well as indulges in some historical retrospect. The book is temperate in its tone, somewhat desultory, and not especially instructive. — *A Guide to Sanitary House-Inspection*, or hints and helps regarding the choice of a healthful home in city or country, by W. P. Gerhard (Wileys): a sensible little volume, intended for householders rather than for professionals. — *A Text-Book of Nursing*, for the use of training schools, families, and private students, compiled by Clara S. Weeks. (Appleton.) While designed for regular tuition and examination of nurses, this book may profitably be used in any thorough training of young women in the practical duties of life. It does not attempt to render a physician superfluous, but to make the nurse more efficient. — *Psychiatry*, a clinical treatise on Diseases of the Fore-Brain, based upon a study of its structure, functions, and nutrition, by Theodor Meynert, M. D., translated, under authority of the author, by B. Sachs, M. D. Part I., *The Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry of the Brain*. (Putnams.) The anatomical facts given in this volume are made the basis of reasoning, which doubtless will be carried out more fully in the more strictly psychological portion of the work.

Political Economy and Public Affairs. Principles of Political Economy, by Simon Newcomb. (Harpers.) The author has attempted in this work to present the principles in a scientific manner and without the customary polemic method. Perhaps it is this consideration of a purely scientific spirit which leads him, in discussing the application of principles in the question of protection, to ignore wholly the view which makes national integrity a factor in the problem. — *The Postulates of English Political Economy*, by the late Walter Bagehot, with a preface by Alfred Marshall. (Putnams.) It is unfortunate that Mr. Bagehot could not have revised his work; with current information, we think, he would not have spoken of the Tehuantepec ship railway as a fraudulent scheme and a collapsed one. — *Protectionism*, the *ism* which teaches that waste makes wealth, by W. G. Sumner. (Holt.) Professor Sumner is rapidly reaching the point where he will burn heretics or knock them on the head. He has lost what little patience he may once have had with protectionists. He has given up trying to convince them, and devotes his attention now to exposing them. — *Practical Economics* is the title which Mr. David A. Wells gives to a collection of essays, printed originally in *The Atlantic* and elsewhere, respecting certain of the recent economic experiences of the United States. (Putnams.) Mr. Wells's long service as an economic writer enables him to bring to his work an advantage which younger students miss; he has lived through great changes in economic conditions, and has

been a watchful contemporary student, and not merely a retrospective inquirer. — *Railroad Transportation*, its history and its laws, by Arthur T. Hadley. (Putnams.) It is interesting to find a great subject like this, which has been attacked from a great variety of individual points of view and in multitudinous petty particulars, brought under review by a student who is not a railway manager, and who looks at the whole subject as an economical and political problem. Mr. Hadley's work shows a marked advance in American economical literature. — *The Silent South*, together with the Freedman's Case in Equity and the Convict Lease System, by George W. Cable. (Scribners.) Mr. Cable has collected in this volume his recent papers on the subjects which form the ground swell of political thought not so much in all America as in the South. For better or worse, the negro has been left, politically, to the States in which he is found; in respect of education and religion he is still the ward of the North, and it remains to be seen if each part of the country, using the means in its power, finds a certain ground of reconciliation and common work where once they found the occasion of conflict. — *The third number of Military Monographs* (Putnams) is the *Necessity for Closer Relations between the Army and the People*, and the best method to accomplish the result, by Captain George F. Price, U. S. A. Captain Price believes that we should organize the militia more perfectly and bring the regular army into more intimate connection with the volunteer force, but he does not give a very clear notion as to the relative part to be played by the general government and the state governments.

Books of Reference. Johnson's New General Cyclopædia and copper-plate hand-atlas of the world (Johnson) is a solid two-volume work; in effect, an expanded dictionary of nouns, proper and common. Further condensation is secured by an abundant use of abbreviations. The Cyclopædia is tolerably strong in brief legal definitions, though we miss Libel, and in biography gives perhaps less attention to literature than to science or mechanics. Alexander Agassiz, by the way, did not resign his position in 1855. There are some rather queer entries, like Rank of States. The work is freely illustrated, though there seems to be no law about the choice. Why should Chipmunk, for example, be given a cut as big as his neighbor Chlamydomorphus? The maps are clear and ugly. — Part II. of a New English Dictionary on historical principles has been published at the Clarendon Press, Oxford. (Macmillan, New York.) This is Dr. Murray's great work of which the first number appeared some time since; it is now promised more rapidly under the new arrangement of his residence at Oxford. This part covers Ant-Batten, and like the previous number is rich in historical illustration. The tracing of a word through its successive uses is the only thoroughly satisfactory lexical treatment for students, and if Dr. Murray's work is completed on its present plan it will be indispensable to literary and historical students. One might well buy each number as it appears for the sake of the amount of curious lore

which he will be sure to pick up in running it over.

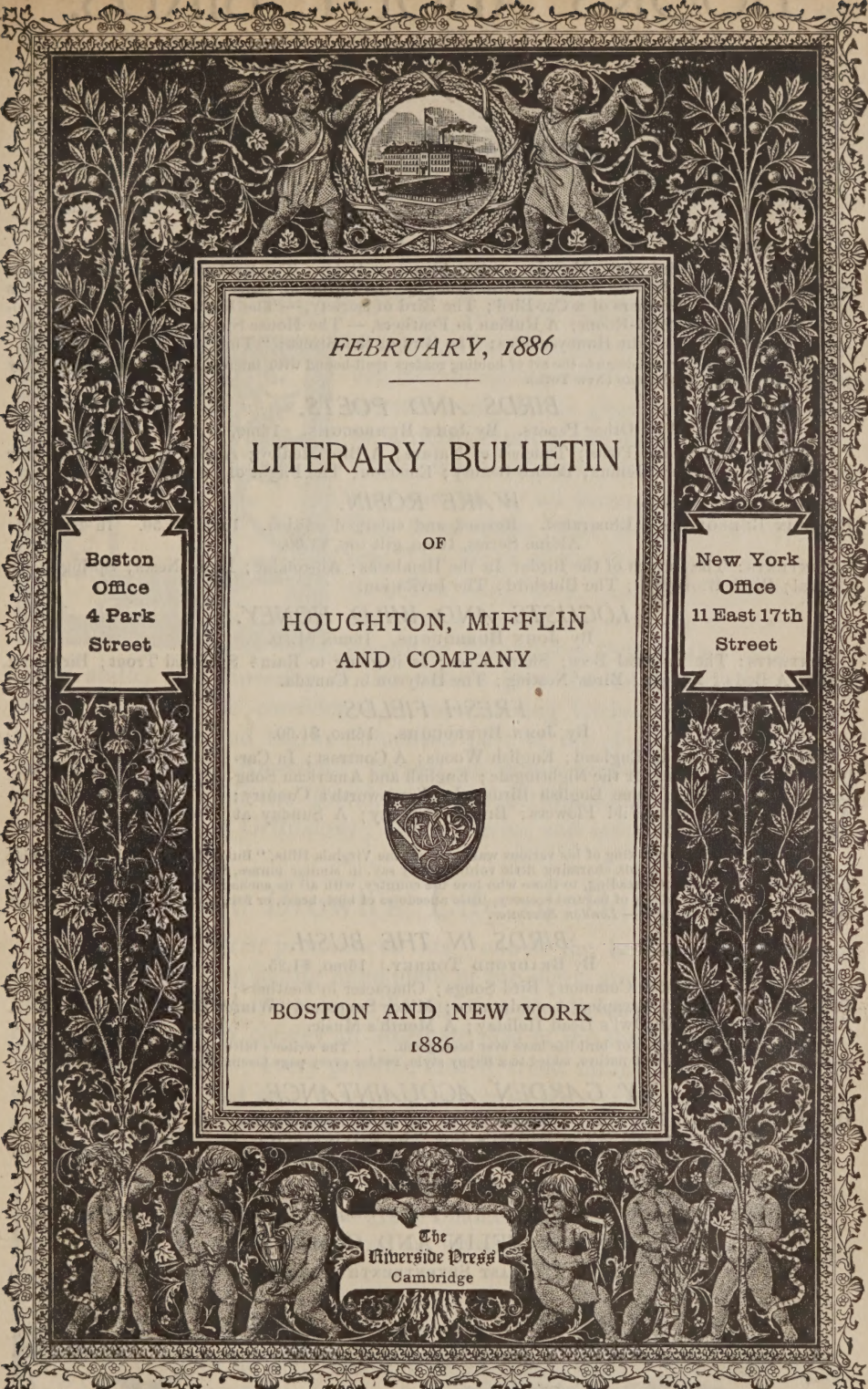
Books on Art and Illustrated Books. Wonders of Sculpture, by Louis Viardot (Scribners), is a convenient book for giving one a running view of famous works. A chapter on American sculpture, descriptive rather than critical, is added by another hand. — Essays on the Art of Pheidias, by Charles Waldstein (The Century Co.), is a work for the archæologist rather than the general reader. The essays on the sculptures of the Parthenon, with the preliminary chapters and the miscellaneous papers included in the appendix, will be found very interesting and valuable by the classical student. The volume is handsomely printed by Clay & Son, London, and is illustrated with numerous plates and wood-cuts. — Mr. S. R. Koehler's interesting history of Etching (Cassell & Co.) reached us too late to be included in our detailed notice of similar holiday books, among which it deserves a very high rank. — Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes* has been illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett (Estes & Lauriat) in a style which is perfectly creditable without either interpreting or magnifying the poem. Indeed, the richness of the poem would have permitted and encouraged a more strictly decorative form of embellishment. — A Library of Religious Poetry, a collection of the best poems of all ages and tongues, with biographical and literary notes, edited by Philip Schaff and Arthur Gilman. (Funk & Wagnalls.) This is a new edition of a work brought out a few years since, and we do not quite understand the preface in its date and statement. Certainly the editors have not thoroughly revised the book to the close of 1884, as therein stated. A number of steel plates illustrate the work.

Books for Young People. Chatterbox for 1885. (Estes & Lauriat.) This *mélange* of reading matter and pictures continues to come along, each year very much like the last. There are limits to the very good and the very bad, but there are no limits to the commonplace. — Historic Boys, their Endeavors, their Achievements, and their Times, by E. S. Brooks. (Putnams.) Mr. Brooks has selected a dozen boys of ancient and modern times, though he does not come down later than the eighteenth century, and has given literary portraits of them. They were all boys who were, so to speak, born to the purple, — indeed, it would have been difficult to find the early record of any others before democratic times; but then honor and courage and manliness were not born with democracy, and these stories, though perhaps a little galvanic in their activity, are honest attempts at making history real to the young by means of characters in whom they are supposed to be especially interested, and the deeds are such as point to the best elements of character. — Strange Stories from History for Young People, by George Cary Eggleston (Harpers): a score of stories from history, mediæval and modern. Mr. Eggleston has selected those subjects which give opportunity for telling of courage, perseverance, fortitude, and other manly virtues, but he also thinks it well to harrow the youthful soul with scenes from the life of Ivan IV. The stories are told

with a straightforward manner, but without grace or special dramatic skill. They are simply free from fustian and sentiment, and so have a negative excellence. — Three Vassar Girls in Italy, by Lizzie W. Champney. (Estes & Lauriat.) The three young women, who have been making excursions in other countries, have reached Italy, and find in that land plenty of material for letters, chats, and digests of printed books. We find Mrs. Champney's liveliness more agreeable than much of the frippery of books of this class, but it is amusing to see how the necessity to be entertaining may get the better of one. Here are two girls suffering from the cold, who play pease porridge hot to warm themselves, and during the game one gives the other a lecture on St. Mark's. We should like to have seen that performance. — Zig-Zag Journeys in the Levant, with a Talmudist storyteller, by Hezekiah Butterworth. (Estes & Lauriat.) This is the seventh, we think, of the series, and is as crammed with pictures as the rest. It is also written in the same queer, jumping-frog style, and has the same ingenious automatic toys of characters. — The first volume of *The Child's Pictorial* (S. P. C. K., London; Youngs, New York), a little monthly magazine with colored illustrations, is an exceedingly attractive book. Both pictures and stories deserve a word of hearty praise.

Practical Arts. First Lessons in Amateur Photography: a series of lectures delivered before the senior class of the Montclair High School by the principal, Randall Spaulding (Scovill Manufacturing Co., New York): a little volume intended to give specific directions to young people who have the photographic craze. — Wonders of Glass-Making in all Ages, by A. Sauzay (Scribners), is a scrappy, anecdotal book, by which one can pick up some curious information.

Theology and Philosophy. Christ and Christianity, — Studies on Christology, Creeds and Confessions, Protestantism and Romanism, Reformation Principles, Sunday Observance, Religious Freedom and Christian Union, — by Philip Schaff (Scribners): a collection of essays and addresses by Dr. Schaff, who is a learned rather than an original theologian. But his learning is so varied and so kindly that the reader picks up a great many very suggestive facts and ideas, and learns to regard the author's books as never-failing cisterns from which to draw well-filtered water, — a service not far behind that afforded by a fountain which is intermittent in its force. — The Idea of God, as affected by modern knowledge, by John Fiske. (Houghton.) In reprinting the papers which have appeared in *The Atlantic*, Mr. Fiske has added a readable preface in which he indicates the relation which the book bears to his previous writings. It is interesting to see the occupation of the theological field by other than clergymen, and it is a good sign of the widening of the field. — Darwinism and other Essays, by John Fiske. (Houghton.) This new edition of a collection of essays is enlarged by the addition of three others. Mr. Fiske's growing reputation makes his friends desirous of following him along the many tracks which he has marked out in his mental activity.



FEBRUARY, 1886

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN
AND COMPANY

Boston
Office
4 Park
Street

New York
Office
11 East 17th
Street



BOSTON AND NEW YORK

1886

The
Riverside Press
Cambridge

BOOKS ABOUT BIRDS.



BIRD-WAYS.

By OLIVE THORNE MILLER, author of "Little Folks in Feathers and Fur." 16mo, \$1.25.

CONTENTS: The Bird of the Morning, — the American Robin; The Bird of Solitude, and a Gentle Spirit, — the Wood Thrush; A Winter Bird-Study, — the European Song Thrush; In the Cat-Bird's Nook; Tricks and Manners of a Cat-Bird; The Bird of Society, — The Redwing Blackbird; Transient Visitors in the Bird-Room; A Ruffian in Feathers, — The House Sparrow; A Tragedy in the Maple-Tree; Trouble in the Honeysuckles; The Bird of the Street; "These are your Brothers."

The author thoroughly understands the art of holding readers spell-bound with interest, while teaching them many valuable facts. — *The Churchman* (New York).

BIRDS AND POETS.

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Mr. Burroughs says, in speaking of his various walks among the Virginia Hills, "But whichever way I go, I am glad I came;" and the reader of his charming little volumes may say, in similar phrase, "Whichever essay I read, I am glad I read it," for pleasanter reading, to those who love the country, with all its enchanting sights and sounds, cannot be imagined. . . . Descriptions of natural scenery, little anecdotes of bird, beast, or fish, lead one on from page to page in the most seductive manner. — *London Spectator*.

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By BRADFORD TORREY. 16mo, \$1.25.

CONTENTS: On Boston Common; Bird-Songs; Character in Feathers; In the White Mountains; Phillida and Coridon; Scraping Acquaintance; Minor Songsters; Winter Birds About Boston; A Bird-Lover's April; An Owl's Head Holiday; A Month's Music.

No more delightful sketches of bird-life have ever been given. . . . The writer's blithesomeness of spirit, his hearty good cheer and genuine love of nature, added to a happy style, render every page fascinating. — *Boston Advertiser*.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.

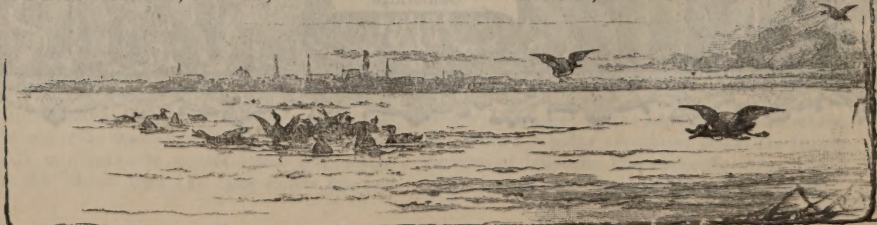
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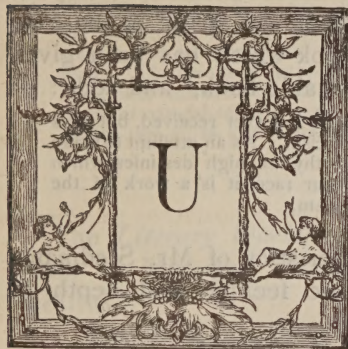
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HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.'S LITERARY BULLETIN.

Progressive Orthodoxy.



UNDER this title has just been published a small volume containing a series of papers which have appeared, under this general name, in the editorial department of the *Andover Review*. The essays treat subjects which are regarded as fundamental by all Evangelical Christians, — The Incarnation, The Atonement, Eschatology, The Work of the Holy Spirit, The Christian, The Scriptures; and they treat these in the spirit and with the methods of what is now known as Progressive Orthodoxy. The recognized ability and sincerity of the writers give the work a positive value, and it may well be considered as representing fairly and adequately the views of a large and highly influential part of the clergy of the Congregational churches of America. Indeed, in many important features it undoubtedly speaks for the liberal, progressive thinkers of all denominations within the limits of Orthodoxy; and it merits, and quite surely will receive, studious attention.

John Brown's Life of Bunyan.

The London *Baptist* pronounces this "one of the best pieces of biography of our time, — a lasting monument of the piety, genius, and effective labors of the immortal allegorist. To say that Mr. Brown has done his work *con amore* is not to convey an adequate idea of the thoroughness which is apparent throughout; every possible clue to fresh information being industriously followed, and with a success which in some instances is not a little surprising. . . . The illustrations, by Mr. Whympers, add additional charm to the volume."

The *Contemporary Review*, of London, says it is "much the most complete and important biography of the great Puritan that has yet been written. . . . Mr. Brown is as good a writer as an investigator, and his work is not less readable than authoritative."

Dr. Clarke's "Ten Great Religions."

The two volumes by Rev. James Freeman Clarke on "Ten Great Religions" have commanded a degree of confidence and popular favor rarely accorded to books of their class. This confidence has been well placed, for the books contain an admirable statement of the distinctive features of the great

religions which have held or still hold sway in the reverence of mankind, and a comparison of these with Christianity. Their ample information, candor, and sympathetic treatment render them peculiarly valuable and trustworthy. A new edition has just been published in somewhat more compact form, though from the same type as the previous editions, and the price has been reduced from \$3 each to \$2.

Mr. Stedman's "Poets of America."

This noble book receives no small share of the careful attention and discriminating praise to which its great merits entitle it. A writer in the *New Englander* pronounces it "the most valuable book which has been given to the literary student in a long time, . . . a remarkable book," and adds: —

It is so readable and interesting, with its agreeable style and choice quotations, as to be eminently popular, yet at the same time it must become at once indispensable to every literary critic and student. It is the most thorough, judicious, helpful criticism that

American poetry has ever received, but it is more than criticism. As an attempt to make our poetry worthy the high destinies which surely await our race, it is a work of the highest patriotism.

The *New York Observer* says: "The characteristics of Mr. Stedman's work are breadth, candor, sincerity, sympathetic feeling, and depth of insight."

A Variousy Delightful Book.

The *Nation*, speaking of Dr. Holmes's latest book, after referring to the love story in it, says: —

Besides these elements in the narrative we have many author's confidences by the way, in which Dr. Holmes is most delightful both in substance and tact; reminiscences of old friends, thoughts on memoir-writing, a tribute to the old Holmes house at Cambridge. The versatility of mind, the diversity of intellec-

tual and social interests involved, are most noticeable; and it results from them that there is a profusion of side-remarks, happy turns, incisive, shrewd hits, and those reflections half-way between worldly philosophy and mother-wit which are the distinguishing excellences of the author.

The *Williams (College) Literary Monthly* begins its notice by remarking: —

It is impossible to take up a book by Dr. Holmes in a calmly critical frame of mind. We expect from the first to enjoy it; yes, even to find the enjoyment on every page. And it concludes by saying: "It is full of interest

as a story, sharp in its wit and genuine in its humor, reminding one of the "Autocrat." All who have read Holmes before must read this; those who have not, reading it, will not rest until they read his previous volumes."

Mr. Story's Fiammetta.

The *New York Commercial Advertiser* pronounces this a "very enchanting little romance," and briefly thus describes it: —

A young artist, jaded with the toil and restraints of Rome, seeks repose and inspiration in the mountains amid song of birds and babble of brooks, and finds more than he seeks. The contact there with a fresh and beautiful nature, unversed in worldly wisdom, and its influence in drawing the best out of

him are portrayed with rare grace and charm. The choice and dainty language, the delicate sense of proportion, and Story's peculiar gift of beautifying the pleasures of sense combine to make this idyl a model of its kind.

The *Boston Transcript* says "the reader's interest is sustained admirably, almost dramatically, unto the end." The *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette* calls it "a fascinating story in workmanship as well as in plot." The *Worcester Spy* says "the story is charmingly told; it is fresh and sweet and tender and pure."

Agassiz's Life and Letters.

The *Literary World*, of London, says of this work :—

Having waited twelve years for an authentic and satisfactory biography of one of the greatest naturalists this or any other age has known, it is cause for great satisfaction that Mrs. Agassiz has produced a work which cannot fail to give satisfaction to most read-

ers. . . . The record of his life's passionate devotion to the interpretation of nature, as given in these two volumes, cannot fail to fire many minds with a desire to follow in his footsteps.

The New York *Observer* remarks :—

A large measure of enthusiastic praise is justifiable in writing of such a work as this. It is the record of a useful and noble life ; the history of a career which was a great contribution to science, and a blessing to the world. The results of Agassiz's indefatigable study and research in the several departments of natural science to which he devoted his life remain as a rich legacy for all time.

But he is remembered not only for his high intellectual attainments, and the large and beneficent results of his scientific investigations, but for the charm and kindliness of his manner, his winning personality, and the purity and goodness of his life. The prominence given to these traits adds rare interest to this biography.

Michigan.

The *Literary World*, of Boston, thus describes Judge Cooley's valuable book on Michigan, recently added to the series of American Commonwealths :—

Other States cover only special lines, as it were, of political history ; Michigan seems to have covered the whole, and hence furnishes an admirable field for a history of governments. More fortunate still, she has in Judge Cooley a man of great and acknowledged ability, learning, and authority upon all such themes. The result of his labors in this wide field is not only an admirable state history

in sufficient detail for the general reader, but a book of remarkable excellence on various phases of government, and of social, political, and constitutional questions, as they have come up in this country. . . . From its distinguished author, but even more from its profoundly valuable subject-matter, this is a work to repay abundantly the diligent study of all our citizens.

The Voyage of the Jeannette.

A new edition of this remarkable story of human fortitude and endurance is nearly ready in a single volume and at a reduced price. The *Saturday Review* said of the work :—

It is only necessary to add that these pages contain something more than a mere chronicle of human disappointment and discomfiture. De Long was an observant and intelligent student of the regions in which he so long remained an unwilling prisoner, and he has left us the full result of his experience. Like most who come into contact with realities, he grew deeply skeptical of the truth of many of the accepted doctrines relative

to the polar seas, and seems to have had good reason. The preparation of this book for the press must, we feel, have been for Mrs. De Long a labor of love. Much praise is none the less due to her for the care and precision with which she has carried out her task. Probably no better memorial of the brave sailor who led the crew of the *Jeanette* could be found than the simple story which is now laid before the public.

Congressional Government.

Mr. Woodrow Wilson's book on this subject has peculiar interest just now, when the House of Representatives has, after an animated discussion, revised its rules in some important features. It is a book which cannot fail to interest and enlighten any reader who wishes to know the methods and processes of national legislation. Prof. Alexander Johnston, noticing it in the *Presbyterian Review* for January, takes exception to certain points, but adds : "Taken as a whole, the book is to be cordially commended. There is probably no other from which the reader can obtain so complete, instructive, and interesting an account of the government under which he lives."

Mrs. Piatt's Select Poems.

The London *Academy* says of the recently published volume of selections from Mrs. Piatt's poems :—

It will undoubtedly win a warm welcome from the lovers of poetry among us, and extend the radius of her influence and reputation. Mrs. Piatt's poems are characterized by a distinct and pleasing originality. She has learned much from the modern poets, but nothing more unflinchingly distinguishes her poems than the solid kernel of fresh, original thought and feeling in each of them. . . .

Some of the verses are addressed to children ; in others some pregnant chance word from innocent little rosy lips is made the text and point of departure for a subtle and exquisite poem. . . . The book entitles its author to a very honorable place in the roll of the women poets of our century, at the head of which stand the names of Mrs. Browning and Miss Rossetti.

Mr. Browning's Works.

The recent lecture of Archdeacon Farrar in many cities has given a fresh and strong impulse to a tendency, already quite marked in this country as well as in England, to the careful and systematic study of Mr. Browning's Poetical Works. There has never been any question of their great dramatic power, their large insight and wisdom, but few have ventured to affirm that they fully understood them. The study now devoted to them is sure to be very fruitful in intellectual and moral stimulus, and cannot fail to reward the students richly, and give to Mr. Browning a fitter audience and not so small as he has heretofore had. His complete Poetical Works are given on another page.

A Country Doctor.

It is by no means too late to quote the following good words for Miss Jewett's charming story from the London *Saturday Review* :—

Miss Jewett is a woman, and she is in earnest. . . . Miss Jewett's novel, like her earlier short stories, is admirably planned, and is written with loving care. Though the story and its telling are quiet, gentle, and lady-like, yet both are earnest and thoughtful. Those who care to know the kind of life led in a

simple New England village by the people who have made the United States what it is may be recommended to read Miss Jewett's novel. "A Country Doctor" is New England through and through ; it is saturated with the essence of New England.

Bret Harte's Latest Story.

Mr. Harte's California story "Maruja" has a heroine with Spanish blood in her veins, incorporates a legend of the prairie coyote which was accustomed to warn the family of approaching danger, and is in many ways very attractive. The Boston *Transcript* says :—

It is more like an old-fashioned romance than like a modern love-story, and the artist's hand is felt in every description of scenery and in each delineation of character. . . . The plot of the tale is original and tragical.

The *Overland Monthly* finds in it—

An endless picturesqueness in everything he does, an effectiveness in grouping of people, and incidents, and scenery, an intelli-

too, but the marvelous delicacy of the writer's touch, his poetical fancy, and deep pathos are the chief things which will strike the readers of Bret Harte's new book.

gence and keen perception in the touches of satire which makes one like to read the book, and even to read it again.

Two Years Before the Mast.

This standard book for older boys has recently been brought out in a new edition, with the price reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.00. The *Beacon* says : "No young man of energy and pluck should leave this book unread." The reading of it would almost create energy and pluck in any boy.

John Burroughs in England.

John Burroughs promises to be one of the prime American favorites with British readers. The republication in Edinburgh of some of his books has called forth remarkable tributes to his genius for observation and the attractiveness of his style. The *Saturday Review* remarks :—

"John of Birds," as some of his American friends call the author of these charming books about nature, is the latest of those naturalist poets who form so fascinating a class in modern literature. He is of the same breed as Gilbert White of Selborne, as

Audubon, as Thoreau, and he combines their exactitude of observation, their scientific sympathy, with more careful study of style than they chose to give in jotting down their impressions.

Studies in History.

The London *Spectator* thus commends Mr. Lodge's excellent book :—

We had occasion some time ago to speak well of a monograph by Mr. Cabot Lodge on Daniel Webster. His new volume of essays will add to his reputation as a careful student and a thoughtful and moderate writer. . . .

We have not come across more discriminating estimates of these two remarkable but by no means perfect men and statesmen (Hamilton and Webster).

Mr. Torrey's Birds in the Bush.

This book has been greeted with a quite remarkable unanimity of praise by the press. The *Sunday-School Times* says :—

"Birds in the Bush" is certainly a charming volume. After re-reading Mr. John Burroughs's best known volume, "Wake Robin," Mr. Torrey's seems to us quite as good as its predecessor, both in language and in the

information conveyed. Not since Lowell's essay, "My Garden Acquaintance," have pleasanter papers on birds come from the latitude of Massachusetts Bay.

A Remarkable Novel.

The *Church Review* pronounces "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" "extremely interesting, notably well written, and admirable in conception," and says of the characters, "their talk abounds with the sort of shrewd and caustic humor which George Eliot puts into the mouth of her lowly people in such abundance."

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The Andover Review.

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A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LVII. — MARCH, 1886. — No. CCCXLI.

A BROTHER TO DRAGONS.

I.

IN the year of grace, 15—, on the last day of the month of May, to all who may chance to read this narrative, these : —

I will first be at the pains of stating that had it not been for Marian I had never indited these or any other papers, true or false. Secondly, that the facts herein set down be true facts ; none the less true that they are strange. I will furthermore explain that Marian is the Christian name of my lawful wife, and that our surname is Butter.

My wife had nursed the Lady Margaret from the moment of her birth ; and here I must make another digression. The Lady Margaret was the twin sister of the then Lord of Amburste, Lord Robert, and my lady and his lordship had quarreled ; Marian saith, with a great cause, but I cannot herein forbear also expressing my opinion, which is to the effect that for that quarrel there was neither cause, justice, nor reason. Therefore, before those who may chance to read these words, I will lay bare the facts pertaining to the said quarrel.

It concerned the family ghost, which ghost was said to haunt a certain blue chamber in the east wing of the castle. Now I myself had never gainsaid these reports ; for although I do not believe

in ghosts, I have a certain respect for them, as they have never offered me any affront, either by appearing to me, or otherwise maltreating me. But Marian, who, like many of her sex, seemed to consort naturally with banshees, bogies, apparitions, and the like, declared to me that at several different and equally inconvenient times this ghost had presented itself to her, startling her on two occasions to such an extent that she let fall, once, the contents of the broth-bowl on Herne the bloodhound, thereby causing that beast to maliciously devour two breadths of her new black taffetas Sunday gown ; again, a hot iron wherewith she was pressing out the seams of Lady Margaret's night-gown. On the second occasion, she fled along the kitchen hall, shrieking piteously, and preceded by Doll, the kitchen wench, the latter having in her seeming a certain ghostly appearance, as she was clad only in her shift, which the draughts in the hall inflated to a great size. The poor maid fled affrighted into her room and locked the door behind her. But when I did essay to assuage the terror of Mistress Butter, identifying Doll and the blue-room ghost as one and the same, she thanked me not, but belabored me in her frenzy with the yet warm iron, which she had instinctively snatched up in her flight ; demanding of me at the same time if I had ever

seen Doll's nose spout fire, and her eyes spit in her head like hot coals. I being of a necessity compelled to reply "No," Marian further told me that it was thus that the ghost had comported itself, that, moreover, it was clad all in a livid blue flame from top to toe, and that it had a banner o' red sarcenet that streamed out behind like forked lightning. She then said that this malevolent spirit had struck her with its blazing hand, and that, did I not believe her, I could see the burn on her wrist. Upon my suggesting that this wound might have been inflicted by the iron in its fall, she did use me in so unwisely a manner that I sought my bed in much wrath and vexation of spirit. Nay, I do fear me that I cursed the day I was wed, the day on which my wife was born, wishing all women to the d—l; and that, moreover, out loud, which put me to much shame afterwards for some days; although, be it said to my still greater shame, it was full a fortnight e'er I confessed my repentance unto the wife whom I had so abused.

But meseems I have in this digression transgressed in the matter o' length. Therefore, to return to the bare facts.

It was on the subject of this ghost that my lord and the Lady Margaret had disagreed. My lord, being a flighty lad, although a marvelous fine scholar and well disposed, did agree with my wife in the matter of the ghost; while my lady was of a like mind with myself.

It doth seem but yesterday that she came to me as I was training the woodbine o'er the arbor that led to her little garden, and put her white hand on my shoulder. (My lady was never one for wearing gloves, yet the sun seemed no more to think o' scorching her fair hands than the leaves of a day-lily.) She comes to me, and lays her hand on my shoulder, and her long eyes they laugh at me out of the shadow of her hat; but her mouth is grave as though I were a corse.

Quoth she:—

"Butter, dost thou believe in this ghost?"

"Nay, my lady," answered I, hoping to shift her to better soil; "I ne'er meddle with ghosts or goblins. Why, an there be such things, should they wish me harm? O' my word, my brain is no more troubled with ghosts, black or white, than our gracious Queen's," here I doffed my cap, "is with snails and slugs;" and here I plucked a slug from a vine leaf and set my heel on't.

"Nay! nay!" quoth she, a-shutting of her white eyelids so tight that all the long black hairs on them stood straight out, like the fringe on Marian's Sunday mantle in a high wind. "Butter! Thou nasty man!"

"Why, for how dost thou mean, my lady?" quoth I.

"Why, for mashing that poor beast to a pap." And then a-holding of her hand level below her eyes, so that she might not discern the ground, "Is he dead?" quoth she.

"Dead?" asked I, for I was somewhat puzzled in my mind.

"Ay, the slug; is he dead?"

"That he is, verily," said I; for in truth he was naught but a jelly, and therewith I drew a pebble over him with my foot, that the sight o' his misfortune should not disturb her tender heart.

"How if I were to crush you 'neath my heel, Master Butter?" quoth she at last, having peered about for the sight she dreaded, and, not seeing it, returning to her discourse. "How wouldst thou like that, excellent Master Butter?" But somehow, as I looked at her foot, my mouth, for all I could do, went into a smile. For though she was as fine a maiden as any in all Warwickshire, her foot, methinks, was of so dainty a make 't would scarce have dealt death to a rose.

"But truly, my lady," continued I, seeing that she was making up a face at

me, "thou knowest I've naught in common with ghosts."

"Ay," quoth she. "And thou knowest the like of me. But"—and here stops she, with the slyest tip of her frowzed curls toward the house—"thou knowest also this, Butter, that his lordship, my brother, thinks as doth Marian, thy wife, and that therein we four cannot agree."

So I look at my hoe-handle, and say I, "My lady, it is known to me."

"Well, now, Butter," she goes on, "thou most wise, most excellent, most cunning, most delectable of Butters, I have concocted a plan. I' fecks, Butter" (for my lady, like her Majesty the Queen, was somewhat given to swearing, though more modest oaths, as should become a subject),—"I' fecks, Butter," saith she, "'t is a most lustick plot. But I would not thy mome heard us;" and with that she makes me send away Joe, the under-gardener. He being gone, she whispers in my ear how she hath plotted to fright his lordship and Marian into very convulsions of further conviction, by appearing to them at the door o' the blue room in her night-gown, with a taper in her hand and her face chalked. What she desired o' me was, that I should come to the blue room with her, and there remain while she played off this pretty fantasy on my lord and Marian.

To be truthful in these my last days o' earth, I liked not my proffered office o'er well. Howbeit, that night did I do the bidding o' my young mistress, and—loath am I to speak of it, even at this late day—'t was the cause of my young master's leaving his home and going to bide in foreign countries.

Ah, bitter tears did his sister weep, and with mine own eyes I saw her, on the day he set forth, cling to his neck, and when he shook her thence, hang about his loins, and when at last he pushed her to the ground, she laid her hand about his feet and wept; and between every sob it was, "Go not, brother,

for my fault! Go not, brother, for my fault!" or else, "Robin, Robin, dost not love me enough to forgive me so little?" and then, "If thou didst but love me a little, thou couldst forgive me much." But he stepped free of her hands and went his ways, and my lady lay with her head where his feet had been, and was still.

Then Marian, who was very wroth with me for my part in the matter, did up with her nursling in her own proper strong arms (for she was aye a strong lass, that being one o' the chief reasons for which I had sought her in marriage, having had, as should all men, an eye to my posterity. It was a great cross to me, as may be thought, to find that all my forethought had been in vain, and that while Turnip, the harrier, had eight as fine lads as one would care to father, of a puny wench that my Marian could have slipped in her pocket, Mistress Butter presented me with no children, weakly or healthy). But, as I have said, Marian, in her own arms, did carry my lady up-stairs to her chamber, and laid her on the day-bed.

And by and by she opes her eyes (for Marian agreed that I sate on the threshold), and says she, putting out her hand half fearful like, "Is 't thou, brother?"

"Nay, honey," saith Marian; "it is I, thy Marian, thy nurse."

Then said my lady, "Ay, nurse; but my brother, he is below,—is 't not so?" But when Marian shook her head, my lady sate up on the day-bed and caught hold of her short curls, and cried out, "I have banished him! I have made him an outlaw! I have banished him!" And for days she lay like one whose soul was sped.

Well, the young lord came not back, nor would he write, so we knew not whether he were alive or dead. Yet were Marian and myself not unhopeful, for full oft did the heady boy find some such cause of disagreement with his sis-

ter to abide apart from her. But when we saw that in truth he came not back, and that week sped after week, and month did follow month, and still no tidings, we had perforce to acknowledge that the young lord was indeed gone to return no more.

The Lady Margaret, in her loneliness, grew into many strange ways. She did outride any man in the county, and she had a blue-roan by the name of Robin Hood; which same, methinks, no man in or out o' th' county would a' cared to bestride. She would walk over to Pebworth ('piping Pebworth,' as Master Shakespeare hath dubbed it) and back again, a distance o' some six miles; and afterward set forth for a gallop on Robin Hood, and be no more a-weary come eventide than myself from a trip 'rotund the gardens. She swam like a sea-maid, she had fenced even better than her brother, and methinks she was the bonniest shot with a long-bow of any woman in all England. She was but fifteen when my lord left Amhurst for aye, and in the years since she had grown mightily, and was waxed as strong as Marian and full a head taller. But she had long, curved flanks, that saved her from buxomness; and her head was set high and light on her shoulders, like a bird that floats on a wave, and o'er it ran her bright curls, the one o'er the other, like little wavelets. Her eyes were as gray as a sword, and as keen, and she had broad lids as white as satin-flowers, and there was a fine black ring around them, made by her long lashes.

My lady was courted by many a fine lord, and more than three youngsters have I seen weep, because of her coldness toward them; speeding them away out o' the sight o' mankind (as they thought), and casting themselves along the lush grass in my lady's garden, there to bleat and bleat, like moon-calves for the moon.

For one lad did my heart bleat verily.

'T was for the young Lord of Mallow, — but a lad, with buttercup curls and speedwell eyes, and a smile to win the love o' any maid in her reason (though, to be sure, my lady was in her reason). He comes to me and gets between my knees, like any little eanling that might a' been mine own, and quoth he: —

"Butter, Butter, she loves thee — wilt thou not speak to her, and tell her that she shall be the richest lady in all England, and maid of honor to the Queen, and have more jewels than the Queen herself? Oh, Butter!" cried he.

Then said I, a-stroking of the yellow gossamer that bestrewed his shoulders, as he knelt, head bowed, between my knees, "Nay, my lord, 't is not so that thou shalt win the Lady Margaret. She careth no more for jewels than she doth for the beads in a rainbow. Nor doth she care for riches. And methinks a maid who would marry just to be maid of honor to a queen would not be an honorable maid, either to herself or to her sovereign;" for so indeed I thought.

Then saith he: —

"Butter, dost thou believe in love-philters?"

And I asked his meaning, for verily I was ignorant of 't, albeit I was not ignorant in all matters. And he explained to me that it was a drink or potion to cause love.

Then I answered and said: —

"Calamint doth make a good brew, likewise sage, and some flax is soothing, but methinks none o' these would cause love."

On this he wept again, but said that I was a good old man, and that on his return to Mallow he would send me a gift: and so he did, — a pair o' silk hose such as my lady and the Queen do wear; but being mindful of my station, I laid them aside for the sake o' th' poor lad, and yesterday Marian did bring them to me with her ten fingers through as many moth-holes. Whereupon I was

minded o' th' text concerning that we lay not up treasures where moth and rust do corrupt, and at my behest Marian read me the whole of that chapter. But to return to bare facts.

It was on a certain night in March, 15—, that there occurred the conversation which was the cause of this narrative. There had been news of the return of one Lord Denbeigh to Warwickshire, by report as wild a cavalier as ever fought, and a godless body to boot. Marian, who, as I have said, had always a certain knack for ghost-stories and the like, froze me with her accounts o' this wild lord's doings. Quoth she, —

“Fire-brace is a suiting name for him, inasmuch as 't is a family name, and he a firebrand to peace where-some'er he shall go.”

“Peace, — peace thyself!” quoth I, hearing my lady's foot along the hall. And o' my word, Marian had but just ceased, and given her attention to the fire, when in clatters my lady, with her riding-whip stuck in her glove, and her bloodhound Gruff in a leash. She was much wrought, either with riding or rage, for there was a quick red in her cheek, and she had set her red lips until they were white. Then took she the hound between her knees, and plucked off her gloves. Here I did find it my duty to speak.

“My lady,” cried I, “'t is not in your mind to baste the dog?”

“Ay, that is it,” quoth she, and her lips went tighter, and she jerked at her glove.

Then said I, “How if he leap at thy throat?” And she answered, “Nay, he knows better;” and with that she gripped his collar, and let swing her whip. Then did I bid Marian that she leave the room. As for me, it was my duty to stay, though, as I have given an oath to tell but the truth in this narrative, I must confess that I was in a sweat from head to foot with fear.

But the great hound crouched as

though he knew he got but what he deserved, and when my lady had given him ten or twenty lashes she flung wide the door, and said she, “Get thee gone, coward! Go fare as fares the poor beggar thou sought'st to bite!” and the hound slunk out. Then turned my mistress to me, and “Butter,” saith she, “yon beast sought to bite an old beggar as we came through the park: so I whipped him. But for naught save cruelty or disobedience will I ever whip a dog; so, Butter, the next time that thou seest me about to lash one, keep thy counsel.” (This was the harshest that my lady e'er spoke, either to me or to Marian.) Then went she to the door and called Marian.

“Come, nurse,” quoth she, “I am a-weary. Fling me some skins on the settle, and I will lie down, and thou shalt card out my locks with thy fingers.” So we heaped the settle with the skins o' white bears, and thereon my lady cast herself, like a flower blown down upon a snow bank; and by and by, what with the warmth and Marian's strokings, she fell into a deep sleep. But we two sate and gazed on her.

She was clad all in a tight riding-dress of green velour cloth, and her white face seemed to come from the close collar like a white lily from its sheath. She was e'er flower-like, asleep or waking, as I have said, and her pretty head was sleek and yellow like a butterfly's wing. She was so sound that it appeared to me and Marian as though one longer breath might transform the mimicry into the actual thing, — death. But by and by awe fell from us, as it doth ever fall, even in the presence of that which hath awed us, and my wife and I did return to our discourse concerning my Lord Denbeigh. Quoth I to Marian: —

“But, wife, may not malice invent these tales?”

“Nay, nay,” said she, shaking her head; “as bloody a rogue as ever lived,

— as bloody a rogue as ever lived. They do say as how he'll set a whole tavern in a broil, ere he be entered in for three minutes."

"But," quoth I, "may he not be provoked?"

"Nay, I tell thee," said she, "but he'll jump at a body's head, and cleave 't open ere a body can say 'Jesus.'"

At this, I said firmly, "I doubt not but what the poor man is most surely maligned." Whereupon Mistress Butter did wax exceeding wroth.

"Why wilt thou e'er be seeking to plead the cause o' villains?" cried she. "First that bloody beast o' my lady's, now this bloody villain o' th' devil's. I do wonder at thee, Anthony Butter." Whereat I did put in that I sometimes wondered at myself.

"For why?" quoth she.

"Why, that I ever married to be worded by a wench," said I. And at this, I am most entirely sure that she would have cast her joint-stool at me, had she not been sitting on 't, and my lady's head against her knee. So she called me a "zany," and then after a little a "toad," but went on stroking my lady's hair.

And by and by, back we come to his lordship.

"'T is not alone his bloody tricks and murderous ways," quoth my wife, "that causes all Christian folk to abhor him, but he consorts with no other women than drabs and callets. Dost excuse that?"

"Nay," said I, with sufficient gravity, "then is this earl no longer a man, but a swine, and not fit for men's discussion, much less that of women."

At this reproof, I saw anger again in her eye, but she was so pleased withal at having got me to call Lord Denbeigh a swine that she forbore any further personal affront.

"And yet," she went on, "they do say he be as fine a man as a wench will walk through the rain to glimpse at, and a brave and a learned; but

that he wed a Spanish maid, and she betrayed him, and so he hath vowed to hate women, one and all."

"Hast thou seen him?"

"Nay, but I've had him itemized to me by the wife o' Humfrey Lemon. A blue eye, a hooked nose, a" —

"Well, well, wife," quoth I, "if a blue eye and a hooked nose be as bad signs in a man as they be in a horse, methinks this thy villain is a very round villain."

"And so he is," affirmed she.

"Yet," said I, "there is somewhere in me a something that doth pity him."

"By my troth!" cried my wife. "I do believe, Master Butter, that thou'dst pity the Devil's wife in childbirth."

"Ay, that I would," I made answer with a great calmness, for I saw that she sought to rouse my spleen.

"Well, do not bellow," blurted she, "for my mistress is as sound as a gold piece."

Then quoth my lady, a-rising up on her elbow: —

"Nay, that she is not. And moreover, she would hear all the stories concerning this bad and bloody Lord of Denbeigh!"

II.

When Marian heard my lady so speak, methought she would have swooned in verity; for she knew my lady's contempt for gossip. E'en for the first time in all her life, Marian could not find a word to her tongue.

"La! my lady," said she, and then stopped and was silent. My lady laughed at her, with her deep eyes, but as was her wont her mouth was wondrous solemn.

"Ay, nurse," quoth she, "thou thought'st me safe i' th' Land o' Nod, but one hath ears to hear there as elsewhere." Then she reaches out one hand and plays with Marian's ruff. "Go to, nurse," says she. "Dost thou not see

I am even i' th' same case with thyself? I too would gossip a little. Come, word it, — word it!"

So Marian told her all that she had heard, together with a little prophesying here and there, which boded no good to my Lord Denbeigh. She told how he had e'en been a brave lad, but how in Spain he had wed with a wife who played him false; how then he had vowed vengeance on all womankind, becoming a brawler and a haunter o' taverns; how death was in his sword and lightnings in his eye.

My lady listened, and now and again she would pinch her eyelids softly with her thumb and ring-finger, as one who is deep in thought. But when Marian paused for breath, she turned to her, and quoth she: —

"Nurse, thou hast often preached unto me; listen now to my preachings. Thou shalt often hear a man abused, nurse, but chiefly for that which he hath never done. This wild lord, I doubt not, hath been guilty of sorry deeds. What man hath not? But the half that thou hast told me is not to be believed."

Then went she to her room, taking Marian with her, but I saw that she was moved.

It was but the next day that my lady's uncle, Sir John Trenyon, came riding into the court. He often came in such wise, to bide for a day or two with his niece. A most courteous gentleman; red of face, blue of eye, and blithe of tongue. He had a jest for each tick o' th' clock, and a kind word for all.

"Ah, Butter," saith he, "and where is thy mistress? And thy wife, the good Dame Marian, — where is she? And how about thy family? Hast thou no better prospects than of yore?"

Whereat I looked sorrowful enough, I doubt not, for he did bid me take heart, as my first-born might have had a hare-lip or a crook-back. Then did he

toss me his bridle-reins, and my lady, having heard his voice, came forth to meet him.

"So, lady-bird!" quoth he, clasping her. "I am come for no less than three reasons this time. First, to see thy bonny face. Second, to ride thy bonny Robin. Third, to inquire and seek out a certain villain of mine acquaintance, of whom you have doubtless heard;" and forthwith did he say to her of how the wicked Lord Denbeigh was the son of a friend and comrade, and of how he had known him when a lad, together with much more, at which my lady pricked up her ears, as 't were, having all a lady's love for stories of wicked men who are not yet either old or ill-favored.

"By my troth," declared the old knight in ending, "I will take but a mouthful to stay me, and then set forth straightway in quest o' th' rascal." So having dined right heartily, he rode forth again.

Now, having related this hap to Marian, she was devoured of so great a curiosity that, as I am an honest man, I looked to see her consumed even unto her bones, as some men who burn of drink. She would have it that I must hazard a guess on the shape of Lord Denbeigh's nose, the color of his hair, and the height of his body. She forced me to wonder whether he were civil or rude of tongue. She pressed me to say whether I thought there was aye a chance of his returning with Sir John. She questioned me, in a word, until, having no answers, I was like to lose my wits, or my temper, or both together. At last comes she and sits on my knee, and tickles the back of my neck right playfully, as in the days of our wooing.

"As I live, Tony," quoth she, "we are like to have a strange story under our very noses. What if" — and here she takes my face in her two hands, and sets her chin against mine, so that I see

four round, blue eyes against her white brow, and am like to go blind with her thoughtlessness, — “what if it turns out that the Lord hath set upon our lady to be the saviour of this wicked earl?”

“Ay,” cried I. “And what if the Lord hath set upon me to be the founder of a nation, like Abraham? What then?” At which she boxed my ears right soundly. But I could not blame her, for in the wrong I was, without doubt, although verily she had plagued me into it. So I sued for pardon, and got it, and a kiss into the bargain. But she would not leave me in peace concerning Lord Denbeigh.

When that same afternoon there comes Sir John a-riding past, and the bad earl at his side, “What dost thou say now?” quoth Marian, a-plucking me in a way that did not serve to increase good feeling betwixt us. “Ah ha! Are not women prophetesses by nature?”

“Ay, by ill-nature,” answered I; and for this quip I was not forgiven for two days.

It was toward the setting of the sun, when Sir John and Lord Denbeigh rode up to the door of Amhurst, and my lady, knowing naught, came out at the sound of the horses’ feet, thinking only to greet her uncle. The red light from the west shone on her, and dabbled her white kirtle as with blood, and her face was like one of the red roses in her garden. So she put up her hand to shield it, and saw the stranger standing at her feet.

There was ne’er a nobler-looking man, for all he might outblack Satan in his soul: straight of body, and strong of limb, and lofty of head. His hair was the color of my lady’s, and there seemed to be ever some sunshine in it, as he moved his head. Methought his face was fair and goodly to look upon, albeit his lips went downward at the corners, and there was a droop in his broad lids. He was clad all in a close

suit of dark velvet, and in his hand he held a black hat with a knot of heron-plumes.

My lady stood and looked down at him from under her long, white hand, and he stood and looked up at my lady, as one looks upward at a fair picture. And the evening light crept between them. I was ashamed of my own folly, when I did catch myself remembering Marian’s silly sayings, but for all that they did come back to me, as the words of a foolish woman will return to the wisest of men. And in truth he did gaze up at her, as though she were more holy than the heavens above her. And for all her hand, the sunset found its way unto her cheek.

What I now relate was told me by Marian, some three days after. ’T was on the night of the day on which Sir John had brought the stranger to Amhurst, and Marian was carding out my lady’s tresses before her bedroom fire.

Quoth my lady suddenly: —

“Nurse, didst thou see Lord Denbeigh ere he went?”

And Marian said that she had seen him.

“He hath a strange face, nurse.”

“How ‘strange,’ my lady?”

“Why, it seems to me that each feature in it doth contradict the other. His brow is stern, and saith to his eyes, ‘Ye shall not be gentle.’ His eyes say to his nose, ‘Spread not thy nostrils so proudly.’ His nose commands his lips that they smile not, but, nurse, there was ne’er a sweeter smile on the lips o’ a saint!”

Marian fell a-thinking, and pulled my lady’s hair. My lady heeded it not, so Marian fell a-thinking yet more deeply.

“It is not a face that tells of a bad heart,” continued my lady. “Rather it speaks of rebellion and misfortune. A sad story, — a sad story.”

“What is, my lady?” asked Marian; but my lady was far away, whither Marian could not follow.

"Nurse," she saith presently, "that were a soul worth saving." Then got she suddenly to her feet, and turned and took her nurse's hands with hers. "It shall be saved," she saith, "God helping."

And she kissed Marian, and lay down upon her bed. But Marian did tell me how that no sleep visited her lady's eyes that night. Through the darkness she could hear her turn, first on this side, then on that; then sigh, and move her pillow, and sigh again.

Methought Marian would have split in sunder with importance, when Lord Denbeigh took to coming sometimes to Amhurst. 'T was never for even an hour that he stayed; and 't was always some question of business that brought him. But my lady and he touched hands full oft during a week, and always he would look at her with a different look from that which his eyes did wear at other times. And she spoke to him e'er courteously and kindly, even as though he had been a holy man and worthy of all reverence.

One day it chanced that my lady rode the blue-roan out into the woods, towards the hut of old Joan Gobble, who was crippled by reason of age. My lady had me follow her on Dumble, th' white nag, with a pat o' butter and some wine. I was taken up with pondering as to why my lady should go in person to Dame Gobble's, seeing she might have sent me alone on Dumble as well. Be that as it may, as we rode along by a brook-side, under the thick leaves, who should we come upon but my Lord Denbeigh. He was kneeling beside the water, and holding down his hand into the brook. As I looked I saw that his hand was befouled with gore, and that the brown stream did rush away ruddily from beneath his fingers.

My lady did not wait for me to hold Robin Hood, but did swing herself from her saddle, and was beside the earl in a

trice. He looked up, and seeing her did start upon his feet.

"Nay," said she, putting out her hand, "but tell me if I can aid thee."

And he strove to hide his hand at his side, saying, "'T is but a scratch;" but the blood ran down like water on the grass.

"Think not to spare me the sight o' blood," said my lady, "for I am learned in bandaging wounds." And certes she was, seeing that every soul at Amhurst did come to her for healing, let a cat but scratch them. And she took his hand between her two fair hands (having drawn off her gloves), and saw that his wrist was deeply severed as with a knife. But she asked him no questions, telling him only to stoop while she cleansed his hand sufficiently to bind it. And as she laid it in the water, and pressed the lips of the wound together, he said unto her in a low tone, not meaning that I should hear him, —

"Would that thou couldst wash my soul as thou hast washed my hand!"

She looked straight into his eyes, with her own so clear and honest, like a dog's (meaning no disrespect to my lady, as God knows), and she answered him and saith, —

"It were well worth the washing, my lord. But an higher than I must cleanse it."

And he saith, "There is none higher."

At that my lady's blood rose in her cheek, but she besought him that he would not speak to her in such wise. When she had made a compress of the napkins in the basket, wherein I was carrying Dame Gobble's butter, and had staunched the blood, she unwound the ribbon from her silver hunting-horn, and cast it about his neck for a rest to his wounded arm. Then he did bend down his head and kissed the ribbon, and my lady turned quickly, and got upon the roan, and rode away at so smart a pace that methinks Dame Gobble's butter and wine did reach her in

a closer conjunction than she could have found pleasant.

When I told Marian of this encounter, merely by the way of a bit of gossip, she did smile in such a wise that I was minded to cuff a woman for the first time in a long life.

It was that same night that Marian did tell me how that she feared the earl was in danger of some sort, judging by certain words that my lady had let fall in her sleep. I noticed how that my lady seemed restless, and would start at the clap o' a door, or when Herne did come suddenly upon her. And one day she leaned from a window, as I swept up the rose leaves from the grass on the east terrace, and called to me to come thither. She was as white as her kirtle, and her gray eyes were dark like water before a storm. She did not look at me, but beyond into the air. So I waited, having plucked off my cap, and my lady stood looking, looking; and after a while she saith,—

“Thou hast aye been a true and faithful servant unto me: therefore I am about to give unto thee a great charge.”

And I said, “My lady, thou knowest that thou canst trust me;” and in truth I could say no more, for my throat was stiff.

And she continued and said,—

“Thou must be to-night at the Red Deer, and that by nine of the clock. One will be there in whom we have both deep interest. I cannot tell thee more. Take thy sword with thee, but have no fear,—thou wilt have no cause to use it. Yet, lest thou be fearful, take it with thee.” And she said, “Thou wilt remember?”

“My lady, when have I e'er forgotten word of thine?” Whereat she did put out her fair hand to me, saying, “Never,” and there were tears in her eyes.

So that night (for the first time in many years) did I find myself within the doors of the Red Deer. A cozy

place it was, despite the wine-bibbers that did profane it, and the inn-keeper's wife a most buxom, eye-pleasing wench, with three sturdy boys aye clambering about her. As I looked, some hard and sinful thoughts did visit my heart concerning the bounty that the Lord had lavished upon one who was a barterer of wine, when I, who had lived ever a temperate and (in so far as was in my power) a godly life, should remain childless. But I did conquer at last, bidding Satan get behind me, and was left in peace to toast my feet, and to ponder as to who it was that my lady had sent me thither to mark. Had I not loved my lady with all my heart, methinks I could not have stood the terms that were heaped upon me by the brawlers. I will not repeat the foul slanders; suffice it to say, I sustained for one half hour what few men are called upon to endure throughout a lifetime.

At last, the newness being gone, they left me in peace, and I, being settled safely in my corner, did set to work to watch the door.

Who should enter at that very moment, but my Lord Denbeigh! He was wrapped in a long brown cloak, and wore a broad hat, unornamented by plume or buckle, pulled down over his eyes. He came and tossed himself into a chair near the fire, and sat there pondering upon the coals, with his legs out in front of him. Now I have ever had a woman-weakness for a goodly leg in man, and the splendid limbs of Lord Denbeigh did witch me into a steadier gaze than that which civility doth permit. This by and by he did notice, and so spoke to me.

“At what art thou staring, ancient?” quoth he, not unkindly. So I told him, whereupon he laughed somewhat.

“Methinks thou art but a doting body,” he said, “and yet is thy face familiar. What now? Hast thou e'er met with me before?”

Then did I lie right roundly, being, to confess the truth, not a little afraid.

"Out on thee," saith his lordship; "the truth is not in thee. I ne'er forget a face. How then shall I forget a face such as thine? Certes I have seen thee before. Wilt thou colt me?"

And again lied I, — blackly, most abominably.

"As thou wilt," quoth he. "But thy face is known to me, for all that."

It was at this time that the door opened again, and there did enter a stripling, clad all in dark maroon velvet, wrapped also about with a long cloak, and having a velvet bonnet pulled down over his brows i' th' manner o' Lord Denbeigh's. One could see naught o' his visage for the shadow from his head-gear. The revelers scarce noted his entrance, being far gone in drink, and some having departed, and others asleep. The lad came and stood near the fire, and I saw that he looked at Lord Denbeigh from under his drooping bonnet, — the earl having withdrawn unto a table apart, with a glass of wine and some papers, and his sword across the table. Even as I looked the boy turned, and went over, and leaned on the table to finger the heavy sword. My heart was afraid within me, for there was a dark light in the eyes that flashed up at the youth from under Lord Denbeigh's stern brows. I was nigh unto them, being but a stride or two apart, and so marked all that passed between them.

"By my troth," quoth his lordship, "a valiant crack!"

"Meaning me?" quoth the lad, smiling.

"Ay, meaning thee, Sir Insolence. Dost thou know how to handle thy own sword, that thou handlest a stranger's so freely?"

"Even so. But I meant not to vex thee. In truth, I am come to thee on an errand of life and death;" and as he spoke, he did doff his bonnet and toss it

upon the table, and the firelight and candlelight did leap upon his fair curls, and as I saw his face it was the face of my lady. The earl did start half-way to his feet, and his face was first like fire and then like snow.

"Margaret!" he saith, back of his teeth as 't were.

And the lad smiled, leaning still upon the table.

"Nay, my sister is called so," he said, "but my name is Robert, and I am the Lord of Amhurst and her brother. Happily she hath mentioned me unto your lordship."

The earl stared as one who sees a ghost (though I believe not in them myself), and he saith, "Whence comest thou? All think that thou art dead."

And the boy said: —

"Nay, but I would not that any besides thee knew of my whereabouts. As to thee, I know more concerning thee even than my sister, and it is for her sake that I come to thee to-night."

And my lord saith, "For her sake?"

"Even so. I am come to persuade thee that thou wilt not go on the errand thou wottest of two nights hence. There are those who do mean thee death. It is certain that thy life is plotted against. Surely thou wilt be warned?" And as I looked the color left the lad's face, and he grew white as any woman. Almost I could have sworn it was my lady's face. Line for line, eyelash for eyelash, look for look. And methought no mother's heart e'er yearned toward her new-born babe as yearned my heart toward the youth. It seemed as though I must cry out to him. To see him thus after five weary years; to be so near him, and yet unable to touch even the latchet of his shoes, or to hear his voice calling my name. I trembled and was blind with longing. When at last I did look up, he said again, "Surely, thou wilt be advised?"

The earl leaned with his forehead set

in his clasped hands, and by and by he said, —

“It is impossible. Would that I could!”

And the lad said, —

“Nay, it is not impossible. Thou canst save thy own life with a word.”

And Lord Denbeigh answered him,

“My life is not worth even a word,” and he did not lift up his forehead from his hands.

Then said my master: “Thy life may be worth less than naught to thee, but to others its price is above their own.” And again he was as pale as any girl.

And he spoke again and said, “Thou wilt not go? Thou wilt be warned?”

And again did the man answer, saying, “Impossible.”

Then saith my master, —

“Lord Denbeigh, if thou goest to London on the morrow, I will follow thee there. Nay, thou canst not prevent me. And think you my sister’s heart will be warmer towards thee if her brother’s blood be spilled at thy behest?”

And the earl sat with his stern eyes on the lad, and he said, —

“Thy blood will ne’er be spent at my behest. I do forbid thee to follow me.”

And the lad said, —

“I am not to be forbidden.” So they stood and looked at one another. And all at once the boy put out his hand (’t was my lady’s very gesture) and took the earl’s sleeve, and saith he in a gentle voice, —

“Thou wert a man after God’s own heart, did not thou let Satan consort with thee.”

Then turned Lord Denbeigh with a laugh that was not merry. And he saith, —

“An thou quotest Scripture to me, select thy texts with greater care. Even to my mind there doth come one more suiting, for even as Job ‘I am a com-

panion of owls, and a brother to dragons.’”

Then saith the lad, still with his hand on the man’s arm,

“Is it not the more to thy discredit that thou, who couldst be brother to Christ, do make brothers of dragons? Verily, my lord, I am bold through my sister, for methinks it is thus that she would have answered thee.”

And the man turned away as though to hide his face.

III.

Lord Robert spoke with Lord Denbeigh at some length, but he was not to be turned from his purpose (which, methought, must be a very strange and gruesome one, judging by their words). So finally they went out separately, and I got me back to Amhurst.

The next morning I did relate to my lady all that had passed, but mentioning no names, as I saw that she wished it not. And when I was finished she bade me go straightway to London and find out the whereabouts of Lord Denbeigh. Moreover, she told me that she herself would be there shortly with Marian, and that they two would lodge at the house of Marian’s aunt, one Mistress Pepper, a linen-draper’s wife. At this I wondered greatly, the more that she should keep silent concerning her brother than that she should follow him to London. And all that I could think was that Lord Robert was in some dire conspiracy, likewise the earl, and that she feared for the lives of one or both. So we all go to London, I earlier than my lady and Marian.

For a day I lost sight of Lord Denbeigh (whom I had followed closely all the way from Warwickshire), but the next afternoon I marked him as he passed along a by-way, and heard him speak with some one of his friends, naming a tavern where he would meet him at a certain hour that night.

So first I found out where the tavern was, then straight to my lady and acquainted her with all that I had discovered.

She said naught but to commend my diligence, and she went whiter than a just-washed sheep at shearing time. Quoth I to myself, "Butter, there is more here than thou wottest of;" which was very true.

That night, a little before the hour set upon, I did get me to the tavern, and lurked quietly in the shadows where none might observe; and there, verily, was the earl and him with whom he had spoken in the afternoon. He had but said a word or so when Lord Robert entered, and went and stood at his elbow, but did not touch him or pluck at his cloak. Albeit, the earl seemed to feel his presence, for shortly he turned and saw the lad.

"How!" quoth he. "Thou here?"

And the boy said, "I told thee I would follow thee."

And Lord Denbeigh answered him, "Dost thou know of what thou speakest?"

And the lad said, "Verily I know, and thou mayest trust me;" and with that he muttered two or three words under his breath, which, because of mine old ears, I could not catch. And the two men started and looked at one another. Then the earl did turn to his friend, saying to him that they could indeed trust the lad. So they three clasped hands. When that was done, Lord Denbeigh turns to my master, and saith he, "Hast thou thy dirk with thee?" and the lad answered that he had both sword and dagger.

"Not that there is any danger," quoth the earl, "but that thou mayest feel easy."

But the lad said, "There is danger, as I have told thee. And thou art putting thy life in jeopardy." At this Lord Denbeigh only laughed, but as they went out into the street I marked that

he kept the lad close at his side, almost as a mother keeps a child.

The night was still and cold, and the sky full of little white clouds that lapped the one over the other, like shells on a seashore. Now and again the moon would strike through, in a long, bright ray, that seemed like a keen blade or lance severing the misty air. The three went on and on, through many winding ways, and still I followed, for I knew not into what danger the lad might be hastening.

All at once, in a dark turning, there came the clang of swords and a rushing and scuffling, but no cry of any kind. And methought the silence was more hideous than sound. Stiff as were my old joints with disuse, I drew my sword and lay about me lustily, striving to get between the villains and my young master (which is no credit to me, as I was so wrought with rage that I verily believe I would have no more felt the thrust of a rapier than Marian's housewife the prick of a needle). But there was no method in aught, neither could anything be seen; for the moon had withdrawn behind the clouds, and we seemed to be fighting underneath clear water, so pale and ghastly was the light shed about us from the pale clouds. And as I struck out with my sword I saw a fellow in a mask close with Lord Denbeigh, lifting a dagger high in his hand, while another rascal pinned the earl's hands to his sides. And even as I looked, the lad leaped between, and the thin knife went deep into his breast. At the same time there was a louder clash of swords, and a thudding of men's bodies together, and the masked wretches turned about and did take to their heels with a good will. So I sheathed my sword and ran forward.

Lord Denbeigh and his friend were bending over the lad, who lay outstretched between them, with his white face turned up to the white sky, looking like the face of a dead man at the bot-

tom of a clear pool. Then could I not withhold my grief, but cried aloud, "My master, my master!" and tried to feel with my trembling old hands for the wound.

Then said the earl, "Not here! I will carry him to a place of safety." And he lifted the boy in his arms, as though he had been a hurt child.

When the other saw that, he laid hold on Lord Denbeigh's arm, saying, "What mean you? Are you distraught? There is but scarce time by the clock."

And the earl said, "Go you on. I must take this boy where his wound can be bound."

"Nay," said the man. "I tell you, you are mad!"

And Lord Denbeigh turned on him, and spoke in a harsh voice:—

"I have said I will not go. I have done with thee and thine. Go thy ways e'er it be too late;" and he passed on and left the man to swallow the moonshine with his great gaping mouth.

And he saith unto me, "Follow closely." So by and by we come to a great gray house, and Lord Denbeigh opened the door and bade me enter with him.

We passed through a vast hall, and up a ponderous staircase, and into a room. A fire was burning on the hearth, and there was a fantastic kind of lamp swinging from a silver chain above the bed's foot.

I guessed rightly, that this was his lordship's own apartment. He lay the lad on the bed, and fell to undoing his doublet of black velvet. I did see him set to shivering, as 'twere, when he noted the red stains on the shirt underneath, and my heart stood still within me. Then he opened the red linen, and did put in his hand gently to feel if the heart were yet beating. But no sooner had he done this than he gave a strange cry, and drew out his hand dripping with blood, and stood staring and trembling. At the same moment the lad stirred, and opened his eyes, and began

to clutch feebly at his doublet, drawing it together. I made naught of it until Lord Denbeigh did turn to me with the face of a dead man, and quoth he, "Stay here while I fetch women," and so rushed out like one in truth distraught.

Then did it all come upon me, and I knew that the face upon which I looked was the face of my lady.

Ere another second had passed I heard the earl's voice without, and he spoke with a woman:—

"Do thou go instantly and clothe the lady within in some of thy garments. And have care that thou say no word to any of what hath happened, else will it not be well for thee." When I heard the tone in which he spoke, methought in truth it would not be well for her did she not heed his commands.

Shortly there entered a woman most marvelous fair; with hair that seemed spun of black taffetas, and a skin like a white jasmine. When she saw the blood her lips whitened, and she did close them more closely, but no cry escaped her. Whereat I was much ashamed, remembering the hullabaloo that I had raised.

I turned aside while she disrobed my lady and clothed her in clean linen, and drew down the sheets, placing her between them. But the blood still flowed in spite of all bandages, and the fair linen was soon crimson.

And when all was prepared, the woman went to the door and said, "You can enter;" and the earl came into the chamber again. When, however, he did see my lady, he cried out, "God in heaven! She will bleed to death!" and he called the woman and showed her how to staunch the wound. Then when the steps of the surgeon were heard in the hall without, he said unto her, "Remember. She is thy sister, and thieves have stabbed her for the jewels on her neck."

And she answered him, "I will remember."

And all this time methought I was in an evil dream, and that Marian for some spite would not awaken me.

How it came about, to this day I recollect not, but ere two weeks had sped we were again at Amhurst and my lady in her own bower under Marian's care. As to that, Marian had been with my lady ever since the fatal night whereon she was nigh done to death by that masked ruffian.

The earl did go himself to fetch her from Mistress Pepper's, and after that she came, neither of us saw the sloe-eyed woman any more.

None had known of my lady's stay in town, saving my lady herself, Lord Denbeigh, the black-eyed woman (who never uttered word more, good or bad, after that she had said, "I will remember"), Marian, and me. So besides us five, no one was the wiser.

It was towards the last of May that my lady did beg that we would lift her out to sit in a long-chair on the east terrace. The birds were at their morning gossiping in the shrubbery, and the air was most sweet with the breath of the white lilacs. My lady looked like a snow-wreath fallen suddenly among the greenery of spring, but her eyes did peep softly, like blue-bells, from the snows of her face. Methought she was all white and blue, like the heavens above her, and her hair made sunshine over all. Herne, the blood-hound, lay at her feet, and would not be stirred, though for sport my lady had Marian to tempt him with some comfits.

While we were all there, and my lady showing us how the light shined through her thin hands, and discoursing right merrily, there came a page and handed her a letter. Back fell she among her pillows, and her eyelids dropped over her eyes, like snow-flakes fallen on violets. Anon she opened the letter, and having read it said unto Marian, "Nurse, go bid him hither." So Marian beckoned me, and we left her. As we

entered the house, who should pass us but my Lord of Denbeigh, and o' my word he was whiter than my lady, if anything, and wrapped as usual in a long cloak. He seemed not to see us, and we went on in silence.

Here transpires the only part of this narrative concerning which I am reluctant to write. I will out with it, however, and the Almighty knows that I have not done with repentance even yet. So be it. There was a window overhanging the terrace where my lady sat (the window out of which she had leaned to speak to me about repairing to the Red Deer). But let me not defer longer. I, Anthony Butter, of respectable parents, and counted among my fellows and betters an honest man, did go to this window, and did most deliberately listen to the words that passed between my mistress and the Earl of Denbeigh. In fact (for I have sworn to keep back no jot or tittle of the truth), I did speed me so fast that I was at the window ere his lordship reached my lady's side.

He came slowly, but his look went before him, and was fast upon my lady's face ere he himself was within ten yards of her. When at last he was come to her side, he did stand and look down on her, but uttered no word. And also my lady did look down, and there was a light like sunset on her cheek.

Then suddenly did he drop upon his knees beside her, and bowed down his head upon her knee and was silent. Then my lady (God forever keep her!) did turn her eyes quickly and stole a look to see that no one was nigh (God forgive my dastardly presence!), and did reach out one pale hand, half fearfully as 't were, and did let it rest upon the man's bowed head, as a white rose-leaf falls and rests on the earth. And she said but two words,—

"My friend;" yet methought all love was in them. Whereat he raised his head and looked at her, and it is so that men look upward when they pray.

He took her hands with his and held them to her breast, and he saith, —

“Dear saint, if thou forgivest me, wilt thou but kiss my brow?” And she bended forward and kissed him. And he trembled, calling her by name. And she asked him what he would with her.

Then kneeling at her side he spoke to her, and his words were as follows :

“Thou hast heard of my life and of my misfortunes, but all hath not been told thee. Grant me but patience for a moment, that I myself may tell thee all.”

And she saith unto him, “Say on.” So he spoke and said, —

“There is much that I may not tell thee, yet part I will tell thee, for that I must. Thou hast heard how that my wife” — But he could not continue, so dropped his face into my lady’s hands, and she waited for him, saying softly, —

“I will understand what thou dost not say. Be not troubled, but speak out thy soul to me,” and presently he told her more. As I do live, never listened I to sadder story. So piteous it was that my tears fell down like rain, and I was sore afraid that my sighing would discover my whereabouts. But the Almighty is merciful even to sinners, and I remained unnoted. ’T was the old tale of love and treachery ; a false wife and a friend who was a villain.

The earl had killed the man (but in fair encounter), and his wife he had brought back, never to be as husband to her more, but to preserve her from further sin. And I do maintain that ’t was a noble act, and I did quite forgive him the blood of his betrayer. Methought my lady did forgive him too, for she did but stroke his hair softly, saying ever and anon, “Poor soul,” or “God help thee.” And by and by he lifted his face and saith, “But the worst is yet to tell thee.”

And she said again, “Say on.”

And he trembled again, but spoke

out bravely : “My wife yet lives. It was she who bound thy wounds.”

Now at this I thought to see my lady swoon. But she only smiled, though better had one seen her weep than smile in such wise. And she saith, “I have known that these many days,” and she leaned towards him, and placed both hands upon his head, saying, “Weep not. I hold thee guiltless. Do not weep.”

But he sobbed, clasping her knees, as one whose heart is broken, saying now and again below his breath, “O God ! O God !”

If there be this side the stars a more awful sight than the sight of a strong man in tears, God grant I may ne’er behold it ; for surely I should die of pity. Doth it please God that I resemble Abraham in the matter of age, if in none other, ne’er will that scene fade from my memory.

My lady, so wan and white and narrow, like a tall lily over which a rude wind hath swept, and at her knee the strong man bowed as a little lad that saith his prayers, clasping her kirtle and her hands, as though one sinking in deep waters were to grasp at a floating stem of flowers for support. And after a while, when the violence of his grief was spent, he saith unto her, —

“I sail for Spain with Essex on the morrow, as thou knowest. But it doth remain for me to tell thee why I go. It is for that I think the lad, thy brother, hath been a prisoner of war these many years, and I go to bring him to thee.”

And she sat and looked at him as though her heart had leaped from her breast into his body ; but she spake no words save only, “God keep thee, God go with thee.”

And suddenly he saith unto her, as though the words would forth,

“I loved thee from the moment that I saw thee. Let me but tell thee that.”

She whispered, saying, “It was even so with me.” And he lifted his eyes

and looked at her. Then fled I, as though I had drawn away the veil from the sanctuary, for I thought that God would surely smite me for having beheld that look.

So Lord Denbeigh sailed with the Earl of Essex for the war in Spain, and my lady's soul left her body and went with him; for surely 't was but her body that remained at Amhurst. All day long would she sit silent, nor move, nor look, and her hands the one upon the other before her, as who should say, "I am done with all things, whether of work or of play." So passed the months, and ever and anon some report would reach the village of the wild earl's deeds in Spain, and of how he would fight ten men with one arm wounded and the blood in his eyes, and such like tales. But no word came direct, either through letters or friends. So passed the months, and it was nigh to August, and the fighting was over for the time, when one day, with a clattering as of a horsed army, there comes dashing into the court two cavaliers on horseback, and one of them was my Lord of Denbeigh. Ere I could look at the other he had leaped to the ground, and had me about the neck a-kissing me as roundly as ever a wench in the market-place. And lo! when I looked, it was Lord Robert in very truth. He was grown out of all knowledge, and as brown as a nut, but as big and as bonny a lad as ever clapped hand to sword.

When I could turn my eyes from him upon the earl, I saw that he was waxed as pale as death, and wore his arm in a kerchief, and that there was a great red streak adown his temple, clean through his right eyebrow. And his splendid flanks and chest were hollow, like those of a good steed that lacketh fodder. But when he stood and leaned against his horse's neck and smiled at us, methought he was by far the goodliest man that ever I had looked upon.

His teeth were as white as the foam on his horse's bit, and there was a deep nick at the corner of his mouth, like that at the mouth of a girl.

Then must I call Marian, and send her to break the news to my lady. So in a moment she comes rushing down along the stairway, like a branch that is blown suddenly from the top o' a tall tree, and so into Lord Robert's arms. And he catches her to his heart, and so stands holding her. And they make no motion nor any sound whatever. Then turns the earl away, and leaves them together. But I marked that his eyes were brimming, and that there was a quiver in his lip.

Ere night all is known to us: how Lord Robert had been a prisoner in Spain all these years, yet was he treated with courtesy at the behest o' some wench. But he did not love her, God be praised! And 't is in my mind to this day how he might have wed her, and how the earl did relate to him his bitter experiences with a Spanish wife. Ay, that is my firm opinion. All this and more did we hear, laughing and weeping by turns. But it was not until Lord Robert saw my lady alone that she heard of how the earl had saved him at the risk of his own life, all but bearing him in his arms through the enemy, hewing his way right and left. And moreover, Lord Robert did tell how that the blood from that cut on the earl's temple did in truth run down into his eyes and blind him, but how that he dashed it back and slew the man who wounded him, and so they escaped.

The next morning, as I did sally forth with my cross-bow to have a shot at a screech-owl which for some nights past had disturbed Marian's slumbers, she in her turn having disturbed mine, I did see Lord Denbeigh come out upon the terrace and throw himself down along the grass, beneath a tulip-tree, with a book. But he read not, lying

very quiet, with his head raised up upon one hand and his elbow sunk in the soft turf. And as the sunlight struck through the leaves upon his glittering hair, and his face like marble, I could not but pause to gaze on him, so noble looked he. But his eyes were far away, and his thoughts with them.

It was for this that he did not hear my lady coming, until she stood beside him, and her white gown brushed his cheek. But seeing her, he leaped to his feet, and the blood ran along his face, and then seemed all to settle in the long wound, leaving him more pale than before. And she said to him, —

“Nay, do not rise, for thou art weak yet;” but he would not be seated, so they stood there, side by side in the fair morning light. And presently she puts out her hand (no one ere reached out their hand as did my lady), and she just lays it on his sleeve, and saith she, “I am come to thank you, — to thank you with all my heart and soul” — and there a sob chokes her, and she can say no more.

Again the blood swept up across his brow. And he said, “For God’s love, say no more.”

But she answered, saying, “Nay, I have so much to say.” And she came nearer to him for a little space. And her head drooped downward like a flower full of rain. And she did knit and unknit her white fingers as they hung before her. And she saith, “There is no guerdon worthy such a knight, but an if thou” —

Then all on a sudden did she reach out both arms towards him, and her fair hands palms upwards, and the scarlet leaped to her very brow; but she lifted her little head proudly, albeit her eyes were dropped downward, and she said unto him, “I do love thee.”

And he trembled from head to foot, and parting his lips as though to speak, reached out his arms and clasped her.

And when I realized what I had done,

I did drop my cross-bow and took to my heels like one followed by goblins.

Now even as I hope to be saved, I but just come to recognize that this was my second eavesdropping. So be it. I have vowed, and must keep my vow.

It was all made clear to me that night, when Marian did relate to me how that the Spanish woman had slain herself by swallowing flame. At which (though mightily pleased, God forgive me, on account of my lady and the earl) I was more than ever thankful that Lord Robert had escaped alive and unwed out o’ th’ clutches o’ th’ Spanish wench. And here it occurreth to me that I have not yet told that Marian did know from the first of my lady’s going up to town dressed as her brother. This I record more on account of its being a marvelous instance of a woman’s keeping her tongue than to shame Marian, who hath often read how that wives should submit themselves unto their husbands as unto the Lord. Howbeit, all ended so happily that I had not the heart to scold her.

With the first frosts of October my lady and the earl were wed. Methought the queen herself could not have had a finer wedding, and certes no woman could have had a nobler spouse. He was yet pale from his wounds, but most soldierly of bearing and proud of carriage. He was clad all in white, like my lady. A more beauteous apparel I have never seen.

His doublet was of cloth of silver, with a close jerkin of white satin embroidered in silver and little pearls. His girdle and the scabbard of his sword were of cloth of silver with golden buckles. His poniard and sword were hilted and mounted in gold, together with many blazing orders and richer devices that I know not how to enumerate.

My lady’s gown was all of white satin, sewn down the front with little pearls like those on my lord’s jerkin. And her ruff was of soft lace, not stiff.

as was the fashion, but falling about her bosom most modestly and becomingly. Lord Robert, methinks, was eke as goodly, after his way, as either his sister or Lord Denbeigh; being close clad from head to foot in crimson sarcenet, slashed all with cloth of gold. My lady had given me some suiting clothes for the occasion; and as for Marian, methought in her new gown of sea-green taffetas, with her new ruff and head-gear, that she looked as fair a matron as any mother of fine lads in all England.

IV.

Seven months they had been wed, and it was May again. Methought such love had never been on earth since Eden. 'T was gladness but to see them. And all, moreo'er, was so well with Lord Robert, who, folks did say, was in mighty great favor at court, and like to become a shining light in the land.

'T was on a May morning. The trees were a-lilt with birds, and the sound of waters set all the winds a-singing. All at once comes my lord and sets his hand on my shoulder. Then know I that something dire hath happened. And he saith, "Friend, where is thy mistress?"

And I tell him that she is out among her roses.

Then saith he all at once, "The Queen hath sent for me, — I must to war."

And I could do naught but stare at him. And he said to me, "In an hour I must be gone. Say naught to thy mistress. I will go don a suiting dress, and do thou bring me my sword and give it into my hand."

And he went, returning shortly, and I gave him the sword. It was then that we heard the voice of my lady without, and she sang a song of the spring-tide. The words I have ne'er forgot, though I did but hear them once: —

"For O! For O!
The cowslips blow,
And the ground's all gold below me;
The speedwell's eye
Peers up so bli'
I swear it seems to know me!

"The lady-smocks
In silver frocks
Do flout the sonsy clover;
The humble bee
Consorts wi' me
And hails me for a rover.

"Then trip, then trip,
And if ye slip
Your lad will lend a hand O;
The lass in green
With black, black een
Is the fairest in the land O."

And as the earl listened methought he would have fallen, grasping my shoulder, old man as I was, and bending down his head upon it. And I did stay him with my arm as though he had been my very son, — for old age is father to all men.

So my lady comes in, with her gold hair blowing and her white kirtle full of red roses, and seeing her lord goes to meet him. But when she noted the soldierly fashioning of his dress and the sword girt at his thigh, she opened her lips as though to cry out, but no sound escaped them. And her kirtle slipped from her hold, and the red roses lay between them like a pool of blood.

Then she saith unto him, "Tell me. Quick, quick!"

And he lifts her to him, and saith, "Sweetheart, my Queen hath bidden me come fight for her and for my country."

And she saith naught, only clasps him.

But by and by she cries out, saying, "Go not! Go not! Else wilt thou kill me." And so speaking, falls like one dead at her lord's feet.

Then I, running like one distraught to fetch Marian, do tilt pell-mell into Lord Robert, who hath come down to Amhurst for a week or so of rest.

"Hey-dey!" quoth he. "What Jack-a-lent hath frightened thee?" And I told him all. Never a word said he,

but went straightway and got upon his horse, and clapped spurs to its sides, and so out of sight.

And all that night my lady lay nigh to death, so that there was ne'er a thought in the breast of any for another soul. Therefore Lord Robert was not missed.

Ere two days were past came a man with dispatches, and we found out how that Lord Robert had substituted himself for the earl (having acquainted the Queen with the circumstances, and he being, moreover, so great a favorite); and how the Queen had granted Lord Denbeigh leave to remain in England a while longer.

And so his lordship was with his lady when their child was born, but Lord Robert was killed in the wars.

They grieved sore for him, and for many weeks would not be comforted. And even it was said that the Queen mourned for him, and did banish all festivities from court for the space of several days.

But like as the stars do pale in the morning sky, so pales the orb of sorrow before the rays of the great sun, happiness.

And though he was ne'er forgotten, and though the tears would spring to my lady's eyes heard she but his name mentioned, yet she did smile again and was happy.

It chanced but this morning that Marian and I, leaning from the window that overlooks the east terrace, did see a most winsome sight.

'T was a fair morning and May again, and on such mornings as these my lady would go forth on the east terrace with the child. And there grow all such sweet flowers as my lady loves, — the red mule-pinks, and dame-violets, such as are sweet o' evenings, but marvelous fair to look upon both by sunlight and moonlight. And the south wall was all

thick with the yellow violets, so that my lady's head looked like the head o' a saint against a golden platter. And there did my lady sit, on a quaintly wrought bench, and with the little lord.

And this morning, when she was seated, and the babe curled against her bosom, and Marian and myself thinking o' the pictures o' the Virgin Mary and the blessed Jesus (saving that my lady's kirtle was all of white and gold, like the lilies knotted in her waistband), she looked up on a sudden, and lo! there was the master coming along over the grass towards her. When he saw who it was that sat there, he doffed his plumed hat like as though it had been the Virgin Mary for very truth; and he paused a minute, but then came on.

When my lady saw him who he was, there came a fair red o'er all the white o' her throat and face; ay, and withal over her very bosom. And she put up one white hand, with her wedding-ring on 't, and made as though she would shield the sun from the babe's eyes.

And all this time my lord came slowly over the grass, as though the sweet sight did pleasure him both far and near. And when he was approached, he stood, still with his hat in his hand, and looked down at the babe and its mother, and was silent.

Then the child, feeling mayhap that its father was near, did twist over towards him, reaching out its waxen arm, and smiled right knowingly.

Then my lord, plucking the great plume out o' his hat, lay it across my lady's bosom. And moreover, he knelt and put an hand on the babe, but his arm he lay about his wife.

Then did she draw both my lord and the child to her, and pressed them against her, but her face she lifted Godwards.

And something spoke within our hearts that we turned and left the window.

CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC.

TOWARD the close of the eighteenth century there appeared in Germany, under the lead of Tieck, Novalis, and the Schlegels, a class of writers and of writings known as the Romantic School.

The appellation gave rise to wide discussion of what, precisely, is meant by that phrase, and what distinguishes "romantic" from "classic" to which it is opposed. Goethe characterized the difference as equivalent to healthy and morbid. Schiller proposed "naive and sentimental." The greater part regarded it as identical with the difference between ancient and modern, which was partly true, but explained nothing. None of the definitions given could be accepted as quite satisfactory.

What do we mean by "romantic"? The word, as we know, is derived from the old Romanic or Romance languages which formed, in mediæval times, the transition from the Latin to the dialects of modern Southern Europe. The invaders of Italy found a *patois* called *Romana rustica*, thus distinguished from the pure Latin of the cultivated Roman. Romance is a fusion of this *Romana rustica* with the native speech of barbarous tribes. It attained its most perfect development in Southern France, in the country of Provence, where it became the *langue d'oc*; that is, the language in which "yes" is *oc* (German *auch*), while, in the Romance of Northern France, "yes" is *oïl*, in modern French *oui*.

Poems and tales in the Romance language took the name *Romàn*, in English, "romance" or "romant."

Originally, then, "romantic" meant simply writings in the Romance language as distinguished from writings in the Latin tongue, the better sort of which were called classic, from *classici*, that is, first-class.

But the difference was not one of language merely. There was manifest in those Romance compositions, as compared with the classic, a difference of tone, of spirit, and even of subject matter, which has given to the term "romantic" a far wider significance than that of literary classification. We speak of romantic characters, romantic situations, romantic scenery. What do we mean by this expression? Something very subtle, undefinable, but felt by all. If we analyze the feeling we shall find, I think, that it has its origin in wonder and mystery. It is the sense of something hidden, of imperfect revelation. The woody dell, the leafy glen, the forest path which leads one knows not whither, are romantic; the public highway is not. Moonlight is romantic as contrasted with daylight. The winding, secret brook, "old as the hills that feed it from afar," is romantic as compared with the broad river rolling through level banks.

The essence of romance is mystery. But now a further question. What caused the Romance writings more than the classic to take on this charm of mystery? Something perhaps is due to the influence on the writers of sylvan surroundings, of wild nature, as contrasted with the civic life which seems to have been the lot of the Latin classic authors. But mainly it was the influence of the Christian religion, which deepened immensely the mystery of life, suggesting something beyond and behind the world of sense.

The word "classic" is more commonly employed in the sense of style. It denotes the manner of treatment irrespective of the topic. The peculiarity of the classic style is reserve, self-suppression of the writer. The romantic is self-reflecting. In the one the writer

stands aloof from his theme, in the other he pervades it. The classic treatment draws attention to the matter in hand, the romantic to the hand in the matter. The classic is passionless presentation, the romantic is impassioned demonstration. The classic narrator tells his story without comment; the romantic colors it with his reflections, and criticises while he narrates.

"Homer," says Landor, "is subject to none of the passions, but he sends them all forth on their errands with as much precision as Apollo his golden arrows. The hostile gods, the very Fates, must have wept with Priam before the tent of Achilles; Homer stands unmoved."

Schiller draws a parallel between Homer and Ariosto in their treatment of the same subject, an agreement between two enemies. In the *Iliad*, Glaucus and Diomed, a Trojan and a Greek, encountering each other in battle, and discovering that they are mutually related by the binding law of hospitality, agree to avoid each other in the fight, and in token thereof exchange with each other their suits of armor. Glaucus, without hesitation, gives his gold suit worth a hundred oxen for Diomed's steel suit worth nine. Schiller thinks that a modern poet would have expatiated on the moral beauty of such an act, but Homer simply states it without note or comment. Ariosto, on the other hand, having related how two knights who were rivals, a Christian and a Saracen, after mauling each other in a hand-to-hand combat, make peace and mount the same steed to pursue the fugitive Angelica, in whom both are interested, breaks forth in admiring praise of the magnanimity of ancient knight-hood:—

"Oh, noble minds by knights of old possessed!
Two faiths they knew, one love their hearts pro-
fessed.

While still their limbs the smarting anguish
feel

Of strokes inflicted by the hostile steel,

Through winding paths and lonely woods they
go,
Yet no suspicion their brave bosoms know."

There is no better illustration of the reserve, the passionless transparency and *naïveté*, of the classic style of narrative than that which is given us in the Acts of the Apostles; not the work of a recognized classic author, but beautifully classic in its pure objectivity, its absence of personal coloring. In that wonderful narrative of Paul's shipwreck the narrator closes his account of an anxious night with these words: "Then fearing lest they should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day." Fancy a modern writer dealing with such a theme! How he would enlarge on the racking suspense, the tortures of expectation, endured by the storm-tossed company through the weary hours of a night which threatened instant destruction! How he would dwell on the momentary dread of the shock which should shatter the frail bark and engulf the devoted crew, the angry billows hungering for their prey, eyes strained to catch the first glimmer of returning light, etc.! All which the writer of the Acts conveys in the single phrase, "And wished for the day."

Clear, unimpassioned, impartial presentation of the subject, whether fact or fiction, whether done in prose or verse, is the prominent feature of the classic style. The modern writer gives you not so much the things themselves as his impression of them. You are compelled to see them through his eyes: that is, through his feelings and reflections. The ancients present them in their own light, without coloring. They would seem to have possessed other powers of seeing than the modern, who, as Jean Paul says, stands with an intellectual spyglass behind his own eyes. Certainly they possessed the art of so placing their object as not to have their own shadow fall upon it.

The difference is especially noticeable in poetry, where each style unfolds itself more fully and both are perfected in their several kinds. Ancient poetry is characterized by sharp delineations of individual objects, modern poetry by the color it gives to things and the sentiments it associates with them.

The healthy nature of the ancients cared little for anything beyond the visible world in which they moved. The finer their organization, the clearer the impressions which they received from surrounding objects. The modern, estranged from nature, is thrown back upon himself; the finer his organization, the more feelingly he is affected by his environment. The ancient lived more in phenomena, the modern more in thought. Hence, as Schiller says, classic poetry affects us through the medium of facts, romantic through the medium of ideas.

In the thought of the ancients — I speak particularly of the Greeks — soul and body, spiritual and material, were not divided, but blended, fused, in one consciousness, one nature, one man. This identity of matter and mind which they realized in their life is expressed in all the creations of Grecian art.

For us moderns this harmony is lost. The beautiful equilibrium of matter and spirit is destroyed. We are divided within ourselves, our nature is rent in twain. We have discovered that we exist. We are become aware of spirit, and like children of a larger growth would pick the world to pieces to find where it hides. To the Greeks the world was a fact, to us it is a problem. Where they accepted, we analyze; where they rested, we challenge and dispute; where they lost themselves in contemplation, we seek ourselves in reflection; where they dreamed, we dream that we dream. They enjoyed the ideal in the actual; we seek it apart from the actual, in the vague inane.

It must not, however, be supposed that

ancient and classic on one side, and modern and romantic on the other, are inseparably one; so that nothing approaching to romantic shall be found in any Greek or Roman author, nor any classic page in the literature of modern Europe. What has been said is to be understood as indicating only the prevailing characteristics, respectively, of the earlier and the latter ages.

Moreover, the word "ancient" is not intended to include all writers of Greek and Latin. The literary line of demarkation is not identical with the chronological one which divides the old world from mediæval time. On the contrary, the pagan writers of the post-Augustan age of Latin literature have much in common with the modern. The story of Cupid and Psyche, in the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, is as much a romance as any composition of the seventeenth or eighteenth century. The *Letters* of the younger Pliny and the *Attic Nights* of Aulus Gellius have very little of the savor of antiquity. The exquisite poem of the last-named writer, which gives the psychology of a kiss, beginning with,

"Dum semihulco suavio
Meum puellum suavior,"

is intensely modern. Even Tacitus, as a historiographer, is reflective, and so far modern, as compared with Livy. Of Greek writers, also, Lucian and Plutarch, — especially the former, — if classic in style, are modern in spirit.

On the other hand, Dante and Milton are classic in their objective particularity of presentment. Dante, in his vision of Malebolge, where public speculators are punished by being plunged in a lake of boiling pitch, gives a Homeric description of the Venetian dockyard where boiling pitch was used for the repair of vessels.

Milton is not satisfied with comparing a warrior's shield to the full moon, as other poets have done, but Homer-like adds: —

“Whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fiesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.”

Ancient and modern are not more sharply contrasted than are Gibbon and Carlyle as historiographers. Mark the calm, impersonal style in which Gibbon recounts the horrible slaughter of the family of the Emperor Maurice by the decree and in the presence of the usurper Phocas: “The ministers of death were dispatched to Chalcedon; they dragged the emperor from his sanctuary, and the five sons of Maurice were successively murdered before the eyes of their agonizing parent. At each stroke which he felt in his heart he found strength to rehearse a pious ejaculation. . . . The tragic scene was finally closed by the execution of the emperor himself, in the twentieth year of his reign and the sixty-third of his age.” Compare this with Carlyle’s account of the slaughter of Princess Lamballe: “She too is led to the hell-gate, a manifest Queen’s friend. She shivers back at the sight of the bloody sabres, but there is no return. Onwards! That fair, hind-head is cleft with the axe, the neck is severed. That fair body is cut in fragments. . . . She was beautiful, she was good; she had known no happiness. Young hearts, generation after generation, will think with themselves: ‘O worthy of worship, thou king-descended, God-descended, and poor sister woman! Why was not I there, and some sword Balmung or Thor’s hammer in my hand?’”

Modern English poets from Cowper on, with few exceptions, are strictly romantic compared with their immediate predecessors. Most romantic of all, Scott in his themes and Byron in his mood.

Among prose writers romanticism has reached its climax in recent novelists as shown in their attempted descriptions

of scenery, particularly sky scenery. The elder novelists, from Richardson to Scott, attempted nothing of the sort. They describe persons and scenes, but not *scenery* in the commonly received sense of the word. Even Scott is sparing in descriptions of landscapes, and abstains altogether from *skyscapes*, if I may be allowed the phrase. I mean such pictures as Black undertakes in *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*; and the author of *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, in his maritime tales. In one of the most popular of living novelists I find, among others, this extravaganza: “In the whole crystalline hollow, gleaming and flowing with delight, yet waiting for more, the Psyche was the only life-bearing thing, the one cloudy germ spot afloat in the bosom of the great roc-egg of the sea and sky, whose sheltering nest was the universe with its walls of flame.” What classic writer would have perpetrated this amazing bombast?

The choicest examples of the classic style in modern English literature, I should say, are Swift, Defoe, Goldsmith, and more recently Landor, the last of the classicists.

If in these comments I have seemed to disparage the romantic style in comparison with the classic, I desire to correct that impression. The two are very different, but neither can be said, in the abstract and on universal grounds, to be better than the other, — better in and for every province of literature. For history one may prefer the cold reserve and colorless simplicity of the classic style, where the medium is lost in the object, as the light which makes all things visible is itself unseen. In poetry, on the other hand, the inwardness, the sentimental intensity, the subjective coloring, of the romantic style constitute a peculiar charm which is wanting in the classic. This charm in Childe Harold, for example, abundantly compensates the absence of pure objec-

tive painting which one might expect in a descriptive poem.

Romantic relates to classic somewhat as music relates to plastic art. How is it that painting and sculpture affect us? They arrest contemplation and occupy the mind with one defined whole. In that contemplation our whole being is for the time bound up. Consciousness excludes all else. Past and future are merged in the now, real and ideal are blended in one. Music, on the contrary, not only presents no definite object of contemplation, but just so far as it takes possession of us precludes contemplation; it allows no pause. Instead of arresting attention by something fixed, it carries attention away with it on its own irresistible current. It presents no finished ideal, but suggests ideals beyond the capacity of canvas or stone. Plastic art acts on the intellect, music on the feelings; the one affects us by what it presents, the other by what it suggests.

This, it seems to me, is essentially the difference between classic and romantic poetry. I need but name Homer and Milton as examples of the one, and Scott or Shelley as representative of the other. Instead of occupying the mind with well-defined images, romantic poetry crosses it with "thick-coming" fancies.

Rhyme, a characteristic property of modern poetry, favors this tendency, hindering clearness and fixedness of impression, perpetually breaking the images it presents, as the ripples which chase each other on the surface of a lake, though beautiful in themselves, prevent clear reflections of sky and shore. The classic poet is satisfied if his language exactly cover the idea; the romantic would give his words, in addition to their logical and etymological import, a suggestive interest; they must not only indicate the things intended, but must be the keynotes to certain associations which he himself connects

with them. The first couplet of the *Corsair*, —

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free," —

is not so much intended to paint the ocean as to convey the feeling which that element inspired in the poet. Of the same character are those lines in Scott's *Rokeby* : —

"Far in the chambers of the west
The gale had sighed itself to rest."

In his *Mazeppa*, Byron puts into the hero's mouth the following experience of sunrise : —

"Some streaks announced the coming sun;
How slow, alas, he came!
Methought that mist of dawning gray
Would never dapple into day.
How heavily it rolled away
Before the eastern flame
Rose crimson and deposed the stars,
And called the radiance from their cars,
And filled the earth from his deep throne
With lonely lustre all his own!"

We have here no distinct image of sunrise, such as a classic poet would present, but we have, what is better, the sensations with which the phenomenon is watched by the unfortunate victim. It is not the vision, but the heart's response to it, which the lines convey.

The analogy with music is aptly illustrated by the larger function which sound performs in romantic verse. The best passages of *Paradise Lost* would lose little if rendered in prose; but what would become of Scott, Moore, and Byron, if stripped of prosody and rhyme? All poetry by its rhythmical form addresses itself to the ear, but romantic poetry depends so much on the coöperation of that organ — on sound if read aloud, or the representation of sound if read silently — for its true appreciation that a deaf-and-dumb reader would lose the better part of the enjoyment we derive from such pieces as *The Burial* of Sir John Moore and Campbell's lyrics. To deny that this musical charm of romantic poetry is an excellence is to contradict the æsthetic consciousness of

the greater part of the reading world, and to pass condemnation on some of the most cherished productions of literary art. By how much music is more potent than painting, by so much romantic poetry will exercise an influence surpassing that of the classic on the popular mind.

Goethe in his *Helena*, an episode which constitutes the third act of the Second Part of *Faust*, has attempted a reconciliation of the controversy then raging between the classicists and romanticists as to the comparative merits of either style, by showing that love of the beautiful and interest in life are common to both, and that what distinguishes them is merely formal and accidental. *Helena* represents classic beauty, *Faust* represents modern culture; *Lynceus*, the ancient pilot of the *Argonauts*, officiates as mediator between the two. Dialogue and chorus proceed, after classic fashion, in unrhymed verse until *Lynceus* appears on the stage. He announces the advent of the romantic by discoursing in rhyme. *Helena* declares herself pleased with that new style of verse, where sound matches sound and the verses "kiss each other." She asks how she may learn to discourse in such pleasant wise. *Faust* answers, it is very easy; it is the natural language of the heart. He begins, —

"And when your breast with longing overflows,
You look around and ask,"

(Pause. *Helena* breaks in)

"Who shares my throes?"

So they play *crambo* until *Helena* has caught the trick.

Goethe seems to have meant by this that the beauty of ancient poetic art, so extolled by the classicists, can take on a modern form without loss of what is most essential in it; and on the other hand, that the deeper feeling which characterizes the romantic — the language of the heart — may ally itself with classic elegance, and add a new charm to antique beauty.

Much of the symbolism of this strange poem (for the *Helena* is a poem, complete in itself) is obscure, and some of it misleading. In strict consistency, *Euphorion*, the offspring of *Helena* and *Faust*, ought to represent the fusion of the classic and romantic in one. And such appears to have been Goethe's meaning. But *Euphorion* confessedly stands for *Byron*; and *Byron* is simply and wholly romantic, with no tincture of classicism in his nature or works.

Not *Byron*, but Goethe himself, above all modern poets, combines the two under one imperial name. What is most characteristic in each kind may be found in unsurpassed perfection in the ample treasury of his works. Nay, in a single work; for is not the First Part of *Faust* the very essence of romance, and is not the larger portion of the Second Part a reproduction of the classic Muse?

The *Iphigenie auf Tauris* was called an echo of Greek song; but a still purer classicism meets us in the *Elegies*, in the *Pandora*, and in the *Alexis and Dora*. What a gulf divides these compositions from the *Sorrows of Werther*! There Goethe anticipates by a quarter of a century the rise of the Romantic School in Germany, which was nearly contemporaneous with the same fashion in England: inaugurated in the latter country by *Scott*, in the former by *Novalis* and *Tieck*. The birth-years, respectively, of these three poets, *Scott*, *Novalis*, and *Tieck*, are 71, 72, 73 of the eighteenth century. The *Sorrows of Werther* first appeared, I think, in 1772.

When I say that *Scott* inaugurated romanticism in England, and *Novalis* and *Tieck* in Germany, I do not mean that the new turn which poetry took in those countries was due to them alone. The movement had a deeper origin than personal caprice, or the efforts of a clique. The revolution in literature was the outcome of a revolution in the spirit of the age, of which these writers

were the unconscious exponents. Literature and life are never far asunder. Every age enacts itself twice: first in its acts and events, then in its writings. The struggles and aspirations which agitated Europe at the close of the eighteenth century elicited an echo in the breasts of her poets. The French Revolution, following our own, electrified the nations, causing them to thrill and heave as never before since the Protestant Reformation. It startled England out of her placid acquiescence in the pompous pedantry of Johnson and the boasted supremacy of Addison and Pope. In Germany it roused a protest against the shallow *Aufklärung* of the Universal German Library. Its effect in England was conspicuous in a richer diction, recovering somewhat of the opulence of the Elizabethan age. In Germany it made itself manifest in a more believing spirit and a deeper tone of thought.

Other influences conspired to this end. The publication of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, by Bishop Percy, in 1765, presented, in the strains of the old romantic time, a refreshing contrast with the polished tameness of contemporary verse. A similar service was rendered in Germany (Lessing having broken the spell of French classicism) by Herder's publication of the *Cid*, his *Völkerstimmen*, his *Andenken an einige ältere deutsche Dichter*; by Clemens Brentano and Achim von Arnim's publication of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*; by Wieland's *Oberon*; and by the reëditing of the *Nibelungenlied*.

Another power on the side of romanticism, not commonly recognized, was Ossian. The poems bearing this name were given to the public a short time previous to Percy's *Reliques*, in 1763, and made a great sensation, partly on account of their novelty, and partly because of their reputed source. The ardor with which they were welcomed in England was soon damped, it is true, by doubts concerning their authenticity.

The English people are constitutionally afraid of being "gulled," and when Samuel Johnson, the literary dictator of the day, pronounced them spurious, they were indignantly cast aside; as if the authorship, and not the character of the poetry, determined its value. The question of genuineness does not concern us in this connection; all I have to say about it is that if McPherson wrote Ossian he had a good deal more poetic feeling than most of the poets of his time, certainly a good deal more than Dr. Johnson had. In spite of all objectors, Wordsworth included, who condemns the poems on technical grounds, they have the effect of poetry on most readers. If they do not satisfy the critical sense, they breathe a poetic aura, and awaken poetic feeling in the breast. Nothing else can explain the enthusiasm with which at first they were everywhere received. On the Continent, especially, where no question of authorship interfered, they charmed unprejudiced minds. But what particularly concerns us here is the romantic tone of these compositions. Whether uttered by an ancient Celtic bard, or composed by a modern antiquary, they were thoroughly romantic, and confirmed the romantic tendency of the time. Napoleon, in whose rocky nature a wild flower of romance had found some cleft to blossom in, carried them with him in his expeditions, as Alexander did their literary antipodes, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

A marked feature of modern romanticism is love of the past, that passionate regret for by-gone fashions which prompts the attempt to patch the new garment of to-day with the old cloth of former wear. The feeling which, early in this century, found inspiration in mediæval lore, and loved to present the old chivalrics in novel and song, is the same which inspires the practical anachronisms of recent time, which in England seeks to reproduce the old ecclesiastical sanctities, which astonishes

American cities with a mimicry of Gothic architecture ; the same which forty years ago restored the long-disused beard, which now ransacks second-hand furniture stores and remote farmhouses for claw-footed tables and brass-handled bureaus, which drags from the lumber-room the obsolete spinning-wheel, which rejoices in many-cornered dwelling-houses with diminutive window panes, — the more unshapely the better, because the more picturesque. A mania, innocent enough in these manifestations, but in its essence identical with that which inspired the knight of La Mancha, the typical example for all generations of romanticism gone wild.

It would be unjust, however, to maintain that the reaching back after old things is the sum of romanticism, as if what we so name were mere conservatism or reactionism. This worship of the past is only an accidental manifestation of a principle whose most comprehensive term is *aspiration* ; a noble discontent and disdain of the present, which,

in the absence of creative genius, of power to originate new forms, seeks relief in the past from the weary commonplace of the day.

The essence of romanticism is aspiration. Whether it look backward or forward, there is in it a spirit of adventure : as much of it in the crusaders who sought a sepulchre in the east as in the Spanish navigators who sought an Eldorado in the west ; as much in the arctic explorers who would force a way through eternal frost as in the Knights of the Holy Grail ; as much in the nineteenth century as in the twelfth, in Garibaldi and Gordon as in Godfrey and Tancred.

The romantic schools of German and English literature were transient phases already outgrown ; but the principle of romanticism in literature is immortal, — it is the spirit asserting itself through the form. Classicism gives us perfection of form, romanticism fullness of spirit. Both are essential, seldom found united, but both must combine to constitute a masterpiece of literary art.

Frederic Henry Hedge.

A SALUTATION.

HIGH-HEARTED Surrey ! I do love your ways,
Venturous, frank, romantic, vehement,
All with inviolate honor sealed and blent
To the axe-edge that cleft your soldier-bays
Your ardent youth, your friendships, whims, and frays ;
Your strict, sweet verse, with its imperious bent,
Heard as in dreams from some old harper's tent,
And stirring in the listener's brain for days.
Good father-poet ! If to-night there be
At Framlingham none but the north wind's sighs,
No guard save moonlight's crossed and trailing spears,
Smile yet upon the pilgrim named like me
Close at your gates, whose fond and weary eyes
Sought not one other down three hundred years !

Louise Imogen Guiney.

AMERICANA.

COLUMBUS on his return voyage took abundant precautions that the credit of his exploit should be preserved. He encased an account of it in wax, and, placing this in a barrel, threw it overboard. He put another copy, similarly protected, on his vessel's poop, to be washed off in case his ship went down. Just before making the Azores he duplicated, in substance, these other accounts, which have never since been heard of, and addressed the new draft to the treasurer of Aragon. This letter seems to have been printed very soon after Columbus reached land, either at Lisbon or somewhere in Spain, for a single copy turned up not a great many years ago in Italy. Still another letter was addressed by him at the same time to Sanchez, the crown treasurer, the Spanish text of which has come down to us in several forms; and from this, it is thought, the Latin translation was made by one Aliander de Cosco, which, being taken to Italy by two Genoese ambassadors very soon after the return of Columbus to Spain, appeared in Rome, France, Germany, and Flanders in eight different editions within the next twelve months or more. Thus promptly after the discovery of the New World, either in Latin or in Spanish, and in five of the principal countries of western Europe, these nine separate issues constituted the beginnings of a class of literature which book-lovers have learned to call *Americana*, and which in less than four centuries has grown to such an extent that the mere enumeration of its titles, judging from the progress which is making in Sabin's Dictionary of Books relating to America, is likely to require thirty octavo volumes to contain them. It is to trace the development of this accumulation, and to indicate some of the

influences which have assisted in it and some of the results which have accrued, that the present essay is attempted.

More than a century and a quarter had passed from that moonlit October night when Columbus, on mere pretense and with a lack of magnanimity not common, let us be thankful, in lordly characters, deprived a poor sailor of his reward for first seeing land, to that other night, when, in a storm which had carried away their mast, a sturdy crew, magnanimous if not lordly, struggling at their oars, barely escaped breakers, and found at last comparative quiet under the lee of an island in the harbor of New Plymouth. Everything that is in contrast in the spirit of widely severed faiths and purposes characterizes the actors in these two scenes, as well as everything that puts asunder the calm tropical sea from the foreboding desolation of a northern coast. The interval which this contrast spans had seen the Spanish Catholic possess island and main of the western hemisphere and establish presses, whose productions in printed laws, chronicles, and doctrines were the first accessions from the New World itself to the products of the then numerous presses in Seville, Antwerp, London, Paris, Nuremberg, and Rome, to name no other places, which were adding more and more, as the years of the sixteenth century went on, to the world's knowledge of what had been done and found beyond the Atlantic. The explorations and conquests of Spaniards from the verge of the northern temperate zone to the land's end at the south; the adventures of the Portuguese, who found scarce any limit north and south to their daring; of the uncertain French, who dropped on the coast here and there, Romanist as well as Huguenot; of the sturdy English, finding fish-

ing grounds, appearing suddenly and departing, raking Spanish towns, and on the whole more fortunate during this interval in turning pirate than in founding colonies; and strangely above all, of the Italian sailors of fortune, — Columbus, Cabot, Vesputius, Verrazano, for example, — leading other peoples, and giving to the crowns of Spain, France, and England prescriptive rights to the shores of a world where Italy herself failed to acquire the merest foothold, — these were the events which the presses of the Old and New World were now commemorating. Perhaps this record was in some history like Herrera's; more often in the little black-letter quarto, that told of special exploits, as of Cortes, Magellan, or Drake; necessarily in the newer editions of the old cosmological writers like Ptolemy and Pomponius Mela, or in the contemporary geographers like Münster and Apian, in such cartographers as Mercator and Ortelius, or in descriptions like those of Acosta and Monardes. Such was the diversified extent of the novel kind of literature which the new era of navigation had engendered, and which gave to Ferdinand Columbus the material to help form the wonderful library which he left to the cathedral of Seville, and whose losses by depredations have been so recently made the subject of Harrisse's investigations. These were the books which in the sixteenth century were gathered into monasteries, were talked about in the colleges and universities, caused comment at courts, were passed about in the seaboard towns, and were sent as revelations to Augsburg and Cracow; but no one, up to the time of the landing of the English at Plymouth, had thought, so far as we now know, of making lists to measure the extent of the new form of literature which that age of discovery had created.

In 1622, Draudius gave a section of his *Bibliotheca Classica* to what he calls "*De scriptoribus rerum Ameri-*

canarum," and the bibliography of Americana began then. Georg Draud, as he called himself when he was not writing Latin, was a German, who has the credit of being the earliest to give bibliography an intelligible plan. The next effort came from a people who had not been conspicuous in the New World's history. Johann De Laet had lived in the Dutch colony on the Hudson, and when he published his *Nieuwe Wereldt*, in 1627, he could find no more than thirty-seven authorities to enumerate.

Something very like the spirit of the dog in the manger characterized the Spaniards during their career of American discovery. Governmental edicts prevented the publication of their charts, lest rival nations should benefit from their pioneering. Except for chance manuscript maps of the Spaniards, which have come down to us, we should know very little of the cartographical triumphs which they were attaining. We get it conjecturally, indeed, in a printed form; for there were Flemish map-makers, who knew the way to smuggle across the Pyrenees data from the Spanish hydrographical office, as we discover from the great map associated with the name of Sebastian Cabot, the single copy of which, now preserved in Paris, would indicate that the Spanish government had power to suppress even what got for a while beyond their reach. So it is not surprising that the Germans and the Dutch got ahead in the bibliographical way, and that the first Spanish record of this kind should have emanated from the New World itself, for Léon y Pinelo was a native Peruvian. His *Epitome de la Biblioteca Oriental i Occidental* was published at Madrid in 1629, and, after the fashion of the day, we are confronted with a copper-plate title, showing the East in a figure armed with a scimiter and supported by an elephant, while for the West, or America, the effigy stands on an alligator and

has the inevitable cap of feathers, the bow and arrow. In the list of divisions of the western world which is spread above her head, "De la Florida" is the only and comprehensive indication of North America, which even down to this date the Spaniards included by that name within their prescriptive rights. The book is not a large one, but the compiler made the most of his opportunities as the royal chronicler of the Indies.

It was forty years and more before as much was done for that part of the continent where the Spanish claim was hardly valid enough for an attempt to enforce their authority, and where the Dutch and the English were not quite agreed as to their respective rights. New York had already fallen into English hands, though the Dutch hopes of recapture were not abandoned, when Van den Bergh, the Dutchman, who is better known by his Latin alternative, Montanus, published his *Nieuwe Weereld*, in 1670, and gave Dapper the German and Ogilby the Englishman the opportunity to supply their countrymen with all that Montanus knew, and what they could add to it, in renderings into their vernaculars. These books interest us now, because they made bibliographical record of the extent of an American library needful at that time to construct a sort of historical and geographical cyclopædia of the New World, — which shows as its basis a list of one hundred and sixty-seven titles.

It was not, however, till 1713 that the *Bibliothecæ Americanæ Primordiæ* of White-Kennett, Bishop of Peterborough as he became, was printed, edited it is said by the well-known bibliographer, Robert Watt, and showing a collection which had been gathered for the use of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. It was the first distinctive bibliography to do justice to the literature of the English discoveries and settlements, and though

the entries are sixteen hundred in number, a considerable abatement must be made from its extent, inasmuch as the sections of such works as Hakluyt and Ramusio were treated separately. It is a list that the student of New England history, particularly, scans with much care, and he is not over-pleased to find in it some entries that tell him of losses of books which it is perhaps hopeless to make good. Strange to say, the library which it represents was so completely lost sight of in the vicissitudes of the society which owned it that even special students of American history, residing in London, were surprised, when an inquisitive antiquary, a very few years ago, brought it, in its sadly dismantled condition, to the attention of scholars.

At the time this catalogue of White-Kennett was printed, but a single library had been formed in New England, of any consequence, and with any pretension to preserve the history of the English enterprise and policy in this western world, and that was the collection associated with the name of the elder Mather, yet to be considerably increased under the care of Cotton Mather, and finally to be burned, in part at least, during the destruction of Charlestown in 1775, and in other part to be scattered, for the antiquarian gleaner to reassemble what was possible in the library of the American Antiquarian Society and elsewhere. Thomas Prince was in Europe when Kennett's list came out. Ten years earlier, when Prince had entered Harvard College, he had set himself the task of gathering what he called a New England library. He picked up not a few books during his prolonged stay in England, and when he returned to Boston, in 1717, he had become a skillful collector. Dying in 1758, he left a library, which was very considerably depleted by some one while the British, in 1775-76, occupied the Old South Church in Boston, where it was

deposited. Of what remains, New England antiquaries know the value, which is shown by the catalogue of it, printed by the Boston Public Library, as it now stands on the shelves of that institution. Of what the passions of the hour deprived us in 1765, when a frantic mob destroyed the library of Thomas Hutchinson while it gutted his house, we may never know.

The eighteenth century, while it may be said to have created the English bibliographical study of Americana, may be considered equally the fountain of the French and Italian. For the former, Lenglet du Fresnoy began with about sixty titles in 1716; and though Charlevoix did not create in 1744 a large list introductory to his history of New France, he commented upon his titles usefully for the modern student. One of the few instances in which we know the prices, during the eighteenth century, of books now deemed rare is a record of a sale of the library of the College of Clermont in 1764, when twenty volumes of the series known as the Jesuit Relations, being the annual reports of the priests in New France to the general of the order in Europe, brought eighteen francs, which may be compared with the sum of £100 which Quaritch, of London, this very month asks for a set of twenty, while Harrassowitz, of Leipsic, sold a set of twenty-six volumes for five thousand francs within a year or two.

The most conspicuous Italian example of American bibliography in the century now under consideration was the list which Clavigero added to his history of Mexico in 1780, enlarging and rendering most serviceable to scholars the enumeration which Boturini Benaduci had gathered, after eight years' labor, in 1746.

Meanwhile the Spanish scholars were reinforcing the work of their predecessors. The edition of Garcia's *Origen de los Indias*, in 1729, showed seven-

teen hundred authors. Ten years later Garcia improved still more upon Pinelo.

Robertson, in 1770, in his *History of America*, was the first Englishman to survey the whole extent of American history, and yet he was content with only two hundred and fifty titles,—a number which a professed bibliographer increased to sixteen hundred, as shown twelve years later in an anonymous *Bibliotheca Americana*, published in London.

The first forty years of the nineteenth century were to organize the study of Americana in a way that has guided the more extensive accumulations of the succeeding forty. The only Spanish contribution need not detain us long, but it is interesting as the earliest list, touching our subject, which was published in the *New World*, and this was the *Bibliotheca Hispano-Americana* of Beristani de Souza, printed in Mexico in 1816–21. It is in three volumes, and covers the writers who were born or who flourished in Spanish America, and of course includes works not relating to the country. It has become the rarest of all American bibliographical works which have been put on sale, and is worth not far from five hundred dollars to-day.

There is not a German list during these forty years worth considering, though Grahame tells us that in writing his history of the United States during the colonial period he found, in 1825, the University library at Göttingen richer in books for his purpose than all the libraries in Britain combined. It was also the example of a German professor which became so powerful during the early years of this century to direct and foster the study of American history. This was Professor Ebeling, whose American library of thirty-two hundred volumes and an extraordinary collection of maps was bought by Colonel Israel Thorndike, in 1818, for \$6500, and given to the library of Harvard College.

Hardly a writer on American history since, engaged upon studies antedating the present century, but has found it indispensable to sound the depths of this Ebeling collection. No list of it was ever printed, except so far as it may be included in the general catalogue of that library published in 1830-34.

Among the French, the labors of Boucher de la Richarderie and Faribault were easily eclipsed by the collection formed by Ternaux-Compans. This embraced about twelve hundred entries, all of a date before 1700, — an extent which, as Mr. Brevoort thinks, had not before been reached by any gatherer of the older books. This was in 1836, and the catalogue which described the collection, scantily supplied though it was with the notes of its learned possessor, has not yet ceased to be of great use to the student. It has been said that Ternaux formed the collection for the purpose of selling it. At all events, he took precautions to preserve the record of his bibliographical zeal, for his books, with his monogram and crest impressed on their covers, are among the much-prized nuggets of many an American library.

During these same forty years there were three Americans, working in this field, upon whom collectors have been taught to look back with great regard, and two of them, David B. Warden and Thomas Aspinwall, were respectively consuls of the United States for many years at Paris and London. These gentlemen were collectors at a time when prices of rare books were very much lower than now, and when the foundations were laid of a number of collections of Americana which have since become famous. Warden was essentially a speculator in books. The first collection which he formed embraced twelve hundred volumes, and was described, in 1820, in his *Bibliotheca Americo-Sepentrionalis*, — the collection itself being, three years later, bought for \$5000, by Mr. Samuel A. Eliot, the father of

President Eliot, to be given to the library of Harvard College. At a later day, he sold a still larger collection, which he had used while working on the American portion of the *Art de Vérifier des Dates*, to the state library at Albany. Colonel Aspinwall, whose figure in Boston streets was a very familiar one at a later period of his life, and whose empty sleeve recalled the battles on the Canadian border in the war of 1812, was a collector of great activity and vigilant tact. The catalogue of his collection which he printed in 1833 was not an extensive one, embracing only seven hundred and seventy-one entries, but he had been fortunate in the opportunities of acquiring a large part of the choicest early books. The mischances of a fire in 1863 deprive us of still possessing more than a small number of the rarest titles. The library had been sold to Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, of New York, and some of the most valuable volumes had been separated from the rest when a conflagration overtook the bulk of the collection.

Our third American of this period deserves the name, probably, of having done most to create, foster, and direct the interest in Americana at the formative stage of the passion. This was Obadiah Rich, a Boston man, who, like his contemporaries already named, derived advantages from being put in the way of a collector's opportunities when he was sent, in 1815, as consul to Valencia, in Spain, and while later he lived at Madrid. The political unrest of Spain at that time favored this vigilant gleaner, and treasures came easily to him for small sums, which in time became almost priceless. Intelligent and kind as he was, Rich welcomed everybody to his house who sympathized with him in his bibliographical quests. Alexander H. Everett, at that time the American minister to Spain, became his intimate friend. Washington Irving found the bibliophile's generosity ever ready to

lay books before him that had before eluded his search. He was the bibliographical mentor of Ticknor, Prescott, and Bancroft. In 1827, when Rich left Spain, his collection was offered to Congress through Edward Everett; but the transaction was not completed, and its owner, in 1828, settled himself in London as a bookseller, with this admirable collection in stock. Here he soon grew to be a counselor as well as purveyor to a growing class of American book-lovers, who were making the history of the western world the subject of their attention. Conspicuous among them were Colonel Aspinwall, Peter Force, James Lenox, and John Carter Brown. Rich's catalogues, which were printed between 1832 and 1846, were the earliest issued by any of the London dealers in a manner to make them genuine bibliographical helps, and the character they rapidly attained has not been lost. They are usually reckoned as giving the starting-point in the growth of prices.

With the labors of Ternaux in France and of Rich in London, the fate of *Americana*, as a kind of literature alluring a distinct class of collectors and students, was at once established, and since about 1840 the passion has had constant growth. In tracing its further progress we need to recognize somewhat the motives which have induced this continued development. In the first group of abettors we might place what we may call the professional bibliographers, and it is noteworthy that the three more conspicuous members of this class have been adopted citizens of the United States. The beginning of the bibliography of American local history and American linguistics we find in the work of a German, Hermann E. Ludewig, who came to the United States in 1844. To Henry Harrisse, a Franco-American citizen, we owe the *Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima*, whose two volumes, published respectively in 1866 and

1872, survey with more thoroughness than is done elsewhere the literature of American discovery and description previous to the middle of the sixteenth century. While Rich had given but twenty titles for this early period, and Ternaux fifty-eight, Harrisse gave over three hundred in his first volume, and added a considerable number of new ones amid the supplemental matter which makes up his second volume. No one had before so eagerly searched the old libraries of Europe for every trace to be discovered of book or chart elucidating the first half century of American history. He has given most of the information, which is available to us, of the stores, and of the depredations upon those stores, which constitute the library of Ferdinand Columbus at Seville. He has scoured the libraries of Italy, only to reach the conclusion that there is not among the public libraries of Europe any which in respect to the earliest books upon America can compare with three or four private libraries in America. In Italy he places the Marciana, at Venice, as probably the richest, and the Trivulgiana, at Milan, as perhaps the next. His book on Columbus, still incomplete, shows how thoroughly he has ransacked every crevice which might conceal a line, to throw light on the very beginnings of all our history. His books on the Cortereals, the Cabots, and on New France, taken in conjunction, illustrate the bibliography of the northern parts of North America more exhaustively than has been done elsewhere in any descriptive way for the period previous to 1700.

The third of these professional bibliographers was Joseph Sabin, who began in 1867 the great Dictionary of Books relating to America, which is likely to require the thirty volumes which have already been referred to, if the promise of the title is carried out to include all "down to the present time." Mr. Sabin was a London bookseller, who settled in New York, and his death, in 1881, has

left others to complete the work which he began.

In a second class of contributors to the bibliographical records of America we must place those collectors of books who have gathered them for their own use, as writers of history or as students of bibliography. A new spirit was applied to the study of the early American discoveries when Humboldt published his *Examen Critique* on the historical geography of the New World, in 1836-39. The collections which he formed for the writing of that monumental work are engulfed in the printed catalogue of Humboldt's library, which Henry Stevens made when he purchased the books in 1863, and which now is the only evidence of Humboldt's activity, since the books themselves were destroyed by fire two years later. Neither can we separate from the general catalogue of the library of Congress, which is now printing, the rich collection of Americana which Colonel Peter Force gathered, and which, after his death, became the property of the nation. Of the library of Jared Sparks we have a distinct catalogue, made after his death, and before the books were sold to Cornell University, about 1872. It is a good working library, but not a remarkable one; while the printed catalogue enumerates also the manuscripts which he had gathered, and which did not accompany the books to Ithaca, but which, under his will, were to find an ultimate deposit in the library of Harvard College. The library of James Lenox was only in part American; but in that part rich in the rarest specimens of those books which to the sight-seer are the merest curiosities, while to the scholar they may become at times necessary to the determinate elucidation of crucial points in the study of the earliest experiences of Europeans on this continent. Before his death, in 1880, Mr. Lenox placed this collection in its own building

and in the hands of trustees, for a limited public use. No catalogue of it has yet been printed, but its keepers are issuing a series of bibliographical monographs which in part pertain to its stores of rare Americana. The most famous of all collections of Americana is, without doubt, that known as the Carter Brown library. It is almost exclusively American, and the aim has been to make it as nearly complete as possible down to the year 1800. The late Mr. John Carter Brown belonged to a well-known family in Providence, whose name had been given to what was originally Rhode Island College. He had enjoyed the sympathy and counsel of Mr. John Russell Bartlett in the gathering of his library; and under that gentleman's care the four large octavo volumes which constitute its sumptuous catalogue have been prepared, showing not far from seven thousand titles. These volumes of its catalogue constitute what is probably the most extensive printed list of all Americana previous to 1800, more especially anterior to 1700, which now exists.

The two choicest private collections in Massachusetts are those of Dr. Charles Deane, of Cambridge, and the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Dexter, of New Bedford. Of the Deane library there is no catalogue, but it is rich in all that relates to the English discoveries and the English colonies. Of Dr. Dexter's, so far as concerns the Congregational movement, which so largely affects the early history of the English colonies, we get the scope of it in the indications of his ownership, which are plentifully scattered through the 7250 titles that constitute the bibliography appended to his Congregationalism as seen in its Literature. He shows how poorly off our largest public libraries are in this illustrative literature when he says that of the thousand titles which he gives between 1546 and 1644, he found but 208 in American libraries. Among the

private libraries of New York and its vicinity the richest are probably that of Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, who has recently printed a tentative catalogue of his collection, and that of Mr. James Carson Brevoort, of which we have no printed catalogue, and of which some considerable portion a few years since passed into the Astor Library. A collector in this department, who has only of late years been a vigorous competitor in the market of *Americana*, is Mr. Charles H. Kalbfleisch, who aims rather to make a collection of the rarest books than to illustrate the broad scope of American history.

The library which Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft has gathered in San Francisco, is the basis of the enormous work which is now appearing under his own name as a history of the native races and later peoples of the Pacific coast of North America. What the scope of this book is appears from the very extensive lists which are given in various volumes of his work, duplicating, however, each other to a considerable extent.

Some of the best of the libraries of *Americana* which have been formed in this country during the last thirty years or more have been within ten years brought to the hammer. Such was the collection of William Menzies, sold in 1875, from a catalogue made by Joseph Sabin. It was not exclusively American, but a large share of its *Americana* formed the basis of the collection of Mr. J. J. Cooke, of Providence, sold more recently. The collection formed at Hartford by George Brinley shows, as Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, the maker of its catalogue, claims, "a greater number of volumes remarkable for their rarity, value, and interest than was ever before brought together in an American sale-room." The sales of this collection began in 1878, and the fourth or last has not yet been held. They have introduced a new device,

which has already been followed in the sale of the Cooke collection. Certain libraries were selected by the testator as beneficiaries, with the privilege of buying at auction up to a certain aggregate of cost. The result was a stimulated competition, which practically saved the estate from loss to the heirs by reason of such public bequests, and produced an inflation of prices of which all later purchasers of *Americana* have experienced the ill effects.

The library of the late Henry C. Murphy, of Brooklyn, was formed in pursuance of a plan to write a history of maritime discovery in America, only one chapter of which, that on Verrazano, had been printed, when Mr. Murphy died in 1882. Mr. John Russell Bartlett edited the sale catalogue of the books, and the collection proved one of the richest which had ever been sold in this department. We must pass over many smaller distinctively American collections, like that of Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, sold in 1882, and say but a final word for the largest private library which had been gathered in this country in illustration of the history and traits of the North American Indians. Mr. Thomas W. Field published in 1873 an *Essay towards an Indian Bibliography*, and two years later the library upon which it was based was sold by a catalogue showing 3324 titles, almost wholly in this restricted field of *Americana*.

Perhaps no department of our general subject has received bibliographical treatment, so nearly exhaustive in this country and in Europe, as the ethnology and linguistics of our aborigines. Without referring to the earlier tentative lists, the subject may be considered as first surveyed systematically by Schoolcraft in 1849; and among his followers in this direction are Squier and Brinton, and the compiler of the lists in the third volume of Hubert H. Bancroft's *Native Races*. Dr. J. Hammond

Trumbull, in various essays, has made the Algonquin branch his own special ground. We can afford but the merest mention of the labors, among the Germans, of Buschmann and Platzmann; among the French, of Charency and Brasseur de Bourbourg; and among the Mexicans, of Romero and Icazbalceta, while for the extensive work of the latter on the bibliography of Mexican history scholars are now waiting with eagerness. But the final flower of this linguistic bibliography is the great book, as big as Webster's Dictionary, which has been constructed, as the work of years, by Mr. Pilling, of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, which is to record every literary trace of the languages of aboriginal America. Special scholars have already been furnished with the work in a trial form, and in its perfected shape it cannot be kept much longer from universal scholarship.

The few distinctively American private libraries which have been formed outside of the United States have pertained to Spanish America, like those of Fischer, Béeche, and MacKenna. In Europe, Americana have made only a part of several collections, which from the rarity and richness of classes of books in this field have attracted the attention of students of American history, and such are the collections of Sobolewski, sold at Leipsic in 1873; of Pinart, Brasseur de Bourbourg, and Dr. Court, sold in Paris in 1883 and 1884; and the great Sunderland sale in London in 1881-83. So far as printed catalogues enable us to judge, the private library of the late Henry Huth in London is the one in England most likely to supply the wants of an American scholar, the foundations of it having been laid by that gentleman during a residence in Mexico.

There is one other class of practical bibliographers whose labors every stu-

dent is bound to acknowledge; and these are the dealers in books who have made special exertions in the amassing of Americana. Most conspicuous among Americans has been Henry Stevens, a Vermonter and a graduate of Yale, who for many years has been a resident of London. He has been the American mentor of the British Museum, and by his vigilance that library has made its magnificent store of Americana. He has done more than most of his rivals to help their owners in the creation of the great American private libraries in this department; and his numerous printed catalogues have been made, in parts at least, interesting reading, through a quality of his annotations which combines amusement with instruction. We have no space now to enlarge upon the special efforts of such dealers as Samuel G. Drake, William Gowans, Charles B. Norton, and Joel Munsell, not to name others, among ourselves.

In England at the present time there is no one to dispute the supremacy of the chief in that Sett of Odd Volumes, as a sort of Bohemian bibliographical club in London is called, — Mr. Bernard Quaritch. No one rules the market for rare books on America, and indeed for books on all subjects, in a more lordly way than he, and his sceptre is as much felt on the Continent and in this country as in London itself. Everything somehow comes at last to No. 15 Piccadilly, and huge collections like the Sunderland, or those of the rarest like that formed by Mr. F. S. Ellis, gravitate there as easily as water to the swamps.

It is in France and Holland, however, that exclusive catalogues of Americana have been produced by booksellers, which are of the most value to students; and highest in place among such we must name that which Charles Leclerc has made for Maisonneuve, and those which under the name of Frederick Muller have been made at Amsterdam. Work only little inferior has been done

by Paul Trömel for Brockhaus, in Leipzig, where the traditions of good trade-bibliography are preserved by Weigel, and by one of Muller's pupils, Otto Harrassowitz.

It is doubtful if any place can surpass Boston as a centre of research in American history. In its own Public Library, which includes the Prince collection, in the libraries of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of the Congregational Association, of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and of the State, supplemented by the stores of such as are within easy reach, like that of Harvard College at Cambridge, wonderfully rich in Americana as it is, and the private collection of Charles Deane; like that of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, the peerless Carter Brown collection at Providence, and the treasures of Dr. Dexter at New Bedford, — there is an affluence of Americana most likely not elsewhere to be found, though the library of Congress

with its Force collection, and the neighboring library of George Bancroft, in Washington, make the national capital, particularly if the archives of the government are to be studied, a necessary resort of the American historian. New York is not far behind, with its Lenox and Astor libraries, the collections of the New York Historical Society and the American Geographical Society, the private gatherings of Mr. Barlow, Mr. Brevoort, and Mr. Kalbfleisch, and, if a journey is undertaken, with the excellent library in the state house at Albany. The facilities of Philadelphia and Baltimore are decidedly second-class, except for local research; there is hardly anything worth considering, for a general survey, in any of the libraries beyond the Alleghanies; and only when we come to the thither slope of the Rocky Mountains do we find in the enormous collection of Hubert Howe Bancroft any library which can be compared with the great collections of the Atlantic seaboard.

Justin Winsor.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK THIRD.

XXII.

HYACINTH got up early — an operation attended with very little effort, as he had scarcely closed his eyes all night. What he saw from his window made him dress as rapidly as a young man could do who desired more than ever that his appearance should not give strange ideas about him: an old garden, with parterres in curious figures, and little intervals of lawn which appeared to our hero's cockney vision fantastically green. At one end of the garden was a parapet of mossy brick, which looked

down, on the other side, into a canal, or moat, or quaint old pond; and from the same standpoint there was also a view of a considerable part of the main body of the house (Hyacinth's room appeared to be in a wing commanding the extensive irregular back), which was richly gray wherever it was not green with ivy and other dense creepers, and everywhere infinitely like a picture, with a high-piled, ancient, russet roof, broken by huge chimneys, and queer peep-holes, and all manner of odd gables and windows on different lines, and antique patches and protrusions, and a partic-

ularly fascinating architectural excrescence in which a wonderful clock-face was lodged — a clock-face covered with gilding and blazonry, but showing many traces of the years and the weather. Hyacinth had never in his life been in the country — the real country, as he called it, the country which was not the mere raveled fringe of London — and there entered through his open casement the breath of a world enchantingly new and, after his recent feverish hours, inexpressibly refreshing to him; a sense of sweet, sunny air and mingled odors, all strangely pure and agreeable, and a kind of musical silence, the greater part of which seemed to consist of the voices of birds. There were tall, quiet trees near by, and afar off, and everywhere; and the group of objects which greeted Hyacinth's eyes evidently formed only a corner of larger spaces and a more complicated scene. There was a world to be revealed to him: it lay waiting, with the dew upon it, under his windows, and he must go down and take his first steps in it.

The night before, at ten o'clock, when he arrived, he had only got the impression of a mile-long stretch of park, after turning in at a gate; of the cracking of gravel under the wheels of the fly; and of the glow of several windows, suggesting in-door cheer, in a façade that lifted a variety of vague pinnacles into the starlight. It was a good deal of relief to him, then, to be informed that the Princess, in consideration of the lateness of the hour, begged to be excused till the morrow; the delay would give him time to recover his balance and look about him. This latter opportunity was offered him first as he sat at supper in a vast dining-room, with the butler, whose acquaintance he had made in South Street, behind his chair. He had not exactly wondered how he would be treated — there was too much vagueness in his conception of the way in which, at a country-house,

insidious distinctions might be made and shades of importance illustrated; but it was plain that the best had been ordered for him. He was, at all events, abundantly content with his reception, and more and more excited by it. The repast was delicate (though his other senses were so awake that hunger dropped out, and he ate, as it were, without eating), and the grave, mechanical servant filled his glass with a liquor that reminded him of some lines in Keats — in the Ode to a Nightingale. He wondered whether he should hear a nightingale at Medley (he knew nothing about the seasons of this vocalist), and also whether the butler would attempt to talk to him, had ideas about him, knew or suspected who he was and what; which, after all, there was no reason for his doing, unless it might be the poverty of the luggage that had been transported from Lomax Place. Mr. Withers, however (it was in this manner that Hyacinth heard him addressed by the cabman who conveyed the visitor from the station), gave no further symptom of sociability than to ask him at what time he would be called in the morning; to which our young man replied that he preferred not to be called at all — he would get up by himself. The butler rejoined, "Very good, sir," while Hyacinth thought it probable that he puzzled him a good deal, and even considered the question of giving him a glimpse of his identity, lest it should be revealed, later, in a manner less graceful. The object of this anticipatory step, in Hyacinth's mind, was that he should not be oppressed and embarrassed with attentions to which he was unused; but the idea came to nothing, for the simple reason that before he spoke he found that he already *was* inured to being waited upon. His impulse to deprecate attentions departed, and he became conscious that there were none he should care to miss, or was not quite prepared for. He knew he prob-

ably thanked Mr. Withers too much; but he could n't help this—it was an irrepressible tendency and an error he should doubtless always commit.

He lay in a bed constituted in a manner so perfect to insure rest that it was probably responsible in some degree for his restlessness, and in a large, high room, where long dressing-glasses emitted ghostly glances even after the light was extinguished. Suspended on the walls were many prints, mezzotints and old engravings, which Hyacinth supposed, possibly without reason, to be fine and rare. He got up several times in the night, lighted his candle, and walked about, looking at them. He looked at himself in one of the long glasses, and in a place where everything was on such a scale it seemed to him more than ever that Mademoiselle Vivier's son was a tiny particle. As he came down-stairs he encountered housemaids, with dust-ers and brooms, or perceived them, through open doors, on their knees before fireplaces; and it was his belief that they regarded him more boldly than if he had been a guest of the usual kind. Such a reflection as that, however, ceased to trouble him after he had passed out-of-doors and begun to roam through the park, into which he let himself loose at first, and then, in narrowing circles, through the nearer grounds. He rambled for an hour, in a state of simple ecstasy; brushing the dew from the deep fern and bracken and the rich borders of the garden, tasting the fragrant air, and stopping everywhere, in murmuring rapture, at the touch of some exquisite impression. His whole walk was peopled with recognitions; he had been dreaming, all his life, of just such a place and such objects, such a morning and such a chance. It was the last of April, and everything was fresh and vivid; the great trees, in the early air, were a blur of tender shoots. Round the admirable house he revolved repeatedly; catching every point and tone,

feasting on its expression, and wondering whether the Princess would observe his proceedings from the window, and whether, if she did, they would be offensive to her. The house was not hers, but only hired for three months, and it could flatter no princely pride that he should be struck with it. There was something in the way the gray walls rose from the green lawn that brought tears to his eyes: the spectacle of long duration unassociated with some sordid infirmity or poverty was new to him; he had lived with people among whom old age meant, for the most part, a grudged and degraded survival. In the majestic preservation of Medley there was a kind of serenity of success, an accumulation of dignity and honor.

A footman sought him out, in the garden, to tell him that breakfast was ready. He had never thought of breakfast, and as he walked back to the house, attended by the inscrutable flunkey, this offer appeared a free, extravagant gift, unexpected and romantic. He found he was to breakfast alone, and he asked no question; but when he had finished the butler came in and informed him that the Princess would see him after luncheon, but that in the meanwhile she wished him to understand that the library was entirely at his service. "After luncheon"—that threw the hour he had come for very far into the future, and it caused him some confusion of mind that the Princess should think it worth while to invite him to stay at her house from Saturday evening to Monday morning, if it had been her purpose that so much of his visit should elapse without their meeting. But he felt neither slighted nor impatient; the impressions that had already crowded upon him were in themselves a sufficient reward, and what could one do better, precisely, in such a house as that than wait for a princess? The butler showed him the way to the library, and left him planted in the mid-

dle of it, staring at the treasures that he instantly perceived it contained. It was an old brown room, of great extent — even the ceiling was brown, though there were figures in it dimly gilt — where row upon row of finely-lettered backs looked down on the discerning youth whose trade was the handling of books, challenging him in every direction. A fire of logs crackled in a great chimney, and there were alcoves with deep window-seats; and arm-chairs such as he had never seen, luxurious, leather-covered, with an adjustment for holding one's volume; and a vast writing-table, before one of the windows, furnished with a perfect magazine of paper and pens, inkstands and blotters, seals, stamps, candlesticks, reels of twine, paper-weights, and book-knives. Hyacinth had never imagined so many aids to correspondence, and before he turned away he had written a note to Millicent, in a hand even more beautiful than usual — his penmanship was very minute, but at the same time wonderfully free and fair — largely for the pleasure of seeing "Medley Hall" stamped in crimson, heraldic-looking characters at the top of his paper. In the course of an hour he had ravaged the collection, taken down almost every book, wishing he could keep it a week, and put it back quickly, as his eye caught the next, which appeared even more desirable. He discovered many rare bindings, and gathered several ideas from an inspection of them — ideas which he felt himself perfectly capable of reproducing. Altogether, his vision of true happiness, at that moment, was that, for a month or two, he should be locked into the library at Medley. He forgot the outer world, and the morning waned — the beautiful vernal Sunday — while he lingered there.

He was on the top of a ladder when he heard a voice remark, "I am afraid they are very dusty; in this house, you know, it is the dust of centuries;" and, looking down, he saw Madame Grando-

ni stationed in the middle of the room. He instantly prepared to descend, to make her his salutation, when she exclaimed, "Stay, stay, if you are not giddy; we can talk from here! I only came in to show you we *are* in the house, and to tell you to keep up your patience. The Princess will probably see you in a few hours."

"I really hope so," said Hyacinth, from his perch, rather dismayed at the "probably."

"*Natürlich*," the old lady rejoined: "but people have come, sometimes, and gone away without seeing her. It all depends upon her mood."

"Do you mean even when she has sent for them?"

"Oh, who can tell whether she has sent for them or not?"

"But she sent for me, you know," Hyacinth declared, staring down, and struck with the odd effect of Madame Grandoni's wig in that bird's-eye view.

"Oh yes, she sent for you, poor young man!" The old lady returned his gaze, with a smile, and they remained a moment exchanging a silent scrutiny. Then she added, "Captain Sholto has come, like that, more than once; and he has gone away no better off."

"Captain Sholto?" Hyacinth repeated.

"Very true, if we talk at this distance, I must shut the door." She took her way back to it (she had left it open), and pushed it to; then advanced into the room again, with her superannuated, shuffling step, walking as if her shoes were too big for her. Hyacinth meanwhile descended the ladder. "*Ecco*. She's a *capricciosa*," said the old lady.

"I don't understand how you speak of her," Hyacinth remarked, gravely. "You seem to be her friend, yet you say things that are not favorable to her."

"Dear young man, I say much worse to her about herself than I should ever

say to you. I am rude, oh yes — even to you, to whom, no doubt, I ought to be particularly kind. But I am not false. It is not our German nature. You will hear me some day. I *am* the friend of the Princess; it would be well enough if she never had a worse one! But I should like to be yours, too — what will you have? Perhaps it is of no use. At any rate, here you are.”

“Yes, here I am, decidedly!” Hyacinth laughed, uneasily.

“And how long shall you stay? Excuse me if I ask that; it is part of my rudeness.”

“I shall stay till to-morrow morning. I must be at my work by noon.”

“That will do very well. Don’t you remember, the other time, how I told you to remain faithful?”

“That was very good advice. But I think you exaggerate my danger.”

“So much the better,” said Madame Grandoni; “though now that I look at you well I doubt it a little. I see you are one of those types that ladies like. I can be sure of that, because I like you myself. At my age — a hundred and twenty — can I not say that? If the Princess were to do so, it would be different; remember that — that any flattery she may ever offer you will be on her lips much less discreet. But perhaps she will never have the chance; you may never come again. There are people who have come only once. *Vedremo bene*. I must tell you that I am not in the least against a young man taking a holiday, a little quiet recreation, once in a while,” Madame Grandoni continued, in her disconnected, discursive, confidential way. “In Rome they take it every five days; that is, no doubt, too often. In Germany, less often. In this country, I cannot understand whether it is an increase of effort: the English Sunday is so difficult! This one will, however, in any case, have been beautiful for you. Be happy, make yourself comfortable; but go home

to-morrow!” And with this injunction Madame Grandoni took her way again to the door, while Haycynth went to open it for her. “I can say that, because it is not my house. I am only here like you. And sometimes I think I also shall go to-morrow!”

“I imagine you have not, like me, your living to get, every day. That is reason enough for me,” said Hyacinth.

She paused in the doorway, with her expressive, ugly, kindly little eyes on his face. “I believe I am nearly as poor as you. And I have not, like you, the appearance of nobility. Yet I am noble,” said the old lady, shaking her wig.

“And I am not!” Hyacinth rejoined, smiling.

“It is better not to be lifted up high, like our friend. It does not give happiness.”

“Not to one’s self, possibly; but to others!” From where they stood, Hyacinth looked out into the great paneled and decorated hall, lighted from above and roofed with a far-away dim fresco, and the reflection of this grandeur came into his appreciative eyes.

“Do you admire everything here very much — do you receive great pleasure?” asked Madame Grandoni.

“Oh, so much — so much!”

She considered him a moment longer. “*Poverino!*” she murmured, as she turned away.

A couple of hours later the Princess sent for Hyacinth, and he was conducted up-stairs, through corridors carpeted with crimson and hung with pictures, and ushered into a kind of bright drawing-room, which he afterwards learned that his hostess regarded as her boudoir. The sound of music had come to him outside the door, so that he was prepared to find her seated at the piano, if not to see her continue to play after he appeared. Her face was turned in the direction from which he entered, and she smiled at him while the servant, as

if he had just arrived, formally pronounced his name, without lifting her hands from the keys. The room, placed in an angle of the house and lighted from two sides, was large and sunny, upholstered in fresh, gay chintz, furnished with all sorts of sofas and low, familiar seats and convenient little tables, most of them holding great bowls of early flowers, littered over with books, newspapers, magazines, photographs of celebrities and other people, and full of the signs of luxurious and rather indolent habitation. Hyacinth stood there, not advancing very far, and the Princess, still playing and smiling, nodded toward a seat near the piano. "Put yourself there and listen to me." Hyacinth obeyed, and she played a long time, without glancing at him. This left him the more free to rest his eyes on her own face and person, while she looked about the room, vaguely, absently, but with an expression of quiet happiness, as if she were lost in her music, soothed and pacified by it. A window near her was half open, and the soft clearness of the day and all the odor of the spring diffused themselves, and made the place cheerful and pure. The Princess struck him as extraordinarily young and fair, and she seemed so slim and simple, and friendly too, in spite of having neither abandoned her occupation nor offered him her hand, that he sank back in his seat at last, with the sense that all his uneasiness, his nervous tension, was leaving him, and that he was safe in her kindness, in the free, original way with which she evidently would always treat him. This peculiar manner, half of ceremony, half of fellowship, seemed to him already to have the sweetness of familiarity. She played ever so movingly, with different pieces succeeding each other; he had never listened to music, nor to a talent, of that order. Two or three times she turned her eyes upon him, and then they shone with the wonderful expres-

sion that was the essence of her beauty; that profuse, mingled light which seemed to belong to some everlasting summer, and yet to suggest seasons that were past and gone, some experience that was only an exquisite memory. She asked him if he cared for music, and then added, laughing, that she ought to have made sure of this before; while he answered (he had already told her so in South Street; she appeared to have forgotten this) that he was awfully fond of it.

The sense of the beauty of women had been given to our young man in a high degree; it was a faculty that made him conscious, to adoration, of every element of loveliness, every delicacy of feature, every shade and tone, that contributed to charm. Even, therefore, if he had appreciated less the deep harmonies the Princess drew from the piano, there would have been no lack of interest in his situation, in such an opportunity to watch her admirable outline and movement, the noble form of her head and face, the gathered-up glories of her hair, the living, flower-like freshness which had no need to turn from the light. She was dressed in light colors, as simply as a young girl. Before she ceased playing she asked Hyacinth what he would like to do in the afternoon: would he have any objection to taking a drive with her? It was very possible he might enjoy the country. She seemed not to attend to his answer, which was covered by the sound of the piano; but if she had done so it would have left her very little doubt as to the reality of his inclination. She remained gazing at the cornice of the room, while her hands wandered to and fro; then, suddenly, she stopped, got up, and came toward her companion. "It is probable that is the most I shall ever bore you; you know the worst. Would you very kindly close the piano?" He complied with her request, and she went to another part of

the room and sank into an arm-chair. When he approached her again she said, "Is it really true that you have never seen a park, nor a garden, nor any of the beauties of nature, and that sort of thing?" She was alluding to something he had said in his letter, when he answered the note by which she proposed to him to run down to Medley; and after he assured her that it was perfectly true, she exclaimed, "I'm so glad — I'm so glad! I have never been able to show any one anything new, and I have always thought I should like it so — especially to a sensitive nature. Then you *will* come and drive with me?" She asked this as if it would be a great favor.

That was the beginning of the communion — so singular, considering their respective positions — which he had come to Medley to enjoy; and it passed into some very remarkable phases. The Princess had the most extraordinary way of taking things for granted, of ignoring difficulties, of assuming that her preferences might be translated into fact. After Hyacinth had remained with her ten minutes longer — a period mainly occupied with her exclamations of delight at his having seen so little of the sort of thing of which Medley consisted (Where should he have seen it, gracious heaven? he asked himself); after she had rested, thus briefly, from her exertions at the piano, she proposed that they should go out-of-doors together. She was an immense walker — she wanted her walk. She left him for a short time, giving him the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to entertain himself withal, and calling his attention, in particular, to a story of M. Octave Feuillet (she should be so curious to know what he thought of it); and reappeared with her hat and parasol, drawing on her long gloves, and presenting herself to our young man, at that moment, as a sudden incarnation of the heroine of M. Feuillet's novel, in

which he had instantly become immersed. On their way down-stairs it occurred to her that he had not yet seen the house, and that it would be amusing for her to show it to him; so she turned aside and took him through it, up and down and everywhere, even into the vast, old-fashioned kitchen, where there was a small, red-faced man in a white jacket and apron and a white cap (he removed the latter ornament to salute the little bookbinder), with whom his companion spoke Italian, which Hyacinth understood sufficiently to perceive that she addressed her cook in the second person singular, as if he had been a feudal retainer. He remembered that was the way the three Musketeers spoke to their lackeys. The Princess explained that the gentleman in the white cap was a delightful creature (she could n't endure English servants, though she was obliged to have two or three), who would make her plenty of risottos and polentas — she had quite the palate of a *contadina*. She showed Hyacinth everything: the queer transmogrified corner that had once been a chapel; the secret stairway which had served in the persecutions of the Catholics (the owners of Medley were, like the Princess herself, of the old persuasion); the musicians' gallery, over the hall; the tapestried room, which people came from a distance to see; and the haunted chamber (the two were sometimes confounded, but they were quite distinct), where a dreadful individual at certain times made his appearance — a dwarfish ghost, with an enormous head, a dispossessed brother, of long ago (the eldest), who had passed for an idiot, which he was n't, and had somehow been made away with. The Princess offered her visitor the privilege of sleeping in this apartment, declaring, however, that nothing would induce *her* even to enter it alone, she being a benighted creature, consumed with abject superstitions. "I don't know whether I am religious, and whether, if

I were, my religion would be superstitious. But my superstitions are certainly religious." She made her young friend pass through the drawing-room very cursorily, remarking that they should see it again: it was rather stupid—drawing-rooms in English country-houses were always stupid; indeed, if it would amuse him, they would sit there after dinner. Madame Grandoni and she usually sat up-stairs, but they would do anything that he should find more comfortable.

At last they went out of the house together, and as they did so she explained, as if she wished to justify herself against the imputation of extravagance, that, though the place doubtless struck him as absurdly large for a couple of quiet women, and the whole thing was not in the least what she would have preferred, yet it was all far cheaper than he probably imagined; she would never have looked at it if it had not been cheap. It must appear to him so preposterous for a woman to associate herself with the great uprising of the poor, and yet live in palatial halls—a place with forty or fifty rooms. This was one of only two allusions she made that day to her democratic sympathies; but it fell very happily, for Hyacinth had been reflecting precisely upon the anomaly she mentioned. It had been present to him all day; it added much to the way life practiced on his sense of the tragic-comical to think of the Princess's having retired to that magnificent residence in order to concentrate her mind upon the London slums. He listened, therefore, with great attention while she related that she had taken the house for only three months, in any case, because she wanted to rest, after a winter of visiting and living in public (as the English spent their lives, with all their celebrated worship of the "home"), and yet did not wish as yet to return to town—though she was obliged to confess that she had still the place in South

Street on her hands, thanks to her deciding, unexpectedly, to go on with it, rather than move out her things. But one had to keep one's things somewhere, and why was not that as good a receptacle as another? Medley was not what she would have chosen if she had been left to herself: but she had not been left to herself—she never was; she had been bullied into taking it by the owners, whom she had met somewhere, and who had made up to her immensely, persuading her that she might really have it for nothing—for no more than she would give for the little honeysuckle cottage, the old parsonage embowered in clematis, which were really what she had been looking for. Besides, it was one of those old musty mansions, ever so far from town, which it was always difficult to let, or to get a price for; and then it was a wretched house for living in. Hyacinth, for whom his three hours in the train had been a series of happy throbs, had not been struck with its geographical remoteness, and he asked the Princess what she meant, in such a connection, by using the word "wretched." To this she replied that the place was tumbling to pieces, inconvenient in every respect, full of ghosts and bad smells. "That is the only reason I come to have it. I don't want you to think me more luxurious than I am, or that I throw away money. Never, never!" Hyacinth had no standard by which he could measure the importance his opinion would have for her, and he perceived that though she judged him as a creature still open to every initiation, whose *naïveté* would entertain her, it was also her fancy to treat him as an old friend, a person to whom she might have had the habit of referring her difficulties. Her performance of the part she had undertaken to play was certainly complete, and everything lay before him but the reason she had for playing it.

One of the gardens at Medley took the young man's heart beyond the oth-

ers : it had high brick walls, on the sunny sides of which was a great training of apricots and plums, and straight walks, bordered with old-fashioned, homely flowers, inclosing immense squares where other fruit-trees stood upright and mint and lavender floated in the air. In the southern quarter it overhung a small, disused canal, and here a high embankment had been raised, which was also long and broad and covered with fine turf ; so that the top of it, looking down at the canal, made a magnificent grassy terrace, than which, on a summer's day, there could be no more delightful place for strolling up and down with a companion — all the more that, at either end, was a curious pavilion, in the manner of a tea-house, which completed the scene in an old-world sense, and offered rest and privacy, a refuge from sun or shower. One of these pavilions was an asylum for gardener's tools and superfluous flower-pots ; the other was covered, inside, with a queer Chinese paper, representing ever so many times over a group of people, with faces like blind kittens, having tea while they sat on the floor. It also contained a big, clumsy inlaid cabinet, in which cups and saucers showed themselves through doors of greenish glass, together with a carved cocoanut and a pair of outlandish idols. On a shelf, over a sofa, not very comfortable, though it had cushions of faded tapestry, which looked like samplers, was a row of novels, out of date and out of print — novels that one could n't have found any more, and that were only there. On the chimney-piece was a bowl of dried rose-leaves, mixed with some aromatic spice, and the whole place suggested a certain dampness.

On the terrace Hyacinth paced to and fro with the Princess, until she suddenly remembered that he had not had his luncheon. He protested that this was the last thing he wished to think of, but she declared that she had not asked him

down to Medley to starve him, and that he must go back and be fed. They went back, but by a very roundabout way, through the park, so that they really had half an hour's more talk. She explained to him that she herself breakfasted at twelve o'clock, in the foreign fashion, and had tea in the afternoon ; as he too was so foreign, he might like that better, and in this case, on the morrow, they would breakfast together. He could have coffee, and anything else he wanted, brought to his room when he woke up. When Hyacinth had sufficiently composed himself, in the presence of this latter image — he thought he saw a footman arranging a silver service at his bedside — he mentioned that really, as regarded the morrow, he should have to be back in London. There was a train at nine o'clock ; he hoped she did n't mind his taking it. She looked at him a moment, gravely and kindly, as if she were considering an abstract idea, and then she said, "Oh, yes, I mind it very much. Not to-morrow — some other day." He made no rejoinder, and the Princess spoke of something else ; that is, his rejoinder was private, and consisted of the reflection that he *would* leave Medley in the morning, whatever she might say. He simply could n't afford to stay ; he could n't be out of work. And then Madame Grandoni thought it so important ; for though the old lady was obscure, she was decidedly impressive. The Princess's protest, however, was to be reckoned with ; he felt that it might take a form less cursory than the words she had just uttered, which would make it embarrassing. She was less solemn, less explicit, than Madame Grandoni had been, but there was something in her slight seriousness and the delicate way in which she signified a sort of command that seemed to tell him his liberty was going — the liberty he had managed to keep (till the other day, when he gave Hoffendahl a mortgage on it),

and the possession of which had in some degree consoled him for other forms of penury. This made him uneasy; what would become of him if he should add another servitude to the one he had undertaken, at the end of that long, anxious cab-drive in the rain, in that dim back bedroom of a house as to whose whereabouts he was even now not clear, while Muniment and Poupin and Schinkel, all visibly pale, listened and accepted the vow? Muniment and Poupin and Schinkel — how disconnected, all the same, he felt from them at the present hour; how little he was the young man who had made the pilgrimage in the cab; and how the two latter, at least, if they could have a glimpse of him now, would wonder what he was up to!

As to this, Hyacinth wondered sufficiently himself, while the Princess touched upon the people and places she had seen, the impressions and conclusions she had gathered, since their former meeting. It was to such matters as these that she directed the conversation; she appeared to wish to keep it off his own concerns, and he was surprised at her continued avoidance of the slums and the question of her intended sacrifices. She mentioned none of her friends by name, but she talked of their character, their houses, their manners, taking for granted, as before, that Hyacinth would always follow. So far as he followed he was edified, but he had to admit to himself that half the time he did n't know what she was talking about. At all events, if *he* had been with the dukes (she did n't call her associates dukes, but Hyacinth was sure they were of that order), he would have got more satisfaction from them. She appeared, on the whole, to judge the English world severely; to think poorly of its wit, and even worse of its morals. "You know people ought n't to be both corrupt and dull," she said; and Hyacinth turned this over, feeling that he

certainly had not yet caught the point of view of a person for whom the aristocracy was a collection of bores. He had sometimes taken great pleasure in hearing that it was fabulously profligate, but he was rather disappointed in the bad account the Princess gave of it. She remarked that she herself was very corrupt — she ought to have mentioned that before — but she had never been accused of being stupid. Perhaps he would discover it, but most of the people she had had to do with thought her only too lively. The second allusion that she made to their ulterior designs (Hyacinth's and hers) was when she said, "I determined to see it" — she was speaking still of English society — "to learn for myself what it really is, before we blow it up. I have been here now a year and a half, and, as I tell you, I feel that I have seen. It is the old *régime* again, the rottenness and extravagance, bristling with every iniquity and every abuse, over which the French Revolution passed like a whirlwind; or, perhaps, even more a reproduction of Roman society in its *décadence*, gouty, apoplectic, depraved, gorged, and clogged with wealth and spoils, selfishness and skepticism, and waiting for the onset of the barbarians. You and I are the barbarians, you know." The Princess was pretty general, after all, in her animadversions, and regaled him with no anecdotes (he rather missed them) that would have betrayed the hospitality she had enjoyed. She could n't treat him absolutely as if he had been an ambassador. By way of defending the aristocracy, he said to her that it could n't be true they were all a bad lot (he used that expression because she had let him know that she liked him to speak in the manner of the people), inasmuch as he had an acquaintance among them — a noble lady — who was one of the purest, kindest, most conscientious human beings it was possible to imagine. At this she stopped short and looked at him;

then she asked, "Whom do you mean — a noble lady?"

"I suppose there is no harm saying. Lady Aurora Langrish."

"I don't know her. Is she nice?"

"I like her ever so much."

"Is she pretty, clever?"

"She is n't pretty, but she is very uncommon," said Hyacinth.

"How did you make her acquaintance?" As he hesitated, she went on: "Did you bind some books for her?"

"No. I met her in a place called Audley Court."

"Where is that?"

"In South Lambeth."

"And who lives there?"

"A young woman I was calling on, who is bedridden."

"And the lady you speak of — what do you call her? Lydia Langrish? — goes to see her?"

"Yes, very often."

The Princess was silent a moment, looking at him. "Will you take me there?"

"With great pleasure. The young woman I speak of is the sister of the chemist's assistant you will perhaps remember that I mentioned to you."

"Yes, I remember. It must be one of the first places we go to. I am sorry," the Princess added, walking on. Hyacinth inquired what she might be sorry for, but she took no notice of his question, and presently remarked, "Perhaps she goes to see him."

"Goes to see whom?"

"The chemist's assistant — the brother." She said this very seriously.

"Perhaps she does," Hyacinth rejoined, laughing. "But she is a fine sort of woman."

The Princess repeated that she was sorry, and he again asked her for what — for Lady Aurora's being of that sort? To which she replied, "No; I mean for my not being the first — what is it you call them? — noble lady that you have encountered."

"I don't see what difference that makes. You need n't be afraid you don't make an impression on me."

"I was not thinking of that. I was thinking that you might be less fresh than I thought."

"Of course I don't know what you thought," said Hyacinth, smiling.

"No; how should you?"

XXIII.

He was in the library, after luncheon, when word was brought to him that the carriage was at the door, for their drive; and when he went into the hall he found Madame Grandoni, bonneted and cloaked, awaiting the descent of the Princess. "You see I go with you. I am always there," she remarked, jovially. "The Princess has me with her to take care of her, and this is how I do it. Besides, I never miss my drive."

"You are different from me; this will be the first I have ever had in my life." He could establish that distinction without bitterness, because he was too pleased with his prospect to believe the old lady's presence could spoil it. He had nothing to say to the Princess that she might not hear. He did n't dislike her for coming, even after she had said to him, in answer to his own announcement, speaking rather more sententiously than was her wont, "It does n't surprise me that you have not spent your life in carriages. They have nothing to do with your trade."

"Fortunately not," he answered. "I should have made a ridiculous coachman."

The Princess appeared, and they mounted into a great square barouche, an old-fashioned, high-hung vehicle, with a green body, a faded hammer-cloth, and a rumble where the footman sat (the Princess mentioned that it had been let with the house), which rolled, ponderously and smoothly, along the winding avenue and through the gilded gates

(they were surmounted with an immense escutcheon) of the park. The progress of this oddly composed trio had a high respectability, and that is one of the reasons why Hyacinth felt the occasion to be tremendously memorable. There might still be greater joys in store for him — he was by this time quite at sea, and could recognize no shores — but he would never again in his life be so respectable. The drive was long and comprehensive, but very little was said while it lasted. “I shall show you the whole country: it is exquisitely beautiful; it speaks to the heart.” Of so much as this his hostess had informed him at the start; and she added, in French, with a light, allusive nod at the rich, harmonized landscape, “Voilà ce que j’aime en Angleterre.” For the rest, she sat there opposite to him in quiet fairness under her softly-swaying, lace-fringed parasol: moving her eyes to where she noticed that his eyes rested; allowing them, when the carriage passed anything particularly charming, to meet his own; smiling as if she enjoyed the whole affair very nearly as much as he; and now and then calling his attention to some prospect, some picturesque detail, by three words of which the cadence was sociable. Madame Grandoni dozed most of the time, with her chin resting on a rather mangy ermine tippet, in which she had enveloped herself, expanding into consciousness at moments, however, to greet the scenery with comfortable polyglot ejaculations. If Hyacinth was exalted, during these delightful hours, he at least measured his exaltation, and it kept him almost solemnly still, as if with the fear that a wrong movement of any sort would break the charm, cause the curtain to fall upon the play. This was especially the case when his senses oscillated back from the objects that sprang up by the way, every one of which was a rich image of something he had longed for, to the most beautiful woman in England, who sat there, close to him, as

completely for his benefit as if he had been a painter engaged to make her portrait. More than once he saw everything through a mist; his eyes were full of tears.

That evening they sat in the drawing-room after dinner, as the Princess had promised, or, as he was inclined to consider it, threatened him. The force of the threat was in his prevision that the ladies would make themselves fine, and that in contrast with the setting and company he should feel dingier than ever; having already on his back the only tolerably decent coat he possessed, and being unable to exchange it for a garment of the pattern that civilized people (so much he knew, if he could n’t emulate them) put on about eight o’clock. The ladies, when they came to dinner, looked festal indeed; but Hyacinth was able to make the reflection that he was more pleased to be dressed as he was dressed, meanly and unsuitably as it was, than he should have been to present such a figure as Madame Grandoni, in whose toggery there was something comical. He was coming more and more round to the sense that if the Princess did n’t mind his poorness, in every way, he had no call to mind it himself. His present circumstances were not of his seeking — they had been forced upon him; they were not the fruit of a disposition to push. How little the Princess minded — how much, indeed, she enjoyed the consciousness that in having him about her in that manner she was playing a trick upon society, the false and conventional society she had measured and despised — was manifest from the way she had introduced him to the people they found awaiting them in the hall on the return from their drive: four ladies, a mother and three daughters, who had come over to call, from Broome, a place some five miles off. Broome was also a great house, as he gathered, and Lady Marchant, the mother, was the wife of

a county magnate. She explained that they had come in on the persuasion of the butler, who had represented the return of the Princess as imminent, and who then had administered tea without waiting for this event. The evening had drawn in chill; there was a fire in the hall, and they all sat near it, round the tea-table, under the great roof which rose to the top of the house. Hyacinth conversed mainly with one of the daughters, a very fine girl, with a straight back and long arms, whose neck was encircled so tightly with a fur boa that, to look a little to one side, she was obliged to move her whole body. She had a handsome, inanimate face, over which the firelight played without making it more lively, a beautiful voice, and the occasional command of a few words. She asked Hyacinth if he had been hunting, and whether he went in much for croquet, and she ate three muffins.

Our young man perceived that Lady Marchant and her daughters had already been at Medley, and even guessed that their reception by the Princess, who probably thought them of a tiresome type, had not been enthusiastic; and his imagination projected itself, further still, into the motives which, in spite of this tepidity, must have led them, in consideration of the rarity of princesses in that country, to come a second time. The talk, in the firelight, while Hyacinth labored, rather recklessly (for the spirit of the occasion, on his hostess's part, was passing into his own blood), with his muffin-eating beauty — the conversation, accompanied with the light click of delicate tea-cups, was as well-bred as could be consistent with an odd, evident *parti-pris* of the Princess's to make poor Lady Marchant explain everything. With great urbanity of manner, she professed complete inability to understand the sense in which her visitor meant her thin remarks; and Hyacinth was scarcely able to follow her here, he wondered so what interest she could have in try-

ing to appear dense. It was only afterwards he learned that the Marchant family produced a very peculiar, and at moments almost maddening, effect upon her nerves. He asked himself what would happen to that member of it with whom he was engaged if it should be revealed to her that she was conversing (how little soever) with a beggarly London artisan; and though he was rather pleased at her not having discovered his station (for he did n't attribute her shortness to this idea), he entertained a little the question of its being perhaps his duty not to keep it hidden from her, not to flourish in a cowardly disguise. What did she take him for — or, rather, what did n't she take him for — when she asked him if he hunted? Perhaps that was because it was rather dark; if there had been more light in the great, vague hall she would have seen he was not one of themselves. Hyacinth felt that by this time he had associated a good deal with swells, but they had always known what he was, and had been able to elect how to treat him. This was the first occasion on which a young gentlewoman had not been warned, and, as a consequence, he appeared to pass muster. He determined not to unmask himself, on the simple ground that he should by the same stroke betray the Princess. It was quite open to her to lean over and say to Miss Marchant, "You know he's a wretched little book-binder, earning a few shillings a week in a horrid street in Soho. There are all kinds of low things — and I suspect even something very horrible — connected with his birth. It seems to me I ought to mention it." He almost wished she would mention it, for the sake of the strange, violent sensations of the thing, a curiosity quivering within him to know what Miss Marchant would do at such a pinch, and what chorus of ejaculations — or, what appalled, irremediable silence — would rise to the painted roof. The responsibility, however, was

not his ; he had entered a phase of his destiny where responsibilities were suspended. Madame Grandoni's tea had waked her up ; she came, at every crisis, to the rescue of the conversation, and talked to the visitors about Rome, where they had once spent a winter, describing with much drollery the manner in which the English families she had seen there for nearly half a century (and had met, of an evening, in the Roman world) inspected the ruins and monuments and squeezed into the great ceremonies of the church. Clearly, the four ladies did n't know what to make of her ; but, though they perhaps wondered if she were a paid companion, they were on firm ground in the fact that the queer, familiar, fat person had been acquainted with the Millingtons, the Bunburys, and the Tripps.

After dinner (during which the Princess allowed herself a considerable license of pleasantry on the subject of her recent visitors, declaring that Hyacinth must positively go with her to return their call, and must see their interior, their manner at home), Madame Grandoni sat down to the piano, at Christina's request, and played to her companions for an hour. The spaces were large in the big drawing-room, and our friends had placed themselves at a distance from each other. The old lady's music trickled forth discreetly into the pleasant dimness of the candlelight ; she knew dozens of Italian local airs, which sounded like the forgotten tunes of a people, and she followed them by a series of tender, plaintive German *Lieder*, awaking, without violence, the echoes of the high, pompous apartment. It was the music of an old woman, and seemed to quaver a little, as her singing might have done. The Princess, buried in a deep chair, listened, behind her fan. Hyacinth at least supposed she listened ; at any rate, she never moved. At last Madame Grandoni left the piano, and came toward the young man. She had

taken up, on the way, a French book, in a pink cover, which she nursed in the hollow of her arm, and she stood looking at Hyacinth.

"My poor little friend, I must bid you good-night. I shall not see you again for the present, as, to take your early train, you will have left the house before I put on my wig — and I never show myself to gentlemen without it. I have looked after the Princess pretty well, all day, to keep her from harm, and now I give her up to you, for a little. Take the same care, I beg you. I must put myself into my dressing-gown ; at my age, at this hour, it is the only thing. What will you have ? I hate to be tight," pursued Madame Grandoni, who appeared even in her ceremonial garment to have evaded this discomfort successfully enough. "Do not sit up late," she added ; "and do not keep him, Christina. Remember that for an active young man like Mr. Robinson, going every day to his work, there is nothing more exhausting than such an unoccupied life as ours. For what do we do, after all ? His eyes are very heavy. *Basta !*"

During this little address the Princess, who made no rejoinder to that part of it which concerned herself, remained hidden behind her fan ; but after Madame Grandoni had wandered away she lowered this emblazoned shield, and rested her eyes for a while on Hyacinth. At last she said, "Don't sit half a mile off. Come nearer to me. I want to say something to you that I can't shout across the room." Hyacinth instantly got up, but at the same moment she also rose ; so that, approaching each other, they met half-way, before the great marble chimney-piece. She stood a little, opening and closing her fan ; then she remarked, "You must be surprised at my not having yet spoken to you about our great interest."

"No, indeed, I am not surprised at anything."

"When you take that tone I feel as if we should never, after all, become friends," said the Princess.

"I hoped we were, already. Certainly, after the kindness you have shown me, there is no service of friendship that you might ask of me" —

"That you would n't gladly perform? I know what you are going to say, and have no doubt you speak truly. But what good would your service do me if, all the while, you think of me as a hollow-headed, hollow-hearted lunatic, behaving in the worst possible taste, and oppressing you with her attentions? Perhaps you can think of me as — what shall I call it? — as a kind of coquette."

Hyacinth demurred. "That would be very conceited."

"Surely, you have the right to be as conceited as you please, after the advances I have made you! Pray, who has a better one? But you persist in remaining humble, and that is very provoking."

"It is not I that am provoking; it is life, and society, and all the difficulties that surround us."

"I am precisely of that opinion — that they are exasperating; that when I appeal to you, frankly, candidly, disinterestedly — simply because I like you, for no other reason in the world — to help me to disregard and surmount these obstructions, to treat them with the contempt they deserve, you drop your eyes, you even blush a little, and make yourself small, and try to edge out of the situation by pleading general devotion and insignificance. Please remember this: you cease to be insignificant from the moment I have anything to do with you. My dear fellow," the Princess went on, in her free, audacious, fraternizing way, to which her beauty and purity gave nobleness, "there are people who would be very glad to enjoy, in your place, that form of obscurity."

"What do you wish me to do?" Hyacinth asked, as quietly as he could.

If he had had an idea that this question, to which, as coming from his lips, and even as being uttered with perceptible impatience, a certain unexpectedness might attach, would cause her a momentary embarrassment, he was completely out in his calculation. She answered on the instant: "I want you to give me time! That's all I ask of my friends, in general — all I ever asked of the best I have had. But none of them ever did it; none of them, that is, save the excellent creature who has just left us. She understood me long ago."

"That's all I, on my side, ask of you," said Hyacinth, smiling. "Give me time, give me time," he murmured, looking up at her splendor.

"Dear Mr. Hyacinth, I have given you months! — months since our first meeting. And at present, have n't I given you the whole day? It has been intentional, my not speaking to you of our plans. Yes, our plans; I know what I am saying. Don't try to look stupid; you will never succeed. I wished to leave you free to amuse yourself."

"Oh, I have amused myself," said Hyacinth.

"You would have been very fastidious if you had n't! However, that is precisely, in the first place, what I wished you to come here for. To observe the impression made by such a place as this on such a nature as yours, introduced to it for the first time, has been, I assure you, quite worth my while. I have already given you a hint of how extraordinary I think it that you should be what you are without having seen — what shall I call them? — beautiful, delightful old things. I have been watching you; I am frank enough to tell you that. I want you to see more — more — more!" the Princess exclaimed, with a sudden flicker of passion. "And I want to talk with

you about this matter, as well as others. That will be for to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"I noticed Madame Grandoni took for granted, just now, you are going. But that has nothing to do with the business. She has so little imagination!"

Hyacinth shook his head, smiling. "I can't stay!" He had an idea his mind was made up.

She returned his smile, but there was something strangely touching — it was so sad, yet, as a rebuke, so gentle — in the tone in which she replied, "You ought n't to force me to beg you. It is n't nice."

He had reckoned without that tone; all his reasons suddenly seemed to fall from under him, to liquefy. He remained a moment, looking on the ground; then he said, "Princess, you have no idea — how should you have? — into the midst of what abject, pitiful preoccupations you thrust yourself. I have no money — I have no clothes."

"What do you want of money? This is n't an hotel."

"Every day I stay here I lose a day's wages; and I live on my wages from day to day."

"Let me, then, give you wages. You will work for me."

"What do you mean — work for you?"

"You will bind all my books. I have ever so many foreign ones, in paper."

"You speak as if I had brought my tools!"

"No, I don't imagine that. I will give you the wages now, and you can do the work, at your leisure and convenience, afterwards. Then, if you want anything, you can go over to Bonchester and buy it. There are very good shops; I have used them." Hyacinth thought of a great many things at this juncture; the Princess had that quickening effect upon him. Among others, he thought of these two: first, that it was indelicate

(though such an opinion was not very strongly held either in Lomax Place or in Soho) to accept money from a woman; and second, that it was still more indelicate to make such a woman as that go down on her knees to him. But it took more than a minute for one of these convictions to prevail over the other, and before that he had heard the Princess continue, in the tone of mild, disinterested argument: "If we believe in the coming democracy, if it seems to us right and just, and we hold that, in sweeping over the world, the great wave will wash away a myriad iniquities and cruelties, why not make some attempt, with our own poor means — for one must begin somewhere — to carry out the spirit of it in our lives and our manners? I want to do that. I try to do it — in my relations with you, for instance. But you hang back; you are not democratic!"

The Princess accusing him of a patrician offishness was a very fine stroke; nevertheless, it left him lucidity enough (though he still hesitated an instant, wondering whether the words would not offend her) to say, with a smile, "I have been strongly warned against you."

The offense seemed not to touch her. "I can easily understand that. Of course my proceedings — though, after all, I have done little enough as yet — must appear most unnatural. *Che vuole?* as Madame Grandoni says."

A certain knot of light blue ribbon, which formed part of the trimming of her dress, hung down, at her side, in the folds of it. On these glossy loops Hyacinth's eyes happened for a moment to have rested, and he now took one of them up and carried it to his lips. "I will do all the work for you that you will give me. If you give it on purpose, by way of munificence, that is your own affair. I myself will estimate the price. What decides me is that I shall do it so well; at least it shall be better than any one else can do — so

that if you employ me there will have been that reason. I have brought you a book — so you can see. I did it for you last year, and went to South Street to give it to you, but you had already gone."

"Give it to me to-morrow." These words appeared to express so exclusively the calmness of relief at finding that he could be reasonable, as well as that of a friendly desire to see the proof of his talent, that he was surprised when she said, in the next breath, irrelevantly, "Who was it warned you against me?"

He feared she might suppose he meant Madame Grandoni, so he made the plainest answer, having no desire to betray the old lady, and reflecting that, as the likelihood was small that his friend in South Lambeth would ever consent to meet the Princess (in spite of her plan of going there), no one would be hurt by it. "A friend of mine in London — Paul Muniment."

"Paul Muniment?"

"I think I mentioned him to you the first time we met."

"The person who said something good? I forget what it was."

"It was sure to be something good if he said it; he is very wise."

"That makes his warning very flattering to me! What does he know about me?"

"Oh, nothing, of course, except the little that I could tell him. He only spoke on general grounds."

"I like his name — Paul Muniment," the Princess said. "If he resembles it, I think I should like him."

"You would like him much better than me."

"How do you know how much — or how little — I like you? I am determined to keep hold of you, simply for what you can show me." She paused a moment, with her beautiful, intelligent eyes smiling into his own, and then she continued, "On general grounds, *bien*

entendu. Your friend was quite right to warn you. Now those general grounds are just what I have undertaken to make as small as possible. It is to reduce them to nothing that I talk to you, that I conduct myself with regard to you as I have done. What in the world is it I am trying to do but, by every device that my ingenuity suggests, fill up the inconvenient gulf that yawns between my position and yours? You know what I think of 'positions'; I told you in London. For Heaven's sake, let me feel that I have — a little — succeeded!" Hyacinth satisfied her sufficiently to enable her, five minutes later, apparently to entertain no further doubt on the question of his staying over. On the contrary, she burst into a sudden ebullition of laughter, exchanging her bright, lucid insistence for one of her singular sallies. "You must absolutely go with me to call on the Marchants; it will be too delightful to see you there!"

As he walked up and down the empty drawing-room it occurred to him to ask himself whether that was mainly what she was keeping him for — so that he might help her to play one of her tricks on the good people at Broome. He paced there, in the still candlelight, for a longer time than he measured; until the butler came and stood in the doorway, looking at him silently and fixedly, as if to let him know that he interfered with the custom of the house. He had told the Princess that what determined him was the thought of the manner in which he might exercise his craft in her service; but this was only half the influence that pressed him into forgetfulness of what he had most said to himself when, in Lomax Place, in an hour of unprecedented introspection, he wrote the letter by which he accepted the invitation to Medley. He would go there (so he said), because a man must be gallant, especially if he is a little book-binder; but after he should be there he would insist at every step upon knowing

what he was in for. The change that had taken place in him now, from one moment to another, was that he had simply ceased to care what he was in for. All warnings, reflections, considerations of verisimilitude, of the delicate, the natural, and the possible, of the value of his independence, had become as nothing to him. The cup of an exquisite experience — a week in that enchanted palace, a week of such immunity from Lomax Place and old Crookenden as he had never dreamed of — was at his lips; it was purple with the wine of novelty, of civilization, and he could n't push it aside without drinking. He might go home ashamed, but he would have forevermore, in his mouth, the taste of nectar. He went up-stairs, under the eye of the butler, and on his way to his room, at the turning of a corridor, found himself face to face with Madame Grandoni. She had apparently just issued from her own apartment, the door of which stood open, near her; she might have been hovering there in expectation of his footstep. She had donned her dressing-gown, which appeared to give her every facility for respiration, but she had not yet parted with her wig. She still had her pink French book under her arm; and her fat little hands tightly locked together in front of her formed, as it were, the clasp of her generous girdle.

"Do tell me it is positive, Mr. Robinson!" she said, stopping short.

"What is positive, Madame Grandoni?"

"That you take the train in the morning."

"I can't tell you that, because it would n't be true. On the contrary, it has been settled that I shall stay over. I am very sorry if it distresses you — but *che vuole?*" Hyacinth added, smiling.

Madame Grandoni was a humorous woman, but she gave him no smile in return; she only looked at him a mo-

ment, and then, shrugging her shoulders silently but expressively, shuffled back to her room.

XXIV.

"I can give you your friend's name — in a single guess. He is Diedrich Hoffendahl!" They had been strolling more and more slowly, the next morning, and as she made this announcement the Princess stopped altogether, standing there under a great beech, with her eyes upon Hyacinth's and her hands full of primroses. He had breakfasted, at noon, with his hostess and Madame Grandoni, but the old lady had fortunately not joined them when the Princess afterwards proposed that he should accompany her on her walk in the park. She told him that her venerable friend had let her know, while the day was still very young, that she thought it in the worst possible taste of the Princess not to have allowed Mr. Robinson to depart; to which Christina had replied that concerning tastes there was no disputing, and that they had disagreed on such matters before without any one being the worse. Hyacinth expressed the hope that they would n't dispute about *him* — of all thankless subjects in the world; and the Princess assured him that she never disputed about anything. She held that there were other ways than that of arranging one's relations with people; and Hyacinth guessed that she meant that when a difference became sharp she broke off altogether. On her side, then, there was as little possibility as on his that they should ever quarrel; their acquaintance would be a solid friendship, or it would be nothing at all. The Princess gave it from hour to hour more of this quality, and it may be imagined how safe Hyacinth felt by the time he began to tell her that something had happened to him, in London, three months before, one night (or rather in the small hours

of the morning), that had altered his life altogether — had, indeed, as he might say, changed the terms on which he held it. He was aware that he did n't know exactly what he meant by this last phrase; but it expressed sufficiently well the new feeling that had come over him since that interminable, tantalizing cab-drive in the rain.

The Princess had led to this, almost as soon as they left the house; making up for her avoidance of such topics the day before by saying, suddenly, "Now tell me what is going on among your friends. I don't mean your worldly acquaintances, but your colleagues, your brothers. *Où en êtes-vous*, at the present time? Is there anything new, is anything going to be done? I am afraid you are always simply dawdling and muddling." Hyacinth felt as if, of late, he had by no means either dawdled or muddled; but before he had committed himself so far as to refute the imputation, the Princess exclaimed, in another tone, "How annoying it is that I can't ask you anything without giving you the right to say to yourself, 'After all, what do I know? May she not be in the pay of the police?'"

"Oh, that does n't occur to me," said Hyacinth, with a smile.

"It might, at all events; by which I mean it may, at any moment. Indeed, I think it ought."

"If you were in the pay of the police you would n't trouble your head about me."

"I should make you think that, certainly! That would be my first care. However, if you have no tiresome suspicions, so much the better," said the Princess; and she pressed him again for some news from behind the scenes.

In spite of his absence of doubt on the subject of her honesty — he felt that he should never again entertain any such trashy idea as that she might be an agent on the wrong side — he did not open himself immediately; but at the

end of half an hour he let her know that the most important event of his life had taken place, scarcely more than the other day, in the most unexpected manner. And to explain in what it had consisted, he said, "I pledged myself, by everything that is sacred."

"To what did you pledge yourself?"

"I took a vow — a tremendous, terrible vow — in the presence of four witnesses," Hyacinth went on.

"And what was it about, your vow?"

"I gave my life away," said Hyacinth, smiling.

She looked at him askance, as if to see how he would make such an announcement as that; but she wore no smile — her face was politely grave. They moved together a moment, exchanging a glance, in silence, and then she said, "Ah, well, then, I'm all the more glad you stayed!"

"That was one of the reasons."

"I wish you had waited — till after you had been here," the Princess remarked.

"Why till after I had been here?"

"Perhaps then you would n't have given away your life. You might have seen reasons for keeping it." And now, at last, she treated the matter gayly, as Hyacinth had done. He replied that he had not the least doubt that, on the whole, her influence was relaxing; but without heeding this remark she went on: "Be so good as to tell me what you are talking about."

"I'm not afraid of you, but I'll give you no names," said Hyacinth; and he related what had happened in the back room in Bloomsbury, in the course of that evening of which I have given some account. The Princess listened, intently, while they strolled under the budding trees with a more interrupted step. Never had the old oaks and beeches, renewing themselves in the sunshine as they did to-day, or naked in some gray November, witnessed such an extraordinary series of confidences, since the first

pair that sought isolation wandered over the grassy slopes and ferny dells beneath them. Among other things Hyacinth mentioned to his companion that he did n't go to the place in Bloomsbury any more; he now perceived, what he ought to have perceived long before, that this particular temple of their faith, and everything that pretended to get hatched there, was an idiotic sham. He had been a greenhorn, from the first, to take it seriously. He had done so mainly because a friend of his, in whom he had confidence, appeared to set him the example; but now it turned out that this friend (it was Paul Muniment again, by the way) had always thought the men who went there a pack of duffers, and was only trying them because he tried everything. There was nobody you could begin to call a first-rate man there, putting aside another friend of his, a Frenchman named Poupin (and Poupin was magnificent, but he was n't first-rate). Hyacinth had a standard now that he had seen a man who was the very incarnation of his programme. You felt that *he* was a swell the very moment you came into his presence.

"Into whose presence, Mr. Robinson?" the Princess inquired.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you, much as I believe in you! I am speaking of the very remarkable individual with whom I entered into that engagement."

"To give away your life?"

"To do something which in a certain contingency he will require of me. He will require my poor little carcass."

"Those plans have a way of failing — unfortunately," the Princess murmured, adding the last word more quickly.

"Is that a consolation, or a lament?" Hyacinth asked. "This one shall not fail, so far as it depends on me. They wanted an obliging young man — the place was vacant — I stepped in."

"I have no doubt you are right. We must pay for what we do." The Prin-

cess made that remark calmly and coldly; then she said, "I think I know the person in whose power you have placed yourself."

"Possibly, but I doubt it."

"You can't believe I have already gone so far? Why not? I have given you a certain amount of proof that I don't hang back."

"Well, if you know my friend, you have gone very far indeed."

The Princess appeared to be on the point of pronouncing a name; but she checked herself, and asked suddenly, smiling, "Don't they also want, by chance, an obliging young woman?"

"I happen to know he does n't think much of women, my first-rate man. He does n't trust them."

"Is that why you call him first-rate? You have very nearly betrayed him to me."

"Do you imagine there is only one of that opinion?" Hyacinth inquired.

"Only one who, having it, still remains a superior man. That's a very difficult opinion to reconcile with others that it is important to have."

"Schopenhauer did it, successfully," said Hyacinth.

"How delightful that you should know Schopenhauer!" the Princess exclaimed. "The gentleman I have in my eye is also German." Hyacinth let this pass, not challenging her, because he wished not to be challenged in return, and the Princess went on: "Of course, such an engagement as you speak of must make a tremendous difference, in everything."

"It has made this difference: that I have now a far other sense from any I had before of the reality, the solidity, of what is being prepared. I was hanging about outside, on the steps of the temple, among the loafers and the gossips, but now I have been in the innermost sanctuary — I have seen the holy of holies."

"And it's very dazzling?"

"Ah, Princess!" sighed the young man.

"Then it *is* real, it *is* solid?" she pursued. "That's exactly what I have been trying to find out, for so long."

"It is more strange than I can say. Nothing of it appears above the surface; but there is an immense under-world, peopled with a thousand forms of revolutionary passion and devotion. The manner in which it's organized is what astonished me; I knew that, or thought I knew it, in a general way, but the reality was a revelation. And on top of it all, society lives! People go and come, and buy and sell, and drink and dance, and make money and make love, and seem to know nothing and suspect nothing and think of nothing; and iniquities flourish, and the misery of half the world is prated about as a 'necessary evil,' and generations rot away and starve, in the midst of it, and day follows day, and everything is for the best in the best of possible worlds. All that is one half of it; the other half is that everything is doomed! In silence, in darkness, but under the feet of each one of us, the revolution lives and works. It is a wonderful, immeasurable trap, on the lid of which society performs its antics. When once the machinery is complete, there will be a great rehearsal. That rehearsal is what they want me for. The invisible, impalpable wires are everywhere, passing through everything, attaching themselves to objects in which one would never think of looking for them. What could be more strange and incredible, for instance, than that they should exist just here?"

"You make me believe it," said the Princess, thoughtfully.

"It matters little whether one believes it or not!"

"You have had a vision," the Princess continued.

"*Parbleu*, I have had a vision! So would you, if you had been there."

"I wish I had!" she declared, in a

tone charged with such ambiguous implications that Hyacinth, catching them a moment after she had spoken, rejoined, with a quick, incongruous laugh —

"No, you would have spoiled everything. He made me see, he made me feel, he made me do, everything he wanted."

"And why should he have wanted you, in particular?"

"Simply because I struck him as the right person. That's his affair: I can't tell you. When he meets the right person he chucks him. I sat on the bed. (There were only two chairs in the dirty little room, and by way of a curtain his overcoat was hung up before the window.) He did n't sit, himself; he leaned against the wall, straight in front of me, with his hands behind him. He told me certain things, and his manner was extraordinarily quiet. So was mine, I think I may say; and indeed it was only poor Poupin that made a row. It was for my sake, somehow: he did n't think we were all conscious enough; he wanted to call attention to my sublimity. There was no sublimity about it. I simply could n't help myself. He and the other German had the two chairs, and Muniment sat on a queer old battered, hair-covered trunk, a most foreign-looking article." Hyacinth had taken no notice of the little ejaculation with which his companion greeted, in this last sentence, the word "other."

"And what did Mr. Muniment say?" she presently inquired.

"Oh, he said it was all right. Of course he thought that, from the moment he determined to bring me. He knew what the other fellow was looking for."

"I see." Then the Princess remarked, "We have a curious way of being fond of you."

"Whom do you mean by 'we'?"

"Your friends. Mr. Muniment and I, for instance."

"I like it as well as any other. But

you don't feel alike. I have an idea you are sorry."

"Sorry for what?"

"That I have put my head in a noose."

"Ah, you're severe—I thought I concealed it so well!" the Princess exclaimed. He admitted that he had been severe, and begged her pardon, for he was by no means sure that there was not a hint of tears in her voice. She looked away from him for a minute, and it was after this that, stopping short, she remarked, as I have related, "He is *Diedrich Hoffendahl*."

Hyacinth stared for a moment, with parted lips. "Well, you *are* in it, more than I supposed!"

"You know he does n't trust women," his companion smiled.

"Why in the world should you have cared for any light I can throw, if you have ever been in relation with him?"

She hesitated a little. "Oh, you are very different. I like you better," she added.

"Ah, if it's for that!" murmured Hyacinth.

The Princess colored, as he had seen her color before, and in this accident, on her part, there was an unexpectedness, something touching. "Don't try to fix my inconsistencies on me," she said, with an humility which matched her blush. "Of course there are plenty of them, but it will always be kinder of you to let them pass. Besides, in this case they are not so serious as they seem. As a product of the 'people,' and of that strange, fermenting under-world (what you say of it is so true!), you interest me more, and have more to say to me, even than Hoffendahl—wonderful creature as he assuredly is."

"Would you object to telling me how and where you came to know him?"

"Through a couple of friends of mine in Vienna, two of the affiliated, both passionate revolutionists and clever

men. They are Neapolitans, originally *poveretti*, like yourself, who emigrated, years ago, to seek their fortune. One of them is a teacher of singing, the wisest, most accomplished person in his line I have ever known. The other, if you please, is a confectioner! He makes the most delicious *pâtisserie fine*. It would take long to tell you how I made *their* acquaintance, and how they put me into relation with the Maestro, as they called him, of whom they spoke with bated breath. It is not from yesterday—though you don't seem able to believe it—that I have had a care for all this business. I wrote to Hoffendahl, and had several letters from him; the singing-master and the pastry-cook went bail for my sincerity. The next year I had an interview with him at Wiesbaden; but I can't tell you the circumstances of our meeting, in that place, without implicating another person, to whom, at present at least, I have no right to give you a clue. Of course Hoffendahl made an immense impression on me; he seemed to me the Master indeed, the very genius of a new social order, and I fully understand the manner in which you were affected by him. When he was in London, three months ago, I knew it, and I knew where to write to him. I did so, and asked him if he would n't see me somewhere. I said I would meet him in any hole he should designate. He answered by a charming letter, which I will show you—there is nothing in the least compromising in it—but he declined my offer, pleading his short stay and a press of engagements. He will write to me, but he won't trust me. However, he shall some day!"

Hyacinth was thrown quite off his balance by this representation of the ground the Princess had already traversed, and the explanation was still but half restorative when, on his asking her why she had n't exhibited her titles before, she replied, "Well, I thought

my being quiet was the better way to draw you out." There was but little difficulty in drawing him out now, and before their walk was over he had told her more definitely what Hoffendahl demanded. This was simply that he should hold himself ready, for the next five years, to do, at a given moment, an act which would in all probability cost him his life. The act was as yet indefinite, but one might get an idea of it from the penalty involved, which would certainly be capital. The only thing settled was that it was to be done instantly and absolutely, without a question, a hesitation, or a scruple, in the manner that should be prescribed, at the moment, from headquarters. Very likely it would be to kill some one — some humbug in a high place; but whether the individual should deserve it or should not deserve it was not Hyacinth's affair. If he recognized generally Hoffendahl's wisdom — and the other night it had seemed to shine like a northern aurora — it was not in order that he might challenge it in the particular case. He had taken a vow of blind obedience, as the Jesuit fathers did to the head of their order. It was because they had carried out their vows (having, in the first place, great administrators) that their organization had been mighty, and that sort of mightiness was what people who felt as Hyacinth and the Princess felt should go in for. It was not certain that he should be taken, any more than it was certain that he should bring down his man; but it was much to be looked for, and it was what he counted on and indeed preferred. He should probably take little trouble to escape, and he should never enjoy the idea of hiding (after the fact) or running away. If it were a question of putting a bullet into some one, he himself should naturally deserve what would come to him. If one did that sort of thing, there was an indelicacy in not being ready to pay for it; and he, at least, was perfectly will-

ing. He should not judge; he should simply execute. He did not pretend to say what good his little job might do, or what *portée* it might have; he had not the data for appreciating it, and simply took upon himself to believe that at headquarters they knew what they were about. The thing was to be a feature in a very large plan, of which he could not measure the scope — something that was to be done simultaneously in a dozen different countries. The effect was to be very much in this immense coincidence. It was to be hoped it would not be spoiled. At any rate, *he* would not hang fire, whatever the other fellows might do. He did not say it because Hoffendahl had done him the honor of giving him the business to do, but he believed the Master knew how to pick out his men. To be sure, Hoffendahl had known nothing about him in advance; he had only been suggested to the man by those who were looking out from one day to the other. The fact remained, however, that when Hyacinth stood before him he recognized him as the sort of little chap that he had in his eye (one who could pass through a small orifice). Humanity, in his scheme, was classified and subdivided with a truly German thoroughness, and altogether, of course, from the point of view of the revolution, as it might forward or obstruct it. Hyacinth's little job was a very small part of what Hoffendahl had come to England for; he had in his hand innumerable other threads. Hyacinth knew nothing of these, and did not much want to know, except that it was marvelous, the way Hoffendahl kept them apart. He had exactly the same mastery of them that a great musician — that the Princess herself — had of the keyboard of the piano; he treated all things, persons, institutions, ideas, as so many notes in his great symphonic revolt. The day would come when Hyacinth, far down in the treble, would feel himself touched by the little finger of the

composer, would become audible (with a small, sharp crack) for a second.

It was impossible that our young man should not feel, at the end of ten minutes, that he had charmed the Princess into the deepest, most genuine attention; she was listening to him as she had never listened before. He enjoyed having that effect upon her, and his sense of the tenuity of the thread by which his future hung, renewed by his hearing himself talk about it, made him reflect that at present anything in the line of enjoyment was so much gained. The reader may judge whether he had passed through a phase of excitement after finding himself on his new footing of utility in the world; but that had finally spent itself, through a hundred forms of restlessness, of vain conjecture — through an exaltation which alternated with despair, and which, equally with the despair, he concealed more successfully than he supposed. He would have detested the idea that his companion might have heard his voice tremble while he told his story; but though to-day he had really grown used to his danger, and resigned, as it were, to his consecration, and though it could not fail to be agreeable to him to perceive that he was thrilling, he could still not guess how very remarkable, in such a connection, the Princess thought his composure, his lucidity and good-humor. It is true, she tried to hide her wonder, for she owed it to her self-respect to let it still appear that even she was prepared for a personal sacrifice as complete. She had the air — or she endeavored to have it — of accepting for him everything that he accepted for himself; nevertheless, there was something rather forced in the smile (lovely as it was) with which she covered him, while she said, after a little, "It's very serious — it's very serious indeed, isn't it?" He replied that the serious part was to come — there was no particular grimness for him (comparatively) in

strolling in that sweet park and gossiping with her about the matter; and it occurred to her presently to suggest to him that perhaps Hoffendahl would never give him any sign at all, and he would wait all the while, *sur les dents*, in a false suspense. He admitted that this would be a sell, but declared that either way he would be sold, though differently; and that, at any rate, he would have conformed to the great religious rule — to live each hour as if it were to be one's last.

"In holiness, you mean — in great *recueillement*?" the Princess asked.

"Oh dear, no; simply in extreme thankfulness for every minute that's added."

"Ah, well, there will probably be a great many," she rejoined.

"The more the better — if they are like this."

"That won't be the case with many of them, in Lomax Place."

"I assure you that since that night Lomax Place has improved." Hyacinth stood there, smiling, with his hands in his pockets and his hat pushed back a little.

The Princess appeared to consider this fact with an extreme intellectual curiosity. "If, after all, then, you are not called, you will have been positively happy."

"I shall have had some fine moments. Perhaps Hoffendahl's plot is simply for that; Muniment may have put him up to it!"

"Who knows? However, with me you must go on as if nothing were changed."

"Changed from what?"

"From the time of our first meeting at the theatre."

"I'll go on in any way you like," said Hyacinth; "only the real difference will be there."

"The real difference?"

"That I shall have ceased to care for what you care about."

"I don't understand," said the Princess.

"Is n't it enough, now, to give my life to the beastly cause," the young man broke out, "without giving my sympathy?"

"The beastly cause?" the Princess murmured, opening her deep eyes.

"Of course it is really just as holy as ever; only the people I find myself pitying now are the rich, the happy."

"I see. You are very curious. Perhaps you pity my husband," the Princess added in a moment.

"Do you call him one of the happy?" Hyacinth inquired, as they walked on again.

In answer to this she only repeated, "You are very curious."

I have related the whole of this conversation, because it supplies a highly important chapter of Hyacinth's history, but it will not be possible to trace all the stages through which the friendship of the Princess Casamassima with the young man she had constituted her bookbinder was confirmed. By the end of a week the standard of fitness she had set up in the place of exploded proprieties appeared the model of justice and convenience; and during this period many other things happened. One of them was that Hyacinth drove over to Broome with his hostess, and called on Lady Marchant and her daughters; an episode from which the Princess appeared to derive an exquisite gratification. When they came away he asked her why she had n't told the ladies who he was. Otherwise, where was the point? And she replied, "Simply because they would n't have believed me. That's your fault!" This was the same note she had struck when, the third day of his stay (the weather had changed for the worse, and a rainy afternoon kept them in-doors), she remarked to him, irrelevantly and abruptly, "It is most extraordinary, your knowing about Schopenhauer!" He answered

that she really seemed quite unable to accustom herself to his little talents; and this led to a long talk, longer than the one I have already narrated, in which he took her still further into his confidence. Never had the pleasure of conversation (the greatest he knew) been so largely opened to him. The Princess admitted, frankly, that he would, to her sense, take a great deal of accounting for; she observed that he was, no doubt, pretty well used to himself, but he must give other people time. "I have watched you, constantly, since you have been here, in every detail of your behavior, and I am more and more *intriguée*. You have n't a vulgar intonation, you have n't a common gesture, you never make a mistake, you do and say everything exactly in the right way. You come out of the hole you have described to me, and yet you might have stayed in country-houses all your life. You are much better than if you had! *Jugez donc*, from the way I talk to you! I have to make no allowances. I have seen Italians with that sort of natural tact and taste, but I did n't know one ever found it in any Anglo-Saxon in whom it had n't been cultivated at a vast expense; unless, indeed, in certain little American women."

"Do you mean I'm a gentleman?" asked Hyacinth, in a peculiar tone, looking out into the wet garden.

She hesitated, and then she said, "It's I who make the mistake!" Five minutes later she broke into an exclamation which touched him almost more than anything she had ever done, giving him the highest opinion of her delicacy and sympathy, and putting him before himself as vividly as if the words were a little portrait: "Fancy the strange, the bitter fate: to be constituted as you are constituted, to feel the capacity that you must feel, and yet to look at the good things of life only through the glass of the pastry-cook's window!"

"Every class has its pleasures," Hyacinth

cinth rejoined, with perverse sententiousness, in spite of his emotion; but the remark didn't darken their mutual intelligence, and before they separated that evening he told her the things that

had never yet passed his lips — the things to which he had awaked when he made Pinnie explain to him the visit to the prison. He told her, in a word, what he was.

Henry James.

THE UNITED STATES AFTER THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

"THE times that tried men's souls are over," said Thomas Paine in the last number of the *Crisis*, which he published after hearing that the negotiations for a treaty of peace had been concluded. The preliminary articles had been signed at Paris on the 20th of January, 1783. The news arrived in America on the 23d of March, in a letter to the president of Congress from Lafayette, who had returned to France soon after the victory at Yorktown. A few days later Sir Guy Carleton received his orders from the ministry to proclaim a cessation of hostilities by land and sea. A similar proclamation made by Congress was formally communicated to the army by Washington on the 19th of April, the eighth anniversary of the first bloodshed on Lexington green. Since Wayne had driven the British from Georgia, early in the preceding year, there had been no military operations between the regular armies. Guerrilla warfare between Whig and Tory had been kept up in parts of South Carolina and on the frontier of New York, where Thayendanegea was still alert and defiant; while beyond the mountains the tomahawk and scalping-knife had been busy, and Washington's old friend and comrade, Colonel Crawford, had been scorched to death by the fire-brands of the red demons; but the armies had sat still, awaiting the peace which every one felt sure must speedily come. After Cornwallis's surrender, Washington marched

his army back to the Hudson, and established his headquarters at Newburgh. Rochambeau followed somewhat later, and in September joined the Americans on the Hudson; but in December the French army marched to Boston, and there embarked for France. After the formal cessation of hostilities on the 19th of April, 1783, Washington granted furloughs to most of his soldiers; and these weather-beaten veterans trudged homeward in all directions, in little groups of four or five, depending largely for their subsistence on the hospitality of the farm-houses along the road. Arrived at home, their muskets were hung over the chimney-piece as trophies for grandchildren to be proud of, the stories of their exploits and their sufferings became household legends, and they turned the furrows and drove the cattle to pasture just as in the "old colony times." Their furloughs were equivalent to a full discharge, for on the 3d of September the definitive treaty was signed, and the country was at peace. On the 3d of November the army was formally disbanded, and on the 25th of that month Sir Guy Carleton's army embarked from New York. Small British garrisons still remained in the frontier posts of Ogdensburg, Oswego, Niagara, Erie, Sandusky, Detroit, and Mackinaw, but by the terms of the treaty these were to be promptly surrendered to the United States. On the 4th of December a barge waited at the South Ferry in New York to carry

General Washington across the river to Paulus Hook. He was going to Annapolis, where Congress was in session, in order to resign his command. At Fraunces's Tavern, near the ferry, he took leave of the officers who so long had shared his labors. One after another they embraced their beloved commander, while there were few dry eyes in the company. They followed him to the ferry, and watched the departing boat with hearts too full for words, and then in solemn silence returned up the street. At Philadelphia he handed to the comptroller of the treasury a neatly written manuscript, containing an accurate statement of his expenses in the public service since the day when he took command of the army. The sums which Washington had thus spent out of his private fortune amounted to \$64,315. For his personal services he declined to take any pay. At noon of the 23d, in the presence of Congress and of a throng of ladies and gentlemen at Annapolis, the great general gave up his command, and requested as an "indulgence" to be allowed to retire into private life. General Mifflin, who during the winter of Valley Forge had conspired with Gates to undermine the confidence of the people in Washington, was now president of Congress, and it was for him to make the reply. "You retire," said Mifflin, "from the theatre of action with the blessings of your fellow-citizens, but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command; it will continue to animate remotest ages." The next morning Washington hurried away to spend Christmas at his pleasant home at Mount Vernon, which, save for a few hours in the autumn of 1781, he had not set eyes on for more than eight years. His estate had suffered from his long absence, and his highest ambition was now to devote himself to its simple interests. To his friends he offered unpretentious hospitality. "My manner of living is

plain," he said, "and I do not mean to be put out of it. A glass of wine and a bit of mutton are always ready, and such as will be content to partake of them are always welcome. Those who expect more will be disappointed." To Lafayette he wrote that he was now about to solace himself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the anxious soldier and the weary statesman know but little. "I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk and tread the paths of private life with heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers."

In these hopes Washington was to be disappointed. "All the world is touched by his republican virtues," wrote Luzerne to Vergennes, "but it will be useless for him to try to hide himself and live the life of a private man: he will always be the first citizen of the United States." It indeed required no prophet to foretell that the American people could not long dispense with the services of this greatest of citizens. Washington had already put himself most explicitly on record as the leader of the men who were urging the people of the United States toward the formation of a more perfect union. The great lesson of the war had not been lost on him. Bitter experience of the evils attendant upon the weak government of the Continental Congress had impressed upon his mind the urgent necessity of an immediate and thorough reform. On the 8th of June, in view of the approaching disbandment of the army, he had addressed to the governors and presidents of the several States a circular letter, which he wished to have regarded as his legacy to the American people. In this letter he insisted upon four things as

essential to the very existence of the United States as an independent power. First, there must be an indissoluble union of all the States under a single federal government, which must possess the power of enforcing its decrees; for without such authority it would be a government only in name. Secondly, the debts incurred by Congress for the purpose of carrying on the war and securing independence must be paid to the uttermost farthing. Thirdly, the militia system must be organized throughout the thirteen States on uniform principles. Fourthly, the people must be willing to sacrifice, if need be, some of their local interests to the common weal; they must discard their local prejudices, and regard one another as fellow-citizens of a common country, with interests in the deepest and truest sense identical.

The unparalleled grandeur of Washington's character, his heroic services, and his utter disinterestedness had given him such a hold upon the people as scarcely any other statesman known to history, save perhaps William the Silent, has ever possessed. The noble and sensible words of his circular letter were treasured up in the minds of all the best people in the country, and when the time for reforming the weak and disorderly government had come it was again to Washington that men looked as their leader and guide. But that time had not yet come. Only through the discipline of perplexity and tribulation could the people be brought to realize the indispensable necessity of that indissoluble union of which Washington had spoken. Thomas Paine was sadly mistaken when, in the moment of exultation over the peace, he declared that the trying time was ended. The most trying time of all was just beginning. It is not too much to say that the period of five years following the peace of 1783 was the most critical moment in all the history of the American people. The dangers from which we

were saved in 1788 were even greater than the dangers from which we were saved in 1865. In the War of Secession the love of union had come to be so strong that thousands of men gave up their lives for it as cheerfully and triumphantly as the martyrs of older times, who sang their hymns of praise even while their flesh was withering in the relentless flames. In 1783 the love of union, as a sentiment for which men would fight, had scarcely come into existence among the people of these States. The souls of the men of that day had not been thrilled by the immortal eloquence of Webster, nor had they gained the historic experience which gave to Webster's words their meaning and their charm. They had not gained control of all the fairest part of the continent, with domains stretching more than three thousand miles from ocean to ocean, and so situated in geographical configuration and commercial relations as to make the very idea of disunion absurd, save for men in whose minds fanaticism for the moment usurped the place of sound judgment. The men of 1783 dwelt in a long, straggling series of republics, fringing the Atlantic coast, bordered on the north and south and west by two European powers whose hostility they had some reason to dread. But nine years had elapsed since, in the first Continental Congress, they had begun to act consistently and independently in common, under the severe pressure of a common fear and an immediate necessity of action. Even under such circumstances the war had languished and come nigh to failure simply through the difficulty of insuring concerted action. Had there been such a government that the whole power of the thirteen States could have been swiftly and vigorously wielded as a unit, the British, fighting at such disadvantage as they did, might have been driven to their ships in less than a year. The length of the war and its worst hardships had been chiefly

due to want of organization. Congress had steadily declined in power and in respectability: it was much weaker at the end of the war than at the beginning; and there was reason to fear that as soon as the common pressure was removed the need for concerted action would quite cease to be felt, and the scarcely formed Union would break into pieces. There was the greater reason for such a fear in that, while no strong sentiment had as yet grown up in favor of union, there was an intensely powerful sentiment in favor of local self-government. This feeling was scarcely less strong as between States like Connecticut and Rhode Island, or Maryland and Virginia, than it was between Athens and Megara, Argos and Sparta, in the great days of Grecian history. A most wholesome feeling it was, and one which needed not so much to be curbed as to be guided in the right direction. It was a feeling which was shared by some of the foremost Revolutionary leaders, such as Samuel Adams and Richard Henry Lee. But unless the most profound and delicate statesmanship should be forthcoming, to take this sentiment under its guidance, there was much reason to fear that the release from the common adhesion to Great Britain would end in setting up thirteen little republics, ripe for endless squabbling, like the republics of ancient Greece and mediæval Italy, and ready to become the prey of England and Spain, even as Greece became the prey of Macedonia. As such a lamentable result was dreaded by Washington, so by statesmen in Europe it was generally expected, and by our enemies it was eagerly hoped for. Josiah Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, was a far-sighted man in many things; but he said, "As to the future grandeur of America, and its being a rising empire under one head, whether republican or monarchical, it is one of the idlest and most visionary notions that ever was conceived even by writers of romance. The mu-

tual antipathies and clashing interests of the Americans, their difference of governments, habitudes, and manners, indicate that they will have no centre of union and no common interest. They never can be united into one compact empire under any species of government whatever; a disunited people till the end of time, suspicious and distrustful of each other, they will be divided and subdivided into little commonwealths or principalities, according to natural boundaries, by great bays of the sea, and by vast rivers, lakes, and ridges of mountains." Such were the views of a liberal-minded philosopher who bore us no ill-will. George III. said officially that he hoped the Americans would not suffer from the evils which in history had always followed the throwing off of monarchical government: which meant, of course, that he hoped they *would* suffer from such evils. He believed we should get into such a snarl that the several States, one after another, would repent and beg on their knees to be taken back into the British empire. Frederick of Prussia, though friendly to the Americans, argued that the mere extent of country from Maine to Georgia would suffice either to break up the Union, or to make a monarchy necessary. No republic, he said, had ever long existed on so great a scale. The Roman republic had been transformed into a despotism mainly by the excessive enlargement of its area. It was only little states, like Venice, Switzerland, and Holland, that could maintain a republican government. Such arguments were common enough a century ago, but they overlooked three essential differences between the Roman republic and the United States. The Roman republic in Cæsar's time comprised peoples differing widely in blood, in speech, and in degree of civilization; it was perpetually threatened on all its frontiers by powerful enemies; and representative assemblies were unknown to

it. The only free government of which the Roman knew anything was that of the primary assembly or town meeting. On the other hand, the people of the United States were all English in speech, and mainly English in blood. The differences in degree of civilization between such States as Massachusetts and North Carolina were considerable, but in comparison with such differences as those between Attika and Lusitania they might well be called slight. The attacks of savages on the frontier were cruel and annoying, but never since the time of King Philip had they seemed to threaten the existence of the white man. A very small military establishment was quite enough to deal with the Indians. And to crown all, the American people were thoroughly familiar with the principle of representation, having practiced it on a grand scale for five centuries in England, and for more than a century in America. The governments of the thirteen States were all similar, and the political ideas of one were perfectly intelligible to all the others. It was essentially fallacious, therefore, to liken the case of the United States to that of ancient Rome. But there was another feature of the case which was quite hidden from the men of 1783. Just before the assembling of the first Continental Congress James Watt had completed his steam-engine; in the summer of 1787, while the Federal Convention was sitting at Philadelphia, John Fitch launched his first steamboat on the Delaware River; and Stephenson's invention of the locomotive was to follow in less than half a century. Even with all other conditions favorable, it is doubtful if the American Union could have been preserved to the present time without the railroad. But for the military aid of railroads our government would hardly have succeeded in putting down the rebellion of the Southern States. In the debates on the Oregon Bill in the United States Senate in 1843, the idea

that we could ever have an interest in so remote a country as Oregon was loudly ridiculed by some of the members. It would take ten months, said a gentleman named McDuffie, for representatives to get from that Territory to the District of Columbia and back again. Yet since the building of railroads to the Pacific coast, we can go from Boston to the capital of Oregon in much less time than it took John Hancock to make the journey from Boston to Philadelphia. Railroads and telegraphs have made our vast country, both for political and for social purposes, more snug and compact than little Switzerland was in the Middle Ages or New England a century ago.

At the time of our Revolution the difficulties of traveling formed an important social obstacle to the union of the States. In our time the persons who pass in a single day between New York and Boston by six or seven distinct lines of railroad and steamboat are numbered by thousands. In 1783 two stage-coaches were enough for all the travelers, and nearly all the freight besides, that went between these two cities. The journey began at three o'clock in the morning. Horses were changed every twenty miles, and if the roads were in good condition some forty miles would be made by ten o'clock in the evening. In bad weather, when the passengers had to get down and lift the clumsy wheels out of deep ruts, the progress was much slower. The loss of life from accidents, in proportion to the number of travelers, was much greater than it has ever been on the railway. Broad rivers like the Connecticut and Housatonic had no bridges. To drive across them in winter, when they were solidly frozen over, was easy; and in pleasant summer weather to cross in a row-boat was not a dangerous undertaking. But squalls at some seasons and floating ice at others were things to be feared. More than one instance is recorded

where boats were crushed and passengers drowned, or saved only by scrambling upon ice-floes. After a week or ten days of discomfort and danger the jolted and jaded traveler reached New York. Such was a journey in the most highly civilized part of the United States. The case was still worse in the South, and it was not so very much better in England and France. In one respect the traveler in the United States fared better than the traveler in Europe: the danger from highwaymen was but slight.

Such being the difficulty of traveling, people never made long journeys save for very important reasons. Except in the case of the soldiers, most people lived and died without ever having seen any State but their own. And as the mails were irregular and uncertain, and the rates of postage very high, people heard from one another but seldom. Commercial dealings between the different States were inconsiderable. The occupation of the people was chiefly agriculture. Cities were few and small, and each little district for the most part supported itself. Under such circumstances the different parts of the country knew very little about each other, and local prejudices were intense. It was not simply free Massachusetts and slaveholding South Carolina, or English Connecticut and Dutch New York, that misunderstood and ridiculed each the other; but even between such neighboring States as Connecticut and Massachusetts, both of them thoroughly English and Puritan, and in all their social conditions almost exactly alike, it used often to be said that there was no love lost. These unspeakably stupid and contemptible local antipathies are inherited by civilized men from that far-off time when the clan system prevailed over the face of the earth, and the hand of every clan was raised against its neighbors. They are pale and evanescent survivals from the universal primitive warfare, and the sooner they die out from human society

the better for every one. They should be stigmatized and frowned down upon every fit occasion, just as we frown upon swearing as a symbol of anger and contention. But the only thing which can finally destroy them is the widespread and unrestrained intercourse of different groups of people in peaceful, social, and commercial relations. The rapidity with which this process is now going on is the most encouraging of all the symptoms of our modern civilization. But a century ago the progress made in this direction had been relatively small, and it was a very critical moment for the American people.

That some kind of union existed between the States was doubted by no one. Ever since the assembling of the first Continental Congress in 1774 the thirteen commonwealths had acted in concert, and sometimes most generously, as when Maryland and South Carolina had joined in the Declaration of Independence without any crying grievances of their own, from a feeling that the cause of one should be the cause of all. It has sometimes been said that the Union was in its origin a league of sovereign States, each of which surrendered a specific portion of its sovereignty to the federal government for the sake of the common welfare. Grave political arguments have been based upon this alleged fact, but such an account of the matter is not historically true. There never was a time when Massachusetts or Virginia was an absolutely sovereign State like Holland or France. Sovereign over their own internal affairs they are to-day as they were at the time of the Revolution, but there was never a time when they presented themselves before other nations as sovereign, or were recognized as such. Under the government of England before the Revolution the thirteen commonwealths were independent of one another, and were held together, juxtaposed rather than united, only through their allegiance to

the British crown. Had that allegiance been maintained there is no telling how long they might have gone on thus dis-united; and this, it seems, should be one of our chief reasons for rejoicing that the political connection with England was dissolved when it was. A permanent redress of grievances, and even virtual independence such as Canada now enjoys, we might perhaps have gained had we listened to Lord North's proposals after the surrender of Burgoyne; but the formation of the Federal Union would certainly have been long postponed, and when we realize the grandeur of the work which we are now doing in the world through the simple fact of such a union, we cannot fail to see that such an issue would have been extremely unfortunate. However this may be, it is clear that until the connection with England was severed the thirteen commonwealths were not united, nor were they sovereign. It is also clear that in the very act of severing their connection with England these commonwealths entered into some sort of union which was incompatible with their absolute sovereignty taken severally. It was not the people of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and so on through the list, that declared their independence of Great Britain, but it was the representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, and speaking as a single body in the name of the whole. Three weeks before this declaration was adopted Congress appointed a committee to draw up the "articles of confederation and perpetual union," by which the sovereignty of the several States was expressly limited and curtailed in many important particulars. This committee had finished its work by the 12th of July, but the articles were not adopted by Congress until the autumn of 1777, and they were not finally put into operation until the spring of 1781. During this inchoate period of union the action of the United States was that of a con-

federation in which some portion of the several sovereignties was understood to be surrendered to the whole. It was the business of the articles to define the precise nature and extent of this surrendered sovereignty which no State by itself ever exercised. In the mean time this sovereignty, undefined in nature and extent, was exercised, as well as circumstances permitted, by the Continental Congress. A most remarkable body was this Continental Congress. For the vicissitudes through which it passed, there is perhaps no other revolutionary body, save the Long Parliament, which can be compared with it. For its origin we must look back to the committees of correspondence devised by Jonathan Mayhew, Samuel Adams, and Dabney Carr. First assembled in 1774 to meet an emergency which was generally believed to be only temporary, it continued to sit for nearly seven years before its powers were ever clearly defined; and during those seven years it exercised some of the highest functions of sovereignty which are possible to any governing body. It declared the independence of the United States; it contracted an offensive and defensive alliance with France; it raised and organized a Continental army; it borrowed large sums of money, and pledged what the lenders understood to be the national credit for their repayment; it issued an inconvertible paper currency, granted letters of marque, and built a navy. All this it did in the exercise of what in later times would have been called "implied war powers," and its authority rested upon the general acquiescence in the purposes for which it acted and in the measures which it adopted. Under such circumstances, as we have seen, its functions were very inefficiently performed. But the articles of confederation, which in 1781 defined its powers, served at the same time to limit them; so that for the remaining eight years of its existence the Continental Congress

grew weaker and weaker, until it was swept away to make room for a more efficient government.

John Dickinson is supposed to have been the principal author of the articles of confederation; but as the work of the committee was done in secret and has never been reported, the point cannot be determined. In November, 1777, Congress sent the articles to the several state legislatures, with a circular letter recommending them as containing the only plan of union at all likely to be adopted. In the course of the next fifteen months the articles were ratified by all the States except Maryland, which refused to sign until the States laying claim to the northeastern lands, and especially Virginia, should surrender their claims to the confederation. We shall by and by see, when we come to explain this point in detail, that from this action of Maryland there flowed beneficent consequences that were little dreamed of. It was first in the great chain of events which led directly to the formation of the Federal Union. Having carried her point, Maryland ratified the articles on the first day of March, 1781; and thus in the last and most brilliant period of the war, while Greene was leading Cornwallis on his fatal chase across North Carolina, the confederation proposed at the time of the Declaration of Independence was finally consummated.

According to the language of the articles, the States entered into a firm league of friendship with each other; and in order to secure and perpetuate such friendship, the freemen of each State were entitled to all the privileges and immunities of freemen in all the other States. Mutual extradition of criminals was established, and in each State full faith and credit was to be given to the records, acts, and judicial proceedings of every other State. This universal intercitizenship was what gave reality to the nascent and feeble Union.

In all the common business relations of life, the man of New Hampshire could deal with the man of Georgia on an equal footing before the law. But this was almost the only effectively cohesive provision in the whole instrument. Throughout the remainder of the articles its language was largely devoted to reconciling the theory that the States were severally sovereign with the visible fact that they were already merged to some extent in a larger political body. The sovereignty of this larger body was vested in the Congress of delegates appointed yearly by the States. No State was to be represented by less than two or more than seven members; no one could be a delegate for more than three years out of every six; and no delegate could hold any salaried office under the United States. As in colonial times the States had, to preserve their self-government, insisted upon paying their governors and judges, instead of allowing them to be paid out of the royal treasury, so now the delegates in Congress were paid by their own States. In determining questions in Congress, each State had one vote, without regard to population; but a bare majority was not enough to carry any important measure. Not only for such extraordinary matters as wars and treaties, but even for the regular and ordinary business of raising money to carry on the government, not a single step could be taken without the consent of at least nine of the thirteen States; and this provision well-nigh sufficed of itself to block the wheels of federal legislation. The Congress assembled each year on the first Monday of November, and could not adjourn for a longer period than six months. During its recess the continuity of government was preserved by an executive committee, consisting of one delegate from each State, and known as the "committee of the States." Saving such matters of warfare or treaty as the public interest might require to be kept

secret, all the proceedings of Congress were entered in a journal, to be published monthly; and the yeas and nays must be entered should any delegate request it. The executive departments of war, finance, and so forth were entrusted at first to committees, until experience soon showed the necessity of single heads. There was a president of Congress, who, as representing the dignity of the United States, was, in a certain sense, the foremost person in the country, but he had no more power than any other delegate. Of the fourteen presidents between 1774 and 1789, perhaps only Randolph, Hancock, and Laurens are popularly remembered in that capacity; Jay, St. Clair, Mifflin, and Lee are remembered for other things; Hanson, Griffin, and Boudinot are scarcely remembered at all, save by the student of American history.

Between the Congress thus constituted and the several state governments the attributes of sovereignty were shared in such a way as to produce a minimum of result with a maximum of effort. The States were prohibited from keeping up any naval or military force, except militia, or from entering into any treaty or alliance, either with a foreign power or between themselves, without the consent of Congress. No State could engage in war except by way of defense against a sudden Indian attack. Congress had the sole right of determining on peace and war, of sending and receiving ambassadors, of making treaties, of adjudicating all disputes between the States, of managing Indian affairs, and of regulating the value of coin and fixing the standard of weights and measures. Congress took control of the post-office on condition that no more revenue should be raised from postage than should suffice to discharge the expenses of the service. Congress controlled the army, but was provided with no means of raising soldiers save through requisitions upon the States, and it could only

appoint officers above the rank of colonel: the organization of regiments was left entirely in the hands of the States. The traditional and wholesome dread of a standing army was great, but there was no such deep-seated jealousy of a navy, and Congress was accordingly allowed not only to appoint all naval officers, but also to establish courts of admiralty.

Several essential attributes of sovereignty were thus withheld from the States; and by assuming all debts contracted by Congress prior to the adoption of the articles, and solemnly pledging the public faith for their payment, it was implicitly declared that the sovereignty here accorded to Congress was substantially the same as that which it had asserted and exercised ever since the severing of the connection with England. The articles simply defined the relations of the States to the Confederation as they had already shaped themselves. Indeed, the articles, though not finally ratified till 1781, had been known to Congress and to the people ever since 1776 as their expected Constitution, and political action had been shaped in general accordance with the theory on which they had been drawn up. They show that political action was at no time based on the view of the States as absolutely sovereign, but they also show that the share of sovereignty accorded to Congress was very inadequate even to the purposes of an effective confederation. The position in which they left Congress was hardly more than that of the deliberative head of a league. For the most fundamental of all the attributes of sovereignty — the power of taxation — was not given to Congress. It could neither raise taxes through an excise nor through custom-house duties; it could only make requisitions upon the thirteen members of the confederacy in proportion to the assessed value of their real estate, and it was not provided with any means of

enforcing these requisitions. On this point the articles contained nothing beyond the vague promise of the States to obey. The power of levying taxes was thus retained entirely by the States. They not only imposed direct taxes, as they do to-day, but they laid duties on exports and imports, each according to its own narrow view of its local interests. The only restriction upon this was that such state-imposed duties must not interfere with the stipulations of any foreign treaties such as Congress might make in pursuance of treaties already proposed to the courts of France and Spain. Besides all this, the States shared with Congress the powers of coining money, of emitting bills of credit, and of making their promissory notes a legal tender for debts.

Such was the Constitution under which the United States had begun to drift toward anarchy even before the close of the Revolutionary War, but which could only be amended by the unanimous consent of all the thirteen States. The historian cannot but regard this difficulty of amendment as a fortunate circumstance; for in the troubles which presently arose it led the distressed people to seek some other method of relief, and thus prepared the way for the Convention of 1787, which destroyed the whole vicious scheme, and gave us a form of government under which we have nearly rounded a century unparalleled for peace and prosperity. Besides this extreme difficulty of amendment, the fatal defects of the Confederation were three in number. The first defect was the two-thirds vote necessary for any important legislation in Congress; under this rule any five of the States—as, for example, the four southernmost States with Maryland, or the four New England States with New Jersey—could defeat the most sorely needed measures. The second defect was the impossibility of presenting a united front to foreign countries in re-

spect to commerce. The third and greatest defect was the lack of any means, on the part of Congress, of enforcing obedience. Not only was there no federal executive or judiciary worthy of the name, but the central government operated only upon States, and not upon individuals. Congress could call for troops and for money in strict conformity with the articles; but should any State prove delinquent in furnishing its quota, there were no constitutional means of compelling it to obey the call. This defect was seen and deplored at the outset by such men as Washington and Madison, but the only remedy which at first occurred to them was one more likely to kill than to cure. Only six weeks after the ratification of the articles, Madison proposed an amendment “to give to the United States full authority to employ their force, as well by sea as by land, to compel any delinquent State to fulfill its federal engagements.” Washington approved of this measure, hoping, as he said, that “a knowledge that this power was lodged in Congress might be the means to prevent its ever being exercised, and the more readily induce obedience. Indeed,” added Washington, “if Congress were unquestionably possessed of the power, nothing should induce the display of it but obstinate disobedience and the urgency of the general welfare.” Madison argued that in the very nature of the Confederation such a right of coercion was necessarily implied, though not expressed, in the articles, and much might have been said in behalf of this opinion. The Confederation explicitly declared itself to be perpetual, yet how could it perpetuate itself for a dozen years without the right to coerce its refractory members? Practically, however, the remedy was one which could never have been applied without breaking the Confederation into fragments. To use the army or navy in coercing a State meant nothing less than civil war. The local yeo-

manry would have turned out against the Continental army with as high a spirit as that with which they swarmed about the British enemy at Lexington or King's Mountain. A government which could not collect the taxes for its yearly budget without firing upon citizens or blockading two or three harbors would have been the absurdest political anomaly imaginable. No such idea could have entered the mind of a statesman save from the hope that if one State should prove refractory, all the others would immediately frown upon it and uphold Congress in overawing it. In such case the knowledge that Congress had the power would doubtless have been enough to make its exercise unnecessary. But in fact this hope was disappointed, for the delinquency of each State simply set an example of disobedience for all the others to follow; and the amendment, had it been carried, would merely have armed Congress with a threat which everybody would have laughed at. So manifestly hopeless was the case to Pelatiah Webster that as early as May, 1781, he published an able pamphlet, urging the necessity for a federal convention for overhauling the whole scheme of government from beginning to end.

The military weakness due to this imperfect governmental organization may be illustrated by comparing the number of regular troops which Congress was able to keep in the field during the Revolutionary War with the number maintained by the United States government during the War of Secession. A rough estimate, obtained from averages, will suffice to show the broad contrast. In 1863, the middle year of the War of Secession, the total population of the loyal States was about 23,491,600, of whom about one fifth, or 4,698,320, were adult males of military age. Supposing one adult male out of every five to have been under arms at one time, the number would have been 939,664.

Now the total number of troops enlisted in the Northern army during the four years of the war, reduced to a uniform standard, was 2,320,272, or an average of 580,068 under arms in any single year. In point of fact, this average was reached before the middle of the war, and the numbers went on increasing, until at the end there were more than a million men under arms, — at least one out of every five adult males in the Northern States. On the other hand, in 1779, the middle year of the Revolutionary War, the white population of the United States was about 2,175,000, of whom 435,000 were adult males of military age. Supposing one out of every five of these to have been under arms at once, the number would have been 87,000. Now in the spring of 1777, when the Continental Congress was at the highest point of authority which it ever reached, when France was willing to lend it money freely, when its paper currency was not yet discredited and it could make liberal offers of bounties, a demand was made upon the States for 80,000 men, or nearly one fifth of the adult male population, to serve for three years or during the war. Only 34,820 were obtained. The total number of men in the field in that most critical year, including the swarms of militia who came to the rescue at Ridgefield and Bennington and Oriskany, and the Pennsylvania militia who turned out while their State was invaded, was 68,720. In 1781, when the credit of Congress was greatly impaired, although military activity again rose to a maximum and it was necessary for the people to strain every nerve, the total number of men in the field, militia and all, was only 29,340, of whom only 13,292 were Continentals; and it was left for the genius of Washington and Greene, working with desperate energy and most pitiful resources, to save the country. A more impressive contrast to the readiness with which the demands of the government

were met in the War of Secession can hardly be imagined. Had the country put forth its strength in 1781 as it did in 1864, an army of 90,000 men might have overwhelmed Clinton at the North and Cornwallis at the South, without asking any favors of the French fleet. Had it put forth its full strength in 1777, four years of active warfare might have been spared. Mr. Lecky explains this difference by his favorite hypothesis that the American Revolution was the work of a few ultra-radical leaders, with whom the people were not generally in sympathy; and he thinks we could not expect to see great heroism or self-sacrifice manifested by a people who went to war over what he calls a "money dispute." But there is no rea-

son for supposing that the loyalists represented the general sentiment of the country in the Revolutionary War any more than the peace party represented the general sentiment of the Northern States in the War of Secession. There is no reason for supposing that the people were less at heart in 1781 in fighting for the priceless treasure of self-government than they were in 1864 when they fought for the maintenance of the pacific principles underlying our Federal Union. The differences in the organization of the government, and in its power of operating directly upon the people, are quite enough to explain the difference between the languid conduct of the earlier war and the energetic conduct of the later.

John Fiske.

ELISHA MULFORD.

It is a pity that some painter of insight and with skill of interpretation had not given us a portrait of Elisha Mulford, when he was in his full strength. It is an idle wish that art might find some means of perpetuating for us that most delicate organ of personality, the human voice. The painter, if he be given the precious power of seeing, can repair the waste of memory, and long after eyes have closed in death their power of appeal may dwell in some counterfeit presentment of art; but the lips have no language, and what musician has yet been able to recover for us the sound of a voice that is still? There is not a more lasting note of recognition between persons than the voice, which betrays the forgotten friend when the eye scans the face in vain for any trace of remembered lineaments. It is the last, finest expression of the person, the most impossible to evade or simulate, the absolutely unconveyable. It was the misery

of the poor old blind Isaac that he allowed himself to trust his sense of touch rather than his more unerring sense of hearing.

There are some natures that reveal themselves with peculiar clearness through the voice, and Mulford was one of these. I cannot take up his books or one of his friendly letters without hearing that singularly rhythmical, harmonious utterance. In the pulpit, where he was rarely heard of late years, it fell into a somewhat monotonous series of cadences, due, very likely, to the physical exertion of a speaker who suffered from defective hearing; but in conversation, his voice, low and even, swung in periods which were full of an incommunicable beauty. When he read aloud some favorite passage, one seemed to be listening to a sort of holy chant, and there are passages in *The Republic of God* which sound in the ear like felicitous renderings of some ancient Latin hymn

of the church. It chanced to me to read this book on shipboard, and I found myself reading page after page in apparently perfect agreement with the great metronome of the deep sea swell.

It is the rarity of Mulford's nature, finding an outlet in his voice and radiating from his person, which immediately addresses one who attempts to record impressions of a man of such singular fascination. The reason for this personal power lay deep. Back of voice and personal presence, one felt the existence of a remarkable harmony of life. Mulford never seemed to require any adjustment of himself. That profound consciousness of enduring relations which lies at the core of his writings was not a philosophic attainment with him, but an endowment of nature, and it exhibited itself in trivial circumstances. I suspect that deafness was something of a reinforcement to a temperament like his. He heard everything that he needed to hear, but was conveniently rid of a multitude of distracting or discordant sounds; and so he kept on his way, a curious spectator of life, wonderfully interested in all the details of politics, of business, and of literature, yet somehow making all these details subservient to certain great currents of thought upon which his mind was always sailing.

This largeness of nature disclosed itself in his habitual treatment of philosophical or political questions. A man of science would say that he had a scientific mind, which was capable of considering a subject, no matter what might be its personal bearings, in an abstracted, impersonal light; and I have heard such a man express his surprise that one with a theological training could so approach subjects which involved theological positions. It was this freedom from polemic considerations which made his discourse on all themes agreeable. He did not like a dispute; he had no disposition to drag his wits into any boxing-match

with other people's wits; and thus he was often silent and apparently in polite conformity with his neighbor, when his real thought was quite remote. Indeed, he carried this so far that he sometimes felt his way with his friends, and waited to be assured of their general agreement before he would give them his thought.

Under the simple condition of general sympathy, his gift of thought was most generous. He published but two books and a few magazine or newspaper articles, and he delivered but one or two courses of lectures in theology. Yet he gave not merely to his friends, but to any appreciative listener, with unstinting freedom, the product of his thought on a wide range of subjects. If any one has kept a record of Mulford's monologues, and has faithfully reported his speech, he ought to give it to the public. I call them monologues, for briefness' sake, but there was in Mulford's talk none of that vain love of intellectual display which is apt to affect monologue. It was a pleasure to him to talk, but he liked to take the cue from his friend. His deafness stood somewhat in the way of free conversation, but there must have been few of his friends who would not rather listen than do more than just keep him supplied with topics. Indeed, he had a little trick of which he seemed only partially aware. If very much absorbed in what he was saying, he would idly push his ear-trumpet almost out of reach; it was a signal to his neighbor not to interrupt him. Then, when he had had his say, he would secure the trumpet again, hold it up, and intimate his readiness to hear what was to be said to that. Shut out largely from general intercourse with people, he made much of his friends in the way of familiar visits. At the end of an evening, when one was laying aside books and papers, a ring at the bell would announce a caller. Enter Mulford, very doubtful about putting

aside his hat and coat: he had come in merely for a moment; he could not stay. Then one put more wood on the fire, and settled one's self to that three or four hours' talk which was sure to follow, with good-byes at last under the stars at midnight, that seemed nearer than before.

The miracle which he worked in his conversation with friends was the multiplication of their thoughts. One brought to him one's latest idea or scheme, — it was always easy to do that, — and Mulford took it, reflected a moment, and gave it back enlarged, enriched, set in wide relations, and illuminated by a sudden glory. That positiveness which rules in his writings was a delightful quality in his personal judgments. He spoke as one having authority, not as a special pleader; for the results which he announced were reached not by a careful weighing of evidence, but by a clear, direct perception which went at once to the bottom of the matter. There was a deliberation in his manner which added weight to what he said, and gave a convincing tone which seemed at the time to go further than an argument. A friend who was about to deliver a course of lectures allowed himself to speak with misgivings of his undertaking. Mulford thought a moment, turned aside his head in his sage way, and presently declared himself somewhat as follows: —

“Now, there is no one within sight or sound of Boston who knows as much upon this subject as you do. Therefore you should give your lectures without fear or favor. You have no apology to make. You must speak with authority.”

He evidently thought his friend needed a little bracing, but his manner of reinforcing him was his own. For Mulford was lavish in his endowment of his friends. Many a person has acquired new confidence in himself because Mulford believed in him so thoroughly. His

imagination was busy over those whom he loved. He sometimes made them over, clothing them with all the attributes they ought to have, but in such cases he wrought upon qualities which he recognized; seizing upon some lurking excellence, he amplified it until it seemed the one characteristic of the man. It was this large charity of judgment which made his estimates of men always worth listening to.

Indeed, there was something humorously enjoyable in his way of regarding persons and places that had won his affection. He was most loyal to his own. He thought Pennsylvania unquestionably the foremost State in the Union, Susquehanna County the fairest of its divisions, and the district which took in Montrose and Friendsville the heart of the county. Then his friends in their several professions were incontestably in the front ranks, and their opinions on various subjects were well worth attention. He did not make swans of geese, by any means, but his swans were all of the best strain. There was a glamour, which never suggested the slightest insincerity, in all his regard for the men who attracted him. He was sturdily theirs, and it did one good to find so honest a lover of men.

It is also true that his friends showed themselves at their best to him. Possibly, again, his deafness helped them. It was such an effort to speak to him at any length that it was hardly worth while to give him anything but one's best thought. But this was not all. He was so eager to hear and was beforehand so sure one had something worth telling, that he quickened the wits of his friends. Besides, like begets like, and Mulford, with his generous way of looking at things, made one wish to think like him; not necessarily with the same conclusions, but with the same breadth and comprehensiveness. Those who were most with him fell into his little mannerisms; they caught them-

selves using his favorite expressions; they had an odd sensation of echoing his style of thought. His correspondents were apt to feel his presence when they wrote to him, and to give a turn to their sentences which made them sound like Mulford's own.

He had a half-humorous fondness for his own phrases. Those sounding forms which make *The Nation* a puzzle to some readers, a revelation to others, were very apt to recur in his conversation, and to afford stepping-stones when one was crossing some stream of his thought. I remember how greatly he was pleased as well as amused by a tribute once paid to him by a Union soldier, who had fought bravely through the war, and when it was all over, and he had settled down into civil life, read *The Nation*. "I did not know before why I fought!" exclaimed the enthusiastic reader. "I know now. It was because the Nation was a Moral Organism!"

No one could have believed more devoutly in the thought which underlies this book than Mulford himself. It was no pretty piece of rhetoric to him, no well-fitting theory of political life. Nothing would have disturbed him more than to hear his belief called a theory. He wrought at the conception of his work in profound silence. He was living on the broad acres of a Pennsylvania farm, remote from men, from steam, from the confusion of cities. He walked afield with his thoughts for companions, and came back to his fireside to write in labored, compact sentences the result of his pondering. For months he shunned all but the nearest companionship, wrote no letters, but read, and kindled as he read, in the newspapers of the day; for he interpreted the common news by the thought of national life over which he was brooding. In May, 1867, he wrote, with a sigh of relief from the long tension: "I have had this incessant and imperative work, of

which I have just turned the last page, and it has precluded all other work or thought, and scarcely allowed rest."

To turn the last page is with most men to be through with the work, except for some slight revision, but with Mulford it meant only that the book had its thought consecutively presented. He could now look at it as a piece of literature, and see what was to be done. A year later, in May, 1868, he wrote: "I can send the whole manuscript to you before the close of the month, excepting the close of the last chapter, which I would like to keep for a few days longer." He had spent the year in putting his book in order. Six weeks later he wrote: "I cannot justify, and only regret, the entire neglect in not answering your note earlier. If I could look upon myself apart from self, I might find some cause for it in the indifference which follows the close of so long a period as these three years of almost incessant work, but I do not like this study of these 'phenomenal phases' of action. The fact is that I have been adrift and at sea with two or three of my critics. One whose judgment I hold most highly has insisted that the style and manner of my book is not equal to its substance and thought. The estimate which they have given of the latter is so high that I will not repeat it, at least in this writing, and they claim for the book an influence and a place which is very far beyond any immediate result that I should have anticipated, if I had allowed myself to think upon it. At last, if I can do so, with no infraction of my arrangements with you,¹ I have determined to rewrite the whole book, as faithfully and carefully as I can, and then I shall have the satisfaction, in any result, of having given to it my utmost endeavor. The revision will affect only the style, the illustration and presentation of the

¹ I had been acting as his intermediary with the publishing house which finally issued the book.

thought of the book, and it will not materially change the size or scope of it. I shall care rather to avoid anything like the fatigue and toil of conception which I knew was apparent in my manuscript. . . . I know the work I have imposed upon myself, and I have no doubt still how much my book may gain from it, but I have been afraid that this conclusion might impair my engagements with you. With this rewriting, I could scarcely finish my work before the close of October or the early part of November, but then, and at no later day, I could place my manuscript finally in your hands."

November came and went, and December, with promises of the book in a few weeks, in a few days, and then early in January, 1869, came a letter beginning, "I write so reluctantly in my conclusion that it may be allowed me to write abruptly. The conclusion is that I am reluctant to let my manuscript pass under your eye until I have toiled yet longer on it; that I think the work of the remaining months of the winter will be all it will require, and then I shall have at least the satisfaction of having been faithful to it. The thought has not changed, and since last spring the book has not added a cubit to its stature, and yet I know how necessary the toil which art has demanded. . . . Then my friend Mr. —, of whose critical judgment I have the highest regard, has offered and insisted that at the outset I should read it to him. That requires my going to Chicago, but I have determined to go."

It was not till the fall of 1869 that Mulford came on with his book, to be near the press when it was being set up. The manuscript was all ready, but he wished to ask two or three friends to go over the proofs with him. Those who shared in this work will remember the looks of the proof-sheets after they finally left the author's hands; scarcely a sentence was left unamended, and it was

almost a surprise to see the volume finally in April, looking as innocent of error as most printed books. Seven times, Mulford told me, had he written the book over, and he certainly wrote it once more when he corrected his proofs. It was an expression of his faith in the doctrine of his book that when it was off his hands he grudged the delay in putting it upon the market, since he was impressed with the conviction that it was needed for the fall elections! That was Mulford's way of expressing also his belief in the high range of common political thinking. I never heard of *The Nation* as a campaign document, but I have read many books and political papers and speeches since that day in which I could read *The Nation* writ over again, small and large.

I have given this little history of a remarkable book because it illustrates somewhat the intellectual habit of the author. He brooded long over his thought in fundamental matters, and was extremely critical of the final form. It was ten years before he appeared with his second book, *The Republic of God*, but the underlying thought of both books had been familiar to him in its main outline long before. They were two parts of an undivided conception of human society in its divine relations, and his mind dwelt for years in a region of thought so comprehensive that his real difficulty was in limiting and formulating his expression. He had done this twice, the second time with much more ease than the first; and I am confident that, had he lived, he would have produced books with increasing rapidity, and that he would have taken a wide range in the discussion of sociological, literary, scientific, and psychological questions. These books would all have borne the same stamp; they would have been applications to current themes of the philosophical faith which he held. Some one once said, "What a narrow man Mulford is! — but then he is nar-

row on great lines." I can understand how the speaker could have said this: he had heard Mulford talk a few times, and had noted the recurrence to his favorite generalizations. But it would be by an extraordinary stretch of meaning that one would ever think of using the word "narrow" in connection with Mulford. He was narrow as a cañon is narrow, when the depth apparently contracts the sides.

What I have said may in part explain the conviction which those had who were nearest to him, that the man always impressed them as greater than his books. His books suffered from the restraint of his thought, and because their very completeness and finality of statement conspired to shut up the thought in them within certain definite limits. But in the freedom of conversation these limits were not suggested. When he first began to lecture before his students in theology he was embarrassed by his notes. He had written out what he had to say, and he read the draft with painful care, but when he was through with it the hour was not gone. The young men still sat attentive, but his formal lecture was over. He was uneasy a moment, then he repeated a phrase; it opened the gates, the stream of talk began to flow, his embarrassment was at an end, and the students were delighted with the freshness, the life, the stimulating fullness, of his thought. It was so always. Let him get rid of the restrictions of a hard and fast systematic presentation, and he was himself again. The curious part of it was that his extemporaneous speech, his unprepared discourse, was singularly fine in form. It was not that he was now vague where before he had been precise; he was free where before he had been fettered. He once asked me about a certain person, and I said that I did not find conversation with him a great pleasure; that while he regarded conversation as a fine art, he was too much occu-

pied with the best form of his sentences when he was talking. "Yes," said Mulford, "it is not hay that we want in conversation, but growing grass." That was the charm of his speech. It sprang freely from his mind, and one seemed to see thought growing as the grass grows.

There was one characteristic of his conversation which he shared with other good talkers, but had in a high degree of development. He could recall conversations he had had with interesting persons, and could repeat them with great vivacity. He remembered minute details in personal history, and had that liking for gossip, where it dealt with characteristic expressions of men and women worth knowing, which is so humane and so free from pettiness. Yet he had an impatience of books of gossip. Such a book, for example, as the *Journals of J. C. Young* had no charm for him, but he would read with avidity a memoir which laid bare the thought of a strong man. He used to speak of Mark Pattison's *Isaac Casaubon* as a model of what a biography should be.

He was a wide reader, but I sometimes think he read most diligently at the two ends of literature, for he was a devourer of newspapers and a constant reader of Shakespeare. His friends, who knew his tastes, kept him supplied with a great variety of public prints, and he had an instinct for the editorial article which speaks something more than the casual opinion of some hasty writer. He thought the newspapers went deeper than the pulpit in their tone during the summer of Garfield's sickness, and he listened eagerly to the roar of the great city which he heard as he scanned the columns of the city papers. And Shakespeare! He never tired of studying human thought as it was presented in the men and women of Shakespeare's drama. His fine literary sense and his insight of character found here their fullest intellectual enjoyment.

He liked to read his Shakespeare in an edition which was a fac-simile of the first folio; his imagination thus brought him more directly into Shakespeare's presence. That world of life shut up within the covers of a book was a city which he visited often; he knew it by heart in the best sense, and no actor could present Shakespeare but Mulford brought to bear a criticism which was far beyond any mere judgment of fidelity to text, or even to accepted versions of character. It was a penetrating and illuminating judgment of the Shakespearean person who was under representation. The reader of *The Nation* will have been struck by the frequent felicitous citations from Shakespeare. Mulford's regard for Shakespeare as a political thinker was very great, and he was constantly bearing testimony to this effect. He regarded him also as a great humanizer, and used to express the wish that the missionaries might translate Shakespeare into the Chinese tongue; he thought the people of China needed nothing so much.

There are some men whose speculations are of such a nature that one feels a wistful desire to know what new disclosures of truth await them after their sudden transfer from this scene of mental activity. One can hardly have that feeling with regard to Mulford. The field of his thought was in this world. He held that large conception of eternity which was so vital a part of Maurice's teaching,—a conception which disregarded almost willfully any aid from the future; his thought of prophecy left the predictive element quite out of view. He did not reason concerning this world and the next, but rather of this world as seen in its universal relations, and the central truth of his theology gave a sublimity to human nature which cast its glow over everything which man cares for. It is hard, as the saying is, to make him dead. He does not belong among the dead. His luminous nature lives on, but it is the sorrowful fortune of his friends that they live in the penumbra of his memory, not in the glow of his presence.

H. E. Scudder.

EVE'S DAUGHTER.

I WAITED in the little sunny room:

The cool breeze waved the window-lace, at play,

The white rose on the porch was all in bloom,

And out upon the bay

I watched the wheeling sea-birds go and come.

"Such an old friend,—she would not make me stay

While she bound up her hair." I turned, and lo,

Danaë in her shower! and fit to slay

All a man's hoarded prudence at a blow:

Gold hair, that streamed away

As round some nymph a sunlit fountain's flow.

"She would not make me wait"!—but well I know

She took a good half-hour to loose and lay

Those locks in dazzling disarrangement so!

Andrew Hedbrooke.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

TWO "OCCASIONAL" POEMS, WITH AN INTRODUCTION.

THE reader will find two poems at this opening which were written on two different recent occasions. In offering them to a wider circle than that to which they were addressed I cannot help remembering how much of this kind of literary labor I have performed. It is almost sixty years since I delivered at a college "exhibition" a poem of the prescribed length of five minutes, entitled "Forgotten Ages." That this poem is not familiarly known to my fellow countrymen, — nay, that hardly a couplet of it remains in my own memory, — is not to be wondered at or grieved over. The literature of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome, has been to a large extent the prey of oblivion, as I probably told my audience in measured heroics; and if my poem has shared the fate of so many great works, if it has gone to those dark archives which hold the lost odes of Pindar and the missing books of Livy, it would be unseemly to mourn over its disappearance.

Since that time almost every year has had some tribute of this sort from my pen, and in some years such tributes have been numerous. Those which I am about to take from the *New Portfolio* are the last of the long series; like many which preceded them, they were written to be read by the writer. Each of them was recited at the dinner table, at the period when the banquet had passed the realistic, and was just warming into the idealistic and sentimental stage of a festal meeting.

Not much, perhaps, is to be anticipated from an after-dinner poem. Its office is very nearly the same as that of the bouquets and garlands which adorn a festival. These are expected to look

bright and smell sweet for a few hours, and then to drop to pieces and be swept away with the other litter of the banquet. A great deal of very cheap and trivial verse is produced for such occasions, and has done its duty well enough if it has made its ten or fifteen minutes pass pleasantly. Sometimes it will bear showing up in the newspaper of the next morning, but if it is to be read in cold blood it must have something workmanlike in its construction. A few easily taken puns, new or old, a few local allusions, a patriotic sentiment, a little judicious flattery of the company, will do well enough, if put together with a very moderate amount of skill, to keep in good humor an audience already in the tranquil stage of digestion and the amiably receptive condition which goes with it.

But there is no reason why one should not write the verses which are to be recited or sung after a feast, or for any other occasional object, just as well as if they were suggested by a daisy, or a mouse, or a bed of daffodils, or the reading of Chapman's Homer, or stumbling over a broken statue, as Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, have done. The accidental cause is not the main thing; it is the imaginative, or fanciful, or witty treatment of it which we care for.

I recollect that when I was fifteen years old a copy of Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" fell into my hands, and that I read it with a good deal of interest, though I was not too well acquainted with many of the authors satirized by the poet. Some of my readers may remember the lines with which the satire opens: —

"Still must I hear? — shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking complets in a tavern hall,
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my
muse?"

When Byron wrote these lines he was smarting under the sharp criticism of his "Hours of Idleness" in the Edinburgh Review. I have a fellow-feeling for poor Fitzgerald, who got the first taste of the noble poet's gall. A friend would probably enough have put a different aspect on the matter. "'Hoarse'? Yes; not like Falstaff, it is true, with 'halloing and singing of anthems,' but by overstraining his fine voice, so as to be heard by the multitudes who thronged the vast hall of a public edifice, captivated by the charms of his verse and his impassioned recitation! If Mr. Fitzgerald's lines had not been better than much of the verse in this young lord's recent volume of poems, he would not have had great audiences to 'bawl' himself hoarse in addressing." So might Mr. Fitzgerald's advocate have spoken.

An "occasional" poem may be good or bad, trivial or significant, like any other. What are Spenser's Prothalamium and Epithalamium, what are Lycidas and In Memoriam, what are Burns's convivial poems, what are the Odes of Dryden and Pope for Saint Cecilia's day, but occasional poems? I suppose that Mr. Fitzgerald's productions were occasional, that they were written for recitation, and we know that the poet recited them himself; and in fighting his battle I am maintaining the dignity of all who have done the same kind of literary work, myself included.

Shall a poet read his own verse without leze-majesty against his high calling?

If old legends may be trusted, the practice has the sanction of the highest antiquity. If one had found himself in Smyrna some ten or twelve centuries before the date of the birth of Christ, he might have seen a street gathering and joined the crowd to learn what was going on. This is what meets his eyes: an old man, sightless, for he is led by a youth; poor, for he depends on the voluntary offerings of those who cluster round him in the street, and his gar-

ments are saved from ridicule only by his majestic presence, — this poor blind old man is led to a marble bench, where he seats himself, and waits until the youth tells him that the circle around him is well filled. Then the street story-teller begins: —

"Mēnin acide, Thea, Pēlēiadeō Achilēos;" and the audience listens to the ringing hexameters as if it had never heard one of them before. It is the old, old story of the wrath of Achilles and all the woes that followed from it. Four hundred years have passed since Troy was wrapped in flames, and the palace of Priam and the temples of the gods fell in ruins, to lie there undisturbed for thirty centuries, but the story never tires, for the narrator is

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle;" it is HOMER, and the story is the ILIAD, which he recites as a ballad-minstrel gives forth his ditties, in the streets of a city which will by and by be proud to head the list of the seven that claim to have been the birthplace of the divine singer.

We must take a long stride to come down to the next illustration, which I prefer to give in the old-fashioned type of Jacob Tonson's edition of Dryden's Virgil. It is from the Life of Virgil prefixed to that work.

"And this Poem [the Georgics], being now in great forwardness, *Cæsar*, who in imitation of his Predecessor *Julius*, never intermitted his Studies in the Camp, and much less in other places, refreshing himself by a short stay in a pleasant Village of *Campania*, would needs be entertained with the rehearsal of some part of it. *Virgil* recited with a marvellous *Grace*, and sweet Accent of Voice, but his Lungs failing him, *Mæcenas* himself supplied his place for what remained. Such a piece of condescension would now be very surprising, but it was no more than customary amongst Friends when Learning pass'd for Quality."

The next anecdote of Virgil is more familiar, but is told so agreeably in the old Life that it would be a pity to shorten it:—

“Not one Book [of the *Æneid*] has his finishing Strokes: the sixth seems one of the most perfect, the which, after long entreaty and sometimes threats of *Augustus*, he was at last prevailed upon to recite. This fell out about four Years before his own Death: that of *Marcellus*, whom *Cæsar* designed for his Successor, happen'd a little before this Recital: *Virgil* therefore, with his usual dexterity, inserted his Funerál Panegyrick in those admirable Lines beginning,—

‘O nate, ingentem luctum ne quere tuorum.’

His Mother, the excellent *Octavia*, the best Wife of the worst Husband that ever was, to divert her Grief, would be of the Auditory. The Poet artificially deferred the naming *Marcellus* ’till their passions were raised to the highest; but the mention of it put both Her and *Augustus* into such a Passion of weeping, that they commanded him to proceed no further. *Virgil* answered that he had already ended that Passage. Some relate that *Octavia* fainted away, but afterwards she presented the Poet with two Thousand one Hundred Pounds, odd Money; a round Sum for Twenty Seven Verses, but they were *Virgil’s*.”

These precedents have set my conscience at ease. There is the best possible authority to justify any poet in writing for a special occasion. The most illustrious poets have read their own verses before a circle of listeners, and after them no poet need feel his art dishonored by putting it on a level with that of the orator, whose greatest efforts are called forth by special occasions, and who adds all that voice and action can do to produce an immediate effect on his audience.

Can a poet read his own verses as well as a trained speaker can deliver them?

No doubt he thinks that he can. There never was anything to surpass

the delight that poets take in their own verses. They caress all their pretty phrases as young fathers dandle their first-born babes. The poet who has filled his tank at the Castalian spring is never so happy as when it is on tap and running a full stream. Consequently, he is the most dangerous of intimates. I believe I have put in print somewhere my new version of *cave canem*,—beware of the dog,—but everybody does not remember everything one has written. That is a good precaution,—dogs are dangerous, whether hydrophobia can be cured by M. Pasteur or not. But *cave canentem*—beware of the poet, the man who sings his thoughts in verse—is a maxim quite as well justified by experience. Pope, who seems to have suffered as much from “virgin tragedies” and “orphan muses” as any victim of more modern date, knew but too well the terrors of the man who reads his own poems. He compares his friends and his enemies, and dreads the first as much as, or probably more than, the last:—

“A dire Dilemma! either way I’m sped,—

If Foes they write, if Friends they read me dead.”

Dangerous as he is when he has his manuscript in one hand and a finger of the other in your button-hole, nobody can read a poet’s verses so well—or so badly—as himself. So well, when the poem reads itself just as it wrote itself, through him, with all the fire that ran in his blood, with all the passion that tingled in his nerves,—as if he were possessed, in a word, by that daemon, that familiar spirit, which uses his bodily organs as its medium of expression. So ill, when he is so carried away that he falls into rhythmical sing-song, that he screams at one moment and becomes inaudible to all but himself in the next; reading to himself, in fact, and not to his audience, as poets are apt to do, thinking their listeners can follow them through all their ups and downs.

After all, if a poem has anything worth listening to in it, it is a pleasure to hear it from the author. Many persons sharply criticised Dickens's readings from his own stories. I confess, for one, that when, in his reading of the trial scene, *Bardell vs. Pickwick*, he, as Sergeant Buzfuz, gave out the order, "Call Samuel Weller!" and that character answered to his name, the feeling that this was really Samuel Weller who was before me, and Sergeant Buzfuz, and Mr. Pickwick, and each personage of the story in succession, — this feeling came over me with a thrill of delight, such as the best reading of the greatest actor could not have given me.

I hope I have made out a good case for the writers of "occasional" poems, and for the orators who address their audiences in verse. Whether I have or not, I can claim at least as much experience in this kind of literary work as any of my rhyming brethren with whom I am acquainted. I may feel authorized, therefore, to give some advice to my younger friends, who think it worth their while to add to the pleasures of a social meeting or the dignity of a graver gathering by their poetical contributions.

Since the reporter has taken the place of the skeleton at the banquet, — and he is a far more terrible guest, — the whole character of such occasions is altered. As he enters the banquet hall, its garlands fade, its lights burn dim, its glasses lose their glitter, its wines are no longer fragrant, its feasters sit with wrinkled brows and anxious expressions, waiting until their time shall come. Adieu to all the careless hilarity, to all the unfettered conversation, the unstinted self-revelation, the *abandon*, the voluptuous repose, of the blissful meetings of other days. The song is no longer "Begone, dull care;" there is no meaning now in "Away with melancholy." The reveller is presently to become the speaker. If he drops the wrong word, it will be caught up and mouthed over by thousands

of rejoicing enemies, as they read it in the paper of the next morning. If he touches a tender nerve of public sentiment a little carelessly, such a cry will go up as if a thousand Cyclops were having their eyes put out by the burning brand of Ulysses. Let no man think that because he is speaking in the freedom of convivial intercourse, before a limited circle of friends, he is talking under any roof but the sky, or within any walls but those of the boundless horizon.

The first rule, then, for the after-dinner speaker is *caution*. A single word uttered without premeditation, and caught by a reporter's pencil, may turn the scale for or against a political party and change the destinies of a continent, to say nothing of ruining the ambitious aspirations of the indiscreet speaker.

The second rule is, *Be intelligible*, instantly, simultaneously, to every one of the audience. A thoughtful essay is one thing, an eloquent speech or a pleasing poem is another. The speaker's sentences must not hang fire, so that a bright thought does not go off until the orator or the poet is in the middle of the next sentence or stanza. A damp passage, so to speak, — a damp verse, — in the midst of a fiery address or a flaming ode, spoils the whole illumination. An audience that has lost its hold of the speaker is like a cow that has lost her cud, — the comparison is inelegant, and I will go to the classical dictionary for a more dignified one. The speaker must hold his audience well in hand from beginning to end. If he once lose command of the listeners, the poet who recites his verses must be prepared for the fate of Phaeton. He has undertaken to drive the steeds of Apollo: the bits have slipped out of their mouths, and the passengers — that is to say, the listeners — are thrown out of the chariot.

Poetry is commonly harder to follow than prose. The noun and the verb are often so far apart that they hardly seem to have a speaking acquaintance

with each other. The inversions of poetry help to make it puzzling. The noun is frequently found pushing the verb instead of being pushed by it:—

"Arms and the man I sing, who forced by fate"—
Thus Dryden begins his translation of the *Æneid*, and this is one of the least liberties that poetry takes with syntax.

Therefore a spoken poem should be in a simple measure. The ten-syllable or heroic line, like the one just cited, is for graver purposes perhaps the best. Written in couplets it tends to be epigrammatic; if the rhymes are alternate, as in Gray's *Elegy*, it gains in force and loses in brilliancy. The older form of the heroic, in which the lines run into each other, as the Elizabethan poets wrote it, as Keats, Leigh Hunt, William Morris, have modernized it, is less easily followed than the same verse as Waller, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, wrote it. A measure like the Spenserian is very ill adapted to public delivery. It strains the listener's attention to follow it through its long extended flight. The octosyllabic verse is glib and trivial. Alternated with the six-syllable measure, it serves very well for short poems, the two lines running easily together into one of fourteen syllables. The galloping anapest,
"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold"

is full of life and motion, and lends itself to the gayer emotions as a natural form of expression.

I have given these few hints as the result of long experience both as speaker and listener. I have heard a good many occasional poems drag their slow length along, fatiguing everybody, because the writer had chosen a wrong measure. A dull, long-winded poem is the death of all good fellowship, and the best advice to give a friend who has one burning in his pocket is to sit still and eat his dinner, and let some other bard bestow his tediousness on the company.

After this long prelude, I am almost afraid to print the two poems I have promised my reader. The first of these owes any interest it may have to the fact that it is the last in a series of annual poems which extends through more than a whole generation. Many persons who may not care for the verses may find an interest in noting the changes from year to year, if they happen to look at the series as they are printed together in a volume which contains the poems of a lifetime. How can one help saying the same thing over and over again when he meets the same persons on the same anniversary?

THE OLD TUNE.

Thirty-Sixth Variation.

1829-1886.

THIS shred of song you bid me bring
Is snatched from fancy's embers;
Ah, when the lips forget to sing,
The faithful heart remembers!

Too swift the wings of envious Time
To wait for dallying phrases,
Or woven strands of labored rhyme
To thread their cunning mazes.

A word, a sigh, and lo, how plain
Its magic breath discloses
Our life's long vista through a lane
Of threescore summers' roses!

One language years alone can teach:
Its roots are young affections
That feel their way to simplest speech
Through silent recollections.

That tongue is ours. How few the words
We need to know a brother!
As simple are the notes of birds,
Yet well they know each other.

This freezing month of ice and snow
That brings our lives together
Lends to our year a living glow
That warms its wintry weather.

So let us meet as eve draws nigh,
And life matures and mellow,
Till nature whispers with a sigh,
"Good-night, good-night, old fellows!"

The occasion on which the second poem was read was one of great interest.

The subject of the poem is one of the most learned, deep-thinking, thoroughly trained scholars we have among us. He has reached the age of fourscore years with faculties so brilliant that to say they are unimpaired seems too much like an apology. All who heard his noble discourse on Luther, delivered in 1883 without a note before him, without the least fault of memory or diction, must have been astonished at an intellectual feat which would have been a triumph for any scholarly orator in the full force of his age. It was a great pleasure to join in such a tribute, and if my share of it is not all I could wish, it is not the source of inspiration, but the power to do justice to it, which is to blame.

TO FREDERICK HENRY HEDGE.

AT A DINNER GIVEN HIM ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

December 12th, 1885.

With a bronze statuette of John of Bologna's Mercury, presented by a few friends.

Fit emblem for the altar's side,
And him who serves its daily need,

The stay, the solace, and the guide
Of mortal men, whate'er his creed !

Flamen or Auspex, Priest or Bonze,
He feeds the upward-climbing fire,
Still teaching, like the deathless bronze,
Man's noblest lesson, — to aspire.

Hermes lies prone by fallen Jove,
Crushed are the wheels of Krishna's car,
And o'er Dodona's silent grove
Streams the white ray from Bethlehem's star.

Yet snatched from Time's relentless clutch,
A godlike shape, that human hands
Have fired with Art's electric touch,
The herald of Olympus stands.

Ask not what ore the furnace knew ;
Love mingled with the flowing mass,
And lends its own unchanging hue,
Like gold in Corinth's molten brass.

Take then our gift ; this airy form
Whose bronze our benedictions gild,
The hearts of all its givers warm
With love by freezing years unchilled.

With eye undimmed, with strength unworn,
Still toiling in your Master's field,
Before you wave the growths unshorn,
Their ripened harvest yet to yield.

True servant of the Heavenly Sire,
To you our tried affection clings,
Bids you still labor, still aspire,
But clasps your feet and steals their wings.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ON THE PRESENT CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF ARCHITECTURE.

IN a recent number of the London Athenæum there appeared a review of a new translation of Arabian poetry. A passage in this review is worth quoting, because, in commenting on the conditions of civilization which affect that form of art called poetry, it uses language equally applicable to that other form of art called architecture, and is thus unconsciously significant of the close analogy existing between the various forms of art in which man has expressed his higher emotions. The passage, with a few verbal changes, mainly

in substituting the word "architecture" and its derivatives for the word "poetry" and its derivatives, is as follows :—

"The architecture of a people, who have preserved their natural character and simplicity, and have so far learnt nothing from other civilizations, must always possess a strong fascination. As soon as the period of study and learning arrives we obtain, indeed, forms of architecture and poetry beautiful in themselves, and full of the thoughts and inventions, the spirit and characteristics, of the best works of many nations, but

we lose the simplicity, the unaffected naturalness, the fresh outlook upon life and nature, which belong to primitive races. The freshness and sincerity which are exhibited in the architectural works of such races arise from the fact that they formed their styles for themselves, with no assistance from other nations, and developed form naturally and out of necessity, with no admixture of preconceptions derived from books and study. They did not suffer from the difficulties which beset the modern architect; they had no models in other styles *to teach them to affect impressions which they did not feel*; there was no searching after originality with them, since the native and instinctive ideas and forms of art had not been exhausted in their time; and though they spared no pains to attain the utmost degree of artistic finish in their work, they were not ever striving after the discovery of new *motifs*, or rare combinations and tricks of design, to render their work original and interesting."

This quotation may fairly introduce what I have to say on the present condition of architecture. It is impossible justly to study this theme without constant comparison of the attitude, functions, and methods of the architects, who produced what we now recognize as the historical styles, with those of the modern architects, who, far more learned and versatile, far better equipped, are contending with projects of building far more complex, in an atmosphere infinitely less favorable to purely artistic achievement.

We may follow the development of architectural form from the hypostyle temple of Karnac to the Parthenon, from the Parthenon to the Pantheon, from the Pantheon to St. Sophia, from St. Sophia to St. Mark's, from St. Mark's to the cathedral of Cologne, and thence to the basilica of St. Peter in Rome and of St. Paul in London, and can see in these a very frank and undistorted series

of reflections of the progress of the human mind through consecutive civilizations. They are monuments of a succession of well-defined styles, one following the other in logical sequence, and, in a large degree, according to the laws of structural evolution. But after St. Paul came the era of books, prints, and photographs. Since then we have gathered, assimilated, and classified the fruits of all previous civilizations; we have invented a science of aesthetics, which pretends to analyze the very germs of art, to reveal the secret of the spirit of architecture, to discover the mental processes which were unconsciously followed by our less instructed but more fortunate predecessors; we have, in short, become learned, and the architectural result is chaos,—or, at least, what seems chaos to us, who view the results of modern architecture in the distorted and violent perspective of proximity. Possibly,—nay, probably,—to our successors this inchoate, nebulous mass may resolve itself, not into a style in the historical sense, but into a sort of architectural constellation, in which may be seen, in a manner, some reflection of the spirit of the times in which we live.

The profession of architecture is now reproached because it has failed to establish "a style," because it has not agreed upon a system, because its followers do not move in parallel lines onward towards a consummation of art commensurate with our civilization, in the same way that contemporaneous science has moved towards the development of the electric telegraph, of electric lighting, of the telephone; because at our annual conventions the president of the British or American Institute of Architects is not able, like the president of the National or International Academy of Sciences, to report in his address a definite and orderly progress of achievement.

But architecture is a fine art upon a basis of science; if it were a pure science,

we could emulate the electrician, the geologist, the political economist, the naturalist, the civil engineer, and report, like them, an annual record of consistent advance in all that relates to questions of construction and practical building methods. Modern architecture, as a fine art, cannot make its annual boast of improvement, for reasons which are well worth investigating. But, on the other hand, Callicrates in his day could have reported to Pericles, if required, a definite progress in the development of the Doric order within any twelve-month of his career; Apollodorus, in like manner, might have reported to Trajan a corresponding progress in the architectural use of the arch; Anthemius, of Tralles, could easily have described to Justinian a clear advance in domical architecture in any successive half dozen years of the reign; the Abbé Suger could have traced distinct stages of growth in all the details of Gothic art from year to year, if St. Louis had needed any such statement; and Marie de Médicis would not in vain have ordered from Philibert de Lorme a report of annual progress in French Renaissance, nor would Charles II. have been without response if he had thought it worth while to summon Sir Christopher to give account of the conversion of the orders in English hands. Those were days when styles were visibly unfolding towards perfection; when the practice of architecture broadened from precedent to precedent without distraction or bias; when temple followed temple, church followed church, château followed château, in a reasonable development and natural growth of architectural forms, confined within practicable limits. The study of the architect was limited to a type which all understood, and there was an orderly, intelligible, and harmonious evolution of styles. The forms in vogue, by means of a series of practical experiments in a succession of structures of the same sort, adapted to

a comparatively simple condition of civilization, underwent a process of purification and natural enrichment. They gradually approached, and finally achieved, technical perfection and consistent harmony. At length, when the inherent capacities of the style were exhausted by use (the human mind declining to rest upon, or, indeed, to recognize, the attainment of perfection, but demanding ever new things, fresh surprises), it was by degrees overlaid and overwrought with invention, it declined with laborious splendor, and, in due time, gave place to a new set of forms, which were introduced in a political conquest, perhaps, like that of the Normans in England; in a religious revolution, like that of St. Bernard in France; in an intellectual revival, like that of the Renaissance in Italy; or by the influence of a brilliant court, like that of Elizabeth or Louis XIV., demanding an especial expression of splendor or triumph. And these new forms, in their turn, were developed to completion by the same processes of consecutive experiment in a narrow field of enterprise, and constituted in each case a style, an exponent of manners and customs, with a beginning, a middle, and an end, between two brief eras of doubt, called, in the history of art, eras of transition.

Now in the modern architectural chaos there appears to be a notable exception in the work of the French people. In Paris, archæology and the theory of architecture are taught in an official school of fine arts, which is the guardian of the national traditions. In this school the basis of study is the classic formula or dogma of the orders received in the fifteenth century from Italy, and since then adorned and vivified so as to form a great body of national precedent, reflecting the advance and character of French civilization through all its stages. Architecture is in this way officially organized and kept in a steady line of academic develop-

ment. Thus confined, French genius is not, as elsewhere, exhausted in experiments, or spread thin over fields of enterprise too extensive for a display of effective progress; nor is it distracted by capricious archæological revivals. This concentration of energy expresses itself in a degree of refinement in detail, a degree of clearness and directness of thought, a degree of self-restraint and repose, which are quite unapproached in the practice of any other nation. Under this dispensation technical qualities of design are naturally carried to the highest perfection. Refinement is often pressed to the verge of effeminacy. The highest results obtained under this system are, on the one hand, extreme dignity and repose, as in the Palace of Justice; and, on the other, a poetic and florid, but always a correct, brilliancy, as in the Hôtel de Ville, of Paris, and the New Opera. If the architectural conventionalism which it fosters is sometimes commonplace, it is always correct, never illiterate, and often scholarly. If it disciplines individuality of thought, so that the style, in the hands of inferior artists, becomes unduly uniform and uninteresting, it protects common work from the dangerous vagaries of invention, and keeps it pure. Originality is not sought after with the feverish eagerness which must be the prevailing characteristic of work done under a condition of liberty. The school, in fact, is a Propaganda of faith in an arbitrary type of art. While it narrows the range of expression, it encourages academic precision, fosters beautiful invention in detail, and leads to a study of ornament far more delicate and precious in its results than is elsewhere possible. As a school for practice and education, it maintains a conspicuous advantage. Viollet-le-Duc, with all his knowledge and all his convictions, eloquently urged in favor of a return to Greek and mediæval methods in design, was unable to create a successful revolt from the na-

tional styles as established under this official system. On the whole, modern French Renaissance, with its vast accumulation of motifs, resulting from five centuries of constant use in the hands of a naturally inventive and imaginative race, constitutes a language of art, at once homogeneous and copious. If its essential paganism makes it less fit for the expression of romantic, picturesque, or religious thought, and perhaps, by reason of its academical character, less adaptable for domestic purposes, this quality renders it more elastic than any other for monumental and civic uses. It can be gay or grave, profuse or severe, stately or poetic, without straining its resources of expression, and it still continues to reflect the spirit of the times with the same fidelity that has characterized it in all its historic phases from the style of Francis I. to that of Napoleon III.; yet, when used out of France, it becomes an unfruitful exotic, and degenerates into cold conventionalism. Its blossoms invariably die in crossing the English Channel, and when imported to this side of the Atlantic there is nothing left of it but branches and withered leaves.

English architecture, on the other hand, is still groping after a fit type of national expression. If in France, under the patronage of government, there is a living style consistent with national traditions, a style still to a certain extent receiving accretions from the spirit of the times, thus serving as an index of national character, in England, without official guidance, liberty of thought is unrestrained except by the unrecognized influence of custom. The result is that the elements of design, which are repressed by the tyranny of a refined scholasticism on the other side of the channel, find the fullest expression, while the study of detail and ornament, to which French genius has been compelled to confine itself, is essentially wanting. Thus, English architecture abounds in

picturesque, romantic, and religious thought. Indeed, through these sentiments alone, it has occasionally succeeded in entering into the difficult regions of noble architecture; but, with certain exceptions quite rare enough to prove the rule, as in the Banqueting House at Whitehall, in St. George's Hall at Liverpool, in some of the earlier work of Barry in the club houses of London, and in some of Thompson's Greek work in Edinburgh and Glasgow, English essays in classic types of architecture have hitherto proved cold and colorless, if not absolutely incorrect and vulgar. The orders have been used rather as an inflexible geometrical expression than as a language of art. In fact, the English have failed where the French have succeeded; they have succeeded where the French have failed. But the English failure is the more disastrous to the rank of English architecture because its vain attempts to vitalize and nationalize the classic formula have been frequent enough to constitute a characteristic feature. On the other hand, the severe academic training of the French architects has preserved them from conspicuous error in any branch of picturesque or romantic effects which they have attempted. The French, in short, cannot be ungrammatical; but there is no street in a modern English town which is not full of offenses against correctness. Notwithstanding this, the history of modern architecture in England, though its condition of artistic liberty has never given it its Augustan era, to correspond with that of Shakespeare or Addison in literature, attracts our interest and claims our sympathies to a greater degree than that of any other nation. It abounds in episodes of ingenuous and gallant effort. Twenty years ago it became necessary, in the interest of peace and quiet, to exclude by formal by-laws the discussion of the relative merits of classic and of Gothic art in the societies. The profession in England was divided into hostile

camp by an irrepressible conflict of architectural principles. The Gothicists, by the chance of war, gained the day, and held the field undisputed for some fifteen years. This warfare, however grotesque it may now appear to us, who, by conviction and not by indifference, have become catholic, bears witness to a sincerity and zeal on pure questions of principle in art which are unparalleled in history. Indeed, these are among the best fruits of liberty.

The main characteristic of modern English architecture consists in its series of revivals. In the absence of academic taste, guided by official schools, the architect is under the dominion of a prevailing fashion, which, while it lasts, is as powerful as if promulgated by an edict of government. He aims less to please with old forms than to astonish with new. Any strong mind or hand in the profession which is fortunate enough to make a happy revival of a style or phase of architecture, which had until then been laid aside and forgotten, establishes a starting point for a host of young imitators, who at length constitute a school, numerous and enthusiastically followed: and thus a fashion in design takes possession of contemporary art and has its run through a course of years, until some other guiding spirit awakens a new revival and makes a new fashion, which succeeds until its capacity for producing novelty has been exhausted. The movements which have had the most enduring effect are the Gothic revival, the Queen Anne revival, the free classic revival; and now, under the impulse of the new war office competition, we shall see, perhaps, another attempt to acclimatize the French Renaissance in England, to do service for a succession of years wherever English thought and English speech prevail.

It is a peculiarity of these successive experiments that they are revivals of completed systems, of forms incapable of further progression. Viollet-le-Duc

justly observed that a prosperous career in art can start only from primitive types, of which the powers of development are unexhausted by use. The practical effect of the revival of a style, which has had its era of glory and its associations of history, is to give to the architect an opportunity to exhibit his ingenuity in adapting old forms to new uses, and to display a facility of quotation which is often mistaken for genius, but which is really little more than memory, cultivated and effective indeed, leading him "to affect impressions which he does not feel," but not touching the springs of life in art. Meanwhile, the public are interested in it simply as they are interested in any other new fashion: not because it has in it the healthy breath of life, but because it is in vogue, and has been made reputable by architectural usage. Few practitioners have courage or force enough not to follow this usage. They are bound by it hand and foot while it lasts, and its powers are tested and strained to the uttermost limits by being forced into service often uncongenial to its natural capacity.

It is very noteworthy that the first and greatest of the English revivals, that of mediæval art, had its basis in an awakened conscience. Pugin and Ruskin preached the gospel of this revival; they asked for a return to the era of truth in art; they asked that architectural expression should be controlled by structure, and that decoration should follow the methods of nature. The Gothic revival is the only instance in history of a moral revolution in art. On the other hand, the revival of the style, called of Queen Anne, was a revolution effected under the influence of a literary sentiment. If the genius of Norman Shaw struck the first blow, the genius of Thackeray gave the movement inspiration and character. Both revivals were patriotic, and would have been impossible if not associated with phases of English history. But neither

conscience, nor historic sentiment, nor patriotism, can make art; they can give character and variety, they can supply motifs, they can minister to emotions and inspire poetry, but they cannot make a style. Hence these English fashions, which have had loud and sometimes effective imitations in the practice of American architects, have apparently had no permanent influence in improving the practice of architecture either in England or here. They have made *dilettanti* among the public and *virtuosi* among the architects, but they have not created artists. There is plenty of archæology, but no inspiration, in an architectural fashion which is hampered by the necessity of strict conformity. The Gothic revival gave opportunity for innumerable experiments; for many years it preoccupied the minds of the Anglo-Saxon people, and was ingeniously and sedulously adapted to every possible habit of modern life which could be ministered to by architectural forms. But this adaptation, though the writers have called its results "Victorian Gothic," did not advance Gothic art one step towards the creation of a modern English style, because it did not develop any capacity for expansion in this new service. Its potency for new expressions was speedily exhausted without satisfying the requirements of common sense or meeting the practical conditions to which it was applied. It was replaced — not, it is important to note, through any process of logical succession, by the accident of the Jacobean, or Queen Anne, or free classic revival, which at every point was an offense to the architectural morality engendered by the preachments of Pugin and Ruskin, and possibly a result of them, as the license of Charles II. naturally followed the rigid Puritanism of the Commonwealth. This revival also is proving unsuccessful, because the capacities of the type had been already exhausted before the revivalist made his first quo-

tation. Neither of these types permitted expansion or progress; and the rehabilitations of them have proved to be merely sterile incidents in the history of modern architecture. They have not, so far as we can see, furnished to the English civilization of the nineteenth century any fitting and adequate architectural expositions.

These revivals, as I have said, have found a large and by no means an unintelligent expression in the United States. But the national genius of our architects and their freedom from the tyranny of historic precedent have encouraged them to a far wider range of experiment in architectural forms. Out of these experiments hitherto there have as yet come no definite promises for art. But the higher education of the practitioner and the more exacting demand for studied and grammatical expression have in these latter days, especially in those parts of the country where the better civilization obtains, already practically supplanted the illiterate products of our earlier condition with better work. They have succeeded in establishing a higher technical standard of performance without loss of that quality of intelligent liberty in which lie our greatest hopes and our largest promise. The service of our architectural schools is already amply justified by their results. Their graduates have spread abroad in Western as well as Eastern States, and wherever they have had opportunity of practice they have sown good seed, and are steadily rendering obsolete the normal American types of raw and undisciplined invention, of audacious exaggeration and caprice. This is the first and most wholesome step towards rational reform. We have had good practice and experience in following the English fashions, but here their reign has never been undisputed. By the entire absence of local traditions; by the entire absence of monuments more ancient than those which we call "old colonial" (which we

are recognizing for a little while in our practice to the extent of its limited but respectable capacity); by the entire absence of any official prejudice, of any venerable conventionalities, of any national system of instruction in architecture, we are left in a condition of freedom which is fatal to art while we are ignorant, but capable of great developments when we are educated. In regard to the use of precedent we are essentially eclectic and cosmopolitan. But education is enabling us to accord a proper degree of respect to the formulas and traditions of the Old World, to avail ourselves of them without bias, and to use them with a freedom which is becoming characteristic of our work. We are in position to profit by conventionalities without being bound by them. If our heritage of liberty has made us impatient of academical discipline, it has made us peculiarly hospitable to unprejudiced impressions of beauty and fitness. Our national offense has been license and insolent disrespect of venerable things, arising from want of appreciation and ignorance. We have carried experiment and invention in matters of design further than any other people. We are, as a new nation, a nation of builders. No part of the history of civilization is so abounding in architectural expressions, good, bad, and indifferent, as that of the American people. In quantity, certainly, we have in a given time accomplished more in this field than any other people. Our distinctive practical necessities, our mechanical genius in the matter of building appliances, the nature of our building materials, the exigencies of climate, and the characteristics of social life have created certain corresponding distinctive qualities in our architecture; but they have not established as yet anything approaching that coherent body of architectural forms which constitutes a style.

The architect, in the course of his career, is called upon to erect buildings

for every conceivable purpose, most of them adapted to requirements which have never before arisen in history. Practical considerations of structure, economy, and convenience preoccupy his mind, and his purely and conventionally architectural acquirements are subject to frequent eclipse in practice. His great architectural models give him no hint, and stand too far apart from modern sympathies and use to serve him for inspiration and guidance. Railway buildings of all sorts; churches with parlors, kitchens, and society rooms; hotels on a scale never before dreamt of; public libraries, the service of which is fundamentally different from any of their predecessors; office and mercantile structures, such as no preëxisting conditions of professional and commercial life have ever required; school-houses and college buildings, whose necessary equipment removes them far from the venerable examples of Oxford and Cambridge; skating-rinks, theatres, exhibition buildings of vast extent, casinos, jails, prisons, municipal buildings, music halls, apartment houses, and all the other structures which must be accommodated to the complicated conditions of modern society, — these force the architect to branches of study to which his books, photographs, and sketches give him no direct aid. Out of these eminently practical considerations of planning must grow elevations, of which the essential character, if they are honestly composed, can have no precedent in architectural history.

Even though a prevailing fashion or revival may give a color of unity to contemporary buildings erected under such conditions, what wonder if there is the most perplexing variety of architectural expression? What wonder if the superficial critic, seeking for a characteristic type and finding none, cries out that art is dead, that there is no American style? What wonder if he decries the American architect as a crea-

ture without convictions? In fact, the canons of criticism which guided the opinions of our forefathers under narrower conditions, and which led them to pronounce judgment with the formulas "correct" or "not correct," are no longer applicable. The art which of all the fine arts is the only one dependent on practical considerations must be a free art, from the nature of the case. It cannot be confined within the bounds of any historic styles and remain true to its functions; it cannot meet the requirements of modern life in a strait-jacket of antiquarian knowledge and archæological forms. The functions of the critic have become far more difficult, and require a far more catholic, unprejudiced, and judicial mind, a far wider range of knowledge and sympathy, than could possibly grow up under the teachings or examples of Vitruvius or Palladio, Philibert de Lorme or Sir William Chambers, Sir Christopher Wren or the brothers Adam, Pugin or Ruskin, or any other prophet or expounder of ancient principles, with their rigid doctrines of exclusions and their exact formulas of practice in design. It is an era of experiment and invention, of boldness and courage. Conscientious fidelity to style in the merely archæological sense no longer leads to great and successful achievements, because the requirements of modern buildings are far beyond its capacity. The narrow city façade, crowded with necessary windows, elbowed by uncongenial neighbors, restricted by municipal regulations, with story piled upon story, and the whole hanging over a void filled with enormous sheets of glass, the *bête noir* of architectural composition, is a defiance to all rule and precedent in art. Iron construction can be adjusted neither according to the elegant precepts of Vitruvius nor the more elastic principles of mediæval art. At every step the architect is confronted with problems which cannot be solved by the suggestions of his

library and sketch-book. He is compelled to employ new devices, to invent, to reconcile incongruous conditions, to strain the conventionalities of architectural design beyond their capacity, to produce new things. The result, in the absence of a wise and thorough architectural training in the fundamental principles of art, is confusion of types, illiterate combinations, an evident breathlessness of effort and striving for effect, with the inevitable loss of repose, dignity, and style. The practitioner becomes reckless of rules, and, despairing of being able to please, he aims to astonish.

Under these conditions, a new style of architecture—a style in the sense of the great historical styles, as those of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Romanesque, mediæval Saracenic, and early Renaissance periods—is impossible. But good architecture *is* possible. The progress of architectural knowledge has already begun to enable us to have our own revivals, and the experiments we are trying in this respect, being free from the prejudices of patriotic sentiment which I believe to be a serious hindrance to the advance of English art, are curious and not without promise. Among these minor revivals, that of the Romanesque forms of Auvergne, in which the vigorous round arches, the robust columns, the strong capitals, and the rich but semi-barbaric sculpture are tempered with reminiscences of the finer Roman art, is at the moment the most interesting and perhaps the most promising. Mr. H. H. Richardson deserves great credit for his persistency in pressing this style towards the limits of its possibilities. It has the advantage of being an early and uncorrupted type, and it will be interesting to see in what direction and to what end its apparently unexhausted capacities will lead us, by the course of constant and intelligent experiment to which it is now subjected. But these experiments are often open to the charge of an affectation of barbarism and heaviness incon-

sistent with our civilization. They have hardly broken loose from the bonds of precedent in the style, or shown signs of acquiring new elements with any tendency to that delicacy and refinement which are necessary to satisfy modern culture, or to that elasticity essential to modern requirements. This revival will cease to be a masquerade, and will be in the healthy path of natural development, as soon as it begins to show a capacity for adjustment to our material and moral conditions. Whether it will succeed in reaching this stage, or whether it will presently begin to fatigue by monotony and so fall into disuse, there is no question that the experiment is based upon sounder principles than that of any other now under study. To take a larger view of the present attitude of American architecture, there is no doubt in my own mind that all the conditions are favorable to developments of the greatest interest. With thorough education, the future of our architectural practice is secure, and though “the American style” may never be realized, *style* will undoubtedly be a feature in our work, and will give it high rank in the history of art. Indeed, our best achievements are already showing how a certain unconventional art of the highest sort may be an essential part of the science of good building, and are not surpassed, in respect to genuine promise, by any contemporary work whatever in any part of the world.

This essay began with a quotation explaining how the necessary equipment of the modern architect, his organized business appliances, his library, his prints, his photographs, his familiarity with the historic styles in all their phases of development, glory, and decline, his conscious aesthetics,—his study, in short, has predisposed him to insincerity and affectation, and prevented him from competing on equal terms with the creators of the great styles. There is another element of difficulty which it is impor-

tant to note. Our predecessors, before the era of learning, had the good fortune to be sustained by public sympathy. Criticism they felt to be an active, incessant, and intelligent force. There could be no such thing among them as pedantry. The language of art was a common language which all understood; it was therefore used with force, correctness, and discretion, and broke naturally into poetry and songs. The result was that the builder designed, not better than he knew, but under correction, and with the knowledge that his efforts would be appreciated at their full value; he was encouraged, surrounded, sustained, admonished, and taught by public opinion. If, in this atmosphere, he was a leader, it was solely by force of genius working in familiar paths. The people were all handiworkers. Fingers, brains, and heart wrought together at the forge, in the stone-cutter's yard, with the weaver's shuttle, at the jeweler's bench, with the carver's chisel, in the armorer's shop. The mind of every artisan was prompt to conceive, and his hand was quick to execute variations of form in his own craft, to give new interest and individuality to his work, however humble. It was natural

Dass er im innern Herten spüret
Was er erschafft mit seiner Hand.

This constant exercise of intelligent invention made him sensitive to every expression of art, and he was not indifferent when his brethren, the stone-carvers, or painters, or workers in wood or metal or glass, united their best individual handiwork in an architectural symphony. Under this pressure, with this powerful correlation of forces behind, the growth of definite architectural styles was inevitable.

It was no less inevitable, in the progress of civilization, that labor-saving machinery should take the place of handiwork; that artisans should become mechanics or tenders of machinery, in whose product their best qualities of

mind and heart could have no concern whatever. Thus the common artistic instinct, which, in the aggregate, constituted intelligent public sympathy in Athens, in Ravenna, in the Isle de France, does not exist in Manchester and New York. The architect is left to work out his problems alone, "with difficulty and labor hard," unsustained by appreciative recognition and criticism, buried in the study of ancient precedent and in the contemplation of theories of design. The fundamental motive of his work is changed, and the best results of his labors, more or less affected by the pale cast of thought, are set up in the public places in complete silence. Criticism, if any, has become indifferent and careless. The architect is neither praised for his good points, nor blamed for his bad. Few care whether they are good or bad. They are not understood. In this emergency the architects unite in societies, for the sake of professional fellowship and mutual encouragement. They form a caste apart; they are no longer the leaders and exponents of public sentiment and thought in questions of art; no longer agents in the development of a style. Not having the correction, the stimulus, and assistance of public knowledge and interest to keep them in a straight path of fruitful development, they make devious excursions in new fields, they "affect impressions which they do not feel," they masquerade in various capricious disguises, all with the hope of astonishing the ignorant and arousing the indifferent.

Under these circumstances, it is much to be feared that the advance of the profession in these modern days is, to a large extent, a progress of architecture into regions inaccessible to the public. The most intelligent laymen do not pretend to appreciate its motives or to comprehend its results. But without their aid architecture cannot advance.

The members of the profession have begun to say one to the other, Let us

cease this process of fruitless sophistication ; let us study how we can excite intelligent interest. This point once gained, we shall at length have established a standard of performance which, if advanced by us in our practice with wise persistency and honest, straightforward endeavor, may at length give us a public whose good opinion will be worth earning. We have discovered that mere caprice, mere novelty, will not answer. This may amuse the vulgar for a while, but it makes the judicious grieve. When in our schools and in our practice we can succeed in cultivating a fine artistic feeling and in establishing really catholic ideals in design without falling into dilettanteism or into habits of mere imitation ; when we can use our knowledge of good examples, modern and ancient, so that it will not

betray us into quotations for the sake of quotations, into correctness for the sake of correctness ; when we can work without caprice and design *reasonably*, so that every detail shall be capable of logical explanation and defense, without detriment to a pervading spirit of unity ; when we can be refined without weakness, bold without brutality, learned without pedantry ; when, above all, we can content ourselves with simplicity and purity, and refrain from affectations ; we shall have conquered the indifference of the people, and shall have accomplished more than has yet been done in modern England with all its archaeology, or in modern France with all its academical discipline, but we shall have done no more than should result from an intelligent use of our precious and unparalleled condition of liberty in art.

Henry Van Brunt.

GRANT.

WHEN any great historical event is past, fame soon begins to concentrate itself on one or two leading figures, dropping inexorably all minor ones. How furious was the strife waged in England over West India emancipation, and then over the abolition of the corn-laws ! Time, money, intellect, reputation, were freely bestowed for both these enterprises. But those great sacrifices are now forgotten ; the very names of those who made them are lost ; posterity associates only Wilberforce and Clarkson with the one agitation, Cobden and Bright with the other. In the same way, out of all the heroic gladiators of the long anti-slavery struggle, men will soon remember only Garrison and Phillips, or Garrison and John Brown. When we turn to the war which saved the Union and brought emancipation, we find that the roll of fame is similarly

narrowing. There is scarcely an American under thirty who is familiar with even the name of John P. Hale, whom Garrison called "the Abdiel of New Hampshire," or of Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States, and historian of that slave power which he did so much toward overthrowing. The acute and decorous Seward, the stately Chase, the imperious Stanton, even the high-minded and commanding Sumner, with his reservoirs of knowledge, — all these are already fading from men's memories. Fifty years hence, perhaps, the mind of the nation will distinctly recognize only two figures as connected with all that great upheaval, — Lincoln and Grant.

Of these two, Grant will have one immeasurable advantage, in respect to fame, — that he wrote his own memoirs. A man who has done this can never

become a myth; his individuality is as sure of preservation as is that of Cæsar. Something must of course depend upon the character of such an autobiography: it may by some mischance reveal new weaknesses only, or reaffirm and emphasize those previously known; it may disenchant us, like the late memoirs of Carlyle and Hawthorne. Here again Grant is fortunate: his book is one of the greatest of his victories, and those who most criticised his two administrations may now be heard doubting whether they did, after all, any justice to the man. These memoirs—or the single volume from which alone an estimate can yet be formed—have that first and highest quality both of literature and manhood, simplicity. Without a trace of attitudinizing or a suspicion of special pleading, written in a style so plain and terse that it suggests the reluctant conversation of a naturally reticent man, they would have a charm if the author had never emerged from obscurity except to write them. Considered as the records of the foremost soldier of his time, they are unique and of inestimable value.

This value is reinforced, at every point, by a certain typical quality which the book possesses. As with Lincoln, so with Grant, the reader hails with delight this exhibition of the resources of the Average American. It is not in the least necessary for the success of republican government that it should keep great men, so to speak, on tap, all the time; it is rather our theory to be guided in public affairs by the general good sense of the community. What we need to know is whether leaders will be forthcoming for specific duties when needed; and in this the civil war confirmed the popular faith, and indeed developed it almost into fatalism. It is this representative character of the book which fascinates; the way in which destiny, looking about for material, took Grant and moulded him for a certain

work. Apparently, there was not in him, during his boyhood, the slightest impulse toward a military life. He consented to go to West Point merely that he might visit New York and Philadelphia; that done, he would have been glad of any steamboat or railroad accident that should make it for a time impossible to enter the academy. The things that he enjoyed were things that had scarcely the slightest reference to the career that lay unconsciously before him. Sydney Smith had a brother, known as Bobus, who bore through life this one distinction: that he had been thrashed as a boy by a schoolmate who subsequently became the Duke of Wellington. "He began with you," said Sydney Smith, "and ended with Napoleon." Grant began by breaking in a troublesome horse, and ended with the Southern Confederacy.

There is always a certain piquant pleasure in the visible disproportion of means to ends. All Grant's early preparation or non-preparation for military life inspires the same feeling of gratified surprise with which we read that the young Napoleon, at the military school of St. Cyr, was simply reported as "very healthy." At West Point, Grant was at the foot of his class in the tactics, and he was dropped from sergeant to private in the junior year. A French or German officer would have looked with contempt on a military cadet who never had been a sportsman and did not think he should ever have the courage to fight a duel. It would seem as if fate had the same perplexing problem in choosing its man for commander-in-chief that every war-governor found in his choice of colonels and captains. Who could tell, how was any one to predict, what sort of soldier any citizen would be? Grant himself, when he came to appoint three men in Illinois as staff officers, failed, by his own statement, in two of the selections. What traits, what tendencies, shown in civil life furnished

the best guarantee for military abilities? None, perhaps, that could be definitely named, except habitual leadership in physical exercises. Of all positions, the captaincy of a college crew or a base-ball club was surest to supply qualities available for military command. But even for athletic exercises, except so far as horses were concerned, Grant had no recorded taste.

Nor does his career in the Mexican war seem to have settled the point; and his animated sketch of that event, though one of the most graphic ever written, fails to give any signal proof of great attributes of leadership. This part of his book is especially interesting as showing the really small scale of the military events which then looked large. It is hard for us to believe that General Taylor invaded Mexico with three thousand men, a force no greater than was commanded at different times by dozens of mere colonels, during the war for the Union. It is equally hard to believe that these men carried flintlock muskets, and that their heaviest ordnance consisted of two eighteen-pound guns, while the Mexican artillery was easily evaded by simply stepping out of the way of the balls. It is difficult to convince ourselves that General Taylor never wore uniform, and habitually sat upon his horse with both feet hanging on the same side. Yet it was amid so little pomp and circumstance as this that Grant first practiced war. The experience developed in him sufficient moral insight to see, all along, that it was a contest in which his own country was wrong; and the knowledge he gained of the characters of his fellow officers was simply invaluable, when he came to fight against some of them. At Fort Donelson he knew that with any force, however small, he could march within gunshot of General Pillow's entrenchments; and when General Buckner said to him, after the surrender, that if he had been in command the Union

army would not have got up to the fort so easily, Grant replied that if Buckner had been in command he should not have tried in the way he did.

He was trained also by his Mexican campaign in that habit of simple and discriminating justice to an opponent which is so vital in war. The enormous advantages gained by the Americans over superior numbers during that contest have always been rather a puzzle to the reader. Grant makes it clear when he says that, though the Mexicans often "stood up as well as any troops ever did," they were a mere mob for want of trained supervision. He adds, with some humor, "The trouble seemed to be the lack of experience among the officers, which led them after a certain period to simply quit without being whipped, but because they had fought enough." He notes also that our losses in those battles were relatively far greater than theirs, and that for this reason and because of the large indemnity paid at last, the Mexicans still celebrate Chapultepec and Molino del Rey as their victories, very much as Americans, under circumstances somewhat similar, celebrate the battle of Bunker Hill. Finally, Grant has the justice to see that, as Mexico has now a standing army and trained officers, the war of 1846-8 would be an impossibility in this generation.

When Grant comes to deal with the war for the Union itself, his prevailing note of simplicity gives a singularly quiet tone to the narrative. In his hands the tales of Shiloh and Donelson are told with far less of sound and fury than the boys' football game in Tom Brown at Rugby. In reading the accounts of these victories, it seems as if anybody might have won them; and so the traveler, looking from Chamonix at the glittering slopes of Mont Blanc, feels as if there were nothing to do but to walk right up. Did any one in history ever accomplish so much as Grant with

so little conscious expenditure of force, or meet dangers and worries so imperturbably? "I told them that I was not disturbed." "Why there should have been a panic I do not see." This is the sort of remark that occurs at intervals throughout the memoirs, and usually at the crisis of affairs; and this denotes the conquering temperament. Perhaps the climax of this expression is found when Grant says incidentally, "While a battle is raging one can see his enemy mowed down by the thousand, or even the ten thousand, with great composure; but after the battle these scenes are distressing, and one is naturally disposed to do as much to alleviate the suffering of an enemy as [of] a friend." It is the word "composure" that is here characteristic; many men would share in the emotion, but very few would describe it by this placid phrase. Again, the same quality is shown when, in describing the siege of Vicksburg, after "the nearest approach to a council of war" he ever held, Grant pithily adds, "Against the general and almost unanimous judgment of the council I sent the following letter,"—this containing essentially the terms that were accepted. Indeed, it is needless to point out how imperturbable must have been the character of the man who would take with him on a campaign his oldest son, a boy of twelve, and say of him at the end, "My son. . . caused no anxiety either to me or to his mother, who was at home. He looked out for himself, and was in every battle of the campaign."

This phlegmatic habit made General Grant in some respects uninteresting, as compared, for instance, with the impulsive and exuberant Sherman; but it gave him some solid and admirable minor qualities. "Our army," said Uncle Toby, "swore terribly in Flanders," but the commander of the great Union army, by his own statement, was "not aware of ever having used a profane expletive" in his life. There is no more curious

and inexplicable characteristic than the use of language. Lincoln impresses one as representing, on the whole, a higher type of character than Grant; more sympathetic, more sensitive, more poetic. Yet Lincoln would tell an indelicate story with the zest of a bar-room lounge, while Grant, by the general testimony of his staff officers, disliked and discouraged everything of the kind. There is a mediæval tale of a monk who was asked by a peasant to teach him a psalm, and he chose that beginning with the verse, "I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue." Having learned thus much, the peasant went away, saying that he would try and practice it before going further; but he never returned, not having succeeded in living up to the first verse. Grant was apparently more successful.

Mere imperturbability would, however, be useless to a commander without that indefinable quality known as military instinct; and it was this which Grant possessed in a higher degree, probably, than any other man of his time. Like all instinct, it is difficult to distinguish from the exceedingly rapid putting of this and that together; as where Grant at Fort Donelson, finding that the knapsacks of the slain enemy were filled with rations, saw at once that they were trying to get away, and renewed the attack successfully. Again, when General Buell had some needless anxiety at Nashville and sent for large reinforcements, Grant told him, on arriving at the scene of action, that he was mistaken; the enemy was not advancing, but retreating. General Buell informed him that there was fighting in progress only ten or twelve miles away; upon which Grant said that this fighting was undoubtedly with the rear-guard of the Confederates, who were trying to carry off with them all the stores they could: and so it proved. Indeed, it was from an equally prompt recognition of what was really needed that he

pressed on Vicksburg at all. Sherman, usually classed as daring and adventurous, dissuaded him, and wished him to hold fast to his base of supplies. Grant, usually esteemed cautious, insisted on going on, saying that the whole country needed a decisive victory just then, even if won at a great risk.

The very extent of Grant's military command has in one respect impaired his reputation; because he marshaled more men than his opponents, he has been assumed to be less great as a soldier than they were. The *Saturday Review*, for instance, forgetting that interior lines may make a small force practically equivalent to a large one, treats Grant's success, to this day, as merely the irresistible preponderance of greater numbers. But it was precisely here that Grant was tested as Lee was not. To say that it is easier to succeed with a larger force than a smaller one is like saying that it is easier to get across the country with a four-in-hand than in a pony phaeton: it is all very true if the road is smooth and straight and the team well broken; but if the horses are balky and the road a wilderness, the inexperienced driver will be safer with a single steed. The one thing that crushes a general of secondary ability is to have more men than he knows how to handle; his divisions simply get into one another's way, and his four-in-hand is in a hopeless tangle. Many a man has failed with a great force who would have been superb with a Spartan band. Garibaldi himself did not fit well into the complex mechanism of a German army. "Captain," said a bewildered volunteer naval lieutenant, accustomed

to handling his own small crew upon the quarter-deck of his merchant vessel, — "captain, if you will just go below, and take two thirds of these men with you, I'll have this ship about in no time." It is possible that Lee might have commanded a million men as effectively as Grant did, but we shall never know, for that brilliant general had no opportunity to make the experiment. Meanwhile, it is a satisfaction to observe that the most willing European critic can impair the fame of one great American soldier only by setting up that of another. In the next national war — may it be distant — our Grants and our Lees will form a part of one army.

The claims of Grant to permanent fame will lie first in the fact that he commanded the largest civilized armies the world ever saw; secondly, that with these armies he saved the integrity of the American nation; thirdly, that he did all this by measures of his own initiating, rarely calling a council of war, and commonly differing from it when called; fourthly, that he did all this for duty, not glory, and in the spirit of a citizen, not the military spirit, persisting to the last that he was, as he told Bismarck, more of a farmer than a soldier; then again, that when tested by the severest personal griefs and losses in the decline of life, he showed the same strong qualities still; and finally, that in writing his own memoirs he was simple as regards himself, candid towards opponents, and has thus given us a book which will be, if it goes on as it has begun, better worth reading than any military autobiography since *Cæsar's Commentaries*.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

IN THE CLOUDS.

V.

THE officer laid his hand on the jagged lower ledge of the niche. His hat and its shadow, like some double-headed monster, slowly appeared above the verge as he climbed the crag. The sheep shrank back precipitately into the cavernous place, their hoofs crowding over the young mountaineer. He lay at full length in motionless suspense.

There was a moment's pause. A cloud crossed the moon. Its shadow fell in Hazel Valley. A gust of wind stole along the mountain slopes, sighing as it went, as if its errand were of sorrow. Then, silence. The brilliant lustre burst forth again, suffusing the heights above and the depths so far below. In the midst of the craggy steep the huddled sheep looked mildly down, with bright, apprehensive eyes, at the officer.

"Nuthin' but sheep," he said, scanning the interior of the niche.

It seemed to Mink, hidden by his fleecy comrades, that the stone walls of his refuge resounded with the loud throbbing of his heart, which must betray him.

"D'ye reckon," said the sheriff below, "ez that woman could hev made a mistake 'bout hev'n' seen him on this road?"

"Mrs. Beale knows Mink Lorey ez well ez I do," declared the constable.

"Mought hev been foolin' us some," suggested the sheriff, suspiciously.

"She hain't got no call," the constable reasoned. As he partly stood on a sharp projection, and partly hung by one arm to the ledges of the niche, he took a plug of tobacco from his pocket and perilously gnawed at it.

"Waal, I reckon he ain't round hyarabouts," said the sheriff, with an intona-

tion of disappointment. "We hed better push on."

The double-headed monster, chewing as he went, the action reproduced in frightful pantomime on the floor of the cavern, slowly withdrew. There was heavy breathing; the sound of falling clods and fragments of rock, and of straining bushes and roots as the descending officer clutched them. A sudden final thud announced that he had sprung upon his feet on level ground.

A momentary interval, a clatter of hoofs, and the double file of horsemen and their mounted shadows, erect upon the vertical cliffs of the rock-bound road, passed slowly along the wild, narrow way. Long after they had disappeared the sound of the hoof-beats intruded upon the stillness, and died away, and again smote the air with dull iteration, reverberating from distant crags of the winding road.

When all was still, Mink's mind turned again to his perplexities with a sharpened sense of the necessity of decision. The project which Alethea had suggested began to shape itself in his mind in full detail, as he lay there and thought it over. The alternative of skulking about to avoid arrest was too doubtful and limited to be contemplated.

"The sheriff air a-ridin' now," he said, "an' the constable too — an' what made 'em fetch along fower other men ez a posse?" he broke off suddenly, recognizing the incongruity.

His lip curled with satisfaction. "They mus' hev been powerful 'feard o' me," he said, his heart swelling with self-importance, "ter think 't would take six men ter arrest me fur a leetle job like that."

He appreciated, however, that the

midnight caper at the mill had shaken all the securities of the mountain community, and it was to the immediate personal interest of every man within twenty miles that he should be dealt with as harshly as the law would allow. But if, he argued, without waiting for arrest, he should go down to-morrow, — not to old Griff (bold as he was, he hardly dared encounter the miller's rage), but to some man of influence, some mediator, old Squire White, perhaps, — and tell what he had done, and offer in reparation to give the miller all he possessed, his mare, his gun, his hogs, might he not thus avert the more serious phases of a prosecution, or perhaps escape altogether?

Turn as he might, he could see only the sacrifice of his little all as the price of his orgy.

"I'd hev ter pay it ter the lawyer ter defend me; or mebbe old Griff could git it out'n me ez damages ennyhow. I can't holp losing it. I'll gin it up, an' begin over, an' make it up with Lethe, — I don't keer a straw fur all the t'others, — an' git married an' be stiddy. I never war so wild nohow when me an' her war promised. Mebbe bein' jawed at, an' sech, air good fur folks, an' holped ter keep me quiet in them days, — leastwise ez quiet ez I war able ter be," he qualified, the recollection of sundry active vagaries constraining him.

Although doubts and fears still lurked in his mind, he found himself waiting for dawn, not with hope or impatience, but with the dull resolution of reluctant decision. He could hardly have said why, but he experienced a disappointment as he noted the weather signs. The mists thickened and pervaded the moonbeams in gigantic wavering spectral effects. Over toward the Great Smoky they slowly tended, those veiled mystic figures, with diaphanous trailing garments, and sometimes a lifted hand as if to swear by the heaven it almost touched. He watched the throngs grow

denser, lose the similitude of individuality, take on the aspect of lowering clouds. The moonbeams glittered faintly and failed. When the day broke at last, the light expressed itself only in the dull visibility of the enveloping vapors. Not the depths of Hazel Valley, not the slopes of Big Injun Mounting, could be seen as he clambered out of the niche and down upon the road. Even the log at its verge serving as a curb seemed a sort of defense against the usurping immateriality which had engulfed the rest of the world. He heard the moisture dripping from the summit of the craggy heights; sometimes, too, the quick, tumultuous patter of a shower in Hazel Valley, as if a cloud had lost its balance on the brink of the mountain and had fallen into the depths beneath.

He trudged along, seeing nothing but the blank inexpressiveness of the encompassing clouds, with only the vaguest divination of the locality and the distance.

"I would n't feel so weighted ef the weather would clear," he said.

Once he paused, suddenly recollecting that to-day the county court was in session, and that Squire White was doubtless at Shaftesville. When he thought of the unaccustomed scenes of the town, the people, their questions and comments, he wavered again. Then he remembered Alethea. "She 'lowed 't would be jestic an' the bes' ez I could do ennyhows, an' somehows the critter 'pears ter be right in her jedgmints. So I reckon I'll jes' 'bide by Lethe's word."

Presently the mists began to lift. He could see along the green aisles of the forest how they wavered and shifted in the tops of the trees. Everywhere the flowers were blooming, — the trumpet blossom and the jewel-weed, the delicate lilac "Christmas flower," the "mountain snow," the red cardinal blossoms, and, splendid illumination of the woods, the Chilhowee lily. All along the way-

side, silvery cascades tumbled over the rocks and amongst fantasies of ferns, and the laurel and the ivy crowded the banks of the torrent. When he was fairly in the valley, fences bordered the road, with poke-berries darkly glittering in corners crowded with weeds. He was nearing Shaftesville now. A little house appeared here and there, a stretch of open land, stacks of fodder, an occasional passer.

High up in the air were suggestions of sunshine, yellow, diffusive, but not penetrating the vapors below. All at once the beams burst through. The mists dallied for a moment longer; then with a suggestion of spreading wings they rose in slow, shining, ethereal flights. Among them, as he skirted the crest of a hill, appeared the roofs of the little town, the tower of the court-house, the church steeple, all dissolving into invisibility like some vain vagary of the mist, as he descended into the intervenient dale.

The grass-grown streets were astir with jeans-clad countrymen already in with wagons drawn by oxen, or with a drove of bleating sheep running helter-skelter, and demonstrating their bucolic proclivities by a startling lack of adaptation to the thoroughfares of Shaftesville; a few loungers were sitting on the barrels and boxes in front of the doors of the stores; Mink met no one he knew as he went. One man on the rickety steps of the old court-house knew him, perhaps, for he looked hard at him as he passed; then turned and stared after him with an expression which Mink could hardly analyze. He scowled fiercely in return, and took his way into the room in which several of the justices sat, amicably chatting together, for the day's proceedings had not yet been inaugurated. With a sudden vague irritation and bewilderment Mink beheld upon each countenance, the moment they caught sight of him, the same amazed intentness which had characterized the look of

the man on the steps. He felt a sort of dull ache in his heart, a turbulence in his blood pulsing fast, a heavy, dazed consciousness which gave the scene the dim unreality of a dream: the sunshine, pale and flickering, outlining the panes of the windows on the dirty floor; the stove, that stood in its place winter and summer; the circle of bearded, jeans-clad justices, all their faces turned toward him, seeming not unlike, with the same expression upon each.

Mink began abruptly, but with an effort, addressing the chairman. "I kem over hyar, Squair," he said, "kase I wanten leave ter men what I done. I ain't goin' ter hide nuthin' nor run away from nuthin'. I ain't sayin' what I done war right, but I'm willin' ter abide by my deed ez fur ez leavin' it ter men, an' furder."

He was fluent now. There was an exhilaration in this close attention from these men whom he esteemed mighty in the law, in this pose of importance before them, in the generosity of the offer he was about to make. He spoke responsive to the respectful surprise with which his fancy had endowed them.

"I war drunk, Squair. I ain't denyin' it none. Naw, sir, I ain't."

He nodded his head, and pushed his broad hat further back on his long, Auburn locks.

"I'll jes' tell ye how it war, Squair." He shifted his weight upon one stalwart leg, and bent over a little, and looked down meditatively at his boots as he arranged his ideas in his mind. "I war drunk, Squair," he reiterated, as he came once more to the perpendicular. "How I kem so, it don't consarn me to say. But me an' old man Griff, we hed hed words 'bout my teachin' Tad ter play 'five corn'; he 'lowed 't war a gamblin' game, — mighty old-fashioned game, ye know yerself, Squair, — an' ez I kem along back that night I 'lowed I'd start the mill an' see him run out skeered. An' I dunno what I done ter the wheel,

but it jes' seemed ter be plumb 'witched when I lifted the gate. It jes' performed an' cavorted round like it hed the jim-jams;—ye never seen nuthin' act like it done sence ye war born, Squair. An' I tried ter let the gate down, but war plumb shuck off'n the race. An' the mill begun ter shake, Squair, an' fust I knowed down it went inter the ruver. An' ez I seen a light in the old man's house I 'lowed he war a-comin' fur me." He laughed a little. "Old Griff be a powerful survigrouous old man when his dander hev riz, so I jes' rid off ez fas' ez I could."

There was no responsive smile upon the stony, staring faces turned toward him. But he was quite at ease now. He hardly cared to notice that a man went hurriedly out of the room and came back. "I'm mighty sorry fur the old man, Squair," he resumed. "Surely I am. An' ter prove it, me an' the gal I'm a-goin' ter marry, we-uns 'greed tergether ez I'd gin him my mare, an' my hogs, an' a gun, an' fower sheep, an' 't would build him another mill better 'n the one he hed, ef he could git the mill-stones hefted. I'd go help myself."

Still not a word from the justices. Other men had begun to come in. They, too, stood silently listening. Mink was all debonair and cheery again, so fairly had he exploited his mission. As to the man who had gone out and returned, Mink stared hard at him, for he was not an acquaintance, yet he approached and held out his hand. Mink slowly extended his own. A sudden grip of iron encircled the unsuspecting member; the other hand was caught in a rude grasp. A harsh, grating sound, the handcuffs were locked upon his wrists, and the deputy sheriff lifted a countenance scarlet with repressed excitement. He passed his hands quickly all along the prisoner's side to make sure that he carried no concealed weapons, then ejaculated, "Now ye're all right!"

The young mountaineer's head was in

a whirl. His heart beat tumultuously. His voice sounded to him far away. His volition seemed to rebel. Surely he did not utter the stammering, incoherent, foaming curses that he heard. They terrified him. He strove with futile strength to tear off these fetters, every muscle strained. For the first time in his life, he, the wild, free creature of the woods, felt the bonds of constraint, the irking touch of a man he could not strike. Old Squire White, who had moved out of the way with an agility wonderful in a man of his years, exhorted the deputy to his duty.

"Ye mus' gin him the reason fur his arrest, ez he hev axed fur it, Mr. Skeggs, sech bein' the law o' Tennessee. Ye'd better tell him, sence the sher'ff hev carried off the warrant, that he air arrested fur the drownin' o' Tad Simpkins."

Mink hardly heard. He did not heed. He only tore desperately at the handcuffs, every cord standing out, every vein swelled to bursting; stamping wildly about while the scuttling, excited crowd nimbly kept out of his way. He turned the glare of reddened eyes upon the deputy, who mechanically repeated the justice's words, still following the prisoner with soothing insistence. Suddenly Mink clasped his hands above his head and brought them down together, striking the man upon the back of the neck with the handcuffs and dangling chain. The deputy dropped to the ground as if he had been shot. Mink made a burst toward the door; he was seized by a dozen willing hands, thrown down, and pinioned. He fainted, perhaps, for it was only the free outer air that roused him to the knowledge that he was borne through the streets, followed by a gaping, hooting crowd, black and white. Then ensued another interval of unconsciousness. When he came to himself he stared blankly at his unfamiliar surroundings.

He was alone. He felt weak, sore. He turned his bewildered eyes toward

the light. The window was barred. He sprang up from the bed on which he lay, stumbling, for his ankles were ironed as well as his wrists. He shuffled along and tried the door. He beat upon it and shouted in baffled rage. Stealthy footsteps sounded outside from time to time, excited whispers, and once a low titter.

Somehow, ridicule conquered him as force could not. He slunk back to the bed, and there he lay quiet, that no stir might come to the mocker without. Sometimes he would lift his head and listen with a sort of terror for the step, for the suppressed breathing, for the low laugh. Often his eyes would rest, dilated, fascinated, on the door. Then he would fall back, reviewing futilely the scenes through which he had passed. What was that strange thing they had said? It was indistinct for a time; he could not constrain his reluctant credulity. But those terrible words, the drowning of Tad Simpkins, beset his memory, and came back to him again and again. And then he recalled that weird cry from out the crash of the falling timbers of the mill. Could the ill-treated little drudge have slept there? He had a vague idea that he had once heard that when the old man was angry he would swear that he would not give Tad house-room, and would cast him out into the night, or shut him into the mill and lock the door upon him. And remembering that cry of despair, so anguished an echo rose to Mink's lips that he turned and buried his head in the pillow because of the scoffer in the hall without.

The room darkened gradually; all the shadows were glooming about him. The moon rose after a time. The beams in radiant guise came slanting in, and despite the bars stood upon the floor, a lustrous presence, and leaned against the wall. It reminded him of the angel of the Lord, — tall, ethereal, fair, and crowned with an amaranthine wreath, — who burst the bars and appeared to

the disciple in prison. With that arrogation of all spiritual bounties, so pathetically human, he perceived no incongruity that such a similitude should appear to him. In some sort it comforted him. It moved from time to time, and slowly crossed, pace by pace, the floor of the cell.

VI.

That terrible isolation of identity, the burden of individuality which every man must bear alone, is never so poignantly appreciated as when some anguish falls on the solitary soul, while those who would wish to share it are unconscious and others uncaring.

News, the worldling, was never a pioneer, and hangs aloof from the long stretches of the wildernesses of the Great Smoky Mountains. It seemed afterward to Alethea that she had lacked some normal faculty, to have been so tranquilly uncognizant, so heedlessly placid, in the days that ensued. The glimpse of the world vouchsafed to Wild-Cat Hollow was silent, peaceful, steeped in the full, languorous sheen of the midsummer sun, never a cloud in the sky, never a wind astir. To look down upon the cove, with its wooded levels, its verdure, its silver glint of waters, and its sheltering mountains, it might have seemed only the scene of some serenest eclogue, — especially one afternoon when the moon was in the amber sky before the sun was set. Contrasted with the full, rich earthly tints of the landscape, it had a spiritual, pearly luminosity of a transcendent effect, like the jewel of a biblical metaphor. The red unseen west flung roseate tints upon the strata clouds, with delicate intervenient spaces of the pale blue heavens, above the sombre, solemn mountains. The voices projected upon this mute placidity had a strident emphasis. There was the occasional clamor of guinea-fowls about the barn, and some turkeys

were flying up to roost on the naked boughs of a dead tree, drawn in high relief and sharp detail against the sky; they fluttered down often, with heavy wings, and ungainly flappings, and discordant cries, in their vain efforts to settle the question of precedence that harassed them. The lowing of the homeward-bound cows had fugue-like communings with their echoes. Alethea, going out to meet them, doubted within herself at times whether they had crossed the mountain stream that coursed through Wild-Cat Hollow. The blackberry brambles swayed full fruited above it; in the lucid, golden-brown, gravelly depths a swift shadow darted, turned, cleft the surface with a fin, and was gone. A great skeleton tree, broken half-way, hollow long ago, stood on the bank, rotted by the winter's floods that ceaselessly washed it when the stream was high, and bleached by the summer's suns to a bone-like whiteness. A great ball of foam, mysterious sport of the waters, caught in an eddy, was whirling giddily. One could fancy a figure of some fine ethereal essence might just have veiled itself within it. The woods, dense, tangled with vines, sombre with shadows, bore already the downcast look of night. Alethea eyed them languidly as she came down to the lower fence, her piggin on her head, one hand staying it, while the other gave surreptitious aid to the efforts of L'onidas and Lucindy to take down the bars, as they piqued themselves upon rendering her this stalwart service. Tige had come too, and now and then he pawed and pranced about the calves, that were also expectantly waiting at the opening of the inclosure. One of them who had known him of yore only lifted his ears and fixed a remonstrant stare upon him. But the other, young and of an infantile expression, ran nimbly from him, and bleated plaintively, and pressed in between Alethea and the children, in imminent danger of having his brains

knocked out in the wild handling of the bars.

"That's enough," she drawled presently, moderating their energies; "the calf 'll git out ef ye take down enny mo'. The cow kin step over sech ez be left."

The faint clanging of cow-bells stirred the air. The little house on the rise at one side was darkly brown against the irradiated mountains seen in the narrow vista of the gap. The martins fluttered from the pendulous gourds and circled about the chimneys, and were gone again. The sky cast its bright gold about the Hollow, on the tow heads of the bare-foot children, and multiplied the shimmerers in the swirls of the stream.

Alethea looked once more toward it, hearing again the far-off lowing. A sudden movement attracted her eye. Against the great hollow tree, its whitened roots all high in the air, — for the banks had washed down since the sap had risen from the prongs that clutched at the earth, — a man was leaning, whittling a stick with a clasp knife, and now and then furtively eying her.

For a moment she did not move a muscle. The color surged into her face, and receded, leaving it paler than before. A belated humming-bird, a glistening green, beat the air with its multiplied suggestions of gauzy wings close to her golden head, and was gone like a flash. The children babbled on. Tige was afraid of a stick which L'onidas had brought to keep off the calf while the cow was milked, and he yelped before he was struck, without prejudice to yelping afterward.

The man presently drew himself erect, closed his knife with a snap, and walked up slowly toward the fence.

"Howdy," he said, as he came.

She leaned one elbow on the rails, and with the other hand she held the empty piggin. She only nodded in return.

He had an embarrassed, deprecatory

manner. He was tall and lank, and clumsy of gait. He had a bluff, good-natured expression, incongruous with the gleam of anxiety in his eye. His face was almost covered by a long, straggling brown beard.

"What made ye run off so t'other night, up yander ter Boke's Spring? I hed a word ter say ter ye."

"I war sorry I seen ye."

He fixed a keen look upon her.

"What fur?"

"I did n't want ter know who 't war a-moonshinin'," she said.

"Waal, ye air the only one," he declared.

He looked about him dubiously.

"I ain't keerin' none," he added.

"Me an' yer mother war kin somehow; I disremember how, edzac'y — through the Scruggses, I reckon. Ef she war alive she'd gin ye the word ez she air kin ter Sam Marvin, sure. Nobody ain't 'spicioned nuthin' 'bout moonshinin' but you-uns, 'cept them ez be in it."

He put his hands in his pockets and leaned against the fence. The clanking of the cow-bell was nearer. The little calf bleated, and thrust its soft head over the bars.

"I wanted ter say a word ter ye," he continued, still more ill at ease because of her silence. "I seen ye comin' along o' all them chill'n," nodding at Leonidas and Lucinda, who seemed to deserve being accounted more numerous than they were, having engaged in a wordy altercation over the bars; the little fellow dragging them off to some special spot which he had chosen, of occult advantage, while the girl, older and wiser, insisted that they should lie handy where they were. Only Tige listened to the conversation, slowly wagging his tail. "I 'lowed I could n't talk ter ye 'thout bein' hendered, but I reckon I'll try. I'm kin ter ye, — that be a true word. An' I'm moonshinin'. Ye ain't tole nobody 'bout seein' me an' the jug thar in Boke's barn?"

He fixed his eyes, eager with the query, upon her face.

She slowly shook her head in negation.

"An' ye won't, eh?"

He smiled beguilingly, showing his long, tobacco-stained teeth.

"Ef nobody axes me."

His countenance fell suddenly.

"Look-a-hyar, Lethe Sayles, don't ye fool with me, a-doublin' on yer words like a fox on his tracks," he said roughly. Then, more temperately, "I'm afeard o' that very thing, — ef somebody axes ye."

"'T ain't likely," said Alethea.

"I dunno," he insisted, wagging his big head in doubtful pantomime. "I want ye ter 'low ye won't tell."

"I don't b'lieve in sech ez moonshinin' an' drinkin' liquor."

"What fur?" he demanded, with an air of being ready for argument.

"'T ain't religion."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Sam Marvin contemptuously. "D'ye reckon ef 't war n't religion I'd plant corn an' raise my own damnation, an' sit an' bile wrath, an' still fury, an' yearn Torment, by sech? Naw, sir! Ye oughter go hear the rider read the Bible: every one o' them disciples drunk low wines in them days, an' hed it at weddin's an' sech; the low wines is on every page."

Alethea was for a moment overborne by this argument.

Then, "'T ain't right," persisted the zealot of Wild-Cat Hollow.

"Will ye listen at the gal!" he exclaimed, in angry apostrophe. But controlling himself, he added quietly, "Ye let older heads 'n yourn jedge, Lethe. Yer brains ain't ripened yit, an' livin' off in Wild-Cat Hollow ye ain't had much chance ter see an' l'arn. Yer elders knows bes'. That's what the Bible says."

Down the shadowy vista of the path on the opposite side of the stream the long horns and slowly nodding heads

of the cows appeared. The little calf frisked with nimble joy on legs that seemed hardly bovine in their agility. Lucinda ran to bring the pail of bran, and Leonidas produced a handful of salt in a small gourd. The moonshiner saw that his time was short.

"What ails ye, ter think 'tain't right, Lethe?" he asked.

"Look how good-for-nuthin' it makes Jacob Jessup, an' — an' Mink Lorey, an' all them boys in Piomingo Cove."

"It's thar own fault, not the good liquor's. Look at me. I ain't good-fur-nuthin'. Ever see me drunk? How be I a-goin' ter keer fur sech a houseful ez we-uns hev got 'thout stillin' the corn? Can't sell the corn 'n the apples nuther, an' can't raise nuthin' else on the side o' the mounting, an' I'm too pore ter own lan' in the cove."

The cows were fording the stream. The water foamed about their flanks. Their breath was sweet with the mountain grasses.

He looked at Alethea, suspiciously.

"Ye ain't goin' ter promise me ye won't tell ef ye be axed?" he said, with an air of finality.

In her heart the compact of secrecy was already secure. Somehow she withheld the assurance. It was all wrong, she felt. And if in fear he should desist, so much the safer for him, so much the better would the community fare.

"I ain't a-goin' ter promise nuthin'," she said, slowly, her lustrous eyes full upon his face. "I ain't goin' ter do nuthin' ter help along what ain't right."

"Waal, then, Lethe Sayles, ye jes' 'member ez ye war warned," he said, in a low, vehement voice, between his set teeth, and coming up close to her. "An' ef ever we-uns air fund out an' raided, we-uns will keep in mind ez nobody knowed but you-uns; an' whether we be dragged off ter jail an' our still cut up an' sech or no, ye won't git off scot free. Ye mark my words. Ye air warned."

She had shrunk from his glittering

eyes and angry gestures. Nevertheless, she struck back with ready sarcasm.

"Then, mebbe I won't tell," she said, in her soft drawl, "fur I be toler'ble easy skeered."

He stared at her in the gathering dusk; then turned, and took his way across the mossy log that bridged the stream and down the path through the woods.

For a moment she had an overwhelming impulse to call him back. Long afterward she had cause to remember its urgency. Now she only leaned upon the rail fence, even her golden hair dim in the closing shadows, and gazed with uncomprehended wistfulness after him as he disappeared down the path, and reappeared in a rift of the foliage, and once more disappeared finally.

And here the cow's great head was thrust over the bars, and L'onidas was on hand in full force to engage in combat with the little calf, and Lucindy was alert with the bucket of bran. All through the milking Alethea was sensible of a yearning regret in her heart. And although she had the testimony of good conscience and good sense, and could say in full faith, "'T ain't right," she was not consoled.

She lifted the pail of milk to her head, and as they went back to the log cabin the moon projected their grotesque shadows as a vanguard, and for all Leonidas ran he could not overtake the quaint little man that led the way.

Stars were in the sky, aloof from the moon. A mocking-bird sang on an elder-bush among the blossoms, fragrant and white; and from time to time, as he joyously lifted his scintillating wings, the boughs seemed enriched with some more radiant bloom. The rails of the fence had a subdued glimmer, — the moonlight on the dew.

Her heart, with its regretful disquiet, was out of harmony with the nocturnal peace of the scene; she had somehow an intimation of an impending sorrow

before she heard the sound of sobbing from the porch.

The vines that clambered about it were drawn upon the floor with every leaf and tendril distinct. The log cabin was idealized in some sort with the silver lustre of the moon, the glisten of the dew, the song of the bird, and the splendid suggestions of the benighted landscape; yet there was the homely loom, the spinning-wheel and its shadow, the cat in the doorway, with the dull illumination of the smouldering fire behind her, eying a swift, volant shadow that slipped in and out noiselessly, and perhaps was a bat. A group of figures stood in the tense attitudes of listening surprise. But a girl had flung herself upon the bench of the loom, now leaning against the frame and weeping aloud, and now sitting erect and talking with broken volubility.

"Hyar be Lethe now," Mrs. Sayles said, as Alethea stepped upon the porch and set the piggin on the shelf.

The visitor looked up, with her dark eyes glistening with tears. Her face was pale in the moonbeams. She had short dark hair, thin and fine, showing the shape of her delicate head, and lying in great soft rings about her brow and neck. As she spoke, her quivering red lips exhibited the small, regular white teeth. She was slight and about the medium height, and habited in a yellowish dress, from which the moonlight did not annul the idea of color.

"I ain't got no gredge agin Lethe," she said, gazing at her with a certain intentness, "but I hev got my feelin's, an' I hev got my pride, an' I ain't goin' ter hev no jail-bird a-settin' up ter me! I'm sorry I ever seen him!" she declared, with a fresh burst of tears, throwing herself back against the loom. "But ez Lethe never hed nobody else, *she* mought put up with the raccoon ez he fetched me, — fur I won't gin the critter house-room, now."

As Alethea gazed at her, amazed and

uncomprehending, a sudden movement on the loom caught her attention. About the clumsy beams a raccoon was climbing nimbly, turning his eyes upon her, full of the peculiar brightness of the night-roaming beast. She noted his grin as he hung above the group, as if he perceived in the situation humor of special zest.

"I ain't a-goin' ter keep it!" cried Elvira. "All the kentry will be tellin', ennyhow, ez I hev kep company with a murderer." A low, muffled cry escaped from Alethea's lips. "He kem a-makin' up ter me till I went an' turned off Pete Rood, ez war mad ez hops. I can't hender 'em from knowin' it. But I ain't a-goin' ter hev that thar spiteful leetle beastis a-grinnin' at me 'bout'n it, like he war makin' game o' me fur bein' sech a fool. I'd hev killed it, 'ceptin' I 'lowed thar hed been enough onnecesary killin' along o' Mink Lorey."

"Elviry!" exclaimed Alethea, her voice so tense, so vibrant, so charged with anguish, that, low as it was, it thrilled the stillness as a shriek might hardly do, "what hev Reuben done?"

"Oh, 'Reuben,' ez ye calls him," cried the other, sitting upright on the bench of the loom, her dark eyes flashing and dry, — "yer fine Reuben tore down old Griff's mill, an' drowned his nevy, Tad, an' war put in jail, an' air goin' ter be tried, an' hung, I reckon. That's what 'Reuben' done! He's Mink by name, an' Mink by natur' — an' oh! I wish I hed never seen him."

She once more leaned on the loom behind her, and bowed her head on her hands.

"No! — no!" cried Alethea. She caught her breath in quick gasps; for one moment she seemed losing consciousness. The mountains in the background, the faint stars in the sky, the shadowy roof, the swaying vines, the raccoon in their midst with his grotesque grin, were before her suddenly as if she had just wakened. She had sunk into a chair.

"Ye kin call me a liar! So do!" cried Elvira, lifting her head defiantly. "But he went hisself down ter the court-house an' told it hisself, an' wanted ter gin his gun an' mare ef they'd let him off." She laughed a dainty little laugh of scorn. "That's what he'lowed the idjit war wuth. But my dad 'lows ez the law sets store on the idjit's life same ez folks generally."

Alethea felt as if she were turning to stone. Was it her advice that had led him into danger? Was it her fatal insistence that he should see the right as it was revealed to her? But he had said naught of the idiot boy. He had only bewailed the loss of the mill.

She sprang to her feet, the eager questions crowding to her lips.

"Ye shet up, Lethe!" said her step-mother, entertained by the unwonted spectacle of Elvira's dramatic grief, and not caring to hear again the news of the tragedy already recited. As to Mink, he had only been overtaken by the disasters which must have fallen upon him sooner or later, and he was in many ways a good riddance. This phase was uppermost in her mind when she said, "Ye see now what gals git fur goin' agin thar elders' word. I'll be bound, Elviry, 't war n't yer mother's ch'ice fur ye ter take Mink an' gin Pete Rood the go-by."

"That it war n't!" cried the repentant Elvira, with a gush of tears. "I wish I hed bided by her word! I reckon I war born lackin'! I hev been sech a fool!"

Mrs. Sayles turned to look at Alethea and nod her head in triumphant confirmation. Then she remarked consolingly, "Waal, waal, I reckon ye kin toll Pete Rood back."

"I dunno," sobbed Elvira. "I met him yestiddy at the cross-roads in Piomingo Cove, an' he jes' turned his head aside an' walked by 'thout nare word. I wish — oh, I wish I hed never seen that thar minkish Mink."

"Waal," said Mrs. Sayles, who was very human, and who, despite her sympathy for Elvira, had a rankling recollection of her taunt for Alethea's paucity of the material for "keeping company," "I hopes Lethe'll take warnin', an' not fling away her good chance, fur the sake o' the wuthless, like Mink an' sech."

"Who be her good chance?" exclaimed Elvira, the jealousy nourished on general principles checking her grief.

"Shucks, child! ye purtendin' not ter know ez Ben Doaks hev mighty nigh wore out his knee-pans a-beggin' an' a-prayin' Lethe ter listen ter him!"

Elvira was meeker after this, and presently rose to go.

"I hed ter kem arter dark, else I could n't hev hed Sam an' the mare, bein' ez she hev been workin' in the field ter-day," she remarked.

There was the mare dozing at the gate, and Sam, a boy with singularly long legs and arms, looking something like an insect of the genus *Tipula*, was waiting too. She mounted behind him, and together they rode off in the moonlight, taking their way over the nearest ridge, and so out of sight.

"Waal, waal, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Sayles, as she reseated herself on the porch, with her knitting in her hand, "that thar Mink Lorey never hed no jedgmint noways. He could n't hev tuk ch'ice o' a wuss time ter git fetched up afore a court 'n jes' now. Squair White tole me ez our Jedge Averill hev agreed ter exchange with Jedge Gwinnan from over yander in Kildeer County nex' term, ez he can't try his cases, bein' kin ter them ez air lawing. So Gwinnan will hold court in Shaftesville nex' term. I'd hate mightily fur sech a onsartin, unexpected critter ez him ter hev enny say-so 'bout me or mine. But shucks! Men folks ennyhow," she continued, discursively, her needles swiftly moving, as if they were endowed with independent volition, and needed no supervision,

"air freakish, an' fractious, an' sot in thar way, an' gin ter cur'ous cavortin'. It never s'prised me none ez arter the Lord made man he turned in an' made woman, the fust job bein' sech a failure."

There was a pause. The regular metre of the katydid's song pulsed in the interval. The dewdrops glistened on the chickweed by the porch. The fragrance of mint and ferns was on the air, and the smell of the dark orchard. Now and then an abrupt thud told that a great Indian peach had reached the measure of ripeness and had fallen. Through the open window and door the moonlight lay in glittering rhomboids on the puncheon floor. All the interior was illuminated, and the grotesque figure of the pet cub was distinctly visible to Jacob Jessup, who was lounging on the porch without, as the creature stole across the floor, and rose upon his hind legs to reach the pine table. As he thrust his scooping claw into the bread trough,—the long, shallow, wooden bowl in which batter for corn-dodgers was mixed,—he turned his cautious head to make sure he was unobserved, and his cunning, twinkling eyes met Jessup's. Somehow the sudden consciousness of the creature, his nervous haste to be off, appealed to Jessup's lenient mood. He listened to the scuttling claws on the puncheon floor as the beast hurried out of the back door, and while he debated whether or not he should play informer his wife, sitting on the doorstep with the baby in her arms, asked suddenly, —

"'Pears like ye air sorter sot agin this Judge Gwinnan, mother. I never hearn afore ez ye knowed him whenst ye lived in Kildeer County. What sorter man be he?"

Mrs. Sayles wagged her head inside her sun-bonnet to intimate contempt.

"A young rooster, 'bout fryin' size," she said, laughing sneeringly, the scorn accented by her depopulated gums. It

seemed very forlorn to be laughed at like that.

"Waal, a man can't be 'lected jedge till he 's thirty," said Jessup, consciously imparting information. "He 's been on the bench right smart time, too."

Mrs. Sayles looked at him over her spectacles, still knitting, as if her industry were a disconnected function. "What air thirty?"

"Waal" — began Jessup, argumentatively, puffing at his cob pipe. Thirty seemed to him a mature age. And the constitution of the State evidently presumes folly to be permanent if it is not in some sort exorcised before reaching that stage of manhood. He did not continue, however, seeing that thirty was held to be very young by Mrs. Sayles, who, to judge from her wrinkles, might be some four or five hundred.

"I ain't 'quainted with the man myself," she went on presently, "an' what 's more I ain't wantin' ter be. But," impressively, "I know a woman ez knowed that man's mother whenst he war a baby. She 'lowed he war a powerful cantankerous infant, ailin' an' hollerin' all night an' mighty nigh all day; could n't make up his mind ter die, an' yit war n't willin' ter take the trouble ter live."

Jessup felt it a certain injustice that the nocturnal rampages of infancy should be as rancorously animadverted upon as the late hours of a larger growth.

"Waal, Jedge Gwinnan is powerful pop'lar now'days," he urged. "He made a mighty fine race when he war 'lected."

"Shucks! ye can't tell me nuthin'!" said his mother, self-sufficiently. "I know all 'bout him, an' Jedge Burns too, ez war on the bench afore Jeemes Gwinnan. Whenst I war a widder-woman an' lived in Kildeer County we-uns useter hev Jedge Burns on the circuit. He war a settled, middle-aged man 'bout fifty, an' the law war upheld, an' things

went easy, an' he war 'lected time arter time, till one year they all turned crazy 'bout this hyar feller, ez war run by his party through fools bein' sca'ce, I s'pose. Jeemes war 'lected. I tell ye I know all 'bout him. He war born right yander nigh Colbury, an' I know a woman ez useter be mighty friendly with his mother."

"What fam'ly in Colbury did he marry inter?" asked the young woman, more interested in items of personal history than in his judicial record.

"Bless your soul, he air a single man. His heart air set on hisself. He would n't marry no gal 'thout she hed some sorter office she could 'lect him ter, ez be higher'n jedge. He be plumb eat up with scufflin' an' tryin' ter git up in the world higher 'n the Lord hev set him, an' 't ain't religion; that 't ain't. He minds me o' Lucifer. He'll fall some day. Not out o' heaven, mebbe, kase he ain't never goin' ter git thar, but leastwise out'n his circuit. Somebody 'll top him off, an' mebbe I'll live ter see the day. I dunno, though, I— Laws-a-massy!" she exclaimed, so suddenly that both her listeners started, "look-a-yan-der at that thar perverted tur-r-key hen an' her delikit deedies, ez air too leetle ter roost! She's a-hoverin' of 'em in that thar tall grass, wet with the dew, an' it'll be the death o' 'em! Why n't Lethe tend ter 'em when she kem up from milkin'? Lethe! Lethe! Whar's that gal disappeared ter?"

With the vagrant instinct of the wild fowl still strong in the domesticated turkey, she had distrusted the hen-house, and because of her brood she was prevented from roosting high up in the old dead tree.

There was no answer to Mrs. Sayles's call. The daughter-in-law made a feint of busily rocking the baby, and after a doubtful glance at her Mrs. Sayles got up briskly, putting her knitting-needles into her ball of yarn, and thrusting them both into her deep pocket. She clutched

her bonnet further forward on her head, took up a splint basket, and presently there arose a piping sound among the weeds, as she darted this way and that in the moonlight with uncanny agility, catching the deedies one by one and transferring them to her basket. The turkey hen, her long neck stretched, her wings outspread, ran wildly about, now and then turning and showing an irresolute, futile fight for a moment, and again striving to elude the whole misfortune with her long, ungainly strides. When Mrs. Sayles in triumph unbent her back for the last time and started toward the house, the fluttered mother following, clamoring in an hysterical fashion, she exclaimed, "Whar *be* that thar triflin' Lethe?"

"'Pears like ter me ez I hearn Lethe go up the ladder ter the roof-room a consider'ble while ago," said the old man slowly, speaking for the first time during the evening.

Once more Mrs. Sayles paused irresolute.

"Laws-a-massy, then, ef the gal's asleep I reckon I mought ez well put the tur-r-key an' deedies inter the hen-house mysef; but 'pears ter me the young folks does nuthin' nowadays but doze."

She took a step further, then suddenly bethought herself. "Hyar, Jacob," she said to her son, handing him the basket, "make yersef nimble. I reckon ye hev got sense enough ter shet that thar tur-r-key an' deedies up in the hen-house. Leastwise I'll resk it."

Sleep was far from Alethea that night. For hours she sat at the roof-room window, looking out with wide, unseeing eyes at the splendid night. And so she had given her counsel freely in the full consciousness of right, and the man she loved had done her bidding. What misery she had wrought! She winced to know how his thoughts must upbraid her. She remembered his petulant taunts, his likening her to the

Herder on Thunderhead, whose glance blights those on whom he looks; and she wondered vaguely if the harnt knew the woe it was his fate to wreak, and if it were grief to him as he rode in the clouds on the great cloud-mountain.

"I reckon I know how he feels," she said.

An isolated star blazing in the vast solitudes of the sky above the peak of Thunderhead burst suddenly into a dazzling constellation before her eyes, for she felt the hot tears dropping down one by one on her hand.

Alas, Alethea! one needs to be strong to attain martyrdom for the sacred sake of the right.

Her tears wore out the night, but when the sun rose she was fain to dry them.

VII.

The site of the old mill continued the scene of many curious groups long after all efforts for the recovery of the body had ceased. The river was dragged no more, and hope was relinquished. There had never been any strong expectation of success. The stream was abnormally high considering the season of the year, and running with great impetuosity. Though with the aggregations of its tributaries swollen by the late rains it had the volume of a river, it retained all the capricious traits of the mountain torrent which it had been. It was full of swirling rapids, of whirlpools, of sudden cataracts. Its bed was treacherous with quicksands and rugged with bowlders. Hitched to the miller's orchard fence were rows of horses, dozing under their old Mexican saddles or the lighter weight of a ragged blanket or a folded quilt; teams of oxen stood yoked under the trees of the open space beyond; children and dogs sat on the roots or lay in the grass, while the heavy, jeans-clad figures of the mountaineers explored the banks, as they chewed

their quids with renewed vigor, and droned the gossip in drawling voices.

The same faces were seen day after day, — often enough to excite no particular remark that, whoever came or was absent, Peter Rood was here with the dawn, and night found him still strolling along the banks, looking upon the swollen floods with gloomy, insistent dark eyes, as if he were seeking to read in the writhing lines of the current the inscrutable secret of the Scolacutta River. Sometimes, with his hands in his pockets, his lowering face shadowed by his broad hat, he would silently listen to the speculations of those who found solace for the futility of the undertaking in the enlarged conjectural field which failure afforded, discussing the relative probabilities whether the body had floated down to the Tennessee River, or whether it had been engulfed by the quicksands and buried forever, or caught among the rocks of the jagged bank and wedged in, to be found some day — a ghastly skeleton — by a terrified boy, fishing or wading at low water.

It was only when these bootless surmises had palled at last, through many repetitions and lack of further developments, that the ruins of the old mill asserted an interest. There seemed a strange hush on the landscape, here where the wheel would whirl no more. A few timbers scattered about, a rotten old stump that had served as part of the foundation, the hopper washed up by the waters, several of the posts which had upheld the race, were all that was left of the old mill, so long the salient feature of the place that more than one mountaineer was beset with bewilderment at the sight, — the recollection of the oblique line of the roof against the mountain, the open door, the reflections in the water, having more reality than the bereft bank of the river.

And now the old miller — seeming older than before — was wont to come tottering out with his stick, the gay sun-

shine on his long, white hair, and sit on the broken timbers, forlorn amidst the ruins of his poverty. At first his appearance created renewed excitement, and his old customers and friends pressed up to speak to him and hear what he would say, feeling a certain desire to mark the moral phenomena of loss and the fine processes of grief. But he held his clasped hands upon the stick, and silently shook his bowed gray head in his ragged old hat.

"I reckon ye'd better leave him alone," his pretty granddaughter said; for she always accompanied him, and stood, as radiant as youth may ever be, twirling the end of her tattered apron between her fingers, her tangled yellow hair, like skeins of sunshine, hanging down on her shoulders, and her blue, undimmed eyes looking with a shallow indifference upon the scene. It was replete with interest and curiosity, not to say awe, to the little three-year-old sister who hung upon her skirts, or thrust a tow head from behind her grandfather. Sometimes her lips were wreathed with a smile as she saw some child in the crowd, but if the demonstration were returned she straightway hid her head in the old man's sleeve and for a while looked out no more.

Once old Griff spoke suddenly. "'Gustus Tom," for his favorite kept beside him, "ye would n't treat nobody mean, would ye?"

"Would ef they treated me mean," said 'Gustus Tom, with an unequivocal nod, which intimated that his code of ethics recognized retribution. "'Thout," he qualified, "'t war sister Eudory thar," — he glanced at the little girl, — "I'd gin 'em ez good ez they sent."

"'T ain't religion," 'Gustus Tom, — 't ain't religion," said the old man brokenly. 'Gustus Tom, with his fragment of hat on the side of his tow head, hardly looked as if he cared.

A grizzled old mountaineer in jeans, with a stern, square face and a deep-set

eye, that was lighted suddenly, spoke abruptly in a sepulchral voice.

"Ye oughter go ter camp, Brother Griff," he said in a religious twang, — "ye oughter go ter camp, an' tell yer 'speriunce! Ye hev lived long. Ye hev wrestled with the devil. Ye hev seed joy, ye hev knowed sorrow, ye hev fund grace. Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Ye air full o' 'speriunce, brother, an' ye oughter go ter camp an' comfort yerse'f, an' sing, an' pray."

"I pray no mo'," said the old man, lifting his aged, piteous face. "I'm 'feard the Lord mought hear me an' answer my prayer." He smote his breast. "I ain't keerin' fur the mill. I ain't keerin' for the chil'n, — they'll make out somehows. But ef my prayers could take back every word o' wrath I ever spoke ter the idjit, every lick I struck him, I'd weary the very throne o' grace. Ef I could git him back an' begin over — but I can't! An' I won't pray fur myself, fur the Lord mought hear me. An' I want ter remember every one o' them words an' every lick, an' pay back fur 'em, wropped in the flames o' Torment."

He got up and tottered away toward the house, followed by his grandchildren, leaving the bystanders staring after him, strangely thrilled.

"Waal, I hopes they won't hear at the camp-meetin' o' his talkin' sech ez that," remarked the elderly adviser in dismay. "They hev been a-sermonizin' a good deal 'bout Tad's early death an' Mink Lorey's awful crime, an' sech, ter them young sinners over yander ter camp, an' it 'peared ter be a-sorter skeerin' of 'em, a-sorter a-shooin' of 'em inter the arms o' grace. An' I hopes none o' 'em will hear 'bout the old man a-repentin' an' wantin' ter burn, an' sech, fur the boy's hev'n' been c'rected by his elders; they air perverted enough now agin them ez hev authority over 'em."

"Old Griff would change his mind 'bout burnin' ef he seen the fire one

time," said another, winking seriously, as if he spoke from pyrotechnic experience. Then with a sudden change of tone, "What ails Pete Rood?"

For Rood was leaning against a tree, his swarthy face overspread with a sallow paleness, his lips blue, his eyes half closed, his hand clutching at his heart. How little they imagined what racked it!

He said it was nothing much; he had been "tuk" this way often before; he would be better presently. Indeed, he was shortly able to walk down to the bank of the river, and sit and listen to the surmises of a half dozen idle fellows lying in the grass as to the drowning of Tad and the fate of Mink, and the terrible illustrations that both had furnished in the sermons at the camp-meeting in Eskaquia Cove.

And when he left them at last it was to the camp-meeting he went.

The afternoon brought a change in the weather. Rood noted it as he rode his raw-boned horse over the ranges and down the red clay roads into Eskaquia Cove. Clouds had gathered, obscuring the sun. There were no shadows, no graduated light, no point of brilliant climax. The foliage was heavy masses of solid color. Only in certain plummy silver-green boughs lurked a subdued glister, some luculent enchantment; for if ever the moonlight were enmeshed by a tree it is in the branches of the white pine.

Silence had fallen, as if the source of light were also source of sound. There was wind in the upper atmosphere, but no breath stirred the leaves. Twilight had sunk upon the cove before he turned off into a road leading up a wooded hill. In the dusk, sundry equine figures loomed up. The head of a horse was clearly defined against a patch of the pale sky, and a shrill neigh jarred the quiet. There were wagons, too, under the trees, empty, the teams unharnessed, and the poles lying on the ground. A dim light, deeply yellow, shone among

the boles of the trees further on, a little misty, because already large drops were falling. All unmindful of the rain, a row of young men and half-grown boys perched on a rail fence in crouching attitudes, not unlike gigantic roosting fowls. Now and then a subdued, drawing voice sounded from among them, and a smothered laugh was attestation of callow humanity. They were not devoid of interest in the proceedings of the camp-meeting, but it was in the impersonal quality of spectator, and they held aloof from the tabernacle as if they had no souls to be saved. They turned to look down at Rood as he dismounted and hitched his horse, and he heard his own name passed along the row, it being a self-constituted register of all who came and went. The little gate dragged and creaked on its hinges, and resisted as if it grudged the spiritual opportunities to which it gave access, and desired to point the fact that salvation was not easy to come by. As it yielded and Rood entered the inclosure there were more yellow lights showing with misty halos in the olive-green dusk. They came from the doors of a row of shanties, floorless and windowless, which served as quarters for the crowd at night; and with the intervals between, they looked like a string of glittering beads, a rosary of gold. There was a great flaring flame in the rear of each cabin, with leaping red tongues, surrounded by busy, hovering figures that cast huge distorted shadows against the encompassing foliage, as if some uncanny phenomenal beings were stalking a solemn round among the trees. These fires had less comfortable spiritual suggestions. But they issued merely from the kitchens, the most cheerful things at camp, and here saint and sinner were equally heartily represented. Supper was over, however. The hymn rising even now from the tabernacle was far from cheerful: one of the long-drawn, melancholy songs, with wild, thrilling

swells and sudden falls and monotonous recitative passages, sometimes breaking into a strange, ecstatic chant. The serried vertical lines of rain seemed to vibrate with it like the strings of a harp. Far away the thunder rolled in its pauses. More than once the sudden lightning illumined the grounds with a ghastly gleam, and the rhythmic solemn song went on like a part of the storm. It was a grave assemblage under the great roof of the rude structure, shown in the dim light of six or eight kerosene lamps fixed against the posts. At one end was a platform with a bench, on which sat some five or six of the preachers participating in the exercises. Brother Jethro Sims, a hoary-headed patriarch, was walking slowly up and down the main aisles, clapping his hands and singing with a look of ecstasy in his upturned eyes which a sophisticated religionist might vainly wonder at, finding that his superior attainments and advanced theories had bereft him of the power to even comprehend such faith, such piously prescient joys. The ground was covered with a deep layer of straw, deadening the stir among the rows of benches. Many of these, having no backs, served to acquaint their occupants with martyrdom and to offer a premium to the naturally upright. There were numbers of little children present, for as yet the lenient rule of the mountain churches tolerates their babble and even their crying in reason. Here and there one of the humbly clad young women, with her sleeping infant in her arms, the yellow light falling upon its head and on her solemn, listening, almost holy face, might remind one of another peasant mother whose Child is the hope of the world. The extreme seriousness, the devout aspiration, the sublimity of the unquestioning faith, that animated the meeting could annul ignorance, poverty, uncouthness.

There were many canine figures on the outskirts of the crowd, now and

then peering from the darkness without with wolfish green eyes and weird effect among the laurel, which was beginning to sway and sound with the wind. Those in the full light, standing even beneath the roof and looking, with lolling tongue and wagging tail, upon the proceedings, seemed peculiarly idle here and to incur the imputation of loafers, despite that they are never very busy elsewhere. Others were more selfishly employed, creeping about under the benches and among the feet of the congregation, searching in the straw for the bits of bread and meat thrown aside by the frequenters of the meeting who did not camp on the grounds, but brought their lunch for the midday, and went home at night. One small and dapper yellow dog had bounded on the end of the mourners' bench, and sat there, gravely gazing about him with small, affable eyes, all unnoticed by the elders, but threatening the gravity of an urchin, who grinned and coughed to hide the grin, breaking out with a wild, uncontrollable vocalization, relic of the whooping-cough, not long over-past. He was finally motioned out of the tabernacle, and scudded across in the rain to the shanty, while the little dog sat demure and unmolested on the mourners' bench.

Larger sinners were gathering there presently, albeit slowly.

"Come! Come!" cried the old man sonorously over the singing. "Delay not! My brethren, I hev never seen a meet-in' whar the devil held sech a strong hold! Come! Hell yawns fur ye! Come! Yer time is short! Grace beckons! Come! The fires o' perdition air kindled! The flames air red!"

And as his voice broke forth once more in the chanting, the thunder rolled as an echo to his summons, the lightning glared, all the mountains became visible over the woods of the abrupt declivity toward the east; and higher still above the heights was revealed a vast cloud-vista in the midst of the black night,

vividly white, full of silent surging motion, with strange suggestions of bending forms, of an awful glisten at the vanishing point, — darkness enveloped it, and once more the thunder pealed.

As the gathering storm burst, the monotonously chanting voices seemed keyed to an awed undertone, lisping with this mighty psalm of nature, — the thunder and its echo in the mountains, the wild voices of the wind, and the persistent beat of the rain. In the intervals of its splendid periods, one might feel it a relief to hear the water timidly splashing in the little ditches that served to drain the ground on either side of the tabernacle, and the continual whisper in the pines above the primitive structure. Here and there two or three boughs hung down further than the rest, fringing the eaves. Ben Doaks noted, when the lightning flared again, that just between them the distant peak of Thunderhead loomed dimly visible, — or was it a cloud? Strain his eyes as he might, he could hardly say.

For Ben Doaks was there, the first to respond to the earnest exhortations to the sinners to come forward. He had a shamefaced look as he shambled up and took his seat on the mourners' bench, while the little dog sat unnoticed at the other end. Doaks was quick, however, to observe that one of the preachers eyed him sharply, and spoke to another, who shook his head with a gesture indeed of negation, but an expression of reluctant affirmation, and he felt sure that they recognized how often he had sat there, and that they were saying to each other that it was of no use, — he was evidently rejected by grace.

Now and then low voices sounded in the midst of the singing, — the Christians urging those convicted of sin to go up and be prayed for. Others came forward. There was more stir than before; a vivid curiosity was on many faces turning about to see who was going up, who was resisting entreaty, who ought

to be convicted of sin, being admirably supplied with obliquity of which to repent.

Pete Rood saw no one. He sat, his black eyes on the ground, intent, brooding, deeply grave. Elvira Crosby thought at first that he affected to overlook her. Then, with a sinking of the heart, she realized that indeed he did not see her. The tears welled up to her eyes. The past was not to be recalled. When was he ever before unaware of her presence? He had been so eager, so devoted, so unlike the capricious lover for whom she had lightly flung him away. It was all over, though. She looked about her to divert her mind, to preserve her composure. She noted Mrs. Sayles in the congregation, identifying her by her limp sun-bonnet. Mrs. Sayles had long been saying that she intended to put splints in it some day when time favored her; but it still hung over her eyes, obscuring her visage, except her mouth, as she sang, and she was an edifying spectacle of a lack of care for earthly pomps and of vain interest in baubles and bonnets. Alethea's face, like some fair flower half enfolded in its sheath, was visible in the funnel-shaped depths of her own brown bonnet, with a glistening suggestion of her gold hair on her forehead, and one escaped tress hanging down beneath the curtain on her dark brown homespun dress. She did not sing, and she looked downcast.

In the aisle between the two benches reserved for the mourners the brethren were crowding, talking individually to the contrite sinners, sometimes with such effect that sobs and tears broke forth; and then the hymn was renewed, with the rhythmic sound of the clapping of hands, while the thunder crashed and the forked lightnings darted through the sky. The lurid scenic effects added their impressiveness to the terrible word-painting of another preacher, who was less interesting though not less effective than that gentle old man, Brother Jethro

Sims. He described hell with an accurate knowledge of its topography, its *personnel*, and its customs which was a triumph of imagination, and made one feel that he had surely been there. A young woman suddenly broke into wild screams, shouting that she had found her salvation, and clapping her hands, and crying, "Glory!" finally fainting, and being borne out into the rain.

In the aisles they all often knelt, praying aloud in turns: sometimes, the voice of one failing in a whispered Amen! another would cry out insistently, "Let us continue the supplication!" And once more the prayer would go up.

There were no more conversions. Over and again the brethren announced in pious dudgeon that it was a stubborn meeting, and hell gaped for the sinner. It was evidence of the sincerity of the mourners, and their anxiety not to deceive themselves and others, that they could thus resist the urgency of the impassioned appeals, that with quivering nerves they could still withhold all demonstrations of yielding until the spirit should descend upon them.

Presently persons who desired the prayers of the congregation were requested to rise and make known their wish. It might be feared that some of the compliances did not tend to preserve domestic harmony. One woman asked prayers for her husband, whose heart, she stated, was not in his religion, and the defiant contradiction expressed in the face of a man seated beside her suggested that she had thus publicly made reprisal for sundry conjugal differences. Nevertheless, old Brother Sims said, "Amen!" Mrs. Sayles rose and begged prayers for the "headin' young folks o' the kentry, that they'd be guided by thar elders, an' not trest thar own green jedgmints, an' finally be led ter grace." And all the old people said, heartily, "Amen!" Many turned to look at Alethea, whose face had become a delicate pink.

And suddenly Peter Rood rose. "I want the prayers o' the godly," he said, now and then casting a hasty glance at Brother Sims, who stood with his chin in the air, his hands arrested in the gesture of clapping, and listening intently, "fur light ter my steps. I reckon I'm a backslider, fur I git no light when I pray. It's all dark, — mighty dark!" His voice trembled. He was beginning to lose his self-control. "My actions tarrify me! I 'lowed wunst I hed fund grace, but in trouble I hev no helper."

The lightnings flashed once more. The swift illumination seemed to blanch his swarthy face, and lighted his uplifted black eyes with a transient gleam. "I'm in sin an' great mis'ry. I hev done wrong." He was about to sit down.

"Make reparation, brother, an' free yer soul in prayer," said the old man.

"I can't!" he cried, shrilly. "I'm 'feard! I'm 'feard o' my life. I would n't hev done sech 'ceptin' I war drunk, — drunk with liquor an' drunk with spite."

He felt that he was saying too much. He sat down, biting his lip till the blood started. Then he rose and faltered, "I want yer prayers fur light."

"Amen!" said Brother Sims.

Rood had recovered himself abruptly. He was looking about with furtive sharpness through the congregation, seeking to gauge the effect of what he had said when under the strong spell of religious excitement that had swayed the crowd. Fearful as he was, he detected only curiosity, interest, nothing more marked; for in the rhetoric of frenzied repentance these good men often apply to themselves language that seriously entertained could only grace an indictment.

The rain had ceased; the quiet without seemed to conduce to a calmer spirit within. The fervor of the meeting had spent itself. Only a few of the brethren were "workin'" with Ben Doaks, his face troubled and perplexed, his

anxious eyes turning from one to another.

"Can't ye feel ye air jes' a wuthless worm a-crawlin' round the throne o' grace? Can't ye feel that only mercy kin save ye?—fur ye richly deserve damnation."

"Laws-a-massy, naw," said poor, candid Ben, greatly harried. "I think mighty well o' myself!"

And so they left him in his sins. The crowd was breaking up, chiefly seeking their several camps, as the shanties were called. But a few had come merely to participate in the exercises of the evening, and these were busy in harnessing their horses or yoking their oxen into their wagons on the hillside without the inclosure. The declivity was veined with rivulets, into which the heavy feet of the men and beasts splashed; the leaves continuously dripped; frogs were croaking near at hand in the sombre woods, — not so dark now, for the melancholy waning moon shone among the breaking clouds. The rumble of wagons presently intruded upon the low-toned conversation, the burden of which was the meeting and reminiscent comparison with other meetings. Several of the boys, not burdened with immortality, took leave less decorously, whooping loudly at each other as they galloped past the vehicles, and were soon out of sight and hearing.

The red clay road was presently lonely enough as Alethea trudged along it. There was no room for her in the little wagon which Buck drew in single harness, as might be called the ropes by which the ox, fastened between the shafts, was made to dispense with a yoke-fellow. A rope tied to his horn was intended to guide him along any intricacies of the road with which he might not be acquainted. Mrs. Sayles, her daughter-in-law, and several of the children were seated, tailor-fashion, on the floor of the wagon, and sometimes Alethea walked in advance, and some-

times fell into the rear. It was no great distance that they were to travel, — their destination being aunt Dely's house in Eskaquia Cove, where they were to spend the night before wagoning up the Great Smoky.

Alethea was beset with her own unquiet thoughts; the remorse that would not loose its hold; the strange wrong which the right had wrought. Her conscience, forever on the alert — serving, if need were, as proxy — could find no flaw in what she had counseled; and thus perverse fate, in the radiant guise of rectitude, had led Lorey to despair, and delivered her to grief.

She hardly noted the incidents of the wayside, — the foot-bridge over the creek; the stars amongst the ripples; the sound of the insects; the zigzag fences on either hand; the mists that lurked among the trees, that paced the turn-rows of the corn-fields, that stood in the corners of the fences, that caught the moonbeams, and glittered against the dark mountain side. It was another gleam that struck her attention; she looked again, — the slant of the rays against the windows of a little school-house. There was a deep impression of silence upon it, vacant in the night, dark but for the moonbeams. The pines that overhung it were sombre and still. The vapors shifted about it, fringing even the rotting palings that inclosed it. Her feet had followed her gaze. She was near the edge of the narrow road, as she paused to wait for Buck and the wagon to come up. She heard nothing as she listened. She said to herself that she must be a long way ahead. She was sensible of fatigue presently; the excitements of the evening were superimposed on the work of the day. She leaned against the tottering fence. Her bonnet had fallen back on her shoulders; she rested her head on her hand, her elbows on the low palings. She might have dreamed for a moment. Suddenly something touched her. She turned her head

quickly; her shriek seemed to pierce the sky, for there in the inclosure, — did she see aright? — the idiot's face! white with a responsive terror upon it, vanishing in the mist. Or was it the mist? Did she hear the quick thud of retreating footsteps, or was it the throbs

of her own plunging heart? As she turned, wildly throwing up both arms, she beheld Buck and the wagon on the crest of the hill, with the worshipers from the camp-meeting, and the sight restored to her more mundane considerations.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

A SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLAR.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE put his hand to the plough in many fields of literature, and in all he showed the sturdiness that denotes yeoman stock. But, apart from his special taste for music, the most of his studies sprang from his love of Shakespeare. In the case of his theatrical and philological writings this is obvious, and in those which illustrate his attachment to England it is fair to ascribe no inconsiderable part to the fondness which, however invigorated and broadened by other traditions, was primarily due to the great dramatist of English history and life. Essays upon words, stage-usages, and matters of music, observations upon our cousins' ways and customs and modes of speech, international satire, and squibs of all kinds and lengths made up a large part of his industrious literary life; but, for all that, Shakespeare was his profession, and the principal work of his hands was editorial. In some respects this choice of employment was felicitous, and fell in with natural intellectual aptitudes. He had a note-taking mind, and his memory was retentive of details to an extraordinary degree, — a quality invaluable to an editor of texts; and in addition to this, his clear-headedness, his shrewd sobriety, his content with a plain and honest-seeming meaning, and especially his contempt for the palaver of refining analysts of the German stripe, stood him in such good stead that he holds an hon-

orable place among the students who have made the critical study of Shakespeare part and parcel of the pride of American scholarship.

The substance of his attainments is to be found, of course, in the various essays, prefatory either to the general work or to the individual plays and poems, which conduce so much to the value of his version of Shakespeare in the way of expansion, criticism, and information; and in these his views are set forth with most modesty, succinctness, and moderation, and his knowledge is deployed with most swiftness and effect. They form, however, only a small portion of his contributions to Shakespeare literature; very much of his labor in his chosen subject was off-hand work, and must be sought in the magazines to which he devoted his less serious moments. Such articles — and their number is legion — usually present some single phase of a Shakespeare theme; and no matter how dry and formal the topic in itself, he makes it entertaining. For it is a distinction of Mr. White's that he always interests; he has the secret of pleasing. His style is wonderfully firm and close-knit; his facts are cold as an iceberg and hard as a flint; and he strews the mental way of his readers with the native nuggets of Yankee sense. His individuality counts for more than all. He was himself a character, in the special meaning of the word; one of those

impenetrable pieces of nature's workmanship which are malleable by no external influence of culture, society, or circumstance. Such persons cannot open their lips without some self-exhibition; whether their solitude is of the village or the study, they always speak from within, and echo no man. Mr. White, who was as tenacious of his peculiarities as an Englishman, stamped them upon his writings; and it is due to this that when one reads his words it is, to an unusual degree, as if one heard him speaking. When a man of this sort has the gift of literary expression, he will be a readable author, whatever deficiencies he may have; and this Mr. White was. Indeed, when one glances over the mass of his minor writing, though it belongs undoubtedly to the literature that springs up and withers in a day, one cannot help wondering at the brightness of its short-lived verdancy. There could hardly seem to be a more thankless task than to make a new paraphrase of Shakespeare's plays. It is true that poets, great and small, have tried to rewrite those dramas, not seeing how deep their words are graved in the living rock of English speech; but to tell their story over in prose, — no one would do that except for children. Yet in the half dozen cases in which Mr. White tried his hand at this mode of transcription, he made, if not novelettes, certainly most delightful sketches, which, though every incident and characteristic of them was familiar to us from our childhood, have the unmistakable and unrubbed newness that belongs to the magazine-mint. These renovations have a use, too, more than to pass an hour of easy reading: they are needed to remind us, who think mostly of the action and thought of Shakespeare's dramas, how much the story counts in the work, and this is best shown by relieving it from its subordination to character and treating it in the novelist's way. *The Tale of the Forest of Arden*, for example,

as it is retold, might serve as a lesson in romantic fiction, by revealing how poetry is of the essence of it all, not a matter of expression, but of structure. To descant upon the happiness of Mr. White's renderings of Shakespeare in prose, however, was not our purpose: they are cited only as a striking instance of his power over the least promising material. He would strike a shower of wheat out of thrice-threshed straw; or so it seems.

Before his death Mr. White had selected and revised some of these loose articles, which his wife has published in what is perhaps only a first volume¹ of his literary remains; and it seems a fit occasion to give a less confined notice than such a book would in itself warrant of some of the traits of his Shakespeareanism, which for many years has held a prominent place in this magazine. From the start one perceives that Mr. White possessed a hard-and-fast intellect of the sort about which there is, in the favorite phrase, "no nonsense." As a Shakespearean, he was himself, in the bent of his mind, one of the class of American readers which he describes, — "so large and so diffused through society that it cannot be rightly called a class, who do not know that there are German critics, who have little acquaintance with any criticism, to whom Schlegel is unrevealed and Coleridge is but a name, and who yet read and understand and love and delight in Shakespeare, and who would quietly smile at the notion that 'at last' we understand Shakespeare because some learned people have said very profound sayings about his revelations of the 'inner life.'" His own appreciation of Shakespeare, though so much more informed, was essentially the same which belongs to the people of home-keeping wits, who read their author in that unenlightened fashion in

¹ *Studies in Shakespeare.* By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

which the audiences of the Globe listened when the text still knew no recension except that of the pirates. His aim as an editor was to restore, so far as was possible, the conditions of the past; to place the reader in the position of the Elizabethan theatre-goer, and leave him to get the original entertainment which Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote. Shakespeare meant to amuse, and in our times it was the part of a loyal adherent of the master to help him in his old purpose. To such a view metaphysics, however acute, was out of place in Shakespeare's demesne; was a perversion of poetry, like the science which botanizes upon a mother's grave. No words were too sharp, no denunciations too heavy, in Mr. White's opinion, for the flagellation of that school which is no longer confined to German lecture-rooms, but now in all quarters of criticism makes of Shakespeare a problem instead of a poem.

Perhaps in this onslaught Mr. White might have gained by discriminating. The fact is that the dramas do afford a field for such philosophizing, whether rightly or wrongly. It may have been unbeknown to Shakespeare, but he did write a text-book of human life. By the force of his genius he represented mankind, on its social and spiritual side, with the reality of nature. It is the excellence of his creative art that his characters live, and show their souls not wholly but by glimpses, as common mortals do; and thus Hamlet, for example, presents to us the puzzle that any highly organized man affords to a thoughtful observer, and allows of countless theories in regard to his personality and motives. All life is to the thinker fair game for his meditation, and in it the universal spiritual laws are to be discerned, or guessed at, or speculated about. It would be foolish to object to any amount of philosophizing on the real phenomena of character; and if Shakespeare has given us the microcos-

mus of man, if the reality of his imagination is not less truthful than that of actual experience, why should not Germans or Englishmen use it, the more readily because it is a common possession, and not, like ordinary instances, known only to the few who happen to be spectators? Mr. White was wrong, if he found fault with the Shakespeare philosophers, or denied their positions, simply because they occupied themselves with material not originally written for such an investigation; and if he was right at all, it was only in maintaining that Shakespeare knew nothing of this value of his work, and cared nothing for it. Of course there has been much error and feebleness and trash written by the members of this critical school, as is done by incompetence in all departments; but there has been also some wisdom, and it would be gratuitous, if not dangerous, to affirm Shakespeare's ignorance of the worth of his work for instruction. One cannot safely set limits to the knowledge that any great author has of the various meanings which his lines may convey, even if he does not, like Dante, definitely declare that he has expressed a three-fold meaning in the same identical words. Wisdom as well as wit often lodges in the ears that hear it as much as on the lips that speak it, and its application to special circumstances frequently discovers hidden truth in the worn words. How many meanings, for example, have Virgil's lines disclosed to those who for centuries have consulted the *Sortes Virgilianæ*! It would be as foolish to credit Virgil with these as with the famous Messianic prophecy in his eclogue. The case illustrates how innocent Shakespeare was of a good part of the exegesis forced upon him by his editors. At the same time it is not likely that they have so exceeded the great master in wisdom that he would be surprised to find that they make of him an understanding author as well as a successful playwright.

The weight of Mr. White's objugation, however, falls less upon those who comment upon the text and the general conception of the plays than upon those who reason therefrom to the dramatist's life and development. He himself allows the existence of periods of literary art in his author, but in "spiritual stages" he is almost a total disbeliever. But here, too, one must discriminate, and in much the same way as before. A man grows, but his growth is largely unconscious. The craze to find an "evolution" in all things could not pass by the prime phenomena of genius; and so Shakespeare has been furnished with one. The mistake is in giving too firm lines to the progress of his mind and art. Neither the metaphysical nor the literary yard-stick can be applied to the "myriad-minded" one with any but a ludicrous result; and the scholar who would build up Shakespeare's life in the easy-going fashion of distinct and successive periods is over-confident. The unfolding of his special gift of expression, the apprenticeship and the mastery of art, may be distinguished, from the first smooth-sliding lines to the volcanic fusion of intractable speech in the language of *Cymbeline*. So may a similar thing be observed in Browning, or Carlyle, or Tennyson,—the mere hand-cunning. And in Shakespeare's temper of mind a change may be observed, plainly enough, in the successive plays, not taken individually, but in their totality. It is the same, essentially, which the great poets exhibit in passing from youth to age; so pathetic in Virgil, so deadly earnest in Dante, so exalted in Milton, so wise in Shakespeare. But to go further than this, and reconstruct the inner life of these men, and especially of him whose gift of taciturnity outrivalled nature's secrecy, is another matter; and for those who do this, and would seem to know Shakespeare better than he knew himself, any one with knowledge of the inner life must have the kind

of pity that is akin to contempt. Mr. White had for them unlimited scorn, and poured it forth unceasingly and unsparingly. Those men who assume to know the unsearchable soul of genius, and those who seek to dress the writer of pleasant comedies and tragical histories as an *avant-courier* of Hegelianism, were foes to be put to flight with all his critical weapons if he could compass it. He was a partisan in the conflict, but even when going to great lengths he did good work. To free Shakespeare from his commentators is more of a gain than a loss, for, generally speaking, they are of the sort that darken counsel. It is possible to look upon their explanations of the doctrines of life as unfolded in Shakespeare's plays, and even upon their efforts to reduce his own genius to the familiarity of Rousseau-like autobiography, with a most tolerant spirit; but blessed is he who finds Shakespeare, though he loses them!

But did Mr. White find Shakespeare? Did he succeed any better than the victims of his own censure in forming an ideal Shakespeare out of the materials at hand on the "no nonsense" theory? What his conception of the man Shakespeare was is well known to the readers of these pages. He lost no opportunity of insisting that the genius we idolize was a popular London playwright, whose aim was immediately to please the spectators and thereby get money. If he wrote a good acting play that would draw an audience and increase the stock dividends of the managers, he had achieved his whole purpose. In this was included his entire notion of the use of the divine art and of his own life. This is the substance of Mr. White's teaching, reiterated almost to weariness. The theory falls in with the common idea that Shakespeare was a kind of Nature's foundling, to whom benevolent fairies had given the great gifts of wisdom, beauty, and fortune as

carelessly as if they were shining pebbles, just as fairies used to do in the old story-books. A few surface facts, principal among them the omission to edit and publish his complete works, give support to the presumed indifference to fame or ignorance of the transcendent worth of his creations on Shakespeare's part, which is involved in the position.

* There are ready explanations of the facts referred to, such as the nature of theatrical property in those days, and the desirability of not publishing the plays in order to monopolize their acting by his own company, with which we will not delay the reader. But after giving due weight to all that Mr. White urges, it seems to us that it has been as dangerous for him to stop at the surface of Shakespeare's life as it was for the anatomists to probe the centre. In attending to his characterization of the man as a money-getter, one is reminded of the ancient science that discovered in humanity a threefold soul, and one thinks that Mr. White may have found one of these in Shakespeare's case, and has forgotten to look for the other two. In fact, it must be confessed that the editor has sometimes shown a weakness of poetic apprehension,—that his Shakespeare is rather an observer of life than a poet. This comes out strikingly in his statement, for example, that Shakespeare most withdraws the veil from his own personality in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in the character of Ulysses gives expression to his own views of life. This drama is indeed packed with noble phrases and fine wisdom, but if the present writer were to seek for Shakespeare in it, it would be in the impatience, the undisguised contempt, that the author shows for these wars about the Grecian jade; nor is there more reason to ascribe any special earnestness or directness to the words of the dialogue than in the case of any other of the dramas that allow frequent opportunity for the utterance of universal truths in respect

to man's nature or life. Mr. White's use of the play is merely to emphasize his notion that Shakespeare was a man of the world exclusively, or at least primarily. It is not incumbent on us to argue against this theory, but merely to point it out as a cardinal trait of the editor's Shakespeareanism. There would be little need for such argument. The many phrases of the sonnets which prophesy immortality for the verse are not to be set aside as merely customary at the time, or as applicable only to the more pretentious work (as Mr. White thinks) of the poet as distinct from the dramatist; they have the ring of sincerity too clear for that, the stamp of the *mens conscia virtutis* which converts a boast into the just superscription of Cæsar. But apart from all these minor matters of evidence, the world will never believe that the man who knew human life more widely and profoundly than any other mere mortal that ever wrote was ignorant only of himself; or that, with such acquaintance with the noble and ideal ends of life, he contented himself with that one of avarice or of getting on in the world which is held to be among the meanest and most paltry, and which is usually debasing to the higher faculties. Had he been so furnished with insight, imagination, and ideality as he was, so complete in earthly wisdom and so apprehensive of the excellence of human virtue, and had he, notwithstanding, declined to the level of those who care for their gifts and works only as means of merchandise, he would have been a monstrosity so strange that nature could scarce contain his deformities. This is instinctively felt by those whose thoughts keep proportion. In this matter Mr. White exhibited most plainly the limitation of his mind. The truth which gives any color to his characterization of Shakespeare may easily be granted, as that he was always mindful of his audience's taste, of stage traditions, of the actual conditions under which he prac-

ticed his art, and that he made money by his work and was glad to have it, and that he valued social rank and position. The error lies in affirming that this is the whole story; in ignoring the poetic nature, the most self-conscious of all the varieties of temperament; and in passing by all that indicates Shakespeare's regard for his art, even in the chance ways possible, such as his repeated criticism on the abuses of the stage and his great reform in the disposition made of the Fool. In these last it was not the theatrical manager, but the outraged poet, who spoke; his impatient contempt for the laughter of the pit and the rant of the stage, though he yielded to them as much as was needful, is the obverse of his love for his art and the value he set upon it. But these hints in regard to the qualities involved in the mere existence of such creative genius, and expressly shown in random flashes of his work, are almost superfluous. Because Shakespeare submitted in his art and worldly life to the conditions imposed on him by fortune, and made that submission the most marvelous triumph of all literature, is not a reason for affirming that he gave his assent to these conditions; and unless he did so with all his soul, the theory that he cared for nothing except to get rich by catering to the apprentices must fall to the ground. We must stop this side of Mr. White's furthest mark, therefore, and admit only that Shakespeare had the wisdom, as a literary workman, to take the times as he found them and reduce them to the purposes of great art; and that, Heaven be thanked, he was paid for his laborious industry, and left money to pay his debts and provide for his children.

To parody the literary proverb, one might say that the defects of Mr. White's Shakespeareanism produced its qualities. In a field so large and various, it may be a working advantage to have limitations of outlook and effort, and to take

short views. The editor who has once satisfied himself, as did Mr. White, that to build spiritual biography was foolishness and to philosophize about the inner life was futile has greatly simplified his task; and if to this he adds the positive idea that Shakespeare's vision was bounded by the circuit of the London theatre, he may well rest contented with the aim of merely restoring the past conditions, and so providing his readers with notes that they can mingle with the crowd at the Globe as with contemporaries. Within these self-imposed bounds the gifts of Mr. White were put to admirable use. In the mere matter of the vocabulary, in elucidating or restoring meanings to words, he was a well-informed and trustworthy guide; and how large a portion of his study was philological does not need to be pointed out. Perhaps a more important, because rarer, service was his reconstruction of the original acting, the *mise-en-scène*, in which his knowledge of the stage was an efficient aid to his scholarship and insight. He laments the break in the theatrical tradition occasioned by the closing of the theatres under the Commonwealth, because it probably deprived us of Shakespeare's own conception of how the characters should be represented; but his essays upon the acting of Rosalind and of Iago, for example, do more to set the Elizabethan interpretation of the plays before us than anything else with which we are acquainted. In fact, Mr. White's frequent criticism on modern impersonations of Shakespeare's characters, by showing how far removed they are from the author's intention, makes a part of his most instructive writings.

Besides the linguistic and the theatrical strands in the more valuable portion of his work, something is to be said for the critical element in the department of characterization. It was here that the editor was strongest. The conception of Iago which he develops is as

finely reasoned an essay as can be found in the field, and his restoration of Jaques from a melodramatic fool into his original sour cynicism is a piece of retributive justice too long delayed. There is no space for further detail, but we cannot refrain from expressing a special gratitude for his penetration into the noble nature of Cassio, who has met with little understanding hitherto, and for the clear and sympathetic discovery of it to his readers. It is when Mr. White applies himself to these subjects that he shows the most valuable individual qualities, and merits honor. They belong, however, to the detailed rather than the general criticism of Shakespeare, and therefore cannot be entered upon here where there is no room for specialism. In scholarship he was, perhaps, lacking in breadth, and in more than one instance, as in his discussion of the text of the two quartos of Hamlet, he argues beside the point in dispute. Notwithstanding these things, the real value of Mr. White's Shakespeareanism is not impaired. The literary form and charm of his style, the hard-headedness of his mind, the practical sense he always displays, make his work, within the limitations which he himself assigned it, of great positive utility; and the sturdiness with which he stood for common sense, in opposition to the eulogistic gush with which Shakespeare, in common with all the greatest poets, is overwhelmed in our times of Swinburnian rhetoric, is something to be very grateful for. He had his pet notions, as who has not? and he was a hard hitter,—“Let the galled jade wince!” But he spent his life with his favorite author, and made of him his liberal education; would that the universities afforded so good a one! His labor was one of love, and it has the value and respect of the best work a man can do, being deficient only where Nature herself had denied faculty, in this case on the poetic side. He has gone over to

the shelves of the “great majority” of acknowledged commentators, beneath the Stratford bust, and with him go the plaudits of true lovers of Shakespeare for such lifelong and honest service to the god of our literary idolatry.

It is but just to add a few words of acknowledgment for the vigor and brightness shown by Mr. White in his work in other fields. His versatility, information, and industry were very great. He was essentially a *littérateur* rather than an author. The keen observant power of his view of English life and manners was really marvelous, when one considers his comparatively short residence—or more properly speaking, vacation—in the mother country; and his knowledge of England, as shown in other volumes than those of travel, appears as intimate as a native's. He possessed, beside this ready apprehension of facts and insight into human nature, some of the best qualities of the transplanted stock from which he sprang, and showed them in the patience and frugal independence of a self-respecting life, which may well serve as a lesson in simplicity and dignity to the rapidly increasing class of writers who make minor literature their profession. The lack of tolerance which he sometimes exhibited was not that of an unamiable but of a strong nature; and the insistence on some opinion which he seems to have regarded as his private property was the common foible of students. On the other hand, genuine heartiness and an inbred courtesy may be easily discerned beneath his literary exterior; and although it is only with his literary character that we deal, the same qualities distinguished him among his friends. He will hold a niche in the remembrance of our readers, for the sake of many agreeable hours which he has afforded us all, and for which, independently of his Shakespeare, a large constituency, in common with ourselves, are thankful.

GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

AMONG the valuable works which the South has contributed to the history of the late war, the *Life and Campaigns of General J. E. B. Stuart*¹ will take a high place. The book is by no means a mere biography of Stuart himself; it is a history, as the inscription on the side of the cover aptly puts it, of "the Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry." We are prepared, therefore, to find a full and minute account of all the principal and of many of the subsidiary operations of that force. The account, indeed, is so full and so minute that it will tax the patience of the ordinary reader to master the descriptions of skirmishes and ambushes which, unimportant, perhaps, in their bearing on the great events of the war, were yet worthy of being carefully narrated in a work claiming to give a complete history of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia. To any student of the military art, however, these literal and exact accounts of the mode of cavalry-fighting in our civil war cannot but be of very great and permanent interest; while any reader who is willing to give the time required for following out the descriptions with the aid of the excellent maps which accompany the volume will find himself well repaid in the peculiar attraction always attendant on watching the varying fortunes of a fight.

Major McClellan was Stuart's chief of staff, and he is, as he should be, loyal to his general. But, so far as we can discover, he is actuated by an impartial spirit. Neither in his treatment of the Federal narratives, nor in his accounts of Confederate operations, do we find any evidence of partisanship. At the same time, allowance must be made for

the fact that he writes from the standpoint of Stuart himself.

The function of cavalry in warfare has changed very much in the last thirty years. For hundreds — nay, thousands — of years it remained substantially the same; the Numidian horse of Hannibal fought very much in the same way as did the cuirassiers of Napoleon. But with the introduction of improved firearms a change has gradually come about. We saw one of the last examples of the old method in the famous charge at Balaklava, thirty odd years ago; but that was condemned at the time as not being, strictly speaking, "war." In our great struggle, it seems to have been recognized from the first that the rôle of the cavalry was to be auxiliary only. They were employed — often most unjustifiably — to do the picket duty for the whole army; they were sent off on expeditions to cut telegraph wires, destroy railroads, capture depots of supplies, and generally to break up the enemy's communications. Columns of cavalry always preceded and covered the march of an army, and were expected to ascertain the position and intentions of the enemy. In these operations it of course often happened that severe fighting had to be done; but when infantry were encountered, the cavalry usually dismounted and fought as infantry. In fact, up to the Shenandoah Valley campaign of 1864, it was only when cavalry were opposed to cavalry that the hostile squadrons charged in the old style, using the sabre. Whether this mode of fighting would ever be resorted to now is certainly very questionable. With the repeating small arms of to-day in the hands of the troopers, such splendid action, General, and Chief of Staff of the Cavalry Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Richmond, Va.: J. W. Randolph & English. 1885.

¹ *The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, Commander of the Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia.* By H. B. McClellan, A. M., late Major, Assistant Adjutant-

tacks as were made by both the Federal and Confederate cavalry at Brandy Station (or Fleetwood) would, we apprehend, never be attempted. It is the characteristic feature of the book before us that it gives all the necessary facts of a transitory yet very interesting phase in the history of the employment of cavalry in modern warfare. We have minute narratives of those daring raids in the rear of our armies, of which Stuart made at least three which were successful and famous. We have the details of the services performed by him when accompanying a column of infantry. We have careful and impartial, though naturally not always correct, descriptions of those obstinate and spirited hand-to-hand encounters between cavalry and cavalry which followed immediately on the reorganization of the Federal horse in the spring of 1863, and which will carry down to posterity the names of Buford and Gregg and Custer and Sheridan. The actions at Kelly's Ford, Brandy Station, Aldie Gap, Middleburg, Gettysburg, Yellow Tavern, are all described at length; and though there is a great deal that might be written to fill out, or to correct, or even in some cases to reverse, the conclusions of Major McClellan, the Federal historian must acknowledge his indebtedness to him as a fair and honest writer on his own side.

In Stuart the Confederacy had a natural leader of cavalry. Daring, cool, eminently a man of resources in an emergency, full of the spirit of adventure, young, gay, handsome, a fine horseman, he carried into the somewhat prosaic operations of our civil war not a little of the chivalrous spirit of former times. Belonging to one of the distinguished families of Virginia, and possessed of so many undoubted qualifications for his task, his position was an assured one from the very first. He took an active part in the first battle of Bull Run, winning the high commendation of Generals Johnston and Jackson.

He commanded the entire cavalry of the Confederate army on the Peninsula. It was here that he first acquired general reputation by his daring raid around our army, about the middle of June, 1862. Being the first performance of the kind, the effect it produced upon the not very experienced soldiers of McClellan's army was considerable, and the expedition, rash and perilous as it certainly was, may fairly be said to have been justified under the circumstances of the case. In August of that year Stuart tried the same manœuvre again, getting in the rear of the army of General Pope, and capturing some of that officer's head-quarter-baggage. But though this was also a very daring and skillfully conducted affair, it did not strike either army as possessing the importance of the former raid. Stuart, however, who evidently enjoyed these expeditions, the management of which was peculiarly suited to his character and talents, undertook, not long after the battle of Antietam, still another, and perhaps more venturesome, incursion. In October, 1862, when Lee's army was in Virginia, Stuart crossed the Potomac at McCoy's Ferry, a short distance above Williamsport; proceeded rapidly to Chambersburg, where he obtained supplies of all kinds; then taking the Gettysburg road as far as Cashtown, he returned by way of Emmitsburg to White's Ferry, just above Conrad's Ferry, where he crossed the Potomac, eluding with great skill and good fortune the Federal troops, by whom his little force seemed to be well-nigh surrounded. What the object of this performance was, beyond exhibiting to the men of both armies what a fine set of fellows Stuart's cavalry were, what risks they were ready to take, and with what audacity and coolness they could escape from the snares laid for them by their foes, we are at a loss to know. But the importance of distributing information of this kind is hardly to be weighed against the danger of los-

ing such an auxiliary to an army as Stuart and his command. As it was, everything turned out well enough; the Federal generals were annoyed, and the Northern public was irritated. But suppose that Pleasanton had not been misled by false reports, and that Stuart and his raiders had been taken: any one can see what effect that news would have had upon both armies. It would have been a serious blow to the confidence reposed by the South in their generals, and it could not have failed greatly to encourage the North.

General Stuart was now to have a rare opportunity for distinction. In the campaign of Chancellorsville, as hitherto, he commanded the cavalry. On the evening of the 2d of May, after the crushing assault on the eleventh corps, the great Confederate leader, Stonewall Jackson, was mortally wounded, and his place was filled by A. P. Hill, who, while exerting himself to repair the disorder into which the troops had necessarily fallen in their onward and successful movement, and to resist the counter-attacks which Sickles, at the head of the undismayed veterans of the third corps, was fiercely making to recover the lost ground, was wounded himself. Then Lee sent for Stuart, and put him in command of Jackson's corps. It was a proud moment in Stuart's life, and a great honor for so young an officer, for he was but just thirty years old. The task before him was, fortunately, neither an ambiguous nor a complicated task. There was but one thing to do, and that was to fight. Of the battle which raged so fiercely on Sunday morning; of the repeated, desperate, persistent assaults which Stuart directed against our position; of the energy and enthusiasm which he inspired; and of the gallantry with which from time to time he led the troops himself, we have not time to speak. Fierce and determined as were those repeated attacks, however, nothing but the gross mismanagement of Hooker

can account for their having overcome the steady and obstinate resistance of the troops of Sickles and Slocum. But we need not dwell on this ever painful episode in the war. Suffice it to say that Stuart acquitted himself admirably.

His services were, however, more needed in the cavalry. In the severe actions which occurred in the spring and early summer of 1863, Brandy Station, Aldie Gap, Middleburg, and Gettysburg, cavalry met cavalry, and, as has been before said, the fighting was of the most approved old style, horse to horse, and sabre to sabre. In these engagements the Federals displayed a confidence and courage which had rarely been observed before, and which was the result of the thorough reorganization of our cavalry, for which the army was indebted to General Hooker probably more than to any one else.

Stuart's course in the campaign of Gettysburg has been severely criticised as well by Confederate as by Federal authorities. When Lee determined on the invasion of the North, he left a large force of cavalry to guard the passes of the Blue Ridge. He took a very small force to cover the march of the army. The remainder he entrusted to Stuart, and practically gave him *carte blanche* as to the route he should take to compass the two objects of ascertaining the movements of the enemy and communicating his information to General Lee. Stuart, instead of keeping on the right flank of the Confederate columns, between them and our army, chose the devious and complicated course of passing to the south of our corps while they were marching north, thus getting between them and Washington, and then crossing the Potomac near Washington at Rowser's Ford. He expected to make a complete circuit around our army, as he had twice done before, and to bring seasonable information of Hooker's whereabouts and operations to his commanding officer. Looked at from

any point of view, this plan was bad. It necessarily involved the separation of the cavalry from the rest of the army for a period, the duration of which no one could guess, and it exposed it, moreover, to be cut off and captured. The only recommendations of the project were its adventurousness, which we suspect was a pretty strong recommendation in the eyes of General Stuart, and the possibility of doing some damage to the communications of the Army of the Potomac by operating between it and Washington. With such a small force as accompanied Stuart, however, no great successes in this direction were to be looked for, while the danger of utter failure from the discovery of his exposed position by the Federal army — which, contrary to his expectation, was not resting near Washington, but was marching north — daily increased. Not only was Stuart thus made aware of a concentration of the Federal army in Pennsylvania, a fact of the utmost importance to General Lee, but the very movements of the Federal corps by which this concentration was effected prevented Stuart from sending his information to the headquarters of his commander. It must also be admitted that Stuart was far from showing that clear, strong sense which a man like Stonewall Jackson would have shown in a like situation. Having early made a trumpety capture of a lot of wagons and prisoners, he persisted in carrying them along with him, in spite of the delay they were manifestly causing. He never seems to have realized that so long as he was unable to communicate with Lee he was in a false position, from which he ought to make every effort to escape. As for the claim put forward by Major McClellan, that Stuart hindered the movements of the Federal army, that, with all submission, is an entire mistake. "My main point," wrote Meade to Halleck, "being to find out and fight the enemy, I shall have to sub-

mit to the cavalry raids around me in some measure." Stuart reached Gettysburg on the afternoon of the 2d of July. But by that time the mischief had been done. General Lee, deprived of his cavalry, had been concentrating his army on Gettysburg, in ignorance of General Meade's movements. His leading divisions had, on the day before, encountered the first and eleventh corps of the Federal army near Gettysburg, and had beaten them after an obstinate struggle. The Federal general had, nevertheless, decided to concentrate his whole army here and await an attack. On the 2d of July Lee followed up his first success by driving the third Federal corps from an untenable position. Unable now to resist the influences of the hour, he was about to essay the hazardous task of assaulting the steady infantry of the Northern army, thinned but not a whit daunted by their ill luck on the past two days, and holding a strong, well-defined position. In truth, Lee's only chance, humanly speaking, lay in compelling the Federal army to attack him; but, owing to his ignorance of our designs and movements, his troops struck their enemy unexpectedly, and having been thus far — owing in part, at least, to adventitious circumstances — successful, Lee, on the 3d of July, made that gallant, but rash, assault on our left centre, the utter repulse of which left Meade the victor of the three days' fight. Whether, if Stuart's cavalry had been with the main army, Lee would or could have so managed that Meade would have been induced to assault him in position, no one, of course, can say; all we know is that the battle, as it was fought, was unpremeditated by General Lee, — that it was not the kind of battle which he had intended to deliver.

General Stuart's services in the Wilderness campaign were very brief. In the winter of 1863-4 our cavalry, then under Sheridan, had vastly improved; the cavalry of the Confederates, on the

other hand, was weak in numbers and poorly equipped. Early in the campaign, Sheridan, with some twelve thousand horse, moved in rear of the army of Lee and threatened Richmond. In a severe action at Yellow Tavern, Stuart was mortally wounded. He met his fate like a brave and good man, as he

was. Major McClellan's narrative here is simple and very touching.

We have extended this review to a greater length than we originally intended. But among the heroic figures of the war, the gallant leader of the Confederate cavalry is certainly one of the most attractive.

FOLK TALES.

It has been said, as a mark of the high civilization of London, that no person can be interested in any subject however recondite, or have any taste however fantastic, that he does not sooner or later meet in that vast city some one pursuing exactly the same study, or humoring the same hobby. It is a healthy sign, too, with us that the number of our special scholars is yearly increasing, but it is regrettable, although natural, that they should often be better known in Europe than at home. Although Mr. Crane's name is by no means unfamiliar to the general public, it may safely be said that for his special studies he is, outside of the precincts of his university, far more highly appreciated in Rome and Palermo, in Paris and Berlin, than in Boston or New York. While Mr. Crane's last work on Italian Popular Tales will add still more to the esteem and respect in which he is held by scholars like Pitre, De Gubernatis, Gaston Paris, Köhler, and Ralston, it will reveal to us at home what thorough and excellent work is doing here, and will at the same time win increased favor and popularity for studies in the peculiarly interesting subject of folk-lore. In saying that Mr. Crane's book marks an epoch in this science in America, we do not forget what has already been done here,—the numerous publications of Dr. Daniel G. Brinton on the my-

thology and traditions of the early American races, the papers of Mr. John Fiske on Myths and Mythmakers (originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1867); but, for careful, accurate, and brilliant scholarship, we can compare it with nothing but the remarkable notes of Mr. Francis J. Child, in his edition of the English and Scottish Popular Ballads. It may be mentioned, by the way, that the best and largest collection of works on folk-lore and early popular literature accessible to the student is that in the library of Harvard College, obtained through the care of Mr. Child. Cornell University possesses a smaller collection, peculiarly rich in books relating to the Slavonic people and the races of Russia and Northern Asia.

Fairy tales had long been liked,—the *Piacevoli Notti* of Straparola, their first appearance in literature, was published in 1550, the *Pentamerone* of Basile in 1637, the charming *Contes de ma Mère Loyer* of Charles Perrault from 1691 to 1697, to say nothing of others,—but the scientific study of such stories, of traditions, superstitions, and popular customs, began with the publication in 1816 of the *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, collected by the brothers Grimm. Since 1840 such collections have been made everywhere, in nearly all countries, civilized and barbarous, and with

each new contribution the surprise increased at the wide diffusion of certain tales and certain types. The necessity grew also of rigorous scientific study of such tales, as expressions of the popular imagination, together with that of usages and beliefs that might seem to be derived from an earlier religion and an earlier stage of civilization. This branch of learning received the appropriate name of *folk-lore*; and so suitable is the word that it has been adopted bodily in several languages, and has such odd-looking derivatives as *folklorico* and *folklorismo*. For the convenience of scholars folk-lore societies have been founded in England, Sweden, Spain, and Italy during the past seven years, and several journals have been started for this specialty. These societies and these journals are very useful, because, although so much has been already done, more remains undone. The tales of the Aryan races show a similarity close enough to serve as proof that they all had a common origin; but how does the case stand with similar tales among people of non-Aryan race, with whom, such as Samoans and Zulus, no Aryan influence can be imagined? Until we have further data it is impossible to decide with certainty even the source of some of the commonest superstitions which govern us from our cradles, or of the customs which accompany the great festivals of the church.

The question of the origin of popular tales was the first to present itself as soon as it was noticed that the same story, differing only in local color or in the subordinate details, was to be found among peoples separated by long distances, and when it was seen that the whole body of tales could be reduced to certain types or formulas, admitting of endless variation within certain lines. The tale of Beauty and the Beast, for instance, exists in English, German, Danish, Norwegian, Russian, Bohemian, Serbian, Greek, Italian, Spanish, Portu-

guese, French, and Breton. These languages and races had a common origin; it seems reasonable, therefore, to conclude that this story was the common property of these peoples before they separated from their early Aryan home in Central Asia. Proofs for this theory, which was originally that of the brothers Grimm, were sought in the earliest literature of India, and Max Müller, with the Vedas in his hands, tried to explain such tales as degraded myths, chiefly solar, representing the conflict between light and darkness, the sun, night, and the dawn. By a disease and a corruption of language, by a forgetfulness of the original meanings of words, pure personifications of natural phenomena became mythical and popular heroes, just as the *Rikshas*, the "bright ones," became the constellations of the Bears. This theory seemed so plausible, and was urged with such eloquence, that it took strong hold, especially in England, where there prevailed an exaggerated opinion of Max Müller's learning. But the vagaries of some of his followers, like Sir George Cox, who wished to explain the Iliad and the Trojan war as a solar myth, soon began to excite distrust. The supporters of the mythic or philological theory were, besides, divided among themselves. Where the English school saw dawn myths, one German school under Kuhn saw fire myths, and another under Schwartz saw storm and thunder-cloud myths. The classical tale of Cupid and Psyche has been interpreted in all three ways with equal plausibility. But the tale of Cupid and Psyche is found among non-Aryan races; and that of Beauty and the Beast exists in much the same form among peoples as widely separated as the Mongols and the Kaffirs. Now, while it is pleasant to believe that an individual tale is a degraded myth from the Vedas, it is hard to admit this of all, and doubly hard to believe that "philological corruption" worked in exactly the same

way in languages of the most diverse nature, origin, and development. The philological school tells us that it is wrong to compare non-Aryan with Aryan myths; but while such a rule may hold good for vocabularies, it seems here rather an avoidance than a solution of the difficulty.

The same difficulty — that of widely diffused stories among different races — besets also, though in a less degree, the other chief theory, that of Benfey and Köhler, that our popular tales come from India, not in Aryan but in historic times, and that they have spread into Europe with every wave of influence circling from east to west. There are strong reasons for thinking that this diffusion of Eastern tales and legends, especially from the *Panchatantra* and the *Arabian Nights*, was due to commercial intercourse with the Mussulmans, but especially to the Crusades. The legend of Barlaam and Josaphat, saints of the Eastern church, came earlier, for it was written in the sixth or seventh century, and is clearly shown by Liebrecht and Veselofsky to be taken from the Indian legendary history of Buddha. Among the Mongols and some other races of Asia, where Buddhist missionaries have carried their religion, it is easy to understand the appearance of Indian tales and fables; but how can we account for similar stories in countries where contact has been almost impossible in historic times?

Mr. Andrew Lang, in his *Custom and Myth*, working on the anthropological method, has given still another theory, — that these concordances of usage and story are proofs of a certain early stage of development and culture through which all races pass, the Aryans as well as the Australians, and that they are therefore important to the psychological history of mankind. It must be admitted that his reasoning has great force.

All these theories may be partly true: some tales and legends may have been brought from the East, some may be degraded myths, and some may be part of that fund of imagination and fancy common to all mankind. The question of the diffusion of popular tales seems, however, just now to be more important than that of their origin. It is necessary to know not only the agencies by which tales were spread, but the directions they took. For instance, from the resemblance of the tales of the Siberian tribes to the Russian epic ballads, Mr. Stasof, contrary to previous writers, argues that his countrymen are of non-Aryan race. It is to this question of diffusion that Mr. Crane has of late directed his studies, although he gives but few hints of them in the volume before us.¹ In a paper in the *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society* for 1883, which has received very great and just praise and commendation in France and Germany, he gave some of the results of his researches among Mediaeval Sermon-Books, — an almost untrodden field of investigation, — and showed the great part played by the preachers of the Middle Ages.

With the exception of two stories discovered by Mr. Crane in the *Scala Coeli* of Joannes Gobijs, published in 1480 (see *Germania*, XVIII., New Series, page 203), variants of which may be found in the collection of Grimm, the first appearance of fairy tales in literature is, as has been already mentioned, in the books of Straparola and Basile. The former, Giovan Francesco Straparola of Caravaggio, is merely a name to us, except for his *Facetious Nights*. In these the author, in imitation of Boccaccio, represents that Francesca Gonzaga, daughter of the Duke of Milan, retires to Murano, and passes part of her exile in listening to stories told by the ladies and gentlemen of her court, some of

¹ *Italian Popular Tales*. By THOMAS FREDERICK CRANE, A. M., Professor of the Romance

Languages in Cornell University. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

whom, like Casali, Bembo, and Cappello, are otherwise known to fame. Out of seventy-four stories, twenty-two are popular tales. This book had such wide popularity that there were sixteen Italian editions between 1550 and 1608, and of the French translation there were fourteen editions between 1560 and 1726. The best now attainable is the reprint of the old French translation by Jean Louveau and Pierre de Larivey in Jannet's *Bibliothèque Elzevirienne* of 1857. Very little more is known about Giambattista Basile, or, as he wrote his name in anagram, Gian Alesio Abbatutis. He had spent part of his early life in Crete, whence perhaps he brought some of his stories, and was the brother of the celebrated singer "la bella Adriana," whose daughter Leonora is praised in three of Milton's Latin epigrams. The fifty tales of his *Pentamerone*, all of them genuine popular tales, are written in the Neapolitan dialect, but are full of the conceits of that age of *conceitti*. To us that heightens their flavor. One is at a loss at times to know if they are inserted for ornament or as satire. The book had an undoubted influence upon French literature. There is a good English translation of thirty of the best stories by John Edward Taylor, with charming illustrations by Cruikshank, — still the best fairy-book that we know for children.

Notwithstanding the popularity of these two books at the time, they produced but one imitation, Mr. Crane tells us, *La Posillecheata*, five coarse stories in the Neapolitan dialect, by Pompeo Sarnelli, Bishop of Bisceglie, which was first published in 1684, and is now forgotten. Nearly two hundred years passed before other collections of popular tales were made in Italy, this time from the mouths of the people. De Gubernatis, Widter, Wolf, Knust, Laura Gonzenbach, Miss Busk, Comparetti, and Imbriani have all done their share, but the best work is due to Dr. Giu-

seppe Pitre, of Palermo, whose collection of *Fiabe, Novelle e Racconti*, is otherwise valuable to the student of language, as giving an excellent exposition of the Sicilian dialect. For that alone it is worth study. One interesting peculiarity of these recent collections is the care which has been taken to represent popular forms and terms of speech, for very many of the stories have been taken down in short-hand. Pitre, in the preface to the work mentioned, gives an entertaining account of some of the old women from whom he heard the tales. One of these, Agata Messina, who had been heard by many interested in the lore, died only last June.

The Italian, and especially the Sicilian, stories are particularly interesting, because, owing to the constant relations of Italy with the East, we ought to catch many of them on their passage and in their earliest European forms. A remarkable example of such is the tale of the Parrot, in the book before us.

If we have dwelt chiefly on the scholarly merits of Mr. Crane's book, with its copious notes and bibliography, it is because the interest of the tales themselves, which he has translated for us, is such that they need no praise or explanation. It would be easy to catch, but hard to express,* the enthusiasm of an audience of both old and young, who have already heard most of them twice. We miss, however, the local color found in the tales of some other peoples. Consisting, with the exception of the characteristic introductions and endings, in picturesque words of picturesque dialects, rather than in local details, it is necessarily lost in translation. It would seem as if the old women of Italy had inherited the logical lucidity of the old Latin, and had desired to give the facts of their wonderful stories without extraneous ornament.

For local color we must turn to the stories of a kindred people, the Roumanians, who have been subjected to quite

other influences.¹ The tales themselves are rich in details which bring up even the physical aspect of the country, and in poetic and imaginative expressions which show the influence of the Slav upon the Latin race. It is this poetic

side which makes the Roumanian tales different from those of the rest of Europe, and we are willing to agree with the Roumanian poet Alecsandri that it was the hearing of such stories that chiefly contributed to make him a poet.

TENNYSON: THE CONSERVATIVE.

NEARLY all the poems in Tennyson's new volume² have been published separately in periodicals, and were from time to time greeted by the popular press as the Laureate's latest inanity. Yet a book of like finish and strength would bring any unknown poet into the front rank without a dissenting voice, and this one itself will adorn the company in which Tennyson's name will secure it a place for a period to which the criticism of our age can assign no limit. The art of the master, the perfect control of modulated language for poetic ends, pervades the whole; some great themes, so treated as to develop the wisdom of great ideas, are here; and, more conspicuous in the lesser verses, the grace, ease, and sureness of an exquisitely refined mind make an element of pleasant attraction. The lack of recognition of these things on the part of the public suggests that the decline of poetry is not wholly the fault of the singers. It is not without justice, however, that the rude general decision is recorded against Tennyson's old-age work; that the people refuse, and will continue to refuse, these latter-day poems, especially in America.

For one thing, it is exceptionally limited in its appeal, — the outgrowth, in many parts, of his personal relations as a man and as an Englishman. It opens with a tribute to his friend, Mr. Fitzger

ald, a charmingly natural copy of epistolary verses, familiar, reminiscent, with a touch of humor and also of the soberness of life's closing day, — the greeting of an old man to the friend of his youth who has aged with him. It was sent by his son's hand, and inclosed the poem *Tiresias*, written long ago; but before the missive arrived the host was dead. And so a third copy of verses follows, memorial stanzas, appreciative, somewhat pathetic, calm, and mild. The whole is a threefold sheaf upon his friend's grave. The unfortunately entitled *Charge of the Heavy Brigade* has likewise its prologue of a rhymed note of dedication to General Hamley, commemorating a visit from him, and an apologetic epilogue replying to some "girl-graduate" who would have the lyre struck only in praise of peace; and dangling from this is still another stanza, repelling the commonplace reproach that songs are not deeds. The group, taken together, is rambling matter. Then there are some prefatory stanzas for his brother's poems, not without a stroke or two on the higher chords, but how different from the childhood tablet in honor of the same love in *In Memoriam*! And, later, there is the inscription written for Lord Dufferin's Tower, at his request. As one reads these various bits, the memory revives in him of the

¹ *Roumanian Fairy Tales*. Collected by MITE KREMNITZ. Adapted and arranged by J. M. PERCIVAL. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1885.

² *Tiresias and other Poems*. By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, D. C. L., P. L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

old-style days when the poet used his art in every-day intercourse with agreeable acquaintances, and handed about the manuscripts: they belong to the leisure moments of a cultivated life, and their place is with the personal records, the letters and acts of courtesy, of their author; they are the courtliness of literature. Others, besides those mentioned, have their source in the lettered life: the tribute to Catullus, a most graceful exercise; that to Virgil, with a Roman magnificence and amplitude, — a poem for whose perfection no critical praise suffices; and the concluding sonnet, in which Tennyson laments because the sacred poets are “swampy with themselves.” The audience for such pieces as these must be small. They presuppose a special taste, a rarity even of modern culture. If the poet would take all hearts with him he must steer his lonely bark to other seas, where — in the metaphor which our imagination cannot clarify — he will be in no danger of swamping from Virgil, Horace, and Catullus.

To be treated as a friend and a scholar by Tennyson is not a hard lot, though the public are barred out. To be treated as an Englishman is something which we have no shadow of right to object to. If the Princess and the Queen were nearer to us, the lines in which the residence of the young wife with her mother is turned into a curious astronomical vision might seem more than merely court business; and if the changes of English political life appeared more dangerously revolutionary than our experience of democracy allows, the ferment of popular distrust that disturbs some of the poems might be thought less unfortunate. Tennyson's patriotic verses hitherto have celebrated deeds and principles which touched us through their native nobility, or some community with our own civic life or our historical sympathy with England's past; but in the present volume he deals mainly with political

moods, and now and then exhibits signs of irascibility with the young democracy, as if he were tempted to drop into plain, outright, denunciatory prose. The temper of this portion is most simply shown in the lines to the Duke of Argyll, who is idealized as representing the element of order in change, — to speak unpoetically, the brakes on the wheels when the curve of progress discloses a down grade; and this conservatism has been unthinkingly associated with the poet's elevation to the peerage. Tennyson, however, was always a conservative in this sense. His well-worn phrase about “the red fool-fury of the Seine” measures his English hatred of Celtic politics. The idea of Liberty, and of the people which is her charge, impresses his imagination, and the distress of the lot of the English poor has enlisted his sympathy; but he was never so full of the divine rage that he would pour out the Flood and make the past an antediluvian memory, nor of the divine hope that he would sing the New Song before the millennium was in fact established at Westminster without disturbance in Lombard Street. The past glory of England, which has been so largely the illumination of his genius, has a deeper hold upon him than modern ideas; and from early days he has exhibited the repugnance of a sensitive mind to the coarse thumb of the mob — see with what fierceness it breaks out here in the splendid vigor of *The Dead Prophet* — and the aristocratic temper of an idealizing nature. There is no change of accent in his later utterances about Freedom that we can discern. The “dark ages of the popular press,” as he calls our age in his prosiest line, were probably a topic of conversation years ago with his friend Carlyle. The only difference is that when he names Liberty now, he immediately begins to think about her sister Order, and he is very anxious that the latter should not be discriminated against. For him the

great civil principles seem to have descended from the ideal, and to have got confused with temporal measures; so that even when he sets out to write a sort of imperial chorus, *Hands All Round*, for the mother country, the conquered provinces, and the colonies to join in, it becomes, instead of a triumphal hymn of greatness, a plea for the integrity of the combination and no retreat on the frontiers. The secret of the weakness of poetry of this kind is that it springs from prudential considerations which lie in the region of the practical judgment and of shifting circumstance, too narrow and changeful to serve for ideal motives. These odes, or stanzas, or blank verse are as truly occasional pieces as if they were written for a banquet of the Whig peers. The four lines of General Gordon's admirable epitaph are worth whole octavos of these poems, which, whether they "wander from the public good" or not, are in fact a "party-cry."

The remainder of this volume is addressed really to the public, and to the whole of it on both sides of the water. Attention has been most attracted by the two poems which are concerned with questions or aspects of religious faith, *Despair* and *The Ancient Sage*. The latter is impaired by being cast in a duplex form, and consists of two poems in different measures, interrupting each other: one in which the youthful disciple develops the pleasurelessness of life on an atheistic theory, the other in which the wise and metaphysical old man makes a running commentary on the first. In *Despair* the treatment is less didactic, and the ballad form, in which Tennyson has always exhibited his dramatic power most successfully, helps. In substance it is meant to light up in a lurid way the darkness of a sect-creed on the one hand, and of a science-creed on the other, and between the two the man goes crazy; under the circumstances it was the only sane thing for

him to do. In both of these pieces, and in detached passages elsewhere, the hostility of Tennyson to the materialistic tendencies in the science and speculation of the age is pronounced, and has been commented on not so much because of the thing said as of the temper of the saying. Here, too, as in the political verse, one feels that Tennyson would be a stern antagonist if he were in the arena instead of a crowned spectator by the inactive throne. His words have less the rush of poetry than the violence of controversy. But one must remark that, as in matters of state, so in matters of faith, this conservatism is no new thing; since he came to his belief, in *In Memoriam*, he has steadily become more settled in his reliance on a divine element in the universe in intimate relations of Providence to man. With this we are concerned only as it affects his poetry, and that is really a small matter; for the comparative failure of such work as *Despair* to take hold of the public is not due to its jealous attitude toward so-called modern thought, but to an artistic defect. The ballad, as has just been said, is Tennyson's best dramatic form. In it his force gets swing. In the present case, however, in order to justify the passion which was compelling expression, he was obliged to create exceptional incidents and a situation too plainly invented for set purposes. The imagination is not taken captive, does not believe the alleged basis of fact, but, on the contrary, the reason detects an artifice. If the supposed case be voluntarily accepted as real, the vehement declamation becomes natural, and the poem great; but for the public the imaginative acceptance must always be involuntary, and hence arises the tremendous power of passion in poetry when it is evolved from the common things of our experience. A similar reason is to be assigned for the weakness among the people of the two ballads which deal

with domestic infelicity, of marriage in one case and of betrothal in the other. There is in both these a seeming tampering with the facts for the sake of effect: an obvious over-emphasis of a sea-landscape in one, where the poetic passion is brought to its focus in the midst of a storm by the novelist's *deus ex machina* of having two deaths happen in the distant places at the right time; and in the other an equally obvious over-emphasis of a mood with which sympathy must be imperfect, because the facts that might sustain it are practically suppressed. The dramatic power of Tennyson is so intense that it needs, for its working, a situation of rare emotional capability, and at the same time not too strange, such as he had, for example, in the marvelous ballad of Rizpah. His grasp in these last poems is so strong that he seems to crush what he touches.

Much better are the two ballads not yet mentioned, — the pieces in dialect that belong to what is sometimes called *genre* work. Together with the new idyl, Balin and Balan, and the Tiresias, and the battle lyric of the Heavy Brigade, they are the distinctly poetic work of the volume, unadulterated by any admixture of religion, politics, court compliment, temporal occasions, public or private, or even personal friendship not lifted into universal meaning. The Irish ballad is, after the lines to Virgil, the most perfectly wrought poem in the volume; and the English ballad, though without the typical power of the earlier characters that have used Tennyson's dialect, has a rustic interest of the Dutch interior kind. For the sake of completeness, let it be said that Balin and Balan, of which the morality is profound, suffers by being made the body-piece of this volume; in its place among the great idyls, its low relief and simple action will find their artistic necessity. It is unjust to judge an incident of the frieze as if it were a figure of the pediment.

We have reviewed, as we had no thought of doing at the start, nearly all the poems in this volume. Its various power must strike every careful reader; and if there are infelicities in the choice of some subjects and in the poetic form of others, and limitations inherent in many of them which must deprive them of popular currency, nevertheless, let us not forget that there is but one living man who could afford us imaginative work of this order. That the volume is less than the last one, which gave us Rizpah, Grenville, and Columbus, may be readily granted, as that was less than its predecessors. Time has counted, no doubt. "Old age hath yet his honor and his due;" and instead of the charm and might of manhood we have the ease, the less exacting art, the more fragmentary and less selected thought, of less vigorous years. For our own part, we have found delight and profit in this last collection as in all that went before, and the alleged conservatism of the peer has proved a familiar thing, — not that of a convert, or that of a declining life, but that of the poet who has always been impressed by the values that a great national past has established, and who fears that the builders of the new future will care less for the beauty and righteousness which he has spent his life in praising. His fears we cannot share. Beauty and righteousness are not conspicuous, in the present state of England, to the eyes of an American. The duty of "the best conservative" is not confined, in his phrase, to the lopping of branches, but involves, we silently think, the laying of the Gladstonian axe to a few roots. This is outside our tether, however; and we close this insufficient criticism — as what criticism of great poetry was ever sufficient? — with advising those who talk of Tennyson's "inanities" to silence their sounding brass for a while, and diligently discover whether their ears are for hearing or for ornament.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

FROM time to time my attention has been attracted to comments in newspapers and elsewhere upon the expediency or in expediency of masculine pseudonyms as employed by the literary sisterhood. The practice is frequently defended on the ground that the woman who adopts a masculine signature secures thereby a more impersonal consideration than if her productions were known to be "woman's work," and is accordingly judged by a more indulgent set of criteria. Also, it is argued that if the individual woman have an inclination to take up some line of thought not yet generally pursued by her sisters, she will be best able to carry her free lance by donning a manly visor. Some commentators on the practice have gone so far as to justify it on the ground that the literary wares of men receive a better market price than do those of women. It is not my purpose to look into the validity of these and similar arguments vindicating the use of the masculine pseudonym, but I venture to suggest what has hitherto been overlooked, — the utility of the feminine pseudonym as adopted by writers of the opposite sex. With no intention to disparage that which by exact antithesis might be termed "man's work in literature," it may be remarked, I trust, that one now and then meets both prose and verse which, lacking the highest virility, suffers through being accompanied by a too robust signature. It will be readily seen that a certain protective advantage would be gained for such weaklings if they were put forth over some feminine pen-name. For instance, should the bardic youth, conscious of feebleness in his song, subscribe himself "Laura Matilda," he would be tolerably well insured against critical archery, which rarely aims at a mark so deprecatory.

But there is another phase of the question, — one that has to do with philanthropy and chivalry rather than with selfish expediency. Consider to what an extent the current estimate placed upon woman's literary productions would be raised if able writers of the stronger sex should frequently make use of feminine pseudonyms. The question even becomes one of conscience, if we admit as true the statement that the writings of women are underpaid. It would be genuine chivalry and benevolence if man would consent to submit his work to the same level of pecuniary depreciation. His frequent adoption of a feminine pen-name would probably tend to bring about a more equitable system of appraisal and remuneration. I shall be glad if the suggestions here thrown out shall be related even remotely to the accomplishment of a needed reform; and in pursuance of these suggestions I should, if the Club permitted the use of signatures, beg to subscribe myself, self-sacrificingly, *Astræa*.

— It is not that the outside world is so wearisome; the trouble is with the monotony of our own minds. They are only music-boxes, after all, that play the same tunes, over and over. They are, in fact, like some queer species of music-box that should suppose itself to be infinite in variety, and be always expecting to play a wonderful new tune the next minute. It is really vexatious to find, if we set a watch on ourselves, that from the moment of waking, each morning, we take up the same old programme of interests, ideas of people and things, mind-pictures, and what not; and the inner life of every hour, as we go along through the forenoon and afternoon, copies the corresponding hour of the previous day with painful exactness.

At least, I myself confess to that; " 't is so in Denmark." To a certain extent, no doubt, this mental repetition is due to the repetition of outside impressions. When we open our eyes on waking, for instance, there is the same eastern light through the same half-closed window, the familiar pillow and bed drapery, the pictured Madonna that has always hung on the opposite wall, and the friendly favorite books upon the little table. So the mind, as it begins to glimmer out of the mists of sleepiness, naturally moulds itself, as usual, upon this wonted *ensemble* of surroundings. The face, or the faces, never failing to appear at this hour to the mind's eye punctually reappear; the past scene—mournful, or delightful, or bitter-sweet—that habitually comes back renews itself as ever; the mind's day begins, with the same mingling of the old regret, the old plan, the old discouragement, the old rousing of the will; the music-box commences to play its tune. So, when one gets to be aware of this, he may look forward to each accustomed place and act of the day, and see a certain set of ideas waiting for him. He sits down in the prescribed chair as the clock strikes, and finds he has seated himself also among a throng of mental activities, the same as the day before, the *genies* of the place. He takes a certain invariable attitude, and dips a pen in the usual inkstand, and finds he has at the same moment taken a wonted mental attitude toward things in general, and has dipped his pen into a flood of habitual ideas. I am not sure that, when a man so much as puts up an umbrella, he does not put up with it a hovering cloud of notions that have their regular habitation in its folds. We all remember the pathetic declaration of the old man, that he was "so tired of putting on his shoes in the morning, and taking them off again at night." It was not the shoes of which he was so tired!

It is on this account that it is almost always good advice to a person suffering from disaster, or overwhelming sorrow, to "go away somewhere." The new surroundings give the mind a chance, at least, to get free from its besetting thoughts and moods; and it is strange and pitiful, sometimes, to see how, on returning and opening the door, the old trouble steps out and takes one by the hand and leads him in.

Are we not all driven to wonder, first or last, that our friends do not get more weary of us, when we get so weary of ourselves? But then, fortunately, they do not often have us by the twenty-four hours together, as we do ourselves. As to those who are not particularly our friends, it is not strange that they do not find us any more interesting. We cannot blame them. It is a natural and healthy desire, this craving for something a little fresh and new. We may sometimes feel a kind of apologetic sense of our monotonous aspect in their eyes. We may say, under our breath, as we meet their accustomed faces on our beaten tracks along the pavement, "Here I am again, the same old sixpence! I wish, for your sakes, I were something different, but here I am again!" And one may even feel moved, of an autumn afternoon, to put his feeling about it into some such verse as we shall venture to append to this fragmentary meditation:—

MY REFUGE.

Down to the flowing river I betake me,
With my dark mood, in these my clouded days.
I cannot meet the face of men; they make me
Blush for my dolorous look and moping ways.

They have no melancholy thoughts, because
They have no thoughts: they eat, and drink,
and sleep;
No darkling mystery of being draws
Their eyes, that never shine and never weep.

They count my silence as a kind of sin,
Resent my difference as 't were a crime;
They almost make me wish myself their kin,
And I am strange and old before my time.

So to the flowing river I betake me,
Down where it flashes through the dusk of firs;
A lonely little hermitage I make me,
Where nothing but the wren or squirrel stirs.

Here I am not ashamed to bring each day
The same old thoughts, the same old mournful
dream;

The waves that heard this morning did not stay,
And yesternight's already seaward stream.

— There recently fell into my hands a little book entitled *Sylvian*, a Tragedy, and Poems, by John Philip Varley. It was so unpretending in appearance that its modesty was a plea for tolerance, but the first glance at its contents showed that it was not to be judged by externals in any way. *Sylvian* takes up half the volume; the rest consists of poems, of which the most striking are, *The River of Dreams*, *The Wayside Virgin*, *Bal-lad of the Three Winds*, *Pan Fleeing before Apollo*, *Written at the End of a Book*, with the more usual themes of *Absence*, *A Picture*, *The Flower*, *The Cloud*, and a *quant. suf.* of songs and sonnets. On turning over the leaves, my first impression was that somebody had been printing selections from his favorite poets, the Elizabethans, Blake, Shelley, Keats, Browning, Matthew Arnold, the Persians Omar Khayyam and Mirza Schaffy as interpreted by Fitzgerald and Bodenstedt. It did not take long to see that the resemblance was more a result of influence than of imitation; where the likeness was strongest, the boldness, not the servility, of the copy was most apparent. For a study of Shelley take the morsel called *Corinthus* :—

"She lives where the mountains are
A blue wave against the air,
Where the amber fountains are
Things than crystal twice as fair.

There, ah there,
She doth walk the skyey hills upon,
Like a far distant flashing of the dawn."

Of Keats, Faun and Oread, a fragment :—

"Quick he caught
The graceful girl, and quicker than 't is thought
She sat upon his shoulder : one strong arm
Around her limbs he put ; in sweet alarm
She sank together, and cowering in fear

Clasps with both tiny hands his matted hair ;
Whereat he laughed, and, hearing him, she too
'Gan laugh a little fearful laugh, and woo
To be let down, — but he toward that same place
Where first appeared her eager, rosy face
Full quickly sped, and ere I did guess
The gentle lady's white-limbed loveliness,
The Faun's broad back, the bearer and the
borne,
Grew in the wood all distant and forlorn,
A wasting dream, a knell that hath been rung,
Ah me ! the fairest pair that poet ever sung !"

Of Blake, *Love's Hopes* :—

"I'll think no more thereon, but live and hope !
And whereas all my dreamy trees do blow
And blossoms bear,
And all my blossoms smell and glow
And are most fair,
Then hope shall bodied be below,
And gay green wear,
And I shall live with joy, and know
Her eyes and air !
No more I'll think thereon, no more, no more,
And if my shadowy trees should fall, or fail
In slow decay,
While all my ruddy blossoms pale
Like dreams away,
Then shall I sing down some deep dale
Far from the day :
I too was once a bough and greenly hale
That now am gray !"

Of Bodenstedt's *Mirza Schaffy* :—

"If thou hast wings, so use them ;
If thou hast legs, walk with them ;
If thou hast foes, abuse them ;
If thou hast friends, talk with them.

"If thou hast gifts, so bring them ;
If thou hast debts, so pay them ;
If thou hast songs, so sing them ;
If thou hast sorrows, slay them !"

Of Browning and Lowell combined, the following passage (the only good one), in *Ziek Stedfast* on poets in general and himself in particular :—

"The words begin to come right in,
Like sheaves you feed in a thrashin' machine;
When the chaff goes one way, and the wheat
Comes out at t'other end all complete :
Just likewise so when I begin
Really to do it, the words go in
Somewhere behind all jumbled, but in time
One end spills chaff and t'other end rhyme."

Many poets of the most vivid originality have seemed at first mere *Æolian* harps under the breath of a stronger genius, and the same may be said of some of the greatest masters in every

art. Beethoven wrote pages that may be mistaken for Mozart and Haydn; Raphael's early pictures might pass for Perugino's; a famous portrait assigned for centuries to Titian is now given to his teacher, Palma the elder. The phenomenon is too well known to need illustration. One great difference between Philip Varley and the general run of versifiers is that if their imitations excel at all it is most often in facility and felicity, while he is much less remarkable for those qualities than for energy and audacity. His rhythm is often rough and uneven, his rhyme imperfect, his metre faulty, the sequence or repetition of syllables unmusical, betraying a defective ear; yet after the smooth-flowing rondels and triolets with which we have lately been inundated, this harshness is a relief, a stump to cling to and rest upon. It is none the less a defect, and so are his mannerisms, of which he has as many as he has masters, and among them a trick of repeating words or phrases, as in the poem of *The Cloud*, which is given entire for the sake of its beauty rather than its blemishes:—

"I saw a silver cloud at even-tide,
At even-tide a little silver cloud;
With outstretched, moveless wings, a paly dove
She sailed towards the west, and thus she said:

"Ah! joy was mine; he bathed me in his beams,
He bathed me in his beams, and all day long
Over a thousand fields, a thousand groves,
My happy shadow floated like a dream.

"Kiss! kiss once more my lips, my pallid lips;
Bring me once more the blush I knew at morn;
Cast thou thine arms about me, ere I die,
Ere in a mist of tears I melt away!"

"While yet she spake her cloudy pallor changed,
And she became a wreath of flaming fire
That did to scorn the sober evening star;
But ah! she darkened visibly as she went.

"Slowly she darkened, slowly, till she was
Whiter than ashes or the face of death.
Then came a cold, low wind, and breathed on
her;
She in a mist of tears did melt away."

None of these examples give an adequate idea of a vigor and concentration which, though not frequent, occur too

positively in Philip Varley's verses to be overlooked in an estimate of them. The following are instances:—

"Could I say in a song how I love thee! Oh, could
I declare
How precious thou art in mine eyes, how perfect,
how fair!
And yet though I cannot—I shall—one pressure
of fire
From my lips to thy lips shall tell thee the whole
of desire."

"This is the end of the Book
Written by God.
I am the earth he took,
I am the sod,
The wood and iron he struck
With his sounding rod.

"I am the reed that he blew:
Once quietly
By the river-side I grew,
Till one day he
Rooted me up, and breathed a new
Delirium in me."

It must be admitted that if there be not original power of production, the power of reproduction amounts to force; it is very unusual to hear so strong and resonant an echo.

Besides the minor faults already mentioned, which Philip Varley must correct before he can take a place in the ranks of sweet singers, and among which is bad grammar, there are more serious ones,—incoherency, obscurity, absence of aim, purpose, definiteness, conclusion; the poems are not only for the most part fragmentary, but convey no notion of a possible form. To go deeper, they lack personality; a child of the age is speaking, but he is one of a million. A profound love of Nature and familiarity with her is the only individual tendency to be discerned, and this is proved not only by fine descriptions, but by many faithful, subtle touches. This, however, is no distinctive merit either in the prose or poetry of the present century. Of youth, too, one is aware, and it is long since anybody has called so loudly from the midst of its *Sturm und Drang*. There is a ferment which throws up foam and not a little scum; all well enough if it works itself clear in the

end. The author, in a note at the end of the book, which would be in better place at the beginning as a preface to Sylvian, speaks of "the dross of youth and defect of immaturity" as things to be remembered in judging this work. In allowing for these drawbacks it makes an important difference whether he is nineteen or twenty-five. For instance, it would be excusable only in a collegian to choose Spain in the seventeenth century, a country and period of which he avows his ignorance, as the theatre of a tragedy meant to represent "the passions and morals, the characters and customs, of the generation that is about us," and, moreover, to give it in the phraseology of the Elizabethan drama. There are bursts of force and fire in Sylvian, and striking situations. Of its value as an acting play only a theatrical critic can

judge. One patent defect to a literary judgment is the want of clearness both in conception and expression, and the absence of motive for the conduct of the personages. Olivia, the heroine, alone justifies herself; the rest have to be forced up to her pitch to carry on the action.

In summing up my impressions of John Philip Varley's first volume I find that I must wait for the second before coming to a conclusion. If there should never be a second, the fact will speak for itself; if there should, every one will know whether we have a new poet or not. Meanwhile, he has much to learn,—to know what he wishes to say, to say it clearly, to scan his metre and not give short measure, to prune his redundancy, and to complete at least one poem which shall be entirely his own.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature and Criticism. Italian Popular Tales, by Thomas Frederick Crane. (Houghton.) This collection, drawn from the best Italian sources, is the first comprehensive one which has appeared in English. It is interesting to see how divided the author is in his apprehension of his audience. His own interest is a double one: he is a scholar, curious for comparative folk-lore, but he is also a humanist, delighted with the stories which he finds. He follows Grimm in this respect, and though he does not go to individual sources for his stories, his temper and his purpose are much the same as those of the pioneers. — Sartor Resartus appears in a neat form as one of a series of Carlyle's choice books. (Estes & Lauriat.) — Seed Thoughts for the Growing Life, from Robert Browning and others, selected for the use of teachers and the help of children and parents, by Mary E. Burt (The Colegrove Book Co., Chicago): a little pamphlet of sixty pages, drawn from a teacher's experience in providing short, pithy sayings for children to learn. The apothegms have the advantage of being unhackneyed. — The Ethics of George Eliot's Works, by the late John Crombie Brown, with an introduction by Charles Gordon Ames. (George H. Buchanan & Co., Philadelphia.) Mr. Brown, whom readers of George Eliot's Life will remember, finds a common ground in the novels and in historic Christianity which will be likely to sur-

prise some who have looked upon George Eliot as a post-Christian. — The Wanderings of Ulysses, by C. Witt, translated by Frances Younghusband, has been published in Harper's Handy Series: a more close rendering of Homer than Lamb's Adventures of Ulysses, but not, we think, in such graceful English. — The Enchiridion of Criticism is the title given to a small volume intended to contain the best criticisms on the best authors of the nineteenth century, edited by William Shepard. (Lippincott.) The collection is not especially important. Too many persons are treated, from too few points of view. The book is rather for the curious than the inquiring and studious. — The Wit of Women, by Kate Sanborn (Funk & Wagnalls): a volume of selections from the writings of women, connected by running comments. Miss Sanborn's notion of wit seems strained sometimes. We doubt if much of the material would be collected if there were any intention of showing wit in general, and we do not see the precise feminine quality in the book. — A Layman's Study of the English Bible considered in its literary and secular aspect, by Francis Bowen. (Scribners.) In this study, which was originally given as lectures to an academic audience, Professor Bowen makes a vigorous plea for the study of the King James version as a part of liberal education. In doing this, he intends to keep to the Bible as a work of

literature, but it is interesting to see how inevitably he is drawn into discussions of morals, history, and to some extent religion. — Corneille's *Tragedy Polyuctus*, the Christian Martyr, has been translated into English blank verse by Walter Federan Nokes. (Schoenhof, Boston.) The French and English are given on parallel pages. — *The Great Poets as Religious Teachers*, by John H. Morison (Harpers): a thoughtful little volume, in which the author wisely goes to Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, and others for those intimations of the religious nature of man which evade the student who relies for his discovery of human life upon the demonstrations of physical nature. — *Literature*, by Herman Grimm. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) Miss Sarah H. Adams has translated a number of Grimm's essays on Emerson, France and Voltaire, Albert Dürer, Voltaire and Frederick the Great, and other subjects. The freshness of Grimm's mind, the candor and generosity, together with his substantial learning, make his judgments worth attention. He has the advantage of being able to look at the subjects he chooses from something more than a strictly German point of view. — *What we Really Know about Shakespeare*, by Mrs. C. H. Dall. (Roberts.) Mrs. Dall has brought together in convenient form the accessible facts about Shakespeare, and has added such conjectures of her own as seem to her in keeping with these facts. She confesses her indebtedness to Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, but does not always agree with him. The book has rather a helter-skelter look, with its succession of scrappy notes, that bear slight typographical relation to the main essay. — Mr. Augustin Daly has issued an interesting *brochure* containing a fac-simile reprint of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, with a prompt-copy of the comedy as played at his theatre. Mr. William Winter contributes to the volume a delightful essay on Falstaff and various of his interpreters.

Travel and Nature. Through Spain, a Narrative of Travel and Adventure in the Peninsula, by S. P. Scott. (Lippincott.) Much of the ground traversed in this volume is a tolerably new field for tourists, the writer is a good narrator, and the illustrations are pleasing, especially those of architectural subjects. Altogether the book is a creditable addition to our literature of travel. — *The Queen's Empire*, or *Ind and her Pearl*, by Joseph Moore, Jr. (Lippincott): a narrative of travel in Hindustan, somewhat dry and uninviting, with phototype illustrations, which have the dullness of the photograph and the indistinctness of the lithograph. — *Chosön, the Land of the Morning Calm*, a sketch of Korea, by Percival Lowell. (Ticknor.) Mr. Lowell had a new subject, and he has treated it with a leisurely regard for all its possibilities. We have to thank him for a handsome volume with interesting illustrations, and if the style of writing is somewhat discursive and Mr. Lowell seems to wander a little from a straightforward narrative, the reader may remember that the Koreans are in no hurry, and he may well appropriate some of their temper. — Along Alaska's Great River, a popular account

of the travels of the Alaska Exploring Expedition of 1883 along the great Yukon River from its source to its mouth, in the British Northwest Territory, and in the Territory of Alaska, by Frederick Schwatka. (Cassell.) The expedition included a raft journey of over thirteen hundred miles. Mr. Schwatka is an experienced northern traveler, and shows in this book his energy and determination in overcoming obstacles. He clears up many points in Alaskan geography, and gives one a distinct impression of the country scenically, though hardly of its resources. The engravings are intelligible, but rather rude. — *Japanese Homes and their Surroundings*, by Edward S. Morse (Ticknor): a delightful book and a distinct addition to our intimate knowledge of the Japanese, because the writer has confined himself to a subject capable of being treated comprehensively, and because he writes from a sympathetic position, and one of familiar acquaintance. — *The Greek Islands and Turkey after the War*, by Henry M. Field. (Scribners.) Dr. Field writes with the advantage of a traveler who has been over the ground twice, and has in his second visit a special errand. He carries with him also his old disposition to moralize upon his theme, but it is only just to say that there is for the most part a pretty straightforward story.

Politics and Sociology. *The Origin of Republican Form of Government in the United States of America*, by Oscar S. Straus (Putnams): a thoughtful little book, but somewhat off the track, owing to the author's persistent regard of the war for independence as a revolution. If he had called it an evolution, he would not have missed so many plain truths. He also seems to have overlooked not only the germs of local and representative government in English politics, but the familiarity of the Puritans with Geneva. — *The Woman's Department of the World's Exposition at New Orleans* has issued a Report and Catalogue (Rand, Avery & Co., Boston), in which the industry of women finds some slight recognition. By means of the classification by States it is possible to reach some conclusion as to the comparative enterprise in this form of the different parts of the country. — *Dust Ho! and other Pictures from Troubled Lives*, by H. A. Forde and her sisters (S. P. C. K., London; Youngs, New York): a sympathetic account of a dozen church institutions in London for the care of the neglected. The sketches are free from statistical dreariness, and are mainly the report of an intelligent visitor. — *The Industrial Situation and the Question of Wages*, a study in social physiology, by J. Schoenhof. (Putnams.) The conclusion reached by the author is that with free competition with other nations, that is, by the abrogation of duties on materials, American industries could create an unbounded market all over the world. He does not appear to consider the possibility of self-protective measures on the part of other nations, but it would not be by any means surprising if the adoption of the policy of free trade on the part of America should result in a protective policy on the part of England.

MARCH, 1886

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN
AND COMPANY

Boston
Office
4 Park
Street

New York
Office
11 East 17th
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BOSTON AND NEW YORK
1886

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Hiberside Press
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Frank's Rancho.



AN English gentleman who has a son on a rancho in the far West visited him last year, and in a book entitled "Frank's Rancho" he tells the story of this visit and of his observations. The sub-title, "My Holiday in the Rockies, being a Contribution to the Inquiry what we are to do with our Boys," will suggest what was in the writer's mind while on this interesting tour. The book is written with much spirit, and, with its forty illustrations, is one of the freshest and most engaging of recent books of travel.

A Beautiful New Book of Poems.

Under the title "Verses : Translations and Hymns" has just appeared an unusually attractive little volume containing poems and translations by the Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia. His large and accurate scholarship, joined with his gift of admirable poetic expression, gives to his translations a value and grace which translations very rarely possess ; and his hymns are unsurpassed in loftiness and purity of tone, and in profound serenity and trustfulness of spirit. The intrinsic charm of this little book is well matched by its external beauty.

Crane's Italian Popular Tales.

Professor Crane's book is welcomed as a book of excellent scholarship, and yet as possessing qualities to attract unusual popular interest. *The Dial*, of Chicago, pronounces it "remarkable for completeness and for thoroughness of execution. For the scientific study of folk-lore nothing could be better adapted. . . . As a collection of stories, for children and grown-up children, it is equally admirable."

The *Literary World*, of Boston, says : —

The book will be found a storehouse of treasures by parents in search of stories for fairy-loving children, as well as by students who like to trace points of resemblance in the folk-lore of different nations.

Vedder's Omar Khayyám.

The remarkable illustrations made by Mr. Vedder for the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám have commanded no less admiration in England than in America. The *Saturday Review* remarks : "The highest praise is due to

Mr. Elihu Vedder for his arrangement and illustration of the poem. In fact, it is not easy to call to mind any series of designs in contemporary art which can be said to take higher rank than this." The price of the *de luxe* edition has been advanced to \$150. The other edition is still \$25.00.

Life of Ole Bull. Cheaper Edition.

A new and popular edition has just been published of the excellent biography of Ole Bull, written by Mrs. Sara C. Bull. It contains the fine steel portrait and all the illustrations included in the original edition, and is in every respect a very desirable library book, although the price has been reduced from \$2.50 to \$1.50. As the *Springfield Republican* said of the book: "Ole Bull's personality was marked and powerful; and he inspired affection by his character, not less than admiration by his musical genius. It is like reading an illuminated chronicle of European history to follow the details of his art life."

A Unique Writer of Fiction.

The *Home Journal*, of New York, pronounces Mrs. Whitney "one of our most unique American writers," and "all her works permeated with a high purpose, fresh, original, and helpful," and adds:—

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The *Church Press*, of New York, commends "Bonnyborough" for school libraries as well as the family circle, calling it "an entertaining and instructive story, full of incident and character all admirably portrayed." The *Worcester Spy* finds in it "all the qualities that have made Mrs. Whitney's former novels so popular." The *Boston Transcript* remarks:—

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Mr. Edward Peacock, writing of the Rev. John Brown's Life of Bunyan in the *London Academy*, remarks:—

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Dr. Mulford's Works.

The recent death of Dr. Mulford recalls attention to the two admirable books he published, and awakens profound regret that so luminous and

vigorous an intellect is withdrawn from us. Rev. T. T. Munger says of his works :—

The influence of this book ["The Nation"] is subtle and general. The echo of it is to be heard in the speeches of Garfield, and in the elevated tone of all our better statesmen and editors, and in that pervasive sense of the nation's moral to be found in all earnest political writings.

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into a large current of theological thought already sweeping in the same direction; but its scientific method, its scholarly quality, its profound reverence, its loftiness and eagle-like sweep, its rationality, its self-witnessing power as an expression of Christian truth, put it beside the best works of Bushnell, and at the very front of the theological work of the day.

The London *Literary World* says of the latter book :—

... It is a rich mine of thought. . . . Very often, Dr. Mulford expresses his opinions and convictions in passages of great

beauty and splendor; and thus enchants as well as convinces his readers.

Two Important Little Books.

A writer in the Springfield *Republican*, speaking of Mr. Fiske's books "The Idea of God," and "The Destiny of Man," remarks :—

The intellectual grasp, the various and searching knowledge of Professor Fiske are rare; the spirit of the man, the earnest, cheerful, candid mind, evading nothing, ignoring nothing, are even rarer. Here is a theory of religion, compatible, in at least one vigorous mind, with evolution and the most advanced results of scientific research. It is delightful and inspiring to follow the argument of a man with a wholesome confidence in his own

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reverently into an untrodden field, and rendering a service to natural theology which is as great, if not greater, than any which he has heretofore rendered to science.

Mr. Stedman's Latest Book.

Mr. Stedman's admirable work on the "Poets of America" continues to attract special attention. The New York *Times* observes :—

Mr. Stedman has done his country a great service, while earning the gratitude of the native guild of letters. . . . His estimates are sometimes exaggerated, sometimes fall short of sympathetic fervor, but it is most remarkable to find a man brought up on the English bias of New-English men of letters, and fresh from studies of modern English

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A Charming Bird Book.

Books about birds are always sure of a hearty welcome, if only they have something worth telling and tell it attractively. And certainly this is the

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The *Chicago Current* says : "She has a charming style. It is one of the most attractive works of its delightful kind ever printed." The *Christian Register* of Boston pronounces it "extremely interesting reading."

The London Spectator on John Burroughs.

The London *Spectator*, speaking of Mr. Burroughs's "Fresh Fields," which has been republished in Edinburgh by Mr. David Douglass, remarks :—

Mr. Burroughs is one of the most delightful and original of living American essayists ; and, like most of his tribe, having paid us a visit, he tells us what he thinks of us. We find him much more interested in our woods, our song-birds, even our snails, than in our social life, our hobbies, our idiosyncrasies. Mr. Burroughs's paper on "Sunday in Cheyne Row" is marked by great freshness. We do not remember to have seen a better comparison between Carlyle and Emerson from an American source.

In the Lena Delta.

The re-issue of "The Voyage of the Jeannette" in a single volume naturally calls attention to the sequel of that terrible voyage and its record of wonderful heroism, Engineer Melville's "In the Lena Delta." This has a story of thrilling interest to tell, and tells it with remarkable vigor and fluency. The London *Athenæum* says of it :—

It is full without being tedious, lively without being flippant, and except when the author's anger is roused by the bureaucratism of the government, or the swagger of self-appointed searchers, it is seldom that he permits himself to write in doubtful taste. In brief, the book is just such a one as we might have expected from an officer whose gallantry, energy, and intelligence have gained for him the admiration of two continents.

A Fresh Book of Travel.

The New York *Critic* intimates that the world has pretty nearly been traveled over and written about until books of travel are well-nigh destitute of interest ; and it sighs for some one to "turn into unbeaten tracks now and again, and waft to our travel-jaded senses some whiff from fresher worlds." And then it adds, speaking of "Due South :"—

This Mr. Ballou has very happily done in his companionable volume, wherein are recorded the incidents of a tramp among the Bahamas and a stay in the "ever-faithful isle" of Cuba. We know from experience the exquisite attractiveness of these sunny regions, and the floral, faunal, and atmospheric surprises in which they are rich beyond compare. Our southeastern coasts and peninsulas are fringed by archipelagoes replete with the last expression of physical beauty : islands, mountain-piles, translucent seas, vegetation abounding in multifarious charms, a seductive population fraught with the Old World grace and picturesqueness of Latin civilizations,—languages full of melody and persuasiveness. This delicious rim of outer lands lies just on the dip of the horizon as you peer out of Charleston harbor, or coast the peaked peninsula of Florida ; and it swims in such a glory of color and strangeness and fertility that the wonder is that more people do not know of it, and transport their consumptive chests thither to fill them again with vigor and elasticity. Though Mr. Ballou makes his bow especially to the "Gem of the Antilles,"—to Cuba,—he has much that is delightful to say about Nassau and New Providence and the purple intricacies of the Bahama archipelago,—an archipelago which is one vast sponge and coral shop, about which dart fish with gleaming scales, and in which grow beautiful and startling submarine gardens.

High-Lights.

This novel, published with no author's name to bias critical judgment, has been received with marked favor. *The Christian at Work* pronounces it—

One of those exquisite pieces of writing which too rarely come to the reader in these latter days. Its story is told so simply, tenderly, and withal so charmingly that the heart of the reader is irresistibly lifted up out of the shadows toward the "Higher-

Lights" of faith and love, and feels with Old Janet that "when we win to the Lord's stan'point we shanna see things one-sided ony mair." It is a book which will be laid aside with the only regret that the end of it has been reached.

Unity, the excellent Chicago religious paper, pronounces it "a novel of thoroughly wholesome sort. The people who live in it are bright, good, and earnest, with noble life-plans and true aspirations. It is a story to read with delight." And *The Congregationalist*, of Boston, says it is "one of the few novels which the reviewer reads with keen interest and increasing delight."

McClellan's Life of General J. E. B. Stuart.

Of this notable work the New York *Times* says:—

Major McClellan's account of his chief is excellent, and he is singularly modest as regards his own participation in the events which he narrates. Nothing is more difficult than to summarize the particular ability of any general officer. To a natural aptitude in General Stuart's case was added the thorough training acquired at West Point. He had not only the necessary *plan*, but combined with it that other trait of being an exceedingly careful officer. He was quick to seize an opportunity, and to make the best of any situation. Those who served

under him felt the utmost reliance in his judgment, and he had so many happy, kindly traits, that he made himself beloved by his men. General Stuart was in many respects the ideal cavalry officer. After Jackson, perhaps his death was the severest blow the Confederates met. Now that the conflict is over, and the actions of the many brave soldiers who laid down their lives on both sides can be discussed with impartiality, General Stuart, for the many noble traits he showed, will be remembered, for he was a very gallant gentleman and a thorough soldier.

The *Grand Army Review* pronounces this "an important work;" the New York *Commercial Advertiser* welcomes it as "a careful and judicial contribution to the history of the period, and a worthy memorial of a gallant officer."

The First Napoleon.

Mr. John C. Ropes's book with this title challenges remarkable attention, both for praise and for criticism. The *Literary World* says:—

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Whether Mr. Ropes's readers accept his conclusions, they will all agree that in these seven lectures they have a most compact and convenient outline of Napoleon's career, full of vivid and clear analyses of facts, the freshness of oral address well preserved, and the interest stimulated by the lively and vigorous style, which prevents the narrative from growing dull or wearisome for a moment. Mr. Ropes has also made a point of giving

fuller treatment to the military campaigns of the great soldier than can be found in a volume of similar size and compass, and these are illustrated by nine well-engraved maps, which greatly aid in understanding the strategy and the tactics. The author's taste for military studies has led him to a happy enlargement of his work in this direction, and a wide range of authorities has evidently been consulted in reaching his conclusions.

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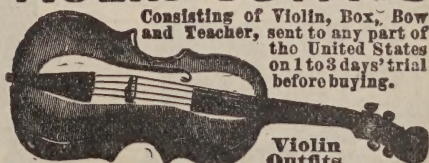
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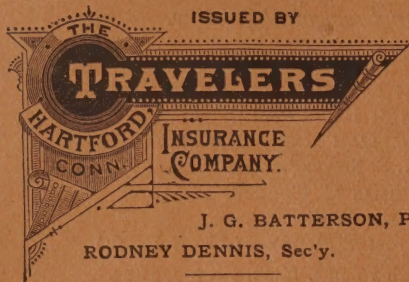
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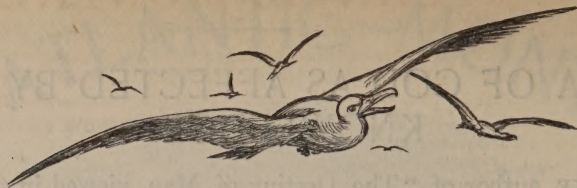
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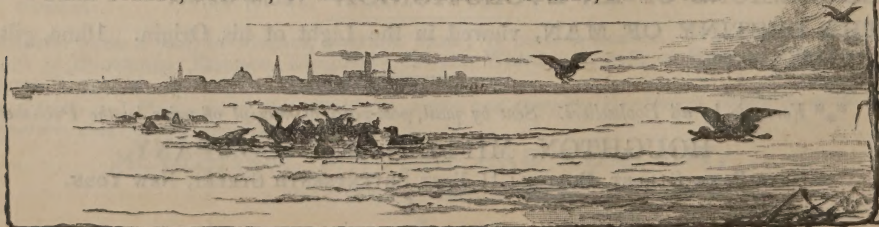
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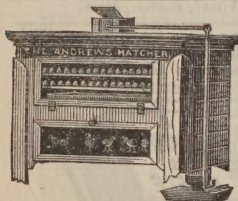
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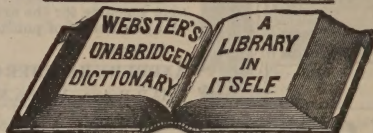
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VOL. LVII. — APRIL, 1886. — No. CCCXLII.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS is by no means so well known to the present generation as he ought to be. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he has not been and is not justly appreciated. If, however, we turn to M. Taine's great work on the French Revolution, we find that he relies on Morris as one of the best and most penetrating observers of that great struggle, and places him at the head of the small group of men like Arthur Young, Malouet, and Mallet du Pan, who alone were able to record clear and dispassionate judgments in that dizzy time, for the benefit of posterity. The comments of Mr. Morris, thus rescued from his biography and brought before a wide public by M. Taine, already have attracted attention elsewhere, and a recent article in Macmillan's Magazine shows how striking his criticisms and narrative really are. Such a prophet should never be without honor in his own country, and now that he is winning admiration in England and France perhaps it would not be amiss to refresh our own memories in regard to him.

It is not to be wondered at that M. Taine and others find so much that is admirable in Gouverneur Morris, for in him many high qualities met in a rare combination. A man of the world and of society, a wit, philosopher, and fine gentleman, he was also a bold and ar-

dent patriot, an able and most practical statesman, a distinguished lawyer, and a successful manager of large business affairs. He played a conspicuous part among the many eminent men of his day, but in one respect he differs from them all. He had a sharp wit, a strong sense of humor, and a capacity for amusing satire which are to be seen in all his writings. If we except Franklin, who was of an earlier generation, Gouverneur Morris holds in this respect a lonely preëminence among his friends and contemporaries. The great men of our revolutionary and constitutional period were, it must be confessed, judging from their letters and journals, somewhat ponderous. Now and then we find a moment when we can laugh at them, but Morris is the only one of them all with whom we laugh or smile in sympathy. This is enough of itself to make us hold him in remembrance, but he was far more than merely an amusing companion or a writer of clever letters.

He was born in 1752, a cadet in a family which had been distinguished for two or three generations in the colonies, not only for public service and high office, but for certain quaint eccentricities and for unusual acuteness in discussion and power in argument. A bright boy at college, fond of Shakespeare, and a maker of rhymes and verses, he graduated with honor, and delivered a Com-

mencement oration on Wit and Beauty. A little later, on taking his degree of A. M., he pronounced a discourse on Love, and both these boyish productions displayed, despite their florid style, a command of language and a vigorous imagination which were destined to stand their author in good stead in the years to come. His patrimony was small, only some £2000, and he had his way to make in the world; but his was not a nature to be discouraged, and he faced the future cheerfully and boldly. He often said in after life that in his intercourse with other men he had never experienced the sensation of fear, inferiority, or awkwardness. Armed with this easy self-confidence, he applied himself fearlessly to the task of winning success. He studied law, wrote at the age of eighteen against the popular plan of issuing bills of credit (an early evidence of his financial talents) and in 1771 was duly admitted to the bar. He was soon in active practice, and as the times grew more stirring solemnly declared that he disliked politics. His natural humor made him laugh at both parties, and his Tory connections, soon to become a thorn in his side, led him to favor a union with England and the concession to Parliament of the right to regulate trade. But with all his sense of the ridiculous and his tendency to find food for satire in his fellow-men, Morris was no Gallio. The ministerial side was impossible to a young, generous, ardent spirit, and in 1775 he was a member of the Provincial Congress of New York, when he at once took a leading part in organizing resistance and preparing for war. He advocated a continental currency, and his report on that subject was sent to Congress. He served on all the leading committees, and in 1776 made a speech for independent government which was replete with sarcasm and full of ability. From a letter of that time we learn how strongly he felt then, and how completely the early carelessness

and merriment had vanished in the face of stern events. He writes to his mother:—

“What may be the event of the present war it is not in man to determine. Great revolutions of empire are seldom achieved without much human calamity; but the worst which can happen is to fall on the last bleak mountain of America, and he who dies there, in defense of the injured rights of mankind, is happier than his conqueror, more beloved by mankind, more applauded by his own heart.”

The spirit of the man was equal to his words. He took a leading part in framing the constitution of New York, and even then, in the din of war, strove to insert a clause abolishing slavery. He served on the Council of Safety, which held control until the new government was set in motion, and his energy, zeal, and organizing power were felt in all directions. No one was more active than he in sustaining the army and doing all in his power to assist our generals, especially Schuyler, who seemed to Morris, as to many others, both then and since, to be the victim of injustice. He strongly believed, in fact, that a campaign of obstruction was best for us, and he felt from the outset that in this way the English expedition from Canada could be most surely ruined. Even on so grave a subject, however, his humor crops out, and while he is solemnly arguing as to the campaign against Burgoyne he writes:—

“I am also told that the Indians are determined to take up the hatchet for us. If this be true, it would be infinitely better to wear away the enemy’s army by a scrupulous and polite attention, than to violate the rules of decorum and the laws of hospitality by making an attack upon strangers in our own country.”

In 1778 he was promoted to a seat in the Continental Congress, and although only twenty-six years old he came forward then with the same ease as on the

smaller stage of New York. This was chiefly due, of course, to his ability, but also in part to his astonishing capacity for rapid and effective work. He was on the committee to visit Washington at Valley Forge; he urged the plan of provision for the officers of the army; he drew reports on the condition of the Union, on a plan for a treasury board and for a medical department. In the course of this work he became intimate with Greene, and formed a warm friendship with Washington which continued unabated through life. In the miserable cabals against the general, Morris made determined war upon the schemers, and his indignation breaks out sharply in a letter to Washington:—

“You have enemies. It is happy for you that you have. A man of sentiment has not so much honor, as the vulgar suppose, in resigning life and fortune for the service of his country. He does not value them as highly as the vulgar do. Would he give the highest evidence, let him sacrifice his feelings. In the history of last winter, posterity will do you justice.”

Political and personal conflicts, however, did not turn him from his labors. From his busy pen came the report on Lord North's conciliatory bills, an address on the treaties with France, a sketch of the negotiations with the commissioners, a draft of instructions for Franklin, a pamphlet on our finances to be presented to the French court, and finally, in 1779, a draft of instructions as to making peace. These manifold and eminent services did not, apparently, satisfy his constituents. Unjust prejudices and suspicions on account of his Tory relatives, so strong that he did not dare even to visit his mother when critically ill, and charges that he neglected the local interests of New York, especially in regard to Vermont, prevailed against him, and he was not reelected when his term expired.

He thereupon moved to Philadel-

phia, to practice his profession, write upon finance, and attack the dangerous and futile legal-tender and maximum laws. Just after his retirement from Congress, and while thus engaged, he was thrown from his phaeton and severely injured. By the rash advice of his surgeon his leg was amputated, a severe trial to an active, energetic man; but he bore his misfortune with the cheerful philosophy which was always his most marked characteristic, and jested about it even in the midst of his suffering. He was visited by one of those consoling friends of the kind familiar to every one, who held forth about the good effects of such a dispensation, and the check which it would be to dangerous pleasures and dissipations. When he had concluded Mr. Morris said, “My good sir, you argue the matter so handsomely, and point out so clearly the advantages of being without legs, that I am almost tempted to part with another.” To another sympathizer he said, “Oh, sir, the loss is much less than you imagine; I shall doubtless be a steadier man with one leg than with two.” The plain wooden leg with which he supplied his grievous and painful loss was, if tradition may be believed, once used to good purpose by his ready wit. In the stormy time in Paris, when Terror ruled, and not even a foreign minister was safe, Morris's chariot was one day stopped by an angry mob, and immediate violence was threatened. Morris thrust out his wooden leg, and cried, “I am an American! See what I suffered in the war for liberty and independence!” The mob was converted by such ocular demonstration of patriotic suffering, and drew their victim home in triumph instead of hanging him to a lamp-post.

Great as the misfortune was, however, it did not diminish Morris's energy, or depress his spirits. When his friend Robert Morris was appointed to the charge of our disordered finances, he took the position of assistant secretary,

and contributed largely to the work which did so much to save the American cause. He also, in addition to his heavy public duties, carried on a large law practice, both in the courts and before the legislature, where he made one of his most brilliant and in its day famous speeches, concluding with an apostrophe to William Penn, which moved his hearers to tears, — a feat that seems hardly compatible with the theme. During all this period, too, he wrote much for the press, and took an active part in politics. He drew a report on coinage, and published a pamphlet on our trade with the French West Indies. He urged an opposition to the congressional instructions to follow blindly the wishes of France, and in season and out of season advocated the claims of the army. Like all friends of the soldiers at that time, he was accused of being a monarchist, — a singularly unjust charge against a man whose first maxim was that government must conform to the habits and character of the people, and who greatly feared an attempt to introduce monarchy, “because it did not consist with our taste and temper.” At the same time, like all the ablest and strongest men in that period of feebleness and solution, he worked ardently for a better and stronger union. In 1784 he wrote to Jay: —

“A national spirit is the natural result of national existence; and although some of the present generation may feel colonial opposition of opinion, yet this generation will die away and give place to a race of Americans.”

In the same spirit, and in almost his first speech in the constitutional convention to which he was chosen as a delegate from Pennsylvania, and in which he played a most conspicuous part, he declared: —

“I come here as a representative of America. I flatter myself that I come here in some degree as a representative of the whole human race; for the whole human race will be affected by the pro-

ceedings of this convention. I wish gentlemen to extend their views beyond the present moment of time, — beyond the narrow limits of place from which they derive their political origin.” Again he said, with “something like prophetic strain,” “This country must be united. If persuasion does not unite it, the sword will.”

No man did better work in the great task of forming the Constitution than Morris, and from his hand came the final draft, rounded and polished, which embodied the principles forged slowly in weeks of debate. He of course belonged to the party which favored a vigorous central government. He opposed bitterly equality of votes in the Senate, and sought to weaken the rights of the States. He wished a President for life elected by the people, and also a Senate for life. Property, he believed, should be represented, and the suffrage conferred only on freeholders; maintaining, also, that persons of foreign birth should be ineligible to office. What few others then perceived his keen mind detected, that the South was determined to secure a majority and rule at all hazards, and he fought fiercely against slave representation. Slavery, however, aroused his enmity on much broader grounds than those of political power. He had already striven for abolition in the New York convention, and he renewed the struggle on the national field. On moving to insert the word “free” before “inhabitants” he made a speech of great force and eloquence, beginning: —

“Much will depend on this point. I will never concur in upholding domestic slavery. It is a nefarious institution. It is the curse of heaven on the States where it prevails.” Nothing shows the breadth of view, the far-reaching vision, and the generous spirit of the man better than his relentless and outspoken resistance to the malignant system which was destined to bring the country so near to utter ruin and dissolution.

After all was over he expressed in a letter to a friend in France his opinion of the great work on which he had been engaged, and it would be difficult to find a juster estimate in the year 1788 of the Constitution, then struggling for an opportunity to live, than this of Morris, with its characteristic touch of satire. He writes : —

“You will long ere this have seen the Constitution proposed for the United States. This paper has been the subject of infinite investigation, disputation, and declamation. While some have boasted it as a work from Heaven, others have given it a less righteous origin. I have many reasons to believe that it was the work of plain, honest men, and such I think it will appear. Faulty it must be, for what is perfect? But if adopted, experience will I believe, show that its faults are just the reverse of what they are supposed to be.”

Soon after these lines were written he sailed for Europe to attend to certain business interests, little thinking of the long absence from home that was before him, or of the great events in which he was to be an actor and which he was to describe so vividly in the diary then begun.

He arrived in Paris on the 3d of February, 1789, and the first two persons he visited were Jefferson and Lafayette. Of the latter, of whom he was very fond, he curtly says, “Lafayette is full of politics; he appears to be too republican for the genius of his country.” At the very outset he had doubts and suspicions as to the soundness and wisdom of the revolutionary party, and these feelings and opinions strengthened constantly during his long residence in the country. A day or two after his arrival he dined with Lafayette, who showed him a draft of the famous declaration of rights. “I gave him my opinions,” Mr. Morris writes in his diary, “and suggested several amendments tending to soften the high-colored

expressions of freedom. It is not by sounding words that revolutions are produced.” A few weeks later we find him writing to Washington in the same strain, his sense of humor thoroughly aroused by the queer antics of the enthusiastic amateurs in government-making who then swarmed and talked everywhere in Paris. “Everything,” he says, “is *à l'Anglais*, and a desire to imitate the English prevails alike in the cut of a coat and the form of a constitution.”

Before a month had expired Mr. Morris had become a social success, thanks to his wit, ability, and engaging manners. Every day brought an invitation to the *salon* of some fashionable woman, or to the dinner table of some statesman or philosopher. Full accounts, apparently, are given in the diary of all these entertainments, but Mr. Sparks seems to have thought them below the dignity of history, for he has favored us with only one or two extracts, and as a rule has confined his selections to politics. The observations on public affairs are penetrating and valuable in the highest degree, but the descriptions of the social life, of men and women of the world, of the more private side of daily life, are most charming and interesting. The characteristic vein of subdued satire, the keenness of observation, the effective style of these passages, are extremely attractive, and they cannot but cause the greatest regret that we should not have them entire. There is no other journal, diary, or correspondence of that period left by any of our public men which at all compares with this in its amusing, light, and humorous touch. From the slender selections of Mr. Sparks let us take this : —

“March 3d. Monsieur le Comte de Nenni does me the honor of a visit, and detains me till three o'clock. I then set off in great haste to dine with the Comtesse de B., on an invitation of a week's standing. Arrive at about a quarter past three, and find in the draw-

ing-room some dirty linen and no fire. While a waiting-woman takes away one, a valet lights up the other. Three small sticks in a deep bed of ashes give no great expectation of heat. By the smoke, however, all doubts are removed respecting the existence of fire. To expel the smoke a window is opened, and, the day being cold, I have the benefit of as fresh air as can reasonably be expected in so large a city.

"Towards four o'clock the guests begin to assemble, and I begin to expect that, as Madame is a poetess, I shall have the honor to dine with that exalted part of the species who devote themselves to the Muses. In effect, the gentlemen begin to compliment their respective works, and as regular hours cannot be expected in a house where the mistress is occupied more with the intellectual than the material world, I have a delightful prospect of a continuance of the scene. Towards five Madame steps in to announce dinner, and the hungry poets advance to the charge. As they bring good appetites they have certainly reason to praise the feast, and I console myself in the persuasion that for this day, at least, I shall escape an indigestion. A very narrow escape, too, for some rancid butter, of which the cook had been liberal, puts me in bodily fear. If the repast is not abundant, we have at least the consolation that there is no lack of conversation. Not being perfectly master of the language, most of the jests escaped me. As for the rest of the company, each being employed either in saying a good thing or in studying one to say, it is no wonder if he cannot find time to applaud that of his neighbor. They all agree that we live in an age alike deficient in justice and in taste. Each finds in the fate of his own works numerous instances to justify this assertion. They tell me, to my great surprise, that the public now condemn theatrical compositions before they have heard the first recital.

And to remove my doubts the Countess is so kind as to assure me that this rash decision has been made on one of her own pieces. In pitying modern degeneracy we rise from the table."

The statement as to the condemnation of theatrical works smacks of the soil. In the words "to my great surprise" we catch the peculiar vein of American humor which delights in a solemn appearance of ignorant and innocent belief in some preposterous assertion. It is close kin to the broader form of today as exemplified by Mark Twain weeping at the grave of Adam, which the Saturday Review declared was a ridiculous affectation of sentiment.

March 25th Mr. Morris is at the house of his old and true friend of the Revolution, Madame de Chastellux. There he meets the Duchess of Orleans, and forms a friendship which is to prove very warm, very faithful, and of great service to the Duchess and her son, the citizen king of the future. Two days later he goes to dine with the Neckers in company with his friend the Maréchal de Castries. Here too he begins a lifelong friendship with both his host and the daughter of the house, Madame de Staël, which was kept up with real affection on all sides until death ended it. His first impressions of M. Necker are worth quoting for their shrewd correctness: "A little before dinner, Monsieur enters. He has the look and manner of the counting-house, and, being dressed in embroidered velvet, he contrasts strongly with his habiliments. His bow, his address, say, 'I am the man.' Our company is one half Academicians. The Duchess of Biron, formerly Lauzun, is one. I observe that M. Necker seems occupied by ideas which rather distress him. He cannot, I think, stay in office half an hour unless the nation insist on keeping him there. He is now much harassed, and Madame receives continually *mémoires* from different people; so that

she seems as much occupied as he is. If he is really a very great man I am deceived; and yet this is a rash judgment. If he is not a laborious man I am also deceived."

While he was thus watching and weighing the men and women whose brilliant society he so much enjoyed, he was also studying with deep attention the momentous political development going on about him. May 4th, the day before the opening of the States-General, he witnessed the procession at Versailles. The Queen was received with hostile silence, and Mr. Morris writes most characteristically, "I cannot help feeling the mortification which the poor Queen meets with, for I see only the woman, and it seems unmanly to treat a woman with unkindness." He was present at the opening of the States-General, and has left a very striking and picturesque description of that great event, unfortunately too long for quotation. He followed the operations of that famous body with close scrutiny, and found little in their doings to encourage him as to the prospects of France. We catch a glimpse here of another famous American, who was equally interested in the fortunes of the French people, but who looked upon the advancing revolution with feelings and opinions very different from those of Mr. Morris.

"June 3d. Go to Mr. Jefferson's. Some political conversation. He seems to be out of hope of anything being done to purpose by the States-General. This comes from having sanguine expectations of a downright republican form of government. The literary people here, observing the abuses of their monarchical form, imagine that everything must go better in proportion as it recedes from the present establishments, and in their closets they make men exactly suited to their systems; but unluckily they are such men as exist nowhere else, and least of all in France."

He had still other occupations, as ap-

pears by the next entry, with its jest at his own expense:—

"June 5th. Go to M. Houdon's. He has been waiting for me a long time. I stand for his statue of General Washington, being the humble employment of a manikin. This is literally taking the advice of St. Paul to be all things to all men."

June 6th, he supped with Madame Flahaut, where he met a certain very celebrated person, whom he gauged with his usual penetrating accuracy: "The Bishop of Autun, who is one of our company, and an intimate friend of Madame Flahaut, appears to me a sly, cool, cunning, ambitious, and malicious man. I know not why conclusions so disadvantageous to him are formed in my mind; but so it is, and I cannot help it." This quick judgment which Mr. Morris here sets down when Talleyrand was still comparatively unknown does not differ very widely from that of posterity half a century after the death of that eminent statesman and divine. It is one of many instances of a foresight and insight amounting almost to a gift of prophecy which made Mr. Morris's political predictions most wonderful in their correctness.

Let us take a few more extracts from the diary:—

"June 23d. At dinner I sit next to M. de Lafayette, who tells me that I injure the cause, for that my sentiments are continually quoted against the good party. I seize this opportunity to tell him that I am opposed to the democracy from regard to liberty; that I see they are going headlong to destruction, and would fain stop them if I could; that their views respecting this nation are totally inconsistent with the materials of which it is composed; and that the worst thing which could happen would be to grant their wishes. He tells me that he is sensible that his party are mad, and tells them so, but is not the less determined to die with them. I tell him

that I think it would be quite as well to bring them to their senses and live with them."

It is plain that he concealed nothing from Lafayette, no matter how distasteful his advice might prove. He writes in the same way to Washington, ten days later:—

"Our American example has done them good, but, like all novelties, liberty runs away with their discretion, if they have any. They want an American constitution, with the exception of a King instead of a President, without reflecting that they have not American citizens to support that constitution." When he penned this sentence the first storm was just about to burst. July 14th, the day of the taking of the Bastille, after describing that event and the manner in which he heard of it, Mr. Morris writes, with a turn at the end which is curiously modern, "Yesterday it was the fashion at Versailles not to believe that there were any disturbances at Paris. I presume that this day's transaction will induce a conviction that all is not perfectly quiet." After the fall of the Bastille there was a lull, and the attempts at constitution-making and reform went on again after a fashion.

September 26th, Mr. Morris was at the National Assembly, whither, indeed, he went frequently, and after listening to the report of the Minister of Finance he remarks, "At the close, however, of the report there is a feebleness which they are not, perhaps, fully aware of, or perhaps it was unavoidable. They appeal to patriotism for aid; but they should in money matters apply only to interest. They should never acknowledge such want of resource as to render the aid of patriotism necessary." So annoyed and troubled was he by the errors which he saw committed that, as events hurried rapidly forward, he strove, of course in vain, to mend matters by appealing to his intimate friends in behalf of wiser measures.

October 16th, he wrote to Lafayette an admirable letter of counsel and advice. He said that the constitution would not work, and that the National Assembly would soon fall into contempt. Under these circumstances, the only thing to be done was to strengthen the executive, and he urges Lafayette to see that good and able men go into the council, but advises Lafayette himself to remain outside. The reasons for this advice are then set forth with great vigor and shrewdness. One cannot help thinking, as one reads these wise but futile words, what a pity it was that among the French statesmen there were not a few like Morris. Much might have been saved if there had been, but nothing is so empty as the "ifs" of history. There were no such men in France, for there had been no chance for centuries to breed them, or even to make them possible.

Mr. Morris was now called away by public duties of his own. He was requested by Washington to go to England as a secret agent of our government, and endeavor to reopen diplomatic relations and settle various outstanding and threatening differences with that country. To London he accordingly went in February, 1790, and there he spent seven or eight months in fruitless conversations with the Duke of Leeds and Mr. Pitt about western posts, the fulfillment of treaties, the compensation for negroes, British debts, and impressment. On the last subject he said, with a concise wit which ought to have made the saying more famous than it is, "I believe, my lord, that this is the only instance in which we are not treated as aliens." Whether this keen-edged remark penetrated the thick skull of the noble duke to whom it was addressed does not appear. At all events, the mission was a failure. English ministers, with that sagacity which has always characterized them in dealing with the United States, were determined to injure

us so far as they could, and make us enemies instead of friends, if it were possible to do so,—a policy which has borne lasting fruit, and which England does not now delight in quite so much as of yore. It is pretty obvious that Mr. Morris was not to their taste, despite his wit and good manners. He was a man of perfect courage and patriotism, and could be neither bullied nor cajoled. His brother, Staats Long Morris, was a general in the British army and the husband of the Duchess of Gordon,—a fact which implied respectability to the English mind, and made it difficult for them to snub a person who, according to their notions, was so well connected. Worst of all, he was a man of great ability and wide information, intellectually superior to any minister he met, except Mr. Pitt, and therefore he was an awkward subject to trample on. Stories were set afloat to injure him, and were so far successful that they gave him much trouble at home. He was charged with consorting with Fox and the opposition, which was not true, and with revealing his purposes to Luzerne, the French minister, which was true, and sprang from Mr. Morris's sentiment of gratitude to France, ill rewarded, and in great measure cured, by Luzerne's betrayal of his confidence. He found time, however, in the midst of his vain efforts, to observe his English friends, and the following extract from a letter to Washington shows that the ludicrous side in the lives of the various distinguished personages whom he met did not escape him.

On September 18, 1790, he writes of Pitt: "Observe that he is rather the Queen's man than the King's, and that since his majesty's illness she has been of great consequence. This depends in part on a medical reason. To prevent the relapse of persons who have been mad they must be kept in constant awe of somebody; and it is said that the physician of the King gave the matter

in charge to his royal consort, who performs that, like every other part of her conjugal duty, with singular zeal and perseverance."

Fruitless wranglings and disobliging treatment, although they could not disturb his good-humor, nevertheless tired him sadly, and he turned his eyes ever more wistfully to the exciting scenes in France. He shows this in a letter to a friend in Paris, in which, too, he makes one of his many correct predictions, and also reveals his knowledge of his own failing in the direction of a dangerous frankness.

"A cautious man," he says, "should therefore give only sibylline predictions, if indeed he should hazard any. But I am not a cautious man. I therefore give it as my opinion that they will issue the paper currency, and substitute thereby depreciation in the place of bankruptcy, or, rather, suspension."

Soon after he departed for the Continent, made a brief tour in Germany, and in November reached Paris again. He went at once to one of his old haunts, the club, and there, as he says, met his friend De Moustier, who was engaged in making a constitution, and was, "as usual, on the high ropes of royal prerogative." He soon saw that things were going to pieces very rapidly, and after several visits finally got an opportunity to tell Lafayette so, and renew his former advice to rally about the throne and try to gain some stability; expressing at the same time unbounded contempt for "the thing called a constitution." He also urged the restoration of the nobility, at which poor Lafayette flinched, and said he would like two chambers, as in America. "I tell him that an American constitution will not do for this country; that every country must have a constitution suited to its circumstances, and the state of France requires a higher-toned government than that of England." All this was very true but very unpalatable, espe-

cially to Lafayette, and the result was that he became rather cool to his frank adviser. Yet the old friendship really remained as warm as ever, and when Lafayette became a prisoner no one worked harder for his liberation than Mr. Morris.

Although the tremendous events in the midst of which he was now plunged absorbed his thoughts, we still get here and there glimpses of the gay society in which he found himself, and which was soon to be extinguished in the dark torrent of revolution.

January 19, 1791, he writes: "Visit Madame de Chastellux, and go with her to dine with the Duchess of Orleans. Her royal highness is ruined; that is, she is reduced from 450,000 to 200,000 livres per annum. She tells me that she cannot give any good dinners; but if I will come and fast with her, she will be glad to see me."

January 25th, he dined with Madame de Staël, and heard the Abbé Sieyès "descant with much self-sufficiency on government." Four days later he went out to Choisy with Madame de Chastellux and dined with Marmontel, who seemed to his guest "to think soundly," a compliment paid by Mr. Morris to but few of his French friends. There is something very striking and most interesting in these little pictures of daily existence, which went on much as usual, although the roar of revolution was even then sounding in men's ears. Philosophers speculated and fine ladies jested, although the world was in convulsion; and so they continued to do until it was all drowned in the Terror, from which arose, after brief interval, another society, as light-hearted and brilliant, if not so well born, as its predecessor.

We can mark, however, the tremendous changes in progress around him in the extracts from the diary. The social pictures grow fewer, the tone is graver, there are more interviews with statesmen and fewer chats with ladies of rank,

while the reflections concern the welfare of state and nation rather than the foibles or graces of men and women. April 4th came the funeral of Mirabeau, with some observations in the diary which are eloquent and striking; and there were other and still weightier matters then pressing upon his mind. August 26th he notes in his diary, "Dine with Madame de Staël, who requests me to show her the *mémoire* I have prepared for the King." The next day he says, "Dine with M. de Montmorin. After dinner retire into his closet and read to him the plan I have prepared of a discourse for the King. He is startled at it. Says it is too forcible; that the temper of the people will not bear it." Mr. Morris's talents and the force of his arguments on the state of public affairs had attracted general attention, and in their agony of doubt court and ministry turned to him for aid. The result was the draft for a royal speech, which the King liked but was prevented by his ministers from using, a *mémoire* on the state of France, notes for a constitution, and some other similar papers which are given by Mr. Sparks. These documents are very able and bold. Whether Mr. Morris's policy, if pursued, would have had any effect may well be doubted, but there can be no question that it was the sanest, most vigorous, and best defined of the multitude offered to poor, hesitating Louis, and its adoption could certainly have done no harm. In the midst of these disinterested and somewhat perilous pursuits we find him writing to Robert Morris (October 10, 1791), and describing a scene at the theatre when the people cheered the King and Queen.

"Now, my dear friend," he adds, "this is the very same people who, when the King was brought back from his excursion, whipped a democratical duchess of my acquaintance because they heard only the last part of what she said, which was, '*Il ne faut pas dire,*

Vive le Roi.' She had the good sense to desire the gentleman who was with her to leave her. Whipping is, you know, an operation which a lady would rather undergo among strangers than before her acquaintance."

Mr. Morris's sympathy for the King and Queen led him on further than he anticipated. Indeed, his attitude as an adviser of the ministry caused outbreaks against him on the part of the opposition. De Warville said in his newspaper that Morris, on one of his periodical visits to England upon business, was sent to thwart Talleyrand, — an accusation which Mr. Morris met with a public denial. His doings, however, were not fortunate, in view of the responsibility about to be placed upon him; for while he was away on this very visit to England, in the early months of 1792, he received the news of his appointment as minister to France.

Morris was not without enemies. At home, his contempt and dislike for the methods of the French Revolution were only too well known, and his confirmation was strongly opposed in the Senate. His good friend the President with much delicacy explained to him the ground of the opposition, and in this way pointed out to Morris the failings which threatened his success. The idea of your political adversaries, Washington says, is "that the promptitude with which your lively and brilliant imagination displays itself allows too little time for deliberation and correction, and is the primary cause of those sallies which too often offend, and of that ridicule of character which begets enmity not easy to be forgotten, but which might easily be avoided if it were under the control of more caution and prudence." If it had been known in America just how deeply Mr. Morris had plunged into French politics, it may be doubted whether Washington even would have nominated him as minister. As it turned out, no better choice could have been

made, yet at the moment Mr. Morris was involved in affairs which no foreign minister ought even to have known. He probably felt that his efforts to save order and government by means of the monarchy were hopeless, but they had drawn him on into the much more dangerous path of personal sympathy for the King and Queen, and thence to attempts to preserve their lives, at least. The King was unable to adopt Mr. Morris's views in his public utterances, but on his advice confided in M. de Monciel, one of his ministers, and this gentleman and Mr. Morris arranged an elaborate yet practicable scheme for the escape of the royal family. After a short time the King sent Mr. Morris 547,000 livres to carry out the plan, and wished also to make him the depositary of his papers. Mr. Morris accepted the first trust, and declined the latter. The large sum of money seems to indicate the King's preference for the plan of Mr. Morris, in whom he had great confidence, yet there were half a dozen other schemes on foot at the same time. De Molleville had one; Mr. Crawford, sent over by the British government, had another; Marie Antoinette's Swedish friend, Count Fersen, had a third; and there were probably many more. One plan interfered with another. That of Morris and Monciel was ripe for execution, and still the King doubted and delayed. While he was hesitating, the 10th of August came, the Swiss guard was massacred, and all was over.

An American gentleman was present at the Tuileries on that memorable day, and went thence to the house of the minister of the United States. On entering he found Mr. Morris surrounded by the old Count d'Estaing and many other persons of distinction, who had fought side by side with us in our war for independence. Silence reigned, interrupted only by the weeping of the women and children. As the visitor was about to retire, Mr. Morris took him

aside, and said, "I have no doubt, sir, but there are persons on the watch, who would find fault with my conduct as minister in receiving and protecting these people; but I call on you to witness the declaration which I now make, and that is that they were not invited to my house, but came of their own accord. Whether my house will be a protection to them, or to me, God only knows, but I will not turn them out of it, let what will happen to me. You see, sir, they are all persons to whom our country is more or less indebted, and it would be inhuman to force them into the hands of these assassins, had they no such claim upon me." Whatever the faults of Mr. Morris, or whatever criticism may be made upon him, no American even now can read these words, uttered at such a moment, without feeling his pulse beat quicker, and without rejoicing that a man of such high and generous spirit so fitly represented his country in an hour of trial and peril.

To suppose, because Mr. Morris had the sympathy of a gallant man for the King and Queen in their danger and distress, and also the profound distrust and contempt as an able and practical statesman for the follies and madness of those who were trying to carry on the French Revolution, that he therefore was a lover of royalty and aristocracy and titles would be a great injustice. How far removed he really was from such weak prejudices is shown by an incident many years later. At Vienna, where he had a discussion with some of the *émigrés* and with some scions of Austrian nobility in regard to Lafayette, these precious individuals abused the fallen and imprisoned leader ferociously, and Mr. Morris of course came to his defense. His commentary shows how much he despised the people who might have saved France and failed. "Indeed, the conversation of these gentlemen, who

have the virtue and good fortune of their grandfathers to recommend them, leads me almost to forget the crimes of the French Revolution; and often the unforgiving temper and sanguinary wishes which they exhibit make me almost believe that the assertion of their enemies is true, namely, that it is success alone which has determined on whose side should be crimes and on whose the misery."

In the same vein and about the same time he said of the illustrious personage who afterwards became Louis XVIII. that "in his opinion he had nothing to do but to try to get shot, thereby redeeming by valor the foregone follies of his conduct." He was sorry for the King and Queen, he disliked and distrusted utterly the methods of the Revolution, but he despised the French royalty and nobility, for "they turned like cravens and fled."

The two years which followed his appointment as minister form one of the most brilliant chapters in the diplomatic history of the United States. On the day he left Paris, after having turned everything over to his successor Mr. Monroe, Mr. Morris writes in his diary (October 12, 1794), "I have the consolation to have made no sacrifice either of personal or national dignity, and I believe I should have obtained everything if the American government had refused to recall me."¹

This brief statement is as true as it is moderate. No foreign minister ever faced such difficulties and dangers as Mr. Morris did at this time, for the simple reason that there has been in modern times but one Reign of Terror, and Mr. Morris was the only representative of a foreign government who did not ask for his passports and withdraw. He not only remained at his post, but he handled the affair of our debt most admirably, doing all that either law or honor

¹ Our government had demanded the recall of Genet, and the French rulers took advantage of

this to ask in turn for the recall of Morris, whom they both feared and disliked.

demanding to accelerate our payments, but firmly declining to go further or to be imposed upon in any way. He carried on a continual battle with the decrees militating against our commerce, met every difficulty that arose at the threshold, protested against every outrage on our rights, and was on the point of getting reparation when the French government obtained his recall. If these duties had been performed in ordinary times they would have been sufficiently difficult, but to deal with any diplomatic questions in the hurly-burly of the French Revolution seems an almost impossible feat. Mr. Morris, on account of his well-known views, was not liked by the successive ministries or committees, each of whom was more extreme and violent than its predecessor. To oppose them was about as safe as playing with a hungry tiger, but our minister never flinched by a hair's breadth. His house was searched more than once, he was arrested in the street because he did not have his card of citizenship, and his death or murder was at one time currently reported in Europe and America. His life was, in truth, in constant danger. When all other ministers departed he stayed, an example worthily followed by another American minister when France was last beset with "malice domestic and foreign levy." When subjected to these various outrages he never failed to take a high tone, demand his passport, and obtain a more or less surly apology. So he held out, doing his duty and protecting his countrymen and his country's interests. He was, in fact, just the man for the place and time. A sympathizer like Monroe at that period would have been ensnared and made a tool of, and would have thus involved us in all the network of French complications, as indeed he afterwards succeeded in doing to a certain extent. Almost any other man of Morris's own party would have been driven from the country by holding a too rigid and defiant attitude.

Morris, however, while too strongly opposed to the Revolution to be beguiled, by his utter fearlessness and ready wit combined with a certain dash and gallantry was carried through triumphantly. The diary became too dangerous, and was stopped for the time; but before this occurred there are a few entries and some extracts from letters which must be quoted, to show how wonderfully he penetrated the conditions of the struggle, and how clearly he understood its true character. On May 14, 1792, he wrote to Washington:—

"You know that I do, from the bottom of my heart, wish well to this country, and will therefore easily judge what I have felt in seeing them long since in the high road to despotism."

And again in June he wrote:—

"It is notorious that the great mass of the French nation is less solicitous to preserve the present order of things than to prevent the return of the ancient oppressions, and of course would more readily submit to a pure despotism than to that kind of monarchy whose only limits were found in those noble legal and clerical corps by which the people were alternately oppressed and insulted."

Here is the true view of the French Revolution: that it was a struggle not for political rights, but for equality before the law, for the abolition of privileges, and for good government. Morris was almost if not quite alone, at that time, in this opinion, and it has been reserved to the most recent modern investigation to bring out and insist upon this all-important truth.

July 2d he says in his diary, "Monciel and Bremond call on me. The French, says Monciel, are, I am afraid, too rotten for a free government. I tell him that the experiment may, nevertheless, be tried, and despotism still remain as a last resort."

August 22d he wrote to Jefferson of Lafayette's flight: "Thus his circle is completed. He has spent his fortune

on a revolution, and is now crushed by the wheel which he put in motion. He lasted longer than I expected."

October 18, 1793, he writes to Washington: "But whatever may be the lot of France in remote futurity, and putting aside the military events, it seems evident that she must soon be governed by a single despot. Whether she will pass to that point through the medium of a triumvirate or other small body of men seems as yet undetermined. I think it most probable that she will."

If we consider that the Directory did not come until two years later, the consulate or triumvirate four years after that, and then in the process of evolution the Empire and the single despot in 1804, it must be admitted that this is an extraordinary example of political foresight. Morris saw that a despotism existed; in common with many others he perceived that it would probably be concentrated in a single individual; but who else in 1793 announced that the single despot would come in the precise manner in which it actually happened? He made many other predictions, and was rarely wrong. Indeed, his sagacity in this way was quite noted among his friends, but there is space to mention only one other instance. Many years afterward, when watching from across the Atlantic with intense interest the Russian campaign, he predicted that Napoleon would begin his retreat from Moscow on October 21st. On October 19th the retreat actually began. These things were of course not due to mere chance, and to M. Necker (May 22, 1798), who had recalled one of his predictions since become true, Mr. Morris gives undoubtedly the secret of his remarkable foresight. "It is not," he says, "difficult to prophesy in such a case. If we are to judge of the conduct of a man in a given situation, it would be hazardous to pronounce upon it, since the character of each individual is governed by the peculiarity of his mind and the im-

pression made upon him by the circumstances in which he is placed. But where the mass is concerned we have but to observe the instinct of the animal, and we shall not be deceived." In addition to this wise doctrine he was also governed by a theory which guided him through all his public life and largely explains his success. He says in a letter to Carmichael:—

"The true object of a great statesman is to give to any particular nation the kind of laws which is suitable to them, and the best constitution which they are capable of." No better rule was ever laid down, and if it were more observed men would make fewer disastrous failures in government and constitutions.

After leaving France, Mr. Morris traveled for six years on the Continent and in England, studying men and manners, enjoying society, and making everywhere firm friends among the most distinguished men and women of the time. At last in 1799 he returned to America, and as he supposed to private life and the practice of his profession. He was elected, however, almost at once Senator from New York, and reentered public life just as the Federalist party, to which he belonged, was driven from power, never to return.

In the dangerous crisis which arose from the equality of votes received by Jefferson and Burr Mr. Morris took the only sound view, that it was right to have Jefferson chosen. He says in his driest way:—

"Not meaning to enter into intrigues, I have merely expressed the opinion that, since it was evidently the intention of our fellow-citizens to make Mr. Jefferson their President, it seems proper to fulfill that intention."

A little later he writes to Hamilton: "I have more at the request of others than from my own mere motion suggested certain considerations not quite unworthy of attention; but it is dan-

gerous to be impartial in politics. You who are temperate in drinking have never perhaps noticed the awkward situation of a man who continues sober after the company are drunk."

Again, he writes to Livingston: "I greatly disapproved, and openly disapproved, the attempt to choose Mr. Burr. Many of my friends thought differently. I saw they would be disappointed, and therefore looked on with perfect composure. Indeed, my dear friend, this farce of life contains nothing which should put us out of humor."

Despite his philosophy, however, he made a most eloquent and desperate resistance to the repeal of the judiciary act, which he always considered little less than a death-blow to the Constitution. He could be impartial at times and he supported the acquisition of Louisiana, but at heart he was a strong partisan. We can see this in what he says of Jefferson.

"It is the fashion," he writes in 1803, "with those discontented creatures called Federalists, to say that our President is not a Christian; yet they must acknowledge that, in true Christian meekness, when smitten on one cheek he turns the other, and by his late appointment of Monroe has taken special care that a stone which the builders rejected should become the first of the corner. These are his *works*; and for his *faith*, it is not as a grain of mustard, but the full size of a pumpkin, so that while men of mustard-seed faith can only move mountains, he finds no difficulty in swallowing them. He believes, for instance, in the perfectibility of man, the wisdom of mobs, and moderation of Jacobins. He believes in payment of debts by diminution of revenue, in defense of territory by reduction of armies, and in vindication of rights by the appointment of ambassadors."

Again, he writes to Dayton: "That our administration is too feeble is, I be-

lieve, too true. What you say of their chief is curious. When he told you we have the choice of enemies, he stated a fact applicable at all times to all countries, since any blundering blockhead can make a war; but when he acknowledged that we have not a choice of friends, he pronounced the surest satire on himself, since this misfortune can only be attributed to a series of false and foolish measures."

Strong and even extreme as he was in his Federalism, he nevertheless was not despondent, like so many of his party friends, and declined to despair of the future. "There is always," he says in a letter written in 1803, "a counter-current in human affairs, which opposes alike both good and evil. Thus the good we hope is seldom obtained, and the evil we fear is rarely realized. . . . Like the forked, featherless bipeds which have preceded them, our posterity will be shaken into the political form which shall be most suitable to their physical and moral state. They will be born, procreate, and die, like the rest of creation, while here and there some accomplished scoundrels, *rare nantes in gurgite vasto*, will give their names to periods of history."

He seems to have sighed but little for the delights of Europe, where he had passed so many years. To his friend Parish, who had urged him to come to England, he writes in 1801:—

"Recollect that a tedious morning, a great dinner, a boozy afternoon, and dull evening make the sum total of English life. It is admirable for young men who shoot, hunt, drink; but for us! How are we to dispose of ourselves? No. Were I to give you a rendezvous in Europe, it should be on the Continent."

He traveled extensively, however, in his own country, and, not content with the exercise of his profession, gave his best thought and work to schemes of public improvement. As early as 1777 Mr. Morris had set forth the idea of

connecting the great lakes with the Hudson. This project he never forgot, and after his return he renewed his efforts, and devoted the last years of his life and all his eloquence before the legislature to its promotion.

Thus engaged, his life flowed peacefully along. He married in 1809, most happily, and not long afterwards, in a letter to his friend Madame de Damas, he gives us a glimpse of himself and his home life that displays admirably the happy disposition, cheerful philosophy, and keen intellect which made their possessor so successful and so contented. "My health," he writes, "is excellent, saving a little of the gout which at this moment annoys me. I can walk three leagues, if the weather be pleasant and the road not rough. My employment is to labor for myself a little, for others more; to receive much company, and forget half those who come. I think of public affairs a little, play a little, read a little, and sleep a good deal. With good air, a good cook, fine water and wine, a good constitution, and a clear conscience I descend towards the grave full of gratitude to the Giver of all good."

There is nothing to add but the inevitable statement of the end. He died

after a brief illness, in 1816, without suffering, and cheerful to the last.

The man who made the final draft of the Constitution of the United States and who first suggested the Erie Canal needs no other monuments. But his brilliant intellect and long and distinguished public career are too little known. We have but to read his diaries and letters to appreciate him at his true value both as statesman and writer. There is only one other word to be said. Among many fine qualities of heart and mind, nothing does him more honor than his strong, unswerving patriotism and ardent belief in his country. This sketch cannot end more fitly than with another prediction, made in 1801, which has not only been fulfilled, but which shows the spirit which animated its author throughout his life: —

"The proudest empire in Europe is but a bauble compared to what America *will* be, *must* be, in the course of two centuries, perhaps of one! If, with a calm retrospect to the progress made within forty years, we stand on the firm ground of calculation, warranted by experience, and look forward to the end of a similar period, imagination shrinks from the magnitude of rational deduction."

Henry Cabot Lodge.

HIDDEN FORCES.

SHE watched the winding brook steal from the shade

Of sombre pines, where it had loitered long,
And, leaving all its dusky ambuscade,

Run down the sunny slope with merry song.

"Oh, happy brook," she sighed, "dost not regret,

Within that gloomy copse, thy lingering?"

The brook laughed low. "In that dark wood are set,"

It said, "the springs that give me strength to sing."

A. M. Libby.

REFORMATION OF CHARITY.

THOSE who know of the existence of charity organization societies in the United States — and they comprise the most earnest and intelligent of the benevolently-minded — are aware that they claim to be unique associations, having characteristics very distinct from ordinary relief agencies. Heretofore, charitable organizations have been little more than conduits by which the money of givers has been borne for various purposes to the persons of the receivers. It is distinctive of the new movement that it aims to modify the thought and attitude of the givers. Through it the dumb, inarticulate peril of the poor is made known to the strong, the cultivated, and the religious, and they are urged to do no more harm to their lowly brethren. Its ultimate aim is the welfare of the impoverished, whether their destitution be moral or material; but it perceives that this must be sought by bringing the community into new conceptions of its duty, and into new relations to the dependent.

Two embarrassments, one from without and the other from within, beset this movement. The one from without is the popular misunderstanding of the work in hand. "Doing good" seems such an easy, simple thing that the average mind, chiefly because it does not think about it, fails to see that charity can have any other functions than feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and getting the unfortunate out of scrapes. It is impatient of large expenditures and large corps of workers which carry little money to the dwellings of misery. The true charity organizationist would be glad if he could get on without giving a cent to the poor, — that is, he would be glad to have the occasions for alms cease.

The embarrassment from within is in
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some measure a concession to the feeling without; and in the pursuit of public approval and support, there is danger that the new associations may forget their true aims, and sink into mere relief societies rivaling their predecessors. Already some have so sunken, and lost their proper character.

A survey of the field may serve to disseminate a juster conception of the problem which reformed methods aim to solve. The motive of "charity organization" is the *cure* of distressed conditions. This is a new thing in philanthropy, the faith that social disorders are curable. Heretofore humane efforts have been cramped and superficial, because the permanence of an unfortunate and depressed class has been taken for granted, and with it the corollary that their misfortunes could only be palliated, and not surmounted. That is the fallacy which lies behind the general conception of charity as exhausted in almsgiving or temporary alleviations of trouble. The faith that social evils can be extirpated, even though the road be long and the gate concealed, is so revolutionary a principle in the administration of charity, and so vital and distinctive an element in our new reform, that one may be pardoned for lingering a while on what it involves.

The theory upon which society has heretofore treated human suffering or degradation has been very simple. There were two classes of misery: the one produced, as the old underwriters would express it, "by the hand of God," and the other by depravity bearing fruit. This distinction lies patent upon the surface of the Elizabethan poor-laws, and reappears in the workhouse test of Earl Grey. The whole scheme of legislation has aimed at some means to separate those who ought to be punished

from those whose undeserved calamities constitute a title to sympathy. The claim of the last has been held by British courts to be a *right* to participate in the parish poor relief virtually enforceable by law. But such a classification is impracticable in the present conditions of society, if it has not always been so. Chalmers demonstrated not only by his experiment at St. John's Church in Glasgow, but by his appeal to the history of the Scottish peasantry, that natural affection was a sufficient motive and the generosity of the poor one to another was a sufficient resource for the sick, the aged, the orphan, the widow, the halt, the blind, the wayfarer, and the imbecile of all Caledonia. He insisted that the springs of this lowly beneficence were congealed by the interference of strangers, and he arraigned compulsory relief because it relaxed natural ties and dissolved the amenities of kinship and affection. The progress of state relief has been marked by the abandonment of wives and children, by the increase of illegitimacy, by the turning of tottering age to the almshouse, and by the consequent degradation of those in whom motives of family affection ceased. Professor Fawcett has shown that the legal provision for foundlings in England is so superior, in amount and in the associations created for the child, to what a farm hand can supply as to be an enticement for fathers to abandon their offspring, — an enticement which is the stronger as the father is more reflective, disinterested, and ambitious for his children. It has been abundantly shown that the poor-rate operates to depress wages, by handicapping the self-supporting in their labor contest with state-aided workmen, and that the workhouse is incompatible with family relations and with the innocence of childhood. Thus society can corrupt its humble members.

To this generation depravity is no longer a finality, but needs to be ac-

counted for. Social evils are something other than local tumefactions, gradually extending to the sounder tissues of the body politic. They are not infiltrations of infection, but the outbreak of general disorders, like the degeneration of a vital organ or the disease of nervous centres in physiology. Just as the serf in feudal times was the complement of the baronial castle, or slavery the adjunct of commerce in a semi-barbarous stage, or the caucus and the ring are instruments in the differentiation of a profession of politics, so proletarianism is the concomitant of an abnormal distribution of wealth incident to the adjustment of industry to machinery, and the relative depression of wages is the product of competition in cheapness rather than in excellence. John Stuart Mill has observed as a characteristic of modern industry that "from top to bottom of the social ladder, remuneration lessens as the work accomplished increases." If Carlyle's definition of genius as an unlimited capacity for work hold true, then genius is a calamity to its possessor. It is not easy to see how the quality of one's work can make exception to this experience, under the present organization of society, without implying the ignorance and unskillfulness of the masses. Under the law of pure competition, skilled and artistic work needs only to become the common heritage of artisans to sink them all to one scale of penury.

To take another aspect of personal degradation, can any thoughtful person inspect the photographs of a rogues' gallery, or follow the history of the inmates of a prison, a house of correction, or an almshouse, or of a confirmed vagrant, back to the by-ways of civilization, and not realize that these deformed specimens of humanity are the victims of circumstances over which they had little control? Were an infant of the noblest pedigree snatched from its silken cradle and brought up in the filth of an overcrowded tenement, amidst the poor

shifts of a Holborn, a Shoreditch, or a Mackerelville, neglected by the school-mistress, pinched by hunger and cold, familiar with coarse manners and brutal scenes, could there remain any "affection of nobleness which nature shows above (its) breeding"?

If the poor are asked to honor industry and to live by labor, then work must be made respectable. But those who employ artisans will lightly regard the work for which they pay but the price of a broiled chicken or a Turkish bath. And the output of toil which they do not esteem, the performer of the service will not respect. If the laboring man is to be a good workman, his craft must become dignified to him as a road to good reputation. He needs approbation for the exercise of moral discrimination as well as of his judgment and manifold faculties. He must have a chance to maintain his family free from that necessity for maternal and child labor which makes the dwelling a pen, and not a home; which denies to it those opportunities for loving care and personal ambition which distinguish a family from a herd. He must have reason also to hope that diligence and self-improvement will enhance his fortunes and lead to the recognition of his respectability. As a matter of fact, these inducements are perceptibly fading out of modern industrial life,—a postulate which there is no time to prove in this paper, although we have the word of such students as Hallam, Mill, and Thornton for it. Glance for a moment at Western Europe, of which the conditions are fast repeating themselves in more fortunate America. Mrs. Fawcett, widow of the late postmaster-general of Great Britain, says of agricultural labor in England that the "hind's means of existence are fixed at the lowest possible scale. . . . He is not afraid of the future; he has reached zero point,—a point from which dates the farmer's calculation. Come what may, he

takes no interest in fortune or misfortune." Recent consular reports from Brunswick and Breslau disclose a similar depression in Germany, where a woman's labor in the field is recompensed with from fifteen to nineteen cents a day, and a man's with from thirty-five to fifty-two cents for the same time; though these small earnings are larger in amount than those of the farm hand in the time of Henry VIII., when seven pence was his customary daily pay, yet their effectiveness is less. Let this momentous feature in the history of wages be noted well. Absolutely they have increased rather than declined. The change is relative, and in the opinion of the economists just named, wages cannot support the demands made upon them as well as they could two hundred years ago. The upheaval of the shore registers the same phenomena as the subsidence of the water.

The next step of the argument is significant as respects the conditions of the dependent classes, and it is the moral and physical effect of impoverished modes of life. To leave men hopeless of rising above the lowest conditions of existence is first to discourage them, and then to render them fatuous, and vice and pauperism are the natural sinks of incompetency.

Mr. Brassey, "the great contractor," discovered, among the thousands whom he employed in various parts of the world, that their work bore a direct relation to the quality of their food and shelter. The output of a Swiss watchmaker is forty watches a year, of an United States mechanic one hundred and fifty, and the American earns in this skilled line of work three times as much as his Helvetian competitor. Mr. Bally, a leading Swiss manufacturer of shoes, states that neither in his country nor in Germany does the productive power of the operative, even when furnished with the same machinery, at all equal that of the American, and that,

notwithstanding the greatly lower wages paid in Switzerland, his goods cost him twice as much by the piece as is paid by the Lynn manufacturer. These instances are adduced simply to show that depressed circumstances diminish the productive and, let it be added, the recuperative faculties of a man, so that there is a point below which there is no economy in reducing wages, because below it there is a great loss of manhood to the workman. Yet such is the state of our industrial organization that both manufacturers and operatives often deliberately concur in the policy of lessening the productive strength of the state. Fluctuations in the labor market, the enforced idleness of half time, of lock-outs, and of strikes, are ruinous to habits of thrift and to stability of character. The savings of months are consumed in a few idle weeks, and the vice of a hand-to-mouth life is acquired.

Add to these considerations the increasing subdivision of trades, by which skilled industry is rendered needless, and an operative's function is reduced to a few mechanical motions; the congregating of large numbers in a single factory, where they remain unknown to their employers; the collecting of their dwellings in one mean quarter of the town; the sameness of agricultural life, now that railways have drafted away the able preachers and lawyers and artisans from the country to the town,—a sameness to which the high ratio of insanity among farmers and their wives has been attributed; a brief experience of an education in which the hand is taught no dexterity, and the memory is gorged with mere formulæ which it cannot retain, while the rational powers are left with no certain grasp upon any set of facts. Let these conditions continue long enough, and it would seem that there are in them the bad sanitation, the poor nourishment, the inherited stolidity, the hopeless environment, and the ill associations which invert a man's nature

and put the predaceous and voracious element over the soul in him. Here are causes enough of pauperism for which society, and not their victim, is responsible.

In a remarkable work entitled *The Jukes*, the late Mr. Dugdale pursued the history of twelve hundred descendants of a woman known as "Margaret, the mother of criminals." In this investigation Mr. Dugdale seems to question the growth of hereditary pauperism beyond rather narrow limits, because the vices of that condition steadily tend to sterility. If that position be true, the inference follows that pauperism increases in a country not by the fecundity of a class, but by the spread of deterioration into the healthy parts of the social body.

Remarkable, too, is the way in which Mr. Dugdale traced the relation between the criminal and the pauper branches of this family. The criminal branch was more virile and enterprising, and therefore more susceptible of reformation. Pauperism was the lower stage into which some members of the family sank upon the exhaustion of their powers. Others of them, however, became useful and reputable citizens, and had the mode of their restoration to society been investigated, probably it would have shown that the most effective method was that of changing their surroundings. Environment is at the heart of this problem.

Two sins accompanied the degradation of the Jukes, the inordinate sexual propensity and intemperance. The first has received but little study from philanthropists, and from its nature is mostly relegated to the physicians. But it cannot long be passed over by those who would penetrate the secret of relaxed family ties, of low vitality, and of abandoned childhood. Intemperance has been discussed passionately enough, but, apart from its physiological aspects, with a very injurious disregard of facts and

exaggeration of statistics. One point seriously demands thorough consideration, and it is how far alcoholism is a symptom rather than a cause of personal depression. Stimulants, whether exhilarating or narcotic, are the natural recourse of exhausted people. Bad nutrition, mental depression, and intermittent habits furnish favorable conditions for the development of inebriety; and the potency of the intoxicant is in proportion to the adverse character of the environment. How else can the fact be explained that intemperance is so general among those who can least afford to indulge in it, or that it is common among women of the lower classes? May it not also be a fair speculation that the proverbial appetite of the Indian for fire-water, both in North and South America, grows out of his incapacity for methodical work, his irregular nutrition, and the hopelessness of his social state when he is placed in contact with the white race? It is out of such conditions as these that the most obstinate and darkest phases of outlawry arise. Is it not bad enough for society, with its greed and injustices and neglects, to produce disorderly, sullen, and criminal imbeciles, without offering them facilities for following their unregulated impulses? Yet from statistics gathered out of the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, England and Wales spend annually about \$100,000,000 to maintain in a predatory and half-animate life those whom the rate-payers scarcely recognize as brothers and sisters, except in times of cholera and typhoid fever. And America in her public and corporate charities has long and stupidly followed the bad examples of the mother country.

This cursory and partial examination of the relations of pauperism to society shows how complicated and extended is the problem undertaken by an association formed to promote the radical cure of social evils. It would be preposter-

ous to set up such a pretension unless the association meant to abandon all dilettante philanthropy, and seriously to explore the obscure pathology of this whole disorder. It must be prepared to act in four different directions, and in each of them in a moral and intellectual, and *not* in a pecuniary way. It must influence legislation, must systematize and combine the multiform administrations of public and private relief, must deal with the personalities of the dependent and outcast classes, and must educate the community in right economical and humane ideas, in order to obtain a secure and influential support of its operations.

To act efficiently, charity organization must spread to the centres of population in each State, and draw into its councils the most intelligent and active minds there, and so prepare itself to concentrate upon the legislature — when questions concerning labor, almshouses, reformatories, sanitation, industrial schools, the regulation of provident societies, the employment of women and children, and license or prohibition are under consideration — an influence formidable as well for the precision and wisdom of its aim as for the weight of numbers and character supporting it. It must in a like way make its presence felt in circles engaged in the distribution of relief, in order to secure their conformity to the laws of economy and social health, especially where they are a disturbing force among them. Nor will it answer to content itself with statistics and brilliant generalizations, but it must keep in personal contact with the depressed, trying every expedient to change their careers but that of almsgiving. Its design is to elicit the latent recuperative forces which lie in the breasts of the outcasts and in the hearts of the wise and generous, and to set them in vigorous coöperation; and almsgiving is not one of them. The objects of its solicitude are those who may be called, in the

strict etymological sense of the term, the dissolute; that is, their social relations are gone, and they are only gregarious, not an organism. These people are to be knit one by one into the polity and order of the community, and in the methods by which this is accomplished lie the true data for a science of beneficence. So important is this feature of the movement that in nearly every instance where a charity organization society has been formed it has called into the field a large staff of agents and friendly visitors, whose function it is to remain in contact with individuals, and to bring to bear upon them the most wholesome personal influences at their command, and to avoid material relief if possible.

Such is the aim and such are the conditions under which this reformatory movement has come into existence. It is not in the ordinary sense an almsgiving scheme, and it cannot acquiesce in the old and false epicycles which have kept men ignorant of the true laws of terrestrial motion. Should these new associations become almoners of largesses to the needy, they would do much to defeat their own purpose. Such a course would make them rivals of other charities instead of coöperators with them; it would draw into their administration persons whose views were incompatible with charity organization principles, and whose counsels would divert them from their proposed ends; it would awaken public expectations which they could not meet without sacrificing their fundamental aim, and the public would say of them that they were the most costly and cumbersome expedients for getting a dollar into a poor man's hands that human wit had yet invented; and, as has already once or

twice happened, they would incur the risk of sinking into a pure agency for distributing gratuities, to the utter loss of every feature which differentiated them from the old system.

Perhaps the most serious embarrassment before such of these associations as adhere to their distinctive principles is the suicidal career which they propose both for themselves and for the organizations which coöperate with them. The consummation of the *felo de se* is remote, and will remain remote until the disintegrating action of injustice, vice, and misfortune ceases in society, but the tendency of its aims is apparent. By curing the evils of distress, charity organization cuts away the ground from under its own feet, and it would strive to draw into the same uselessness all its constituent societies. They are invited to labor for their own fossilization. It cannot, therefore, achieve its ideals without encountering the opposition of conservatism, of vested interests, and of minds preoccupied with old definitions. Hence, everywhere, it has made but slow progress in bringing the various charitable agencies of the community into coördination. Its hardest undertaking lies here, as the achievement of this end would be the most signal triumph possible to it. At the same time there cannot be a single generous, intelligent mind which would not ardently wish to see so noble an ideal of society — one in which not a soul should be dependent on the parish beadle or the mercy of a stranger — come true. Though it be an ideal, it is worth striving for; it is the only right guidance for charitable endeavor; and until it does come to pass, charity organization has a unique and vital function to perform in society.

D. O. Kellogg.

THE DULHAM LADIES.

To be leaders of society in the town of Dulham was as satisfactory to Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda Dobin as if Dulham were London itself. Of late years, though they would not allow themselves to suspect such treason, the most ill-bred of the younger people in the village made fun of them behind their backs, and laughed at their treasured summer mantillas, their mincing steps, and the shape of their parasols.

They were always conscious of the fact that they were the daughters of a once eminent Dulham minister; but beside this unanswerable claim to the respect of the First Parish, they were aware that their mother's social position was one of superior altitude. Madam Dobin's grandmother was a Greenapple, of Boston. In her younger days she had often visited her relatives, the Greenapples and Hightrees, and in seasons of festivity she could relate to a select and properly excited audience her delightful experiences of town life. Nothing could be finer than her account of having taken tea at Governor Clovenfoot's on Beacon Street in company with an English lord, who was indulging himself in a brief vacation from his arduous duties at the Court of St. James.

"He exclaimed that he had seldom seen in England so beautiful and intellectual a company of ladies," Madam Dobin would always say in conclusion. "He was decorated with the blue ribbon of the Knights of the Garter." Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda thought for many years that this famous blue ribbon was tied about the noble gentleman's leg. One day they even discussed the question openly; Miss Dobin placing the decoration at his knee, and Miss Lucinda locating it much lower down, according to the length of the short gray socks with which she was familiar."

"You have no imagination, Lucinda," the elder sister replied impatiently. "Of course, those were the days of small-clothes and long silk stockings!" — whereat Miss Lucinda was rebuked, but not persuaded.

"I wish that my dear girls could have the outlook upon society which fell to my portion," Madam Dobin sighed, after she had set these ignorant minds to rights, and enriched them by communicating the final truth about the blue ribbon. "I must not chide you for the absence of opportunities, but if our cousin Harriet Greenapple were only living you would not lack enjoyment or social education."

Madam Dobin has now been dead a great many years. She seemed an elderly woman to her daughters some time before she left them; later they thought that she had really died comparatively young, since their own years had come to equal the record of hers. When they visited her tall white tombstone in the orderly Dulham burying-ground, it was a strange thought to both the daughters that they were older women than their mother had been when she died. To be sure, it was the fashion to appear older in her day, — they could remember the sober effect of really youthful married persons in cap and frisette; but, whether they owed it to the changed times or to their own qualities, they felt no older themselves than ever they had. Beside upholding the ministerial dignity of their father, they were obliged to give a lenient sanction to the ways of the world for their mother's sake; and they combined the two duties with reverence and impartiality.

Madam Dobin was, in her prime, a walking example of refinements and courtesies. If she erred in any way, it

was by keeping too strict watch and rule over her small kingdom. She acted with great dignity in all matters of social administration and etiquette, but, while it must be owned that the parishioners felt a sense of freedom for a time after her death, in their later years they praised and valued her more and more, and often lamented her generously and sincerely.

Several of her distinguished relatives attended Madam Dobin's funeral, which was long considered the most dignified and elegant pageant of that sort which had ever taken place in Dulham. It seemed to mark the close of a famous epoch in Dulham history, and it was increasingly difficult forever afterward to keep the tone of society up to the old standard. Somehow, the distinguished relatives had one by one disappeared, though they all had excellent reasons for the discontinuance of their visits. A few had left this world altogether, and the family circle of the Greenaples and Hightrees was greatly reduced in circumference. Sometimes, in summer, a stray connection drifted Dulham-ward, and was displayed to the townspeople (not to say paraded) by the gratified hostesses. It was a disappointment if the guest could not be persuaded to remain over Sunday and appear at church. When household antiquities became fashionable, the ladies remarked a surprising interest in their corner cupboard and best chairs, and some distant relatives revived their almost forgotten custom of paying a summer visit to Dulham. They were not long in finding out with what desperate affection Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda clung to their mother's wedding china and other inheritances, and were allowed to depart without a single teacup. One graceless descendant of the Hightrees prowled from garret to cellar, and admired the household belongings diligently, but she was not asked to accept even the dislocated cherry-wood footstool that she had

discovered in the far corner of the parsonage pew.

Some of the Dulham friends had long suspected that Madam Dobin made a social misstep when she chose the Reverend Edward Dobin for her husband. She was no longer young when she married, and though she had gone through the wood and picked up a crooked stick at last, it made a great difference that her stick possessed an ecclesiastical bark. The Reverend Edward was, moreover, a respectable graduate of Harvard College, and to a woman of her standards a clergyman was by no means insignificant. It was impossible not to respect his office, at any rate, and she must have treated him with proper veneration for the sake of that, if for no other reason, though his early advantages had been insufficient, and he was quite insensible to the claims of the Greenaple pedigree, and preferred an Indian pudding to pie crust that was, without exaggeration, half a quarter high. The delicacy of Madam Dobin's touch and preference in everything, from hymns to cookery, was quite lost upon this respected preacher, yet he was not without pride or complete confidence in his own decisions.

The Reverend Mr. Dobin was never very enlightening in his discourses, and was providentially stopped short by a stroke of paralysis in the middle of his clerical career. He lived on and on through many dreary years, but his children never accepted the fact that he was a tyrant, and served him humbly and patiently. He fell at last into a condition of great incapacity and chronic trembling, but was able for nearly a quarter of a century to be carried to the meeting-house from time to time to pronounce farewell discourses. On high days of the church he was always placed in the pulpit, and held up his shaking hands when the benediction was pronounced, as if the divine gift were exclusively his own, and the other minister did but say empty words. After-

ward, he was usually tired and displeased and hard to cope with, but there was always a proper notice taken of these too often recurring events. For old times' sake and for pity's sake and from natural goodness of heart, the elder parishioners rallied manfully about the Reverend Mr. Dobin; and whoever his successor or colleague might be, the Dobins were always called the minister's folks, while the active laborer in that vineyard was only Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, as the case might be. At last the poor old man died, to everybody's relief and astonishment; and after he was properly preached about and lamented, his daughters, Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda, took a good look at life from a new standpoint, and decided that now they were no longer constrained by home duties they must make themselves a great deal more use to the town.

Sometimes there is such a household as this (which has been perhaps too minutely described), where the parents linger until their children are far past middle age, and always keep them in a too childish and unworthy state of subjection. The Misses Dobin's characters were much influenced by such an unnatural prolongation of the filial relationship, and they were amazingly slow to suspect that they were not so young as they used to be. There was nothing to measure themselves by but Dulham people and things. The elm-trees were growing yet, and many of the ladies of the First Parish were older than they, and called them, perhaps too familiarly, the Dobin girls. These elderly persons seemed really to be growing old, and Miss Lucinda frequently lamented the change in society; she thought it a freak of nature and too sudden blighting of earthly hopes that several charming old friends of her mother's were no longer living. They were advanced in age when Miss Lucinda was a young girl, though time and space are but relative, after all.

Their influence upon society would have made a great difference in many ways. Certainly, the new parishioners, who had often enough been instructed to pronounce their pastor's name as if it were spelled with one "b," would not have boldly returned again and again to their obnoxious habit of saying Dobbin. Miss Lucinda might carefully speak to the neighbor and new-comers of "my sister, Miss Do-bin;" only the select company of intimates followed her lead, and at last there was something humiliating about it, even though many persons spoke of them only as "the ladies."

"The name was originally *D'Aubigne*, we think," Miss Lucinda would say coldly and patiently, as if she had already explained this foolish mistake a thousand times too often. It was like the sorrows in many a provincial chateau in the Reign of Terror. The ladies looked on with increasing dismay at the retrogression in society. They felt as if they were a feeble garrison, to whose lot it had fallen to repulse a noisy, irreverent mob, an increasing band of marauders who would overthrow all landmarks of the past, all etiquette and social rank. The new minister himself was a round-faced, unspiritual-looking young man, whom they would have instinctively ignored if he had not been a minister. The new people who came to Dulham were not like the older residents, and they had no desire to be taught better. Little they cared about the Greenaples or the Hightrees; and once, when Miss Dobin essayed to speak of some detail of her mother's brilliant opportunities in Boston high life, she was interrupted, and the new-comer who sat next her at the parish sewing society began to talk about something else. We cannot believe that it could have been the tea-party at Governor Clovenfoot's which the rude creature so disrespectfully ignored, but some persons are capable of showing any lack of good taste.

The ladies had an unusual and most painful sense of failure, as they went home together that evening. "I have always made it my object to improve and interest the people at such times; it would seem so possible to elevate their thoughts and direct them into higher channels," said Miss Dobin sadly. "But as for that Woolden woman, there is no use in casting pearls before swine!"

Miss Lucinda murmured an indignant assent. She had a secret suspicion that the Woolden woman had heard the story in question oftener than had pleased her. She was but an ignorant creature; though she had lived in Dulham twelve or thirteen years, she was no better than when she came. The mistake was in treating sister Harriet as if she were on a level with the rest of the company. Miss Lucinda had observed more than once, lately, that her sister sometimes repeated herself, unconsciously, a little oftener than was agreeable. Perhaps they were getting a trifle dull; toward spring it might be well to pass a few days with some of their friends, and have a change.

"If I have tried to do anything," said Miss Dobin in an icy tone, "it has been to stand firm in my lot and place, and to hold the standard of cultivated mind and elegant manners as high as possible. You would think it had been a hundred years since our mother's death, so completely has the effect of her good breeding and exquisite hospitality been lost sight of, here in Dulham. I could wish that our father had chosen to settle in a larger and more appreciative place. They would like to put us on the shelf, too. I can see that plainly."

"I am sure we have our friends," said Miss Lucinda anxiously, but with a choking voice. "We must not let them think we do not mean to keep up with the times, as we always have. I do feel as if perhaps — our hair" —

And the sad secret was out at last. Each of the sisters drew a long breath

of relief at this beginning of a confession.

It was certain that they must take some steps to retrieve their lost ascendancy. Public attention had that evening been called to their fast-disappearing locks, poor ladies; and Miss Lucinda felt the discomfort most, for she had been the inheritor of the Hightree hair, long and curly, and chestnut in color. There used to be a waviness about it, and sometimes pretty escaping curls, but these were gone long ago. Miss Dobin resembled her father, and her hair had not been luxuriant, so that she was less changed by its absence than one might suppose. The straightness and thinness had increased so gradually that neither sister had quite accepted the thought that other persons would particularly notice their altered appearance.

They had shrunk, with the reticence born of close family association, from speaking of the cause even to each other, when they made themselves pretty little lace and dotted muslin caps. Breakfast caps, they called them, and explained that these were universally worn in town; the young Princess of Wales originated them, or at any rate adopted them. The ladies offered no apology for keeping the breakfast caps on until bedtime, and in spite of them a forward child had just spoken loud and shrill an untimely question in the ears of the for once silent sewing society. "Do Miss Dobbinses wear them great caps because their bare heads is cold?" the little beast had said; and everybody was startled and dismayed.

Miss Dobin had never shown better her good breeding and valor, the younger sister thought.

"No, little girl," replied the stately Harriet, with a chilly smile. "I believe that our head-dresses are quite in the fashion for ladies of all ages. And you must remember that it is never polite to make such personal remarks." It was after this that Miss Dobin had been

reminded of Madam Somebody's unusual head-gear at the evening entertainment in Boston. Nobody but the Woollen woman could have interrupted her under such trying circumstances.

Miss Lucinda, however, was certain that the time had come for making some effort to replace her lost adornment. The child had told an unwelcome truth, but had paved the way for further action, and now was the time to suggest something that had slowly been taking shape in Miss Lucinda's mind. A young grand-nephew of their mother and his bride had passed a few days with them, two or three summers before, and the sisters had been quite shocked to find that the pretty young woman wore a row of frizzes, not originally her own, over her smooth forehead. At the time, Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda had spoken severely with each other of such bad taste, but now it made a great difference that the wearer of the frizzes was not only a relative by marriage and used to good society, but also that she came from town, and might be supposed to know what was proper in the way of toilet.

"I really think, sister, that we had better see about having some — arrangements, next time we go anywhere," Miss Dobin said unexpectedly, with a slight tremble in her voice, just as they reached their own door. "There seems to be quite a fashion for them nowadays. For the parish's sake we ought to recognize" — and Miss Lucinda responded with instant satisfaction. She did not like to complain, but she had been troubled with neuralgic pains in her forehead on suddenly meeting the cold air. The sisters felt a new bond of sympathy in keeping this secret with and for each other; they took pains to say to several acquaintances that they were thinking of going to the next large town to do a few errands for Christmas.

A bright, sunny morning seemed to wish the ladies good-fortune. Old Het-

ty Downs, their faithful maid-servant and protector, looked after them in affectionate foreboding. "Dear sakes, what devil's wiles may be played on them blessed innocents afore they're safe home again!" she murmured, as they vanished round the corner of the street that led to the railway station.

Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda paced discreetly side by side down the main street of Westbury. It was nothing like Boston, of course, but the noise was slightly confusing, and the passers-by sometimes roughly pushed against them. Westbury was a consequential manufacturing town, but a great convenience at times like this. The trifling Christmas gifts for their old neighbors and Sunday-school scholars were purchased and stowed away in their neat Fayal basket before the serious commission of the day was attended to. Here and there, in the shops, disreputable frizzes were displayed in unblushing effrontery, but no such vulgar shopkeeper merited the patronage of the Misses Dobin. They pretended not to observe the unattractive goods, and went their way to a low, one-storied building on a side street, where an old tradesman lived. He had been useful to the minister while he still remained upon the earth and had need of a wig, sandy in hue and increasingly sprinkled with gray, as if it kept pace with other changes of existence. But old Paley's shutters were up, and a bar of rough wood was nailed firmly across the one that had lost its fastening and would rack its feeble hinges in the wind. Old Paley had always been polite and bland; they really had looked forward to a little chat with him; they had heard a year or two before of his wife's death, and meant to offer sympathy. His business of hair-dressing had been carried on with that of parasol and umbrella mending, and the condemned umbrella which was his sign cracked and swung in the rising wind, a

tattered skeleton before the closed door. The ladies sighed and turned away; they were beginning to feel tired; the day was long, and they had not met with any pleasures yet. "We might walk up the street a little further," suggested Miss Lucinda; "that is, if you are not tired," as they stood hesitating on the corner after they had finished a short discussion of Mr. Paley's disappearance. Happily it was only a few minutes before they came to a stop together in front of a new, shining shop, where smirking waxen heads all in a row were decked with the latest fashions of wigs and frizzes. One smiling fragment of a gentleman stared so straight at Miss Lucinda with his black eyes that she felt quite coy and embarrassed, and was obliged to feign not to be conscious of his admiration. But Miss Dobin, after a brief delay, boldly opened the door and entered; it was better to be sheltered in the shop than exposed to public remark as they gazed in at the windows. Miss Lucinda felt her heart beat and her courage give out; she, coward like, left the transaction of their business to her sister, and turned to contemplate the back of the handsome model. It was a slight shock to find that he was not so attractive from this point of view. The wig he wore was well made all round, but his shoulders were roughly finished in a substance that looked like plain plaster of Paris.

"What can I have ze pleasure of showing you, young ladees?" asked a person who advanced; and Miss Lucinda faced about to discover a smiling, middle-aged Frenchman, who rubbed his hands together and looked at his customers, first one and then the other, with delightful deference. He seemed a very civil, nice person, the young ladies thought.

"My sister and I were thinking of buying some little arrangements to wear above the forehead," Miss Dobin explained, with pathetic dignity; but the

Frenchman spared her any further words. He looked with eager interest at the bonnets, as if no lack had attracted his notice before. "Ah, yes. *Je comprends*; ze high foreheads are not now ze mode. Je prefer them, moi, yes, yes, but ze ladies must accept ze fashion; zay must now cover ta forehead with ze frizzes, ze bangs, you say. As you wis', as you wis'!" and the tactful little man, with many shrugs and merry gestures at such girlish fancies, pulled down one box after another.

It was a great relief to find that this was no worse, to say the least, than any other shopping, though the solemnity and secrecy of the occasion were infringed upon by the great supply of "arrangements" and the loud discussion of the color of some crimps a noisy girl was buying from a young saleswoman the other side of the shop.

Miss Dobin waved aside the wares which were being displayed for her approval. "Something — more simple, if you please," — she did not like to say "older."

"But these are *très simple*," protested the Frenchman. "We have nothing younger;" and Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda blushed, and said no more. The Frenchman had his own way; he persuaded them that nothing was so suitable as some conspicuous forelocks that matched their hair as it used to be. They would have given anything rather than leave their breakfast caps at home, if they had known that their proper winter bonnets must come off. They hardly listened to the wig merchant's glib voice as Miss Dobin stood revealed before the merciless mirror at the back of the shop.

He made everything as easy as possible, the friendly creature, and the ladies were grateful to him. Beside, now that the bonnet was on again there was a great improvement in Miss Dobin's appearance. She turned to Miss Lucinda, and saw a gleam of delight in her

eager countenance. "It really is very becoming. I like the way it parts over your forehead," said the younger sister, "but if it were long enough to go behind the ears" — "*Non, non,*" entreated the Frenchman. "To make her the old woman at once would be cruelty!" And Lucinda, who was wondering how well she would look in her turn, succumbed promptly to such protestations. Yes, there was no use in being old before their time. Dulham was not quite keeping pace with the rest of the world in these days, but they need not drag behind everybody else, just because they lived there.

The price of the little arrangements was much less than the sisters expected, and the uncomfortable expense of their reverend father's wigs had been, it was proved, a thing of the past. Miss Dobin treated her polite Frenchman with great courtesy; indeed, Miss Lucinda had more than once whispered to her to talk French, and as they were bowed out of the shop the gracious *Bong-sure* of the elder lady seemed to act like the string of a shower-bath, and bring down an awesome torrent of foreign words upon the two guileless heads. It was impossible to reply; the ladies bowed again, however, and Miss Lucinda caught a last smile from the handsome wax countenance in the window. He appeared to regard her with fresh approval, and she departed down the street with mincing steps.

"I feel as if anybody might look at me now, sister," said gentle Miss Lucinda. "I confess, I have really suffered sometimes, since I knew I looked so distressed."

"Yours is lighter than I thought it was in the shop," remarked Miss Dobin, doubtfully, but she quickly added that perhaps it would change a little. She was so perfectly satisfied with her own appearance that she could not bear to dim the pleasure of any one else. The truth remained that she never would

have let Lucinda choose that particular arrangement if she had seen it first in a good light. And Lucinda was thinking exactly the same of her companion.

"I am sure we shall have no more neuralgia," said Miss Dobin. "I am sorry we waited so long, dear," and they tripped down the main street of Westbury, confident that nobody would suspect them of being over thirty. Indeed, they felt quite girlish, and unconsciously looked sideways as they went along, to see their satisfying reflections in the windows. The great panes made excellent mirrors, with not too clear or lasting pictures of these comforted passers-by.

The Frenchman in the shop was making merry with his assistants. The two great frisettes had long been out of fashion; he had been lying in wait with them for two unsuspecting country ladies, who could be cajoled into such a purchase.

"Sister," Miss Lucinda was saying, "you know there is still an hour to wait before our train goes. Suppose we take a little longer walk down the other side of the way;" and they strolled slowly back again. In fact, they nearly missed the train, naughty girls! Hetty would have been so worried, they assured each other, but they reached the station just in time.

"Lutie," said Miss Dobin, "put up your hand and part it from your forehead; it seems to be getting out of place a little;" and Miss Lucinda, who had just got breath enough to speak, returned the information that Miss Dobin's was almost covering her eyebrows. They might have to trim them a little shorter; of course it could be done. The darkness was falling; they had taken an early dinner before they started, and now they were tired and hungry after the exertion of the afternoon, but the spirit of youth flamed afresh in their hearts, and they were very happy. If one's heart remains young, it is a sore trial to have

the outward appearance entirely at variance. It was the ladies' nature to be girlish, and they found it impossible not to be grateful to the flimsy, ineffectual disguise which seemed to set them right with the world. The old conductor, who had known them for many years, looked hard at them as he took their tickets, and, being a man of humor and compassion, affected not to notice anything remarkable in their appearance. "You ladies never mean to grow old, like the rest of us," he said, gallantly, and the sisters fairly quaked with joy.

"Bless us!" the obnoxious Mrs. Woolden was saying, at the other end of the car. "There's the old maid Dobbinses, and they've bought 'em some bangs. I expect they wanted to get thatched in a little before real cold weather; but don't they look just like a pair o' poodle dogs."

The little ladies descended wearily from the train. Somehow they did not enjoy a day's shopping as much as they used. They were certainly much obliged to Hetty for sending her niece's boy to meet them, with a lantern; also for having a good warm supper ready when they came in. Hetty took a quick look at her mistresses, and returned to the kitchen. "I knew somebody would be foolin' of 'em," she assured herself angrily, but she had to laugh. Their dear, kind faces were wrinkled and pale, and the great frizzes had lost their pretty curliness, and were hanging down, almost straight and very ugly, into the ladies' eyes. They could not tuck them under their caps, as they were sure might be done.

Then came a succession of rainy days, and nobody visited the rejuvenated household. The frisettes looked very bright chestnut by the light of day, and it must be confessed that Miss Dobin took the scissors and shortened Miss Lucinda's half an inch, and Miss Lucinda returned the compliment quite secretly, because

each thought her sister's forehead lower than her own. Their dear gray eyebrows were honestly displayed, as if it were the fashion not to have them match with wigs. Hetty at last spoke out, and begged her mistresses, as they sat at breakfast, to let her take the frizzes back and change them. Her sister's daughter worked in that very shop, and, though in the work-room, would be obliging, Hetty was sure.

But the ladies looked at each other in pleased assurance, and then turned altogether to look at Hetty, who stood already a little apprehensive near the table, where she had just put down a plateful of smoking drop-cakes. The good creature really began to look old.

"They are worn very much in town," said Miss Dobin. "We think it was quite fortunate that the fashion came in just as our hair was growing a trifle thin. I dare say we may choose those that are a shade duller in color when these are a little past. Oh, we shall not want tea this evening, you remember, Hetty. I am glad there is likely to be such a good night for the sewing circle." And Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda nodded and smiled.

"Oh, my sakes alive!" the troubled handmaiden groaned. "Going to the circle, be they, to be snickered at! Well, the Dobbin girls they was born, and the Dobbins girls they will remain till they die; but if they ain't innocent Christian babes to those that knows 'em well, mark me down for an idjit myself! They believe them front-pieces has set the clock back forty year or more, but if they're pleased to think so, let 'em!"

Away paced the Dulham ladies, late in the afternoon, to grace the parish occasion, and face the amused scrutiny of their neighbors. "I think we owe it to society to observe the fashions of the day," said Miss Lucinda. "A lady cannot afford to be unattractive. I feel now as if we were prepared for anything!"

Sarah Orne Jewett.

SHYLOCK vs. ANTONIO.

A BRIEF FOR PLAINTIFF ON APPEAL.

THIS action was heard before the trial court at Venice, and is now brought up for review upon the full notes of the reporter, Mr. William Shakespeare.

The length of time which has elapsed between the rendition of judgment in the court below and the hearing upon this appeal is but another instance of the "law's delay," of which the appellant has good occasion to complain. But, strong in the conviction of the justice of his cause, he desires to waive all questions of procedure, and to be heard upon the merits alone.

The facts of the case, as revealed by the transcript, are as follows: The defendant, Antonio, was a merchant in Venice, who is shown by the testimony to have been a gentleman of most improvident and speculative habits. Not content with loaning his money indiscriminately, without interest or security, he had, just prior to the transactions out of which this action grew, attempted, with insufficient capital, to establish a gigantic "corner" in the shipping trade of Venice. The existence of this reckless deal was not unknown to Shylock, for he says, "He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis; another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico; a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats; land-thieves and water-thieves: I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks."

That Antonio was conscious of his financial irresponsibility appears from his own admissions, and from the statements made by his friends in his presence. As these facts constitute a part

of the *res gestæ*, and are of importance in judging of the transactions which follow, counsel will be pardoned for including somewhat *in extenso* to the evidence.

In conversation with his friends Salarino and Salanio, Antonio appears downcast, as may be expected of one whose entire substance stands at such risk. Salarino, commenting upon this, says:—

"Your mind is tossing on the ocean:
There, where your argosies, with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings."

Salanio, appreciating the gravity of Antonio's position, responds:—

"Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad."

To which Salarino replies, more sympathetically than soothingly:—

"My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me
sad?

But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise."

Antonio offers to these searching re-

marks a feeble protestation that his "ventures are not in one bottom trusted, nor to one place." Was there ever a drowning man who would listen to the suggestion that the straw would not bear his weight even if he clutched it? Certain it is that Antonio makes no explanation that will otherwise account for his dejection, and the inference is plain that his friends had discerned the real cause of his disquietude. Indeed, in an interview with Bassanio, he admits his deplorable plight:—

"Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea ;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum ; therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do ;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost."

Whatever other conclusions may be drawn, two inductions seem to follow irresistibly: that Antonio's finances were in such a disordered condition that he was the last man in Venice to offer merely his credit for a loan, and that this was well known among his friends and upon the Rialto.

Now comes upon the scene one Bassanio, by his own confession a spendthrift staggering under the debts which his extravagance had created, the largest of which was owing to Antonio, and proposes to the latter, as a means of repaying him, that they should form a syndicate to enable Bassanio to marry an heiress, and, to that end, should borrow money on the credit of their combined insolvency. Let us not be misled by the pretty sentiment which we shall hear these gentlemen uttering betimes as it serves their purposes. Let us bear in mind that when they are by themselves Bassanio frankly confesses that his "plot" for marrying Portia is conceived in the hope of lining his pocket-book, and that he gives Antonio to understand that only by helping him in this scheme can the latter hope to become a preferred creditor. Bassanio opens the subject craftily:—

"T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,

By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance :
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe."

A moment later, Bassanio again suggests the debt he owes to Antonio, and the possibility of repayment, if the latter will only "stand in" on his little arrangement.

"I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost."

Mark the subtlety with which he fills Antonio's mind with the hopelessness of the debt, and then continues:—

—"but, if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first."

Antonio jumps eagerly at the bait. Bassanio finds a willing listener while he describes Portia, of whom he does not forget to say that she is "richly left," before he says that she is fair. He tells how he has received some encouragement from the "speechless messages" of the young lady's eyes, and concludes that if he can be fitted out in good form his success is assured:—

"I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate."

Antonio has neither money nor goods available, but his zeal is so aroused that he is willing his credit should be "rack'd;" and he accordingly commissions Bassanio to find some one credulous enough to loan money on the insecurity of their joint signatures. That Bassanio's chances of getting his fingers on the young woman's inheritance does not rest even upon so good a foundation as the messages from her pretty eyes,—and we all know that it will not do to base any great outlay upon such collateral, though most of us have done it, I

fear, many times, — but upon a piece of blind guess-work as to which of three caskets contain her picture, does not seem to make this speculation in matrimony appear at all hazardous to either of these gentlemen, provided some one else will advance the money necessary to enable Bassanio to resume his “swelling port.”

Now, in furtherance of this “plot,” as Bassanio confesses it to be, the plaintiff in this action, a worthy Jewish capitalist, is applied to for the loan. It is well to note here that Shylock is, in character, everything which this precious pair are not. Where they are careless and improvident, he is far-seeing and conservative. While Bassanio has been making rapid distribution of his creditors’ funds, Shylock, by frugality, has amassed a competence. While Antonio has been sounding random notes upon the pipe of fortune, Shylock has followed the slow and cautious ways of a man of business. Bassanio is a spend-thrift, Shylock an accumulator; Antonio is a speculator, Shylock an investor. While they are so diametrically opposite in business methods, they are not less so in personal character. They two are pleasure-loving men of fashion, giving no heed to the morrow; but this man, typical of the strongest characteristics of his race, lives a simple life in his own home, lavishing his fatherly affection upon his only child, and cherishing the venerable traditions and peculiar customs of his people. In intellectual strength and in the rare quality of a masterful personality, he stands upon an eminence to which they never attain. It may be that he has the failings of his tribe; that he smarts under the indignities to which he has been subjected, “the oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely;” that continued outrage has produced shyness and suspicion; that open confiscation has resulted in hoarding and secretion. Be that as it may, we may well believe

that of all men in the world these two would be the ones to whose personal guaranty alone Shylock would attach the least consideration.

Bassanio, already in his mind befrizzed and pomatumed with Shylock’s money, cannot await the usual formality of financial transactions upon the Rialto, but accosts the Hebrew at his first casual meeting. Shylock receives the proposition with evident lack of enthusiasm. Three thousand ducats is a large sum of money to advance on the inconsiderable sufficiency of such security, and he points out to the expectant swain that his bondsman’s means are “in supposition;” whereupon Bassanio, having already gained one point by the crafty suggestion of personal gain to Antonio, thinks to flatter the vanity of the Jew by inviting him to dine. Could anything be finer or more self-respecting than the indignant reply? —

“I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you!”

Even while the words are upon his lips, Antonio appears upon the scene, and, with a ready show of virtue, ignores the gain which he hopes to reap by the transaction, and poses as one who neither lends nor borrows, but who, to “supply the ripe wants of a friend,” is willing to break a custom. But so clumsily does he conceal his contempt for the Hebrew that he also stirs the wrath of the latter, who exclaims: —

“Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe;
You call me, — misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help;
Go to then: you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies: You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,

*Hath a dog money? is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats? Or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
 With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
 Say this,—
 Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time
 You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
 I'll lend you thus much monies."*

That Shylock does not utterly spurn the suppliants, but is finally mollified, and consents to let them have the money they desire, appears strange until we remember that he has every motive for wishing to conciliate them. His entire wealth, consisting, undoubtedly, of personal property, after the manner of his people, is at the mercy of these men and others, who think it no crime, as we shall presently see, to plunder a Jew. Now Antonio and Bassanio are men of family and position, as the world goes, and will be able, upon occasion, to exert a not inconsiderable influence. If Shylock can devise some means by which he can accommodate them without loss, and so convert their animosity into something resembling gratitude and implying a certain degree of protection, he has the strongest reasons for desiring to do it. But, with his knowledge of the impecuniousness of the principal debtor and the insufficiency of his proffered surety, coupled with his recollection of the ill-will already shown him by both, we can appreciate why he should feel that only a bond which holds over them a stringent and unusual condition will be of binding force on their facile consciences. If it be possible to make them feel that a default may put their precious persons in jeopardy, there may be hope that the loan will not result in total loss. Accordingly, the penalty of a pound of flesh is hit upon as a happy expedient, concurred in by Antonio, who declares that, after all, "there is much kindness in the Jew." Shylock grimly remarks that a pound of Antonio's flesh "is not so estimable, profitable neither,

as flesh of muttons, beefs or goats;" and if the episode had ended here, unconnected with the subsequent outrages to which he was subjected, it is not too much to infer that the forfeiture would not have been claimed. That vows and penalties which now seem barbarous were at that time of frequent occurrence relieves this bond of the odium of containing a cruel exaction. When we think how recently wager of battle was a recognized method of deciding suits at law in England, we may acquit this transaction of the charge of peculiar harshness.

And so Bassanio gets the money,—or rather the barbers and tailors get it,—and he prepares to set off on his journey to dazzle the eyes of Portia. But before starting, an act of perfidy is planned and executed against the man whose money had fitted him out. Lorenzo is his bosom friend and guest. Launcelot Gobbo, a servant of Shylock, by the kindly recommendation of his master enters the service of Bassanio, who permits Lorenzo to employ him in conveying clandestine messages to Jessica, the daughter of the Hebrew. And more, Gratiano, the comrade of both Antonio and Bassanio, unites with this same Lorenzo, assisted by Antonio's other friend, Salarino, to violate the sanctity of Shylock's home, rob him of his only child, whom, in his faith, he had trusted even with the keys of his strong-boxes, and despoil him of his money and jewels! Rich in the possession of this plunder, Lorenzo flies with Jessica, and Bassanio proceeds to Belmont to try what inroads can be made upon the fortune of the fair Portia. Is it any wonder that Shylock is maddened by this loss, and crazed by this treachery? Does it not show good traits that he is most deeply grieved that his wayward child has been willing to part with her mother's turquoise ring for a monkey? Does it make Salarino and Salanio appear more noble when we see them jeer-

ing at the old man, overwhelmed by his misfortunes? Is it strange that he should connect the whole plot in his mind, and that his very soul should cry out for vengeance for his wrongs? How magnificently he answers them!—

“He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what’s his reason? I am a Jew: hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.”

While smarting under the sense of unpardonable injuries, Shylock learns from Tubal of the losses of Antonio, the surety of Bassanio, and the comrade and, as he believes, *particeps criminis* of the men who have robbed him of his treasure and stolen his daughter. The quick thought of retribution comes to his strong nature with the impetuous force of an inspiration. The old Hebrew law,—was it not handed down from on high? “And thine eye shall not pity; but life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot.”

All this time the noble Bassanio, his “swelling port” gorgeous with unpaid velvet, his well-turned calf inclosed in finest silk, his patrician head a-tremble

with brilliant feathers, has made famous progress at Belmont, and has snugly installed himself as a permanent parlor boarder at Portia’s expense. For he has chosen the fortunate casket. Who better than he, to be sure, should know that “all that glisters is not gold”? The Prince of Morocco might be dazzled by a veneer of gilt, and the Prince of Arragon, like our American economists, might put his faith in silver. But the subtle Bassanio knows a trick worth both of these. When he comes to a leaden casket inscribed “Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath,” his intuitions tell him immediately that that is the box for him. While he dallies with the honeyed hours at Belmont, does he once think of his friend Antonio, now in direst distress? Does he borrow any trouble over the fact that his bond has passed maturity, and is still unpaid? Not Bassanio. He lets the days go by without a thought of the debt which he owes, and not until his default has endangered the life of his friend, of which Antonio is obliged to write and remind him, does he give a moment’s consideration to his protested obligation. And then what a change comes over his tone! When the old Hebrew stands like an avenging god demanding retribution, this syndicate of speculation, insolvency, house-breaking, abduction, and fortune-hunting suddenly discovers that altogether the most lovely thing in the world is mercy.

We have now reviewed the evidence of the transactions prior to the trial, and are in a position to judge fairly the remarkable proceedings which there took place. The court, it will be observed, is one which puts forth high pretensions of being actuated by abstract considerations of law and justice. So sacred are its decrees that when one of them is recorded it is a precedent for all time. The tribunal is now solemnly opened by the Duke, in the presence of the Mag-nificoes, for the purpose of judicially de-

termining the contention between these two litigants. Before the arrival of Shylock, the Duke, presumably for the purpose of displaying his impartiality, calls Antonio aside, and confidentially assures him that the plaintiff is

"A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy."

Having delivered this preliminary *dictum*, the court causes Shylock to be brought in, and proceeds to urge upon him not only to "lose the forfeiture," but to "forgive a moiety of the principal." Fancy this, to a man who comes before the bar of justice with the very fountains of his being stirred up by continued and indescribable wrongs! What shall he say? Shall he detail the perfidy, the injustice, of which he has been made the victim? Shall he parade his family wrongs upon the public forum? No, a thousand times no! He answers with dignity, but with intensity, that he has sworn a holy vow, and he declines to give other reasons for standing upon his bond. The Duke incautiously asks him, "How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?" and receives an answer which causes his grace incontinently to drop the subject:—

"What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,

The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?"

This is more of a reply than the Duke bargained for, and he thinks, in a bewildered way, that he had better adjourn court unless Bellario comes to his assistance. Very opportunely, a messenger from the learned Paduan is

announced, bearing a letter of introduction for an alleged youthful doctor, who is described as having a young body and an old head. Pending the arrival of the latter, Gratiano, one of the men who plundered Shylock's treasure and abducted his daughter, gives the proceedings an additional judicial flavor by calling to the man he had so cruelly wronged,

"Be thou damned, inexorable dog,"

and indulging in other choice vituperation of not less refinement. The young doctor is then ushered upon the scene, and for the present we will take him for what he purports to be, forbearing further inquiry until a later stage.

Surrounded as Shylock is by persons antagonistic to him, it does not presage well for his chances that this young gentleman—that moment arrived in Venice—should, in advance of any statement by the parties, declare himself to be "informed thoroughly of the cause." He opens the proceedings by repeating, in more eloquent and touching words, the appeal which had already been made to the outraged Hebrew for mercy, but meets with the same response, a prayer for judgment on the bond. The principal debtor, Bassanio, is thereupon struck with a devious inspiration, and characteristically supplicates the young doctor:

"And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority,
To do a great right, do a little wrong;"

but is summarily answered:—

"It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;
'T will be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be."

The young judge has already recognized the right of Shylock to appear in court, and the regularity of his method of proceeding:—

"Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed."

And, a moment later, the lawful standing of the Jew is again conceded, and the decree he asks for granted:—

her insatiable thirst, her shrewd perceptions and grotesque opinions, her mistakes and her felicities, were now all part of the familiar human sound of his little world. He could say to himself that she came after him much more than he went after her, and this helped him, a little, to believe, though the logic was but lame, that she was not making a fool of him. If she were really taking up with a swell, he did n't see why she wished to retain a bookbinder. Of late, it must be added, he had ceased to devote much consideration to Millicent's ambiguities; for although he was lingering on at Medley for the sake of suffering humanity, he was quite aware that to say so (if she should ask him for a reason) would have almost as absurd a sound as some of the girl's own speeches. As regards Sholto, he was in the awkward position of having let him off, as it were, by accepting his hospitality, his bounty; so that he could n't quarrel with him except on a fresh pretext. This pretext the captain had apparently been careful not to give, and Millicent had told him, after the triple encounter in the street, that he had driven him out of England, the poor gentleman, whom he insulted by his low insinuations even more (why "even more" Hyacinth hardly could think) than he outraged herself. When he asked her what she knew about the captain's movements, she made no scruple to announce to him that the latter had come to her great shop to make a little purchase (it was a pair of silk braces, if she remembered rightly, and she admitted, perfectly, the transparency of the pretext), and had asked her with much concern whether his gifted young friend (that's what he called him — Hyacinth could see he meant well) was still in a huff. Millicent had answered that she was afraid he was — the more shame to him; and then the captain had said that it did n't matter, for he himself was on the point of leaving England for several weeks (Hyacinth

— he called him Hyacinth this time — could n't have ideas about a man in a foreign country, could he?), and he hoped that by the time he returned the little cloud would have blown over. Sholto had added that she had better tell him frankly — recommending her at the same time to be gentle with their morbid friend — about his visit to the shop. Their candor, their humane precautions, were all very well; but after this, two or three evenings, Hyacinth passed and repassed the captain's chambers in Queen Anne Street, to see if, at the window, there were signs of his being in London. Darkness, however, prevailed, and he was forced to comfort himself a little, when at last making up his mind to ring at the door and inquire, by way of a test, for the occupant, he was informed, by the superior valet whose acquaintance he had already made, and whose air of wearing a jacket left behind by his master confirmed the statement, that the gentleman in question was at Monte Carlo.

"Have you still got your back up a little?" the captain demanded, without rancor; and in a moment he had swung a long leg over the saddle and dismounted, walking beside his young friend and leading his horse by the bridle. Hyacinth pretended not to know what he meant, for it came over him that after all, even if he had not condoned, at the time, the captain's suspected treachery, he was in no position, sitting at the feet of the Princess, to sound the note of jealousy in relation to another woman. He reflected that the Princess had originally been, in a manner, Sholto's property, and if he did, *en fin de compte*, wish to quarrel with him about Millicent, he would have to cease to appear to poach on the captain's preserves. It now occurred to him, for the first time, that the latter had intended a kind of exchange; though it must be added that the Princess, who on a couple of occasions had alluded

slightly to her military friend, had given him no sign of recognizing this gentleman's claim. Sholto let him know, at present, that he was staying at Bonchester, seven miles off; he had come down from London and put up at the inn. That morning he had ridden over on a hired horse (Hyacinth had supposed this steed was a very fine animal, but Sholto spoke of it as a beastly screw); he had been taken by the sudden fancy of seeing how his young friend was coming on.

"I'm coming on very well, thank you," said Hyacinth, with some shortness, not knowing exactly what business it was of the captain's.

"Of course you understand my interest in you, don't you? I'm responsible for you — I put you forward."

"There are a great many things in the world that I don't understand, but I think the thing I understand least is your interest in me. Why the devil" — And Hyacinth paused, breathless with the force of his inquiry. Then he went on, "If I were you, I should n't care a filbert for the sort of person that I happen to be."

"That proves how different my nature is from yours! But I don't believe it, my boy; you are too generous for that." Sholto's imperturbability always appeared to grow with the irritation it produced, and it was proof even against the just resentment excited by his want of tact. That want of tact was sufficiently marked when he went on to say, "I wanted to see you here, with my own eyes. I wanted to see how it looked; it *is* a rum sight! Of course you know what I mean, though you are always trying to make a fellow explain. I don't explain well, in any sense, and that's why I go in only for clever people, who can do without it. It's very grand, her having brought you down."

"Grand, no doubt, but hardly surprising, considering that, as you say, I was put forward by you."

"Oh, that's a great thing for me, but it does n't make any difference to her!" Sholto exclaimed. "She may care for certain things for themselves, but it will never signify a jot to her what I may have thought about them. One good turn deserves another. I wish you would put *me* forward!"

"I don't understand you, and I don't think I want to," said Hyacinth, as his companion strolled beside him.

The latter put a hand on his arm, stopping him, and they stood face to face a moment. "I say, my dear Robinson, you're not spoiled already, at the end of a week — how long is it? It is n't possible you're jealous!"

"Jealous of whom?" asked Hyacinth, whose failure to comprehend was perfectly genuine.

Sholto looked at him a moment; then, with a laugh, "I don't mean Miss Henning." Hyacinth turned away, and the captain resumed his walk, now taking the young man's arm and passing his own through the bridle of the horse. "The courage of it, the insolence, the *crânerie*! There is n't another woman in Europe who could carry it off."

Hyacinth was silent a little; after which he remarked, "This is nothing, here. You should have seen me the other day over at Broome, at Lady Marchant's."

"Gad, did she take you there? I'd have given ten pounds to see it. There's no one like her!" cried the captain, gayly, enthusiastically.

"There's no one like me, I think — for going."

"Why, did n't you enjoy it?"

"Too much — too much. Such excesses are dangerous."

"Oh, I'll back you," said the captain; then, checking their pace, he inquired, "Is there any chance of our meeting her? I won't go into the park."

"You won't go to the house?" Hyacinth demanded, staring.

"Oh dear, no, not while you're there."

"Well, I shall ask the Princess about you, and have done with it, once for all."

"Lucky little beggar, with your fire-side talks!" the captain exclaimed. "Where does she sit now, in the evening? She won't tell you anything except that I'm a nuisance; but even if she were willing to take the trouble to throw some light upon me, it would n't be of much use, because she does n't understand me, herself."

"You are the only thing in the world, then, of which that can be said," Hyacinth returned.

"I dare say I am, and I am rather proud of it. So far as the head is concerned, the Princess is all there. I told you, when I presented you, that she was the cleverest woman in Europe, and that is still my opinion. But there are some mysteries you can't see into unless you happen to have a little heart. The Princess has n't, though doubtless just now you think that's her strong point. One of these days you'll see. I don't care a straw, myself, whether she has or not. She has hurt me already so much she can't hurt me any more, and my interest in her is quite independent of that. To watch her, to adore her, to see her lead her life and act out her extraordinary nature, all the while she treats me like a brute, is the only thing I care for to-day. It does n't do me a scrap of good, but, all the same, it's my principal occupation. You may believe me or not — it does n't in the least matter; but I'm the most disinterested human being alive. She'll tell you I'm a tremendous ass, and so one is. But that is n't all."

It was Hyacinth who stopped this time, arrested by something new and natural in the tone of his companion, a simplicity of emotion which he had not hitherto associated with him. He stood there a moment looking up at him, and thinking again what improbable confi-

dences it decidedly appeared to be his lot to receive from gentlefolks. To what quality in himself were they a tribute? The honor was one he could easily dispense with; though as he scrutinized Sholto he found something in his curious light eyes — an expression of cheerfulness not disconnected from veracity — which put him into a more natural relation with this jaunty, factitious personage. "Please go on," he said, in a moment.

"Well, what I mentioned just now is my real and only motive, in anything. The rest is mere gammon and rubbish, to cover it up — or to give myself the change, as the French say."

"What do you mean by the rest?" asked Hyacinth, thinking of Millicent Henning.

"Oh, all the straw one chews, to cheat one's appetite; all the rot one dabbles in, because it may lead to something which it never does lead to; all the beastly buncombe (you know) that you and I have heard together in Bloomsbury, and that I myself have poured out, damme, with an eloquence worthy of a better cause. Don't you remember what I have said to you — all as my own opinion — about the impending change of the relations of class with class? Impending fiddlesticks! I believe those that are on top the heap are better than those that are under it, that they mean to stay there, and that if they are not a pack of poltroons they will."

"You don't care for the social question, then?" Hyacinth inquired, with an aspect of which he was conscious of the blankness.

"I only took it up because she did. It has n't helped me," Sholto remarked, smiling. "My dear Robinson," he went on, "there is only one thing I care for in life: to have a look at that woman when I can; and when I can't, to approach her in the sort of way I'm doing now."

"It's a very curious sort of way."

"Indeed it is; but if it is good enough for me it ought to be good enough for you. What I want you to do is this — to induce her to ask me over to dine."

"To induce her" — Hyacinth murmured.

"Tell her I'm staying at Bonchester, and it would be an act of common humanity."

They proceeded till they reached the gates, and in a moment Hyacinth said, "You took up the social question, then, because she did; but do you happen to know why she took it up?"

"Ah, my dear fellow, you must find that out for yourself. I found you the place, but I can't do your work for you."

"I see — I see. But perhaps you'll tell me this: if you had free access to the Princess a year ago, taking her to the theatre and that sort of thing, why should n't you have it now?"

This time Sholto's white pupils looked strange again. "You have it now, my dear fellow, but I'm afraid it does n't follow that you'll have it a year hence. She was tired of me then, and of course she's still more tired of me now, for the simple reason that I'm more tiresome. She has sent me to Coventry, and I want to come out for a few hours. See how conscientious I am — I won't pass the gates."

"I'll tell her I met you," said Hyacinth. Then, irrelevantly, he added, "Is that what you mean by her having no heart?"

"Her treating me as she treats me? Oh, dear, no; her treating you!"

This had a portentous sound, but it did not prevent Hyacinth from turning round with his visitor (for it was the greatest part of the oddity of the present meeting that the hope of a little conversation with him, if accident were favorable, had been the motive not only of Sholto's riding over to Medley, but

of his coming down to stay, in the neighborhood, at a musty inn, in a dull market-town) — it did not prevent him, I say, from bearing the captain company for a mile on his backward way. Our young man did not pursue this particular topic much further, but he discovered still another reason or two for admiring the light, free action with which his companion had unmasked himself, and the nature of his interest in the revolutionary idea, after he had asked him, abruptly, what he had had in his head when he traveled over that evening, the summer before (he did n't appear to have come back as often as he promised), to Paul Muniment's place in South Lambeth. What was he looking for, whom was he looking for, there?

"I was looking for anything that would turn up, that might take her fancy. Don't you understand that I'm always looking? There was a time when I went in immensely for illuminated minds, and another when I collected horrible ghost stories (she wanted to cultivate a belief in ghosts), all for her. The day I saw she was turning her attention to the rising democracy, I began to collect little democrats. That's how I collected you."

"Muniment read you exactly, then. And what did you find to your purpose in Audley Court?"

"Well, I think the little woman with the popping eyes — she reminded me of a bedridden grasshopper — will do. And I made a note of the other one, the old maid with the high nose, the aristocratic sister of mercy. I'm keeping them in reserve for my next propitiatory offering."

Hyacinth was silent a moment. "And Muniment himself — can't you do anything with him?"

"Oh, my dear fellow, after you he's poor!"

"That's the first stupid thing you have said. But it does n't matter, for he dislikes the Princess — what he

knows of her — too much ever to consent to see her."

"That's his line, is it? Then he'll do!" Sholto cried.

XXVI.

"Of course he may come, and stay as long as he likes!" the Princess exclaimed, when Hyacinth, that afternoon, told her of his encounter, with the sweet, bright surprise her face always wore when people went through the form (supererogatory she apparently meant to declare it) of asking her leave. From the manner in which she granted Sholto's petition — with a geniality that made light of it, as if the question were not worth talking of, one way or the other — it might have been supposed that the account he had given Hyacinth of their relations was an elaborate, but none the less foolish hoax. She sent a messenger with a note over to Bonchester, and the captain arrived just in time to dress for dinner. The Princess was always late, and Hyacinth's toilet, on these occasions, occupied him considerably (he was acutely conscious of its deficiencies, and yet tried to persuade himself that they were positively honorable, and that the only garb of dignity, for him, was the costume, as it were, of his profession); therefore, when the fourth member of the little party descended to the drawing-room, Madame Grandoni was the only person he found there.

"*Lieber Gott!* I'm glad to see you! What good wind has sent you?" she exclaimed, as soon as Sholto came into the room.

"Did n't you know I was coming?" he asked. "Has the idea of my arrival produced so little agitation?"

"I know nothing of the affairs of this house. I have given them up at last, and it was time. I remain in my room." There was nothing at present in the old

lady's countenance of her usual spirit of cheer; it expressed anxiety, and even a certain sternness, and the excellent woman had, perhaps, at this moment more than she had ever had in her life of the air of a *duenna* who took her duties seriously. She looked almost august. "From the moment you come it's a little better. But it is very bad."

"Very bad, dear madam?"

"Perhaps you will be able to tell me where Christina *veut en venir*. I have always been faithful to her — I have always been loyal. But to-day I have lost patience. It has no sense."

"I am not sure I know what you are talking about," Sholto said; "but if I understand you, I must tell you I think it's magnificent."

"Yes, I know your tone; you are worse than she, because you are cynical. It passes all bounds. It is very serious. I have been thinking what I should do."

"Precisely; I know what you would do."

"Oh, this time I should n't come back!" the old lady declared. "The scandal is too great; it is intolerable. My only fear is to make it worse."

"Dear Madame Grandoni, you can't make it worse, and you can't make it better," Sholto rejoined, seating himself on the sofa beside her. "In point of fact, no idea of scandal can possibly attach itself to our friend. She is above and outside of all such considerations, such dangers. She carries everything off; she heeds so little, she cares so little. Besides, she has one great strength — she does no wrong."

"Pray, what do you call it when a lady sends for a bookbinder to come and stay with her?"

"Why not for a bookbinder as well as for a bishop? It all depends upon who the lady is, and what she is."

"She had better take care of one thing first," cried Madame Grandoni — "that she shall not have been separated from her husband!"

"The Princess can carry off even that. It's unusual, it's eccentric, it's fantastic, if you will, but it is n't necessarily wicked. From her own point of view, our friend goes straight. Besides, she has her opinions."

"Her opinions are perversity itself."

"What does it matter," asked Sholto, "if they keep her quiet?"

"Quiet! Do you call this quiet?"

"Surely, if you'll only be so yourself. Putting the case at the worst, moreover, who is to know he's her book-binder? It's the last thing you'd take him for."

"Yes, for that she chose him carefully," the old lady murmured, still with a discontented eyebrow.

"She chose him? It was *I* who chose him, dear lady!" the captain exclaimed, with a laugh which showed how little he shared her solicitude.

"Yes, I had forgotten; at the theatre," said Madame Grandoni, gazing at him as if her ideas were confused, but a certain repulsion from her interlocutor nevertheless disengaged itself. "It was a fine turn you did him there, poor young man!"

"Certainly, he will have to be sacrificed. But why was I bound to consider him so much? Have n't *I* been sacrificed myself?"

"Oh, if he bears it like you!" cried the old lady, with a short laugh.

"How do you know how I bear it? One does what one can," said the captain, settling his shirt-front. "At any rate, remember this: she won't tell people who he is, for his own sake; and he won't tell them, for hers. So, as he looks much more like a poet, or a pianist, or a painter, there won't be that sensation you fear."

"Even so it's bad enough," said Madame Grandoni. "And he's capable of bringing it out, suddenly, himself."

"Ah, if he does n't mind it, she won't. But that's his affair."

"It's too terrible, to spoil him for his

station," the old lady went on. "How can he ever go back?"

"If you want him kept, then, indefinitely, you are inconsistent. Besides, if he pays for it, he deserves to pay. He's an abominable little conspirator against society."

Madame Grandoni was silent a moment; then she looked at the captain with a gravity which might have been impressive to him, had not his accomplished jauntiness suggested an insensibility to that sort of influence. "What, then, does Christina deserve?" she asked, with solemnity.

"Whatever she may get; whatever, in the future, may make her suffer. But it won't be the loss of her reputation. She is too distinguished."

"You English are strange. Is it because she's a princess?" Madame Grandoni reflected, audibly.

"Oh, dear, no, her principedom is nothing here. We can easily beat that. But we can't beat" — And Sholto paused a moment.

"What then?" his companion asked.

"Well, that originality, which seems perfectly natural, without any *pose*; the sort of thing by which she has bedeviled me."

"Oh, *you*!" murmured Madame Grandoni.

"If you think so poorly of me, why did you say just now that you were glad to see me?" Sholto demanded, in a moment.

"Because you make another person in the house, and that is more regular; the situation is by so much less — what did you call it? — eccentric. *Nun*," the old lady went on, in a moment, "so long as you are here I won't go off."

"Depend upon it that I shall be here until I'm turned out."

She rested her small, troubled eyes upon him, but they betrayed no particular enthusiasm at this announcement. "I don't understand how, for yourself, on such an occasion, you should like it."

"Dear Madame Grandoni, the heart of man, without being such a hopeless labyrinth as the heart of woman, is still sufficiently complicated. Don't I know what will become of the little beggar?"

"You are very horrible," said the ancient woman. Then she added, in a different tone, "He is much too good for his fate."

"And pray was n't I, for mine?" the captain asked.

"By no manner of means!" Madame Grandoni answered, rising and moving away from him.

The Princess had come into the room, accompanied by Hyacinth. As it was now considerably past the dinner-hour, the old lady judged that this couple, on their side, had met in the hall and had prolonged their conversation there. Hyacinth watched with extreme interest the way the Princess greeted the captain — observed that it was very simple, easy, and friendly. At dinner she made no stranger of him, including him in everything, as if he had been a useful familiar, like Madame Grandoni, only a little less venerable, yet not giving him any attention that might cause their eyes to meet. She had told Hyacinth that she did n't like his eyes, nor indeed, very much, any part of him. Of course any admiration, from almost any source, could not fail to be in some degree agreeable to a woman, but of any little impression that one might ever have produced the mark she had made on Godfrey Sholto was the one that ministered least to her vanity. He had been useful, undoubtedly, at times, but at others he had been an intolerable bore. He was so uninteresting in himself, so shallow, so unoccupied and factitious, and really so frivolous, in spite of his pretension (of which she was unspeakably weary) of being all wrapped up in a single idea. It had never, by itself, been sufficient to interest her in any man, the fact that he was in love

with her; but indeed she could honestly say that most of the people who had liked her had had, on their own side, something — something in their character or circumstances — that one could care a little about. Not so far as would do any harm, save perhaps in one or two cases; but still, something.

Sholto was a curious and not particularly edifying English type (as the Princess further described him); one of those strange beings produced by old societies that have run to seed, corrupt, exhausted civilizations. He was a cumberer of the earth, and purely selfish, in spite of his devoted, disinterested airs. He was nothing whatever in himself, and had no character or merit save by tradition, reflection, imitation, superstition. He had a longish pedigree — he came of some musty, mouldy "county family," people with a local reputation and an immense lack of general importance; he had taken the greatest care of his little fortune. He had traveled all over the globe several times, "for the shooting," in that grotesque way of the English. That was a pursuit which was compatible with the greatest stupidity. He had a little taste, a little cleverness, a little reading, a little good furniture, a little French and Italian (he exaggerated these latter quantities), an immense deal of assurance, and complete leisure. That, at bottom, was all he represented — idle, trifling, luxurious, yet at the same time pretentious leisure, the sort of thing that led people to invent false, humbugging duties, because they had no real ones. Sholto's great idea of himself (after his profession of being *her* slave) was that he was a cosmopolite, and exempt from every prejudice. About the prejudices the Princess could n't say and did n't care; but she had seen him in foreign countries, she had seen him in Italy, and she was bound to say he understood nothing about those people. It was several years before, shortly after her marriage, that she had

first encountered him. He had not begun immediately to take the adoring line; but it had come little by little. It was only after she had separated from her husband that he had begun really to hang about her; since when she had suffered much from him. She would do him one justice, however: he had never, so far as she knew, had the impudence to represent himself as anything but hopeless and helpless. It was on this that he took his stand; he wished to pass for the great model of unrewarded constancy. She could not imagine what he was waiting for; perhaps it was for the death of the Prince. But the Prince would never die, nor had she the least desire that he should. She had no wish to be harsh, for of course that sort of thing, from any one, was very flattering; but really, whatever feeling poor Sholto might have, four fifths of it were purely theatrical. He was not in the least a natural human being, but had a hundred affectations and attitudes, the result of never having been obliged to put his hand to anything; having no serious tastes, and yet being born to a little "position." The Princess remarked that she was so glad Hyacinth had no position, and had been forced to do something in life but amuse himself; that was the way she liked her friends now. She had said to Sholto again and again, "There are plenty of others who will be much more pleased; why not go to *them*? It's such a waste of time:" and she was sure he had taken her advice, and was by no means, as regards herself, the absorbed, annihilated creature he endeavored to appear. He had told her once that he tried to take an interest in other women — though indeed he had added that it was of no use. Of what use did he expect anything he could possibly do to be? Hyacinth did not tell the Princess that he had reason to believe the captain's effort in this direction had not been absolutely vain; but he made that reflec-

tion, privately, with increased confidence. He recognized a further truth even when his companion said, at the end, that, with all she had touched upon, he was a queer combination. Trifler as he was, there was something sinister in him, too; and she confessed she had had a vague feeling, at times, that some day he might do her a hurt. Hyacinth, at this, stopped short, on the threshold of the drawing-room, and asked in a low voice, "Are you afraid of him?"

The Princess looked at him a moment; then smiling, "*Dio mio*, how you say that! Should you like to kill him for me?"

"I shall have to kill some one, you know. Why not him, while I'm about it, if he troubles you?"

"Ah, my friend, if you should begin to kill every one who had troubled me!" the Princess murmured, as they went into the room.

XXVII.

Hyacinth knew there was something out of the way, as soon as he saw Lady Aurora's face look forth at him, in answer to his tap, while she held the door ajar. What was she doing in Pinnie's bedroom? — a very poor place, into which the dressmaker, with her reverence, would never have admitted a person of that quality, unless things were pretty bad. She was solemn, too; she did not laugh, as usual; she had removed her large hat, with its limp, old-fashioned veil, and she raised her finger to her lips. Hyacinth's first alarm had been immediately after he let himself into the house, with his latch-key, as he always did, and found the little room on the right of the passage, in which Pinnie had lived ever since he remembered, fireless and untenanted. As soon as he had paid the cabman, who put down his portmanteau for him in the hall (he was not used to paying cabmen, and was conscious he gave him too much, but

was too impatient, in his sudden anxiety, to care), he hurried up the vile staircase, which seemed viler, even through his preoccupation, than ever, and gave the knock, accompanied by a call the least bit tremulous, immediately answered by Lady Aurora. She drew back into the room a moment, while he stared, in his dismay; then she emerged again, closing the door behind her — all with the air of enjoining him to be terribly quiet. He felt, suddenly, so sick at the idea of having lingered at Medley, while there was distress at the wretched little house to which he owed so much, that he scarcely found strength for an articulate question, and obeyed, mechanically, the mute, urgent gesture by which Lady Aurora appealed to him to go down-stairs with her. It was only when they stood together in the deserted parlor (it was as if he perceived for the first time what an inelegant odor prevailed there) that he asked, "Is she dying — is she dead?" That was the least the strained sadness looking out from the face of the noble visitor appeared to announce.

"Dear Mr. Robinson, I'm so sorry for you. I wanted to write, but I promised her I would n't. She is very ill — we are very anxious. It began ten days ago, and I suppose I *must* tell you how much she has gone down." Lady Aurora spoke with more than all her usual embarrassments and precautions, eagerly, yet as if it cost her much pain: pausing a little after everything she said, to see how he would take it; then going on, with a little propitiatory rush. He learned presently what was the matter, what doctor she had sent for, and that if he would wait a little before going into the room it would be so much better; the invalid having sunk, within half an hour, into a doze of a less agitated kind than she had had for some time, from which it would be an immense pity to run the risk of waking her. The doctor gave her the right things, as it seemed to her

ladyship, but he admitted that she had very little power of resistance. He was of course not a very large practitioner, Mr. Buffery, from round the corner, but he seemed really clever; and she herself had taken the liberty (as she confessed to this she threw off one of her odd laughs, and her color rose) of sending an elderly, respectable person — a kind of nurse. She was out just then; she had to go, for an hour, for the air — "only when I come, of course," said Lady Aurora. Dear Miss Pynsent had had a cold hanging about her, and had not taken care of it. Hyacinth would know how plucky she was about that sort of thing; she took so little interest in herself. "Of course a cold is a cold, whoever has it; is n't it?" said Lady Aurora. Ten days before, she had taken an additional chill through falling asleep in her chair, in the evening, down there, and letting the fire go out. "It would have been nothing if she had been like you or me, you know," her ladyship went on; "but just as she was then, it made the difference. The day was horribly damp, and it had struck into the lungs, and inflammation had set in. Mr. Buffery says she was impoverished, just rather low and languid, you know." The next morning she had bad pains and a good deal of fever, yet she had got up. Poor Pinnie's gracious ministrant did not make clear to Hyacinth what time had elapsed before she came to her relief, nor by what means she had been notified, and he saw that she slurred this over from the admirable motive of wishing him not to feel that the little dressmaker had suffered by his absence or called for him in vain. This, apparently, had indeed not been the case, if Pinnie had opposed, successfully, his being written to. Lady Aurora only said, "I came in very soon, it was such a delightful chance. Since then she has had everything; only it's sad to see a person *need* so little. She did want you to stay; she has clung to that idea. I

speak the simple truth, Mr. Robinson," the excellent spinster went on.

"I don't know what to say to you — you are so extraordinarily good, so angelic," Hyacinth replied, bewildered and made weak by a strange, unexpected shame. The episode he had just traversed, the splendor he had been living in and drinking so deep of, the unnatural alliance to which he had given himself up, while his wretched little foster-mother struggled alone with her death stroke (he could see it was that; the presentiment of it, the last stiff horror, was in all the place) — the contrast seemed to cut him like a knife, and to make the horrible accident of his absence a perversity of his own. "I can never blame you, when you are so kind, but I wish to God I had known!" he broke out.

Lady Aurora clasped her hands, begging him to judge her fairly. "Of course it was a great responsibility for us, but we thought it right to consider what she urged upon us. She went back to it constantly, that your visit should *not* be cut short. When you should come of yourself, it would be time enough. I don't know exactly where you have been, but she said it was such a pleasant house. She kept repeating that it would do you so much good."

Hyacinth felt his eyes filling with tears. "She's dying — she's dying! How can she live when she's like that?"

He sank upon the old yellow sofa, the sofa of his lifetime and of so many years before, and buried his head on the shabby, tattered arm. A succession of sobs broke from his lips — sobs in which the accumulated emotion of months and the strange, acute conflict of feelings that had possessed him for the three weeks just past found relief and a kind of solution. Lady Aurora sat down beside him, and laid her finger-tips gently on his hand. So, for a minute, while his tears flowed and she said nothing, he felt her timid, consoling touch. At the end of the minute he raised his head;

it came back to him that she had said "we" just before, and he asked her whom she meant.

"Oh, Mr. Vetch, don't you know? I have made his acquaintance; it's impossible to be more kind." Then, while, for an instant, Hyacinth was silent, wining, pricked with the thought that Pinnie had been beholden to the fiddler while *he* was masquerading in high life, Lady Aurora added, "He's a charming musician. She asked him once, at first, to bring his violin; she thought it would soothe her."

"I'm much obliged to him, but now that I'm here we need n't trouble him," said Hyacinth.

Apparently there was a certain dryness in his tone, which was the cause of her ladyship's venturing to reply, after an hesitation, "Do let him come, Mr. Robinson; let him be near you! I wonder whether you know that — that he has a great affection for you."

"The more fool he; I have always treated him like a brute!" Hyacinth exclaimed, coloring.

The way Lady Aurora spoke proved to him, later, that she now definitely did know his secret, or one of them, rather; for at the rate things had been going for the last few months he was regularly making a collection. She knew the smaller — not, of course, the greater; she had, decidedly, been illuminated by Pinnie's divagations. At the moment he made that reflection, however, he was almost startled to perceive how completely he had ceased to resent such betrayals, and how little it suddenly seemed to signify that the innocent source of them was about to be quenched. The sense of his larger secret swallowed up that particular anxiety, making him ask himself what it mattered, for the time that was left to him, that people should whisper to each other his little mystery. The day came quickly when he believed, and yet did n't care, that it had been universally imparted.

After Lady Aurora left him, promising she would call him the first moment it should seem prudent, he walked up and down the little cold, stale parlor, immersed in his meditations. The shock of the danger of losing Pinnie had already passed away; he had achieved so much, of late, in the line of accepting the idea of death that the little dress-maker, in taking her departure, seemed already to benefit by this curious discipline. What was most vivid to him, in the deserted scene of Pinnie's unsuccessful labor, was the changed vision with which he had come back to objects familiar for twenty years. The picture was the same, and all its horrid elements, wearing a kind of greasy gloss in the impure air of Lomax Place; it made, through the mean window-panes, a dismal *chiar-oscuro* — showed, in their polished misery, the friction of his own little life; but the eyes with which he looked at it had new terms of comparison. He had known the place was hideous and sordid, but its aspect to-day was pitiful to the verge of the sickening; he could not believe that for years together he had accepted, and even, a little, revered it. He was frightened at the sort of service that his experience of grandeur had rendered him. It was all very well to have assimilated that element with a rapidity which had surprises even for himself; but with sensibilities now so improved, what fresh arrangement could one come to with the very humble, which was in its nature uncompromising? Though the spring was far advanced, the day was a dark drizzle, and the room had the clamminess of a finished use, an ooze of dampness from the muddy street, where the areas were a narrow slit. No wonder Pinnie had felt it at last, and her small, underfed organism had grown numb and ceased to act. At the thought of her limited, stunted life, the patient, humdrum effort of her needle and scissors, which had ended only in a show-room where there

was nothing to show, and a pensive reference to the cut of sleeves no longer worn, the tears again rose to his eyes; but he brushed them aside when he heard a cautious tinkle at the house-door, which was presently opened by the little besmirched slavey retained for the service of the solitary lodger — a domestic easily bewildered, who had a squint, and distressed Hyacinth by wearing shoes that didn't match, though they were of an equal antiquity and resembled each other in the facility with which they dropped off. Hyacinth had not heard Mr. Vetch's voice in the hall, apparently because he spoke in a whisper; but the young man was not surprised when, taking every precaution not to make the door creak, he came into the parlor. The fiddler said nothing to him at first; the two men only looked at each other for a long minute. Hyacinth saw what he most wanted to know — whether *he* knew the worst about Pinnie; but what was further in his eyes (they had an expression considerably different from any he had hitherto seen in them) defined itself to our hero only little by little.

"Don't you think you might have written me a word?" said Hyacinth, at last. His anger at having been left in ignorance had quitted him, but he thought the question fair. None the less, he expected a sarcastic answer, and was surprised at the mild reasonableness with which Mr. Vetch replied —

"I assure you, no responsibility, in the course of my life, ever did more to distress me. There were obvious reasons for calling you back, and yet I could not help wishing you might finish your visit. I balanced one thing against the other; it was very difficult."

"I can imagine nothing more simple. When people's nearest and dearest are dying, they are usually sent for."

The fiddler gave a strange, argumentative smile. If Lomax Place and Miss Pynsent's select lodging-house wore a

new face of vulgarity to Hyacinth, it may be imagined whether the scrubby seediness which had come over Mr. Vetch in his old age was unlikely to lend itself to comparison. The glossy butler at Medley had had a hundred more of the signs of success in life. "My dear boy, this case was exceptional," said the old man. "Your visit had a character of importance."

"I don't know what you know about it. I don't remember that I told you anything."

"No, certainly, you have never told me much. But if, as is probable, you have seen that kind lady who is now up-stairs, you will have learned that Pinnie made a tremendous point of your not being disturbed. She threatened us with her displeasure if we should hurry you back. You know what Pinnie's displeasure is." As, at this, Hyacinth turned away with a gesture of irritation, Mr. Vetch went on, "No doubt she is absurdly fanciful, poor, dear thing; but don't, now, cast any disrespect upon it. I assure you, if she had been here alone, suffering, sinking, without a creature to tend her, and nothing before her but to die in a corner, like a starved cat, she would still have faced that fate rather than cut short by a single hour your experience of novel scenes."

Hyacinth was silent for a moment. "Of course I know what you mean. But she spun her delusion — she always did, all of them — out of nothing. I can't imagine what she knows about my 'experience' of any kind of scenes. I told her, when I went out of town, very little more than I told you."

"What she guessed, what she gathered, has been, at any rate, enough. She has made up her mind that you have formed a relation by means of which you will come, somehow or other, into your own. She has done nothing but talk about your grand kindred. To her mind, you know, it's all one, the aristocracy, and nothing is simpler than

that the person — very exalted, as she believes — with whom you have been to stay should undertake your business with her friends."

"Oh, well," said Hyacinth, "I'm very glad not to have deprived you of that entertainment."

"I assure you the spectacle was exquisite." Then the fiddler added, "My dear fellow, please leave her the idea."

"Leave it? I'll do much more!" Hyacinth exclaimed. "I'll tell her my great relations have adopted me, and that I have come back Lord Robinson."

"She will need nothing more to die happy," Mr. Vetch remarked.

Five minutes later, after Hyacinth had obtained from his old friend a confirmation of Lady Aurora's account of Miss Pynsent's condition, Mr. Vetch explaining that he came over, like that, to see how she was half a dozen times a day — five minutes later a silence had descended upon the pair, while Hyacinth waited for some sign from Lady Aurora that he might come up-stairs. The fiddler, who had lighted a pipe, looked out of the window, studying intently the physiognomy of Lomax Place; and Hyacinth, making his tread discreet, walked about the room with his hands in his pockets. At last Mr. Vetch observed, without taking his pipe out of his lips, or looking round, "I think you might be a little more frank with me at this time of day, and at such a crisis."

Hyacinth stopped in his walk, wondering for a moment, sincerely, what his companion meant, for he had no consciousness, at present, of an effort to conceal anything he could possibly tell (there were some things, of course, he could n't); on the contrary, his life seemed to him particularly open to the public view, and exposed to invidious comment. It was at this moment he first observed a certain difference; there was a tone in Mr. Vetch's voice that he had never perceived before — an absence of that note which had made him

say, in other days, that the impenetrable old man was diverting himself at his expense. It was as if his attitude had changed, become more explicitly considerate, in consequence of some alteration or promotion on Hyacinth's part, his having grown older, or more important, or even, simply, more surpassingly curious. If the first impression made upon him by Pinnie's old neighbor, as to whose place in the list of the sacrificial (his being a gentleman or one of the sovereign people) he formerly was so perplexed; if the sentiment excited by Mr. Vetch in a mind familiar now for nearly a month with forms of indubitable gentility was not favorable to the idea of fraternization, this secret impatience on Hyacinth's part was speedily corrected by one of the sudden reactions or quick conversions of which the young man was so often the victim. In the light of the fiddler's appeal, which evidently meant more than it said; his musty antiquity; his typical look of having had, for years, a small, definite use, and taken all the creases and dents of it; his visible expression, even, of ultimate parsimony, and of having ceased to care for his appearance because he cared more for something else — these things became so many reasons for turning round, going over to him, touching signs of an invincible fidelity, the humble, continuous, single-minded practice of daily duties and an art after all very charming; pursued, moreover, while persons of the species our restored prodigal had lately been consorting with fidgeted from one selfish sensation to another, and could n't even live in the same place for three months together.

"What should you like me to do, to say, to tell you? Do you want to know what I have been doing in the country? I should have first to know, myself," Hyacinth said.

"Have you enjoyed it very much?"

"Yes, certainly, very much — not knowing anything about Pinnie. I have

been in a beautiful house, with a beautiful woman."

Mr. Vetch had turned round; he looked very solemn, through the smoke of his pipe.

"Is she really a princess?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'really.' I suppose all titles are great rot. But every one seems agreed to call her so."

"You know I have always liked to enter into your life; and to-day the wish is stronger than ever," the old man remarked, presently, fixing his eyes very steadily on Hyacinth's.

The latter returned his gaze for a moment; then he asked, "What makes you say that just now?"

The fiddler appeared to deliberate upon his answer, and at last he replied, "Because you are in danger of losing the best friend you have ever had."

"Be sure I feel it. But if I have got you" — Hyacinth added.

"Oh, me! I'm very old, and very tired of life."

"Yes, I suppose that that's what one arrives at. Well, if I can help you in any way, you must lean on me, you must make use of me."

"That's precisely what I was going to say to you," said Mr. Vetch. "Should you like any money?"

"Of course I should! But why should you offer it to me?"

"Because in saving it up, little by little, I have had you in mind."

"Dear Mr. Vetch," said Hyacinth, "you have me too much in mind. I'm not worth it, please believe that; for all sorts of reasons. I should make money enough for any uses I have for it, or have any right to have, if I stayed quietly in London and attended to my work. As you know, I can earn a decent living."

"Yes, I can see that. But if you stayed quietly in London, what would become of your princess?"

"Oh, they can always manage, ladies in that position."

"Hanged if I understand her position!" cried Mr. Vetch, but without laughing. "You have been for three weeks without work, and yet you look uncommonly smart."

"You see, my living has cost me nothing. When you stay with great people you don't pay your score," Hyacinth explained, with great gentleness. "Moreover, the lady whose hospitality I have been enjoying has made me a very handsome offer of work."

"What kind of work?"

"The only kind I know. She is going to send me a lot of books, to do up for her."

"And to pay you fancy prices?"

"Oh, no; I am to fix the prices myself."

"Are not transactions of that kind rather disagreeable, with a lady whose hospitality one has been enjoying?" Mr. Vetch inquired.

"Exceedingly! That is exactly why I shall do the books, and then take no money."

"Your princess is rather clever!" the fiddler exclaimed, in a moment, smiling.

"Well, she can't force me to take it, if I won't," said Hyacinth.

"No; you must only let *me* do that."

"You have curious ideas about me," the young man observed.

Mr. Vetch turned about to the window again, remarking that he had curious ideas about everything. Then he added, after an interval —

"And have you been making love to your great lady?"

He had expected a flush of impatience in reply to this inquiry, and was rather surprised at the manner in which Hyacinth answered: "How shall I explain? It is not a question of that sort."

"Has she been making love to you, then?"

"If you should ever see her, you

would understand how absurd that supposition is."

"How shall I ever see her?" returned Mr. Vetch. "In the absence of that privilege, I think there is something in my idea."

"She looks quite over my head," said Hyacinth, simply. "It's by no means impossible you may see her. She wants to know my friends, to know the people who live in the Place. And she would take a particular interest in you, on account of your opinions."

"Ah, I have no opinions now, none any more!" the old man declared, sadly. "I only had them to frighten Pinnie."

"She was easily frightened," said Hyacinth.

"Yes, and easily reassured. Well, I like to know about your life," his neighbor sighed, irrelevantly. "But take care the great lady does n't lead you too far."

"How do you mean, too far?"

"Is n't she a conspirator, a revolutionist? Does n't she go in for a general rectification, as Eustace calls it?"

Hyacinth was silent a moment. "You should see the place — you should see what she wears, what she eats and drinks."

"Ah, you mean that she's inconsistent with her theories? My dear boy, she would be a droll woman if she were not. At any rate, I'm glad of it."

"Glad of it?" Hyacinth repeated.

"For you, I mean, when you stay with her; it's more luxurious!" Mr. Vetch exclaimed, turning round and smiling. At this moment a little rap on the floor above, given by Lady Aurora, announced that Hyacinth might at last come up and see Pinnie. Mr. Vetch listened and recognized it, and it led him to say, with considerable force, "There's a woman whose theories and conduct do square!"

Hyacinth, on the threshold, leaving the room, stopped long enough to re-

ply, "Well, when the day comes for my friend to give up — you'll see."

"Yes, I have no doubt there are things she will bring herself to sacrifice," the old man remarked; but Hyacinth was already out of hearing.

XXVIII.

Mr. Vetch waited below till Lady Aurora should come down and give him the news he was in suspense for. His mind was pretty well made up about Pinnie. It had seemed to him, the night before, that death was written in her face, and he judged it on the whole a very good moment for her to lay down her earthly burden. He had reasons for believing that the future could not be sweet to her. As regards Hyacinth, his mind was far from being at ease; for though he was aware, in a general way, that he had taken up with strange company, and though he had flattered himself, of old, that he should be pleased to see the boy act out his life and solve the problem of his queer inheritance, he was worried by the absence of full knowledge. He put out his pipe, in anticipation of Lady Aurora's reappearance, and without this consoler he was more accessible still to certain fears that had come to him in consequence of a recent talk, or rather an attempt at a talk, with Eustache Poupin. It was through the Frenchman that he had gathered the little he knew about the occasion of Hyacinth's unprecedented excursion. His ideas on the subject had been very inferential; for Hyacinth had made a mystery of his absence to Pinnie, merely letting her know that there was a lady in the case, and that the best luggage he could muster and the best way his shirts could be done up would still not be good enough. Poupin had seen Godfrey Sholto at the Sun and Moon, and it had come to him, through Hyacinth, that there was a remarkable feminine

influence in the captain's life, and mixed up in some way with his presence in Bloomsbury — an influence, moreover, by which Hyacinth himself, for good or for evil, was in peril of being touched. Sholto was the young man's visible link with a society for which Lisson Grove could have no importance in the scheme of the universe, but as a short cut (too disagreeable to be frequently used) out of Bayswater; therefore, if Hyacinth left town with a new hat and a pair of kid gloves, it must have been to move in the direction of that superior circle, and in some degree, at least, at the solicitation of the before-mentioned feminine influence. So much as this the Frenchman suggested, explicitly enough, as his manner was, to the old fiddler; but his talk had a flavor of other references which excited Mr. Vetch's curiosity much more than they satisfied it. They were obscure; they evidently were painful to the speaker; they were confused and embarrassed, and totally wanting in the luminosity which usually characterized the lightest allusions of M. Poupin. It was the fiddler's fancy that his friend had something on his mind which he was not at liberty to impart, and that it related to Hyacinth, and might, for those who took an interest in the singular lad, constitute a considerable anxiety. Mr. Vetch, on his own part, nursed this anxiety into a tolerably definite shape: he persuaded himself that the Frenchman had been leading the boy too far in the line of social criticism, had given him a push on some crooked path where a fall would be a likely incident. When, on a subsequent occasion, with Poupin, he indulged in a hint of this suspicion, the bookbinder flushed a good deal, and declared that his conscience was pure. It was one of his peculiarities that when his color rose he looked angry, and Mr. Vetch held that his displeasure was a proof that, in spite of his repudiations, he had been unwise; though before they parted Eustache gave this

sign of softness, that he shed tears of emotion, of which the reason was not clear to the fiddler, and which appeared, in a general way, to be dedicated to Hyacinth. The interview had taken place in Lisson Grove, where Madame Poupin, however, had not shown herself.

Altogether the old man was a prey to suppositions, which led him to feel how much he himself had outlived the democratic glow of his prime. He had ended by accepting everything (though, indeed, he could not swallow the idea that a trick should be played upon Hyacinth), and even by taking an interest in current politics, as to which, of old, he had held the opinion (the same that the Poupins held to-day) that they had been invented on purpose to throw dust in the eyes of disinterested reformers, and to circumvent the social solution. He had given up that problem some time ago; there was no way to clear it up that did not seem to make a bigger mess than the actual muddle of human affairs, which, by the time one had reached sixty-five, had mostly ceased to exasperate. Mr. Vetch could still feel a certain sharpness on the subject of the prayer-book and the bishops; and if at moments he was a little ashamed of having accepted this world, he could reflect that at all events he continued to repudiate the other. The idea of great changes, however, took its place among the dreams of his youth; for what was any possible change in the relations of men and women but a new combination of the same elements? If the elements could be made different the thing would be worth thinking of; but it was not only impossible to introduce any new ones — no means had yet been discovered for getting rid of the old. The figures on the chessboard were still the passions and jealousies and superstitions and stupidities of man, and their position with regard to each other, at any given moment, could be of interest only to the grim,

invisible fates that played the game — that sat, through the ages, bow-backed over the table. This laxity had come upon the old man with the increase of his measurement round the waist, of the little heap of half-crowns and half-sovereigns that had accumulated in a tin box with a very stiff padlock, which he kept under his bed, and of the interwoven threads of sentiment and custom that united him to the dressmaker and her foster-son. If he was no longer pressing about the demands he felt he should have a right to make of society, as he had been in the days when his conversation scandalized Pinnie, so he was now not pressing for Hyacinth, either; reflecting that though, indeed, the constituted powers might have to "count" with him, it would be in better taste for him not to be importunate about a settlement. What he had come to fear for him was that he should be precipitated by crude force, with results in which the deplorable might not exclude the ridiculous. It may even be said that Mr. Vetch had a secret project of settling a little on his behalf.

Lady Aurora peeped into the room, very noiselessly, nearly half an hour after Hyacinth had left it, and let the fiddler know that she was called to other duties, but that the nurse had come back, and the doctor had promised to look in at five o'clock. She herself would return in the evening, and, meanwhile, Hyacinth was with his aunt, who had recognized him, without a protest; indeed, seemed intensely happy that he should be near her again, and lay there with closed eyes, very weak and speechless, with his hand in hers. Her restlessness had passed and her fever abated, but she had no pulse to speak of, and Lady Aurora did not disguise the fact that, in her opinion, she was rapidly sinking. Mr. Vetch had already accepted it, and after her ladyship had quitted him he lighted another philosophic pipe upon it, lingering on, till the doctor

came, in the dressmaker's dismal, forsaken bower, where, in past years, he had indulged in so many sociable droppings-in and in hot tumblers. The echo of all her little simple surprises and pointless contradictions, her gasping reception of contemplative paradox, seemed still to float in the air; but the place felt as relinquished and bereaved as if she were already beneath the sod. Pinnie had always been a wonderful hand at "putting away;" the litter that testified to her most elaborate efforts was often immense, but the reaction in favor of an unspeckled carpet was greater still; and on the present occasion, before taking to her bed, she had found strength to sweep and set in order as daintily as if she had been sure that the room would never again know her care. Even to the old fiddler, who had not Hyacinth's sensibility to the *mise-en-scène* of life, it had the cold propriety of a place arranged for an interment. After the doctor had seen Pinnie, that afternoon, there was no doubt left as to its soon being the scene of dismal preliminaries.

Miss Pynsent, however, resisted her malady for nearly a fortnight more, during which Hyacinth was constantly in her room. He never went back to Mr. Crookenden's, with whose establishment, through violent causes, his relations seemed indefinitely suspended; and in fact, for the rest of the time that Pinnie demanded his care, he absented himself but twice from Lomax Place for more than a few minutes. On one of these occasions he traveled over to Audley Court and spent an hour there; on the other he met Millicent Henning, by appointment, and took a walk with her on the embankment. He tried to find a moment to go and thank Madame Poupin for a sympathetic offering, many times repeated, of *tisane*, concocted after a receipt thought supreme by the couple in Lisson Grove (though little appreciated in the neighborhood generally); but he was obliged to acknowledge her

kindness only by a respectful letter, which he composed with some trouble, though much elation, in the French tongue, peculiarly favorable, as he believed, to little courtesies of this kind. Lady Aurora came again and again to the darkened house, where she diffused her beneficent influence in nightly watches; in the most modern sanative suggestions; in conversations with Hyacinth, directed with more ingenuity than her fluttered embarrassments might have led one to attribute to her, to the purpose of diverting his mind; and in tea-makings (there was a great deal of this liquid consumed on the premises during Pinnie's illness), after a system more enlightened than the usual fashion of Pentonville. She was the bearer of several messages and of a good deal of medical advice from Rose Muniment, whose interest in the dressmaker's case irritated Hyacinth by its cheerfulness, which even at second-hand was still obtrusive; she appeared very nearly as resigned to the troubles of others as she was to her own.

Hyacinth had been seized, the day after his return from Medley, with a sharp desire to do something enterprising and superior on Pinnie's behalf. He felt the pressure of a sort of angry sense that she was dying of her poor career, of her uneffaced remorse for the trick she had played him in his boyhood (as if he had not long ago, and indeed at the time, forgiven it, judging it to have been the highest wisdom!), of something basely helpless in the attitude of her little circle. He wanted to do something which should prove to himself that he had got the best opinion about the invalid that it was possible to have: so he insisted that Mr. Buffery should consult with a West End doctor, if the West End doctor would consent to meet Mr. Buffery. A physician capable of this condescension was discovered through Lady Aurora's agency (she had not brought him of her own movement, be-

cause, on the one hand, she hesitated to impose on the little household in Lomax Place the expense of such a visit; and on the other, with all her narrow personal economies for the sake of her charities, had not the means to meet it herself); and in prevision of the great man's fee Hyacinth applied to Mr. Vetch, as he had applied before, for a loan. The great man came, and was wonderfully civil to Mr. Buffery, whose conduct of the case he pronounced judicious; he remained several minutes in the house, while he gazed at Hyacinth over his spectacles (he seemed rather more occupied with him than with the patient), and almost the whole of the Place turned out to stare at his chariot. After all, he consented to accept no fee. He put the question aside with a gesture full of urbanity — a course disappointing and displeasing to Hyacinth, who felt in a manner cheated of the full effect of the fine thing he had wished to do for Pinnie; though when he said as much (or something like it) to Mr. Vetch, the caustic fiddler greeted the observation with a face of amusement which, considering the situation, verged upon the unseemly.

Hyacinth, at any rate, had done the best he could, and the fashionable doctor had left directions which foreshadowed relations with an expensive chemist in Bond Street — a prospect by which our young man was to some extent consoled. Poor Pinnie's decline, however, was not arrested, and one evening, more than a week after his return from Medley, as he sat with her alone, it seemed to Hyacinth that her spirit must already have passed away. The nurse had gone down to her supper, and a perceptible odor, on the staircase, of fizzling bacon indicated that a more cheerful state of things prevailed in the lower regions. Hyacinth could not make out whether Miss Pynsent were asleep or awake; he believed she had not lost consciousness, yet for more than

an hour she had given no sign of life. At last she put out her hand, as if she knew he was near her and wished to feel for his, and murmured, "Why did she come? I did n't want to see her." In a moment, as she went on, he perceived to whom she was alluding: her mind had traveled back, through all the years, to the dreadful day (she had described every incident of it to him) when Mrs. Bowerbank had invaded her quiet life and startled her sensitive conscience with a message from the prison. "She sat there so long — so long. She was very large, and I was frightened. She moaned, and moaned, and cried — too dreadful. I could n't help it — I could n't help it!" Her thought wandered from Mrs. Bowerbank in the decomposed show-room, enthroned on the yellow sofa, to the tragic creature at Milbank, whose accents again, for the hour, lived in her ears; and mixed with this mingled vision was still the haunting sense that she herself might have acted differently. That had been cleared up in the past, so far as Hyacinth's intention was concerned; but what was most alive in Pinnie at the present moment was the passion of repentance, of still further expiation. It sickened Hyacinth that she should believe these things were still necessary, and he leaned over her and talked tenderly, with words of comfort and reassurance. He told her not to think of that dismal, far-off time, which had ceased, long ago, to have any consequences for either of them; to consider only the future, when she should be quite strong again, and he would look after her, and keep her all to himself, and take care of her better, far better, than he had ever done before. He had thought of many things while he sat with Pinnie, watching the shadows made by the night-lamp — high, imposing shadows of objects low and mean — and among them he had followed, with an imagination that went further in that direction than ever be-

fore, the probable consequences of his not having been adopted in his babyhood by the dressmaker. The workhouse and the gutter, ignorance and cold, filth and tatters, nights of huddling under bridges and in doorways, vermin, starvation and blows, possibly even the vigorous efflorescence of an inherited disposition to crime — these things, which he saw with unprecedented vividness, suggested themselves as his natural portion. Intimacies with a princess, visits to fine old country-houses, intelligent consideration, even, of the best means of inflicting a scare on the classes of privilege, would in that case not have been within his compass; and that Pinnie should have rescued him from such a destiny and put these luxuries within his reach was an amelioration which really amounted to success, if he could only have the magnanimity to regard it so.

Her eyes were open and fixed on him, but the sharp ray the little dressmaker used to direct into Lomax Place as she plied her needle at the window had completely left them. "Not there — what should I do there?" she inquired, very softly. "Not with the great — the great" — and her voice failed.

"The great what? What do you mean?"

"You know — you know," she went on, making another effort. "Have n't you been with them? Have n't they received you?"

"Ah, they won't separate us, Pinnie; they won't come between us as much as that," said Hyacinth, kneeling by her bed.

"You must be separate — that makes me happier. I knew they would find you at last."

"Poor Pinnie, poor Pinnie," murmured the young man.

"It was only for that — now I'm going," she went on.

"If you'll stay with me, you need n't fear," said Hyacinth, smiling at her.

"Oh, what would *they* think?" asked the dressmaker.

"I like you best," said Hyacinth.

"You have had me always. Now it's their turn; they have waited."

"Yes, indeed, they have waited!" Hyacinth exclaimed.

"But they will make it up; they will make up everything!" the invalid panted. Then she added, "I could n't — could n't help it!" — which was the last flicker of her strength. She gave no further sign of consciousness, and three days later she ceased to breathe. Hyacinth was with her, and Lady Aurora, but neither of them could recognize the moment.

Hyacinth and Mr. Vetch carried her bier, with the help of Eustache Poupin and Paul Muniment. Lady Aurora was at the funeral, and Madame Poupin as well, and twenty neighbors from Lomax Place; but the most distinguished person (in appearance, at least) in the group of mourners was Millicent Henning, the grave yet brilliant beauty of whose countenance, the high propriety of whose demeanor, and the fine taste and general style of whose black "costume" excited no little attention. Mr. Vetch had his idea; he had been nursing it ever since Hyacinth's return from Medley, and three days after Pinnie had been consigned to the earth he broached it to his young friend. The funeral had been on a Friday, and Hyacinth had mentioned to him that he should return to Mr. Crookenden's on the Monday morning. This was Sunday night, and Hyacinth had been out for a walk, neither with Millicent Henning nor with Paul Muniment, but alone, after the manner of old days. When he came in he found the fiddler waiting for him, and burning a tallow candle, in the blighted show-room. He had three or four little papers in his hand, which exhibited some jottings of his pencil, and Hyacinth guessed, what was the truth, but not all the truth, that he had come to speak

to him about business. Pinnie had left a little will, of which she had appointed her old friend executor; this fact had already become known to our hero, who thought such an arrangement highly natural. Mr. Vetch informed him of the purport of this simple and judicious document, and mentioned that he had been looking into the dressmaker's "affairs." They consisted, poor Pinnie's affairs, of the furniture of the house in Lomax Place, of the obligation to pay the remainder of a quarter's rent, and of a sum of money in the savings-bank. Hyacinth was surprised to learn that Pinnie's economies had produced fruit at this late day (things had gone so ill with her in recent years, and there had been often such a want of money in the house), until Mr. Vetch explained to him, with genial frankness, that he himself had watched over the little hoard, accumulated during the period of her comparative prosperity, with the stiff determination that it should be sacrificed only in case of desperate necessity. Work had become scarce with Pinnie, but she could still do it when it came, and the money was to be kept for the very possible period when she should be helpless. Mercifully enough, she had not lived to see that day, and the sum in the bank had survived her, though diminished by more than half. She had left no debts but the matter of the house and those incurred during her illness. Of course the fiddler had known—he hastened to give his young friend this assurance—that Pinnie, had she become infirm, would have been able to count absolutely upon *him* for the equivalent, in her old age, of the protection she had given him in his youth. But what if an accident had overtaken Hyacinth? What if he had incurred some nasty penalty for his revolutionary dabbings, which, little dangerous as they might be to society, were quite capable, in a country where authority, though good-natured, liked occasionally to make

an example, to put him on the wrong side of a prison-wall? At any rate, for better or worse, by pinching and scraping, she had saved a little, and of that little, after everything was paid off, a fraction would still be left. Everything was bequeathed to Hyacinth—everything but a couple of plated candlesticks and the old *chiffonier*, which had been so handsome in its day; these Pinnie begged Mr. Vetch to accept in recognition of services beyond all price. The furniture, everything he didn't want for his own use, Hyacinth could sell in a lump, and with the proceeds he could wipe out old scores. The sum of money would remain to him; it amounted, in its reduced condition, to about thirty-seven pounds. In mentioning this figure Mr. Vetch appeared to imply that Hyacinth would be master of a very pretty little fortune. Even to the young man himself, in spite of his recent initiations, it seemed far from contemptible; it represented sudden possibilities of still not returning to old Crookenden's. It represented them, that is, till, presently, he remembered the various advances made him by the fiddler, and reflected that by the time these had been repaid there would hardly be twenty pounds left. That, however, was a far larger sum than he had ever had in his pocket at once. He thanked the old man for his information, and remarked—and there was no hypocrisy in the speech—that he was very sorry Pinnie had not given herself the benefit of the whole of the little fund in her lifetime. To this her executor replied that it had yielded her an interest far beyond any other investment; for he was persuaded she believed she should never live to enjoy it, and this faith was rich in pictures, visions of the effect such a windfall would produce in Hyacinth's career.

"What effect did she mean—do you mean?" Hyacinth inquired. As soon as he had spoken he felt that he knew what the old man would say (it would

be a reference to Pinnie's belief in his reunion with his "relations," and the facilities that thirty-seven pounds would afford him for cutting a figure among them); and for a moment Mr. Vetch looked at him as if exactly that response were on his lips. At the end of the moment, however, he replied, quite differently, —

"She hoped you would go abroad and see the world." The fiddler watched his young friend; then he added, "She had a particular wish that you should go to Paris."

Hyacinth had turned pale at this suggestion, and for a moment he said nothing. "Ah, Paris!" he murmured at last.

"She would have liked you even to take a little run down to Italy."

"Doubtless that would be pleasant. But there is a limit to what one can do with twenty pounds."

"How do you mean, with twenty pounds?" the old man asked, lifting his eyebrows, while the wrinkles in his forehead made deep shadows in the candle-light.

"That's about what will remain, after I have settled my account with you."

"How do you mean, your account

with me? I shall not take any of your money."

Hyacinth's eyes wandered over his interlocutor's elderly rustiness. "I don't want to be ungracious, but suppose *you* should lose your powers."

"My dear boy, I shall have one of the resources that was open to Pinnie. I shall look to you to be the support of my old age."

"You may do so with perfect safety, except for that danger you just mentioned of my being imprisoned or hanged."

"It's precisely because I think it will be less if you go abroad that I urge you to take this chance. You'll see the world, and you'll like it better. You will think society, even as it is, has some good points," said Mr. Vetch.

"I have never liked it better than the last few months."

"Ah well, wait till you see Paris!"

"Oh, Paris — Paris," Hyacinth repeated, vaguely, staring into the turbid flame of the candle, as if he made out the most brilliant scenes there; an attitude, accent, and expression which the fiddler interpreted both as the vibration of a latent hereditary chord and a symptom of the acute sense of opportunity.

Henry James.

BEFORE SUNRISE IN WINTER.

A PURPLE cloud hangs half-way down;
 Sky, yellow gold below;
 The naked trees, beyond the town,
 Like masts against it show —

Bare masts and spars of our earth-ship,
 With shining snow-sails furled;
 And through the sea of space we slip,
 That flows all round the world.

Andrew Hedbrook.

CHILDREN, PAST AND PRESENT.

As a result of the modern tendency to desert the broad beaten roads of history for the bridle-paths of biography and memoir, we find a great many side lights thrown upon matters that the historian was wont to treat as altogether beneath his consideration. It is by their help that we study the minute changes of social life that little by little alter the whole aspect of a people, and it is by their help that we look straight into the ordinary every-day workings of the past, and measure the space between its existence and our own. When we read, for instance, of Lady Cathcart being kept a close prisoner by her husband for over twenty years, we look with some complacency on the roving wives of the nineteenth century. When we reflect on the dismal fate of Uriel Freudenberger, condemned by the Canton of Uri to be burnt alive in 1760, for rashly proclaiming his disbelief in the legend of William Tell's apple, we realize the inconveniences attendant on a too early development of the critical faculty. We listen entranced while the learned pastor Dr. Johann Geiler von Keyersperg gravely enlightens his congregation as to the nature and properties of werewolves; and we turn aside to see the half-starved boys at Westminster boiling their own batter-pudding in a stocking foot, or to hear the little John Wesley crying softly while he is being whipped, not being permitted even then the luxury of a hearty bellow.

Perhaps the last incident will strike us as the most pathetic of all, this being essentially the children's age. Women, workmen, and skeptics all have reason enough to be grateful they were not born a few generations earlier; but the children of to-day are favored beyond their knowledge, and certainly far beyond their deserts. Compare the mod-

ern school-boy with any of his ill-fated predecessors, from the days of Spartan discipline down to our grandfathers' time. Turn from the free-and-easy school-girl of the period to the miseries of Mrs. Sherwood's youth, with its steel collars, its backboards, its submissive silence and rigorous decorum. Think of the turbulent and uproarious nurseries we all know, and then go back in spirit to that severe and occult shrine where Mrs. Wesley ruled over her infant brood with a code of disciplinary laws as awful and inviolable as those of the Medes and Persians. Of their supreme efficacy she plainly felt no doubts, for she has left them carefully written down for the benefit of succeeding generations, though we fear that few mothers of to-day would be tempted by their stringent austerity. They are to modern nursery rules what the Blue Laws of Connecticut are to our more languid legislation. Each child was expected and required to commemorate its fifth birthday by learning the entire alphabet by heart. To insure this all-important matter, the whole house was impressively set in order the day before; every one's task was assigned to him; and Mrs. Wesley, issuing strict commands that no one should penetrate into the sanctuary while the solemn ordeal was in process, shut herself up for six hours with the unhappy morsel of a child, and unflinchingly drove the letters into its bewildered brain. On two occasions only was she unsuccessful. "Molly and Nancy," we are told, failed to learn in the given time, and their mother comforts herself for their tardiness by reflecting on the still greater incapacity of other people's bairns.

"When the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of its parents," then, and then only, their rigid judge considers

that some little inadvertences and follies may be safely passed over. Nor would she permit one of them to "be chid or beaten twice for the same fault," — a stately assumption of justice that speaks volumes for the iron-bound code by which they were brought into subjection. Most children nowadays are sufficiently amazed if a tardy vengeance overtake them once, and a second penalty for the same offense is something we should hardly deem it necessary to proscribe. Yet nothing is more evident than that Mrs. Wesley was neither a cruel nor an unloving mother. It is plain that she labored hard for her little flock, and had their welfare and happiness greatly at heart. In after years they with one accord honored and revered her memory. Only it is not altogether surprising that her husband, whose ministerial functions she occasionally usurped, should have thought his wife at times almost too able a ruler, or that her more famous son should stand forth as the great champion of human depravity. He too, some forty years later, promulgated a system of education as unrelaxing in its methods as that of his own childhood. In his model school he forbade all association with outside boys, and would receive no child unless its parents promised not to take it away for even a single day, until removed for good. Yet after shutting up the lads in this hot-bed of propriety, and carefully guarding them from every breath of evil, he ended by expelling part as incorrigible, and ruefully admitting that the remainder were very "uncommonly wicked."

The principle of solitary training for a child, in order to shield it effectually from all outside influences, found other and vastly different advocates. It is the key-note of Mr. and Miss Edgeworth's *Practical Education*, a book which must have driven over-careful and scrupulous mothers to the verge of desperation. In it they are solemnly counseled never

to permit their children to walk or talk with servants, never to let them have a nursery or a school-room, never to leave them alone either with each other or with strangers, and never to allow them to read any book of which every sentence has not been previously examined. In the matter of books, it is indeed almost impossible to satisfy such searching critics. Even Mrs. Barbauld's highly correct and righteous little volumes are not quite harmless in their eyes. Evil lurks behind the phrase "Charles wants his dinner," which would seem to imply that Charles must have whatever he desires; while to say flippantly, "The sun has gone to bed," is to incur the awful odium of telling a child a deliberate untruth.

In Miss Edgeworth's own stories the didactic purpose is only veiled by the sprightliness of the narrative and the air of amusing reality she never fails to impart. Who that has ever read them can forget Harry and Lucy making up their own little beds in the morning, and knocking down the unbaked bricks to prove that they were soft; or Rosamond choosing between the famous purple jar and a pair of new boots; or Laura forever drawing the furniture in perspective? In all these little people say and do there is conveyed to the young reader a distinct moral lesson, which we are by no means inclined to reject, when we turn to the other writers of the time and see how much worse off we are. Day, in *Sandford and Merton*, holds up for our edification the dreariest and most insufferable of pedagogues, and advocates a mode of life wholly at variance with the instincts and habits of his age. Miss Sewell, in her *Principles of Education*, sternly warns young girls against the sin of chattering with each other, and forbids mothers' playing with their children as a piece of frivolity which cannot fail to weaken the dignity of their position.

To a great many parents, both in

England and in France, such advice would have been unnecessary. Who, for instance, can imagine Lady Balcarras, with whom it was a word and a blow in quick succession, stooping to any such weakness; or that august mother of Harriet Martineau, against whom her daughter has recorded all the slights and severities of her youth? Not that we think Miss Martineau to have been much worse off than other children of her day; but as she has chosen with signal ill-taste to revenge herself upon her family in her autobiography, we have at least a better opportunity of knowing all about it. "To one person," she writes, "I was indeed habitually untruthful, from fear. To my mother I would in my childhood assert or deny anything that would bring me through most easily,"—a confession which, to say the least, reflects as little to her own credit as to her parent's. Had Mrs. Martineau been as stern an upholder of the truth as was Mrs. Wesley, her daughter would have ventured upon very few fabrications in her presence. When she tells us gravely how often she meditated suicide in these early days, we are fain to smile at hearing a fancy so common among morbid and imaginative children narrated soberly in middle life, as though it were a unique and horrible experience. No one endowed by nature with so copious a fund of self-sympathy could ever have stood in need of much pity from the outside world.

But for real and uncompromising severity towards children we must turn to France, where for years the traditions of decorum and discipline were handed down in noble families, and generations of boys and girls suffered grievously therefrom. Trifling faults were magnified into grave delinquencies, and relentlessly punished as such. We sometimes wonder whether the youthful Bertrand du Guesclin were really the wicked little savage that the old chroniclers

delight in painting, or whether his rude truculence was not very much like that of naughty and neglected boys the world over. There is, after all, a pathetic significance in those lines of Cuvelier's which describe in barbarous French the lad's remarkable and unprepossessing ugliness:—

"Il n'ot si lait de Respes à Disnant,
Camus estoit et noirs, malostru et massant.
Li père et la mère si le héoiant tant,
Que souvent en leurs cuers aloient desirant
Que fust mors, ou noiey en une eue corant."

Perhaps, if he had been less flat-nosed and swarthy, his better qualities might have shone forth more clearly in early life, and it would not have needed the predictions of a magician or the keen-eyed sympathy of a nun to evolve the future Constable of France out of such apparently hopeless material. At any rate, tradition generally representing him either as languishing in the castle dungeon, or exiled to the society of the domestics, it is plain he bore but slight resemblance to the cherished *enfant terrible* who is his legitimate successor to-day.

Coming down to more modern times, we are met by such monuments of stately severity as Madame Quinet and the Marquise de Montmirail, mother of that fair saint Madame de Rochefoucauld, the trials of whose later years were ushered in by a childhood of unremitting harshness and restraint. The marquise was incapable of any faltering or weakness where discipline was concerned. If carrots were repulsive to her little daughter's stomach, then a day spent in seclusion, with a plate of the obnoxious vegetables before her, was the surest method of proving that carrots were nevertheless to be eaten. When Augustine and her sister kissed their mother's hand each morning, and prepared to con their tasks in her awful presence, they well knew that not the smallest dereliction would be passed over by that inexorable judge. Nor might they as-

pire, like Harriet Martineau, to shield themselves behind the barrier of a lie. When from Augustine's little lips came faltering some childish evasion, the ten-year-old sinner was hurried as an out-cast from her home, and sent to expiate her crime with six months' merciful seclusion in a convent. "You have told me a falsehood, mademoiselle," said the marquise, with frigid accuracy; "and you must prepare to leave my house upon the spot."

Faults of breeding were quite as offensive to this *grande dame* as faults of temper. The fear of her pitiless glance filled her daughters with timidity, and bred in them a *mauvaise honte*, which in its turn aroused her deadliest ire. Only a week before her wedding-day Madame de Rochefoucauld was sent ignominiously to dine at a side table, as a penance for the awkwardness of her curtsy; while even her fast-growing beauty became but a fresh source of misfortune. The dressing of her magnificent hair occupied two long hours every day, and she retained all her life a most distinct and painful recollection of her sufferings at the hands of her *coiffeuse*.

To turn from the Marquise de Montmirail to Madame Quinet is to see the picture intensified. More beautiful, more stately, more unswerving still, her faith in discipline was unbounded, and her practice in no wise inconsistent with her belief. It was actually one of the institutions of her married life that a *garde de ville* should pay a domiciliary visit twice a week to chastise the three children. If by chance they had not been naughty, then the punishment might be referred to the account of future transgressions, — an arrangement which, while it insured justice to the culprits, can hardly have afforded them much encouragement to amend. Her son Jerome, who ran away when a mere boy to enroll with the volunteers of '92, reproduced in later years, for the ben-

efit of his own household, many of his mother's most striking characteristics. He was the father of Edgar Quinet, the poet, a child whose precocious abilities seem never to have awakened within him either parental affection or parental pride. Silent, austere, repellent, he offered no caresses, and was obeyed with timid submission. "The gaze of his large blue eyes," says Dowden, "imposed restraint with silent authority. His mockery, the play of an intellect unsympathetic by resolve and upon principle, was freezing to a child; and the most distinct consciousness which his presence produced upon the boy was the assurance that he, Edgar, was infallibly about to do something which would cause displeasure." That this was a common attitude with parents in the old *régime* may be inferred from Châteaubriand's statement that he and his sister, transformed into statues by their father's presence, recovered their life only when he left the room; and by the assertion of Mirabeau that even while at school, two hundred leagues away from his father, "the mere thought of him made me dread every youthful amusement which could be followed by the slightest unfavorable result."

Yet at the present day we are assured by Mr. Marshall that in France "the art of spoiling has reached a development which is unknown elsewhere, and maternal affection not infrequently descends to folly and imbecility." But then the clever critic of French Home Life had never visited America when he wrote those lines, although some of the stories he tells would do credit to any household in our land. There is one quite delightful account of a young married couple, who, being invited to a dinner party of twenty people, failed to make their appearance until ten o'clock, when they explained urbanely that their three-year-old daughter would not permit them to depart. Moreover, being a child of great character and discrimi-

nation, she had insisted on their undressing and going to bed; to which reasonable request they had rendered a prompt compliance, rather than see her cry. "It would have been monstrous," said the fond mother, "to cause her pain simply for our pleasure; so I begged Henri to cease his efforts to persuade her, and we took off our clothes and went to bed. As soon as she was asleep we got up again, redressed, and here we are, with a thousand apologies for being so late."

This sounds half incredible; but there is a touch of nature in the mother's happy indifference to the comfort of her friends as compared with the whims of her offspring that closely appeals to certain past experiences of our own. It is all very well for an Englishman to stare aghast at such a reversal of the laws of nature; we Americans, who have suffered and held our peace, can afford to smile with some complacency at the thought of another great nation bending its head beneath the iron yoke.

To return, however, to the days when children were the ruled, and not the rulers, we find ourselves face to face with the great question of education. How smooth and easy are the paths of learning made now for the little feet that tread them! How rough and steep they were in bygone times, watered with many tears, and not without a line of victims, whose weak strength failed them in the upward struggle! We cannot go back to any period when school life was not fraught with miseries. Classic writers paint in grim colors the harshness of the pedagogues who ruled in Greece and Rome. Mediæval authors tell us more than enough of the passionless severity that swayed the monastic schools, — a severity which seems to have been the result of an hereditary tradition rather than of individual caprice, and which seldom interfered with the mutual affection that existed between master and scholar. When St.

Anselm, the future disciple of Lanfranc, and his successor in the See of Canterbury, begged as a child of four to be sent to school, his mother, Ermenberg, — the granddaughter of a king, and the kinswoman of every crowned prince in Christendom, — resisted his entreaties as long as she dared, knowing too well the sufferings in store for him. A few years later she was forced to yield, and these same sufferings very nearly cost her son his life.

The boy was both studious and docile, and his teacher, fully recognizing his precocious talents, determined to force them to the utmost. In order that so active a mind should not for a moment be permitted to relax its tension, he kept the little scholar a ceaseless prisoner at his desk. Rest and recreation were alike denied him, while the utmost rigors of a discipline of which we can form no adequate conception wrung from the child's overworked brain an unflinching attention to his tasks. As a result of this cruel folly, "the brightest star of the eleventh century had been well-nigh quenched in its rising."¹ Mind and body alike yielded beneath the strain; and Anselm, a broken-down little wreck, was returned to his mother's hands, to be slowly nursed back to health and reason. "Ah, me! I have lost my child!" sighed Ermenberg, when she found that not all that he had suffered could shake the boy's determination to return; and the mother of Guibert de Nogent must have echoed the sentiment when her little son, his back purple with stripes, looked her in the face, and answered steadily to her lamentations, "If I die of my whippings, I still mean to be whipped."

The step from the monastic schools to Eton and Westminster is a long one, but the gain not so apparent at first sight as might be supposed. It is hard for the luxurious Etonian of to-day to

¹ Life of St. Anselm, Bishop of Canterbury. By Martin Rule.

realize that for many years his predecessors suffered enough from cold, hunger, and barbarous ill-treatment to make life a burden on their hands. The system, while it hardened some into the desired manliness, must have killed many whose feebler constitutions could ill support its rigor. Even as late as 1834, we are told by one who had ample opportunity to study the subject carefully that "the inmates of a workhouse or a jail were better fed and lodged than were the scholars of *Eton*. Boys whose parents could not pay for a private room underwent privations that might have broken down a cabin-boy, and would be thought inhuman if inflicted on a galley-slave." Nor is this sentiment as exaggerated as it sounds. To get up at five on freezing winter mornings; to sweep their own floors and make their own beds; to go two by two to the "children's pump" for a scanty wash; to eat no mouthful of food until nine o'clock; to live on an endless round of mutton, potatoes, and beer, none of them too plentiful or too good; to sleep in a dismal cell without chair or table; to improvise a candlestick out of paper; to be starved, frozen, and flogged,—such was the daily life of the scions of England's noblest families, of lads tenderly nurtured and sent from princely homes to win their Greek and Latin at this fearful cost.

Moreover, the picture of one public school is in all essential particulars the picture of the rest. The miseries might vary somewhat, but their bulk remained the same. At *Westminster* the younger boys, hard pushed by hunger, gladly received the broken victuals left from the table of the senior election, and tried to supplement their scanty fare with strange and mysterious concoctions, whose unsavory details have been handed down among the melancholy traditions of the past.

In 1847 a young brother of *Lord Mansfield* being very ill at school, his mother came to visit him. There was

but one chair in the room, upon which the poor invalid was reclining; but his companion, seeing the dilemma, immediately arose, and with true boyish politeness offered *Lady Mansfield* the coal-scuttle, on which he himself had been sitting. At *Winchester*, *Sydney Smith* suffered "many years of misery and starvation," while his younger brother, *Courtenay*, twice ran away, in the vain effort to escape his wretchedness. "There was never enough provided of even the coarsest food for the whole school," writes *Lady Holland*; "and the little boys were of course left to fare as well as they could. Even in his old age my father used to shudder at the recollections of *Winchester*, and I have heard him speak with horror of the misery of the years he spent there. The whole system, he affirmed, was one of abuse, neglect, and vice."

In the matter of discipline there was no shadow of choice anywhere. Capricious cruelty ruled under every scholastic roof. On the one side we are confronted by the awful ghost of *Dr. Keate*, who could and did flog eighty boys in succession without a pause; and who, being given the confirmation list by mistake for the punishment list, insisted on flogging every one of the catechumens, as a good preparation for receiving the sacrament. On the other side, we encounter *Dean Colet*, of *St. Paul's*, whom *Erasmus* reported as "delighting in children in a Christian spirit;" which meant that he never wearied of seeing them suffer, believing that the more they endured as boys, the more worthy they would grow in manhood.

If, sick of the brutality of the schools, we seek those rare cases in which a home education was substituted, we are generally rewarded by finding the comforts greater and the cramming worse. It is simply impossible for a pedagogue to try and wring from a hundred brains the excess of work which may, under clever treatment, be extracted from one;

and so the Eton boys, with all their manifold miseries, were at least spared the peculiar experiments which were too often tried upon solitary scholars. Nowadays anxious parents and guardians seem to labor under an ill-founded apprehension that their children are going to hurt themselves by over-application to their books, and we hear a great deal about the expedience of restraining this inordinate zeal. But a few generations back such comfortable theories had yet to be evolved, and the plain duty of a teacher was to goad the student on to every effort in his power.

Perhaps the two most striking instances of home training that have been given to the world are those of John Stuart Mill and Giacomo Leopardi; the principal difference being that, while the English boy was crammed scientifically by his father, the Italian poet was permitted relentlessly to cram himself. In both cases we see the same melancholy, blighted childhood; the same cold indifference to the mother, as to one who had no part or parcel in their lives; the same joyless routine of labor; the same unboyish gravity and precocious intelligence. Mill studied Greek at three, Latin at eight, the Organon at eleven, and Adam Smith at thirteen. Leopardi at ten was well acquainted with most Latin authors, and undertook alone and unaided the study of Greek, perfecting himself in that language before he was fourteen. Mill's sole recreation was to walk with his father, narrating to him the substance of his last day's reading. Leopardi, being forbidden to go about Recanati without his tutor, acquiesced with pathetic resignation, and ceased to wander outside the garden gates. Mill had all boyish enthusiasm and healthy partisanship crushed out of him by his father's pitiless logic. Leopardi's love for his country burned like a smothered flame, and added one more to the pangs that eat out his soul in silence. His was truly a wonderful intellect; and whereas

the English lad was merely forced by training into a precocity foreign to his nature, and which, according to Mr. Bain, failed to produce any great show of juvenile scholarship, the Italian boy fed on books with a resistless and craving appetite, his mind growing warped and morbid as his enfeebled body sank more and more under the unwholesome strain. In the long lists of despotically reared children there is no sadder sight than this undisciplined, eager, impetuous soul, burdened alike with physical and moral weakness, meeting tyrannical authority with a show of insincere submission, and laying up in his lonely infancy the seeds of a sorrow which was to find expression in the key-note of his work, *Life is Only Fit to be Despised*.

Between the severe mental training of boys and the education thought fit and proper for girls, there was throughout the eighteenth century a broad and purposeless chasm. Before that time, and after it, too, the majority of women were happily ignorant of many subjects which every school-girl of to-day aspires to handle; but during the reigns of Queen Anne and the first three Georges, this ignorance was considered an essential charm of their sex, and was displayed with a pretty ostentation that sufficiently proves its value. Such striking exceptions as Madame de Staël, Mrs. Montagu, and Anne Damer were not wanting to give points of light to the picture; but they hardly represent the real womanhood of their time. Femininity was then based upon shallowness, and girls were solemnly warned not to try and ape the acquirements of men, but to keep themselves rigorously within their own ascertained limits. We find a famous school-teacher, under whose fostering care many a court belle was trained for social triumphs, laying down the law on this subject with no uncertain hand, and definitely placing women in their proper station. "Had a *third order* been necessary," she writes naively,

"doubtless one would have been created, a *midway* kind of being." In default, however, of this recognized *via media*, she deprecates all impious attempts to bridge over the chasm between the two sexes; and "accounts it a misfortune for a female to be learned, a genius, or in any way a prodigy, as it removes her from her natural sphere."

"Those were days," says a writer in Blackwood, "when superficial teaching was thought the proper teaching for girls; when every science had its feminine language, as Hindu ladies talk with a difference and with softer terminations than their lords: as The Young Ladies' Geography, which is to be read instead of novels; A Young Ladies' Guide to Astronomy; The Use of the Globes for Girls' Schools; and the Ladies' Polite Letter-Writer. What was really necessary for a girl was to learn how to knit, to dance, to curtsy, and to carve; the last-named accomplishment being one of her exclusive privileges." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu received lessons from a professional carving-master, who taught her the art scientifically; and during her father's grand dinners her labors were often so exhausting that translating the *Enchiridion* must have seemed by comparison a light and easy task. Indeed, after that brilliant baby entrance into the Kitcat Club, very little that was pleasant fell to Lady Mary's share; and years later she recalls the dreary memories of her youth in a letter written to her sister, Lady Mar. "Don't you remember," she asks, pathetically, "how miserable we were in the little parlor at Thoresby?"

Her own education, she always protested, was of the worst and flimsiest character, and her girlish scorn at the restraints that cramped and fettered her is expressed vigorously enough in the well-known letter to Bishop Burnet. It was considered almost criminal, she complains, to improve her reason, or even to fancy she had any. To be learned

was to be held up to universal ridicule, and the only line of conduct open to her was to play the fool in concert with other women of quality, "whose birth and leisure merely serve to make them the most useless and worthless part of creation." Yet viewed alongside of her contemporaries, Lady Mary's advantages were really quite unusual. She had some little guidance in her studies, with no particular opposition to overcome, and tolerance was as much at any time as a thoughtful girl could hope for. Nearly a century later we find little Mary Fairfax — afterwards Mrs. Somerville, and the most learned woman in England — being taught how to sew, to read her Bible, and to learn the Shorter Catechism; all else being considered superfluous for a female. Moreover, the child's early application to her books was regarded with great disfavor by her relatives, who plainly thought that no good was likely to come of it. "I wonder," said her rigid aunt to Lady Fairfax, "that you let Mary waste her time in reading!"

"You cannot hammer a girl into anything," says Ruskin, who has constituted himself both champion and mentor of the sex; and perhaps this was the reason that so many of these rigorously drilled and kept-down girls blossomed perversely into brilliant and scholarly women. Nevertheless, it is comforting to turn back for a moment, and see what Holland, in the seventeenth century, could do for her clever children. Mr. Gosse has shown us a charming picture of the three daughters of Roemer Visscher, the poetess Tesselschade and her less famous sisters, — three little girls, whose healthy mental and physical training was happily free either from narrow contraction or hot-house pressure. "All of them," writes Ernestus Brink, "were practiced in very sweet accomplishments. They could play music, paint, write, and engrave on glass, make poems, cut emblems, embroider

all manner of fabrics, and swim well; which last thing they had learned in their father's garden, where there was a canal with water, outside the city." What wonder that these little maidens, with skilled fingers and clear heads and vigorous bodies, grew into three keen-witted and charming women, around whom we find grouped that rich array of talent which suddenly raised Holland to a unique literary distinction! What wonder that their influence, alike refining and strengthening, was felt on every hand, and was repaid with universal gratitude and love!

There is a story told of Professor Wilson, that one day, listening to a lecture on education by Dr. Whately, he grew manifestly impatient at the rules laid down, and finally slipped out of the room, exclaiming irately to a friend who followed him, "I always thought God Almighty made man, but *he* says it was the school-master."

In like manner many of us have wondered from time to time whether children are made of such ductile material, and can be as readily moulded to our wishes, as educators would have us believe. If it be true that nature counts for nothing and training for everything, then what a gap between the boys and girls of two hundred years ago and the boys and girls we know to-day! The rigid bands that once bound the young to decorum have dwindled to a silver thread that snaps under every restive movement. To have "perfectly natural" children seems to be the outspoken ambition of parents who have succeeded in retrograding their offspring from artificial civilization to that pure and wholesome savagery which is evidently their ideal. "It is assumed nowadays," declares an angry critic, "that children have come into the world to make a noise; and it is the part of every good parent to put up with it, and to make all household arrangements with a view to their sole pleasure and convenience."

That the children brought up under this relaxed discipline acquire certain merits and charms of their own is an easily acknowledged fact. We are not now alluding to those spoiled and over-indulged little people who are the recognized scourges of humanity, but merely to the boys and girls who have been allowed from infancy that large degree of freedom which is deemed expedient for enlightened nurseries, and who regulate their own conduct on the vast majority of occasions. They are as a rule light-hearted, truthful, affectionate, and occasionally amusing; but it cannot be denied that they lack that nicety of breeding which was at one time the distinguishing mark of children of the upper classes, and which was in a great measure born of the restraints that surrounded them. The faculty of sitting still without fidgeting, of walking without rushing, and of speaking without screaming can be acquired only under tuition; but it is worth some little trouble to attain. When Sydney Smith remarked that the children of rank were generally so much better bred than the children of the middle classes, he recognized the greater need for self-restraint that entered into their lives. They may have been less natural, perhaps, but they were infinitely more pleasing to his fastidious eyes; and the unconscious grace which he admired was merely the reflection of the universal courtesy that surrounded them. Nor is this all. "The necessity of self-repression," says a recent writer in *Blackwood*, "makes room for thought, which those children-miss who have no formalities to observe, no customs to respect, who blurt out every irrelevance, who interpose at will with question and opinion as it enters the brain. Children don't learn to talk by chattering to one another, and saying what comes uppermost. Mere listening with intelligence involves an exercise of mental speech, and observant silence opens the

pores of the mind as impatient demands for explanation never do."

This is true, inasmuch as it is not the child who is encouraged to talk continually who in the end learns how to arrange and express his ideas. Nor does the fretful desire to be told at once what everything means imply the active mind which parents so fondly suppose; but rather a languid percipience, unable to decipher the simplest causes for itself. Yet where shall we turn to look for the "observant silence," so highly recommended? The young people who observed and were silent have passed away, — little John Ruskin being assuredly the last of the species, — and their places are filled by those to whom observation

and silence are alike unknown. This is the children's age, and all things are subservient to their wishes. Masses of juvenile literature are published annually for their amusement; conversation is reduced steadily to their level while they are present; meals are arranged to suit their hours, and the dishes thereof to suit their palates; studies are made simpler and toys more elaborate with each succeeding year. The hardships they once suffered are now happily ended, the decorum once exacted is fading rapidly away. We accept the situation with philosophy, and only now and then, under the pressure of some new development, are startled into asking ourselves where it is likely to end.

Agnes Repplier.

IN THE CLOUDS.

VIII.

IN those long days while Mink languished in jail, he wondered how the world could wag on without him. He hungered with acute pangs for the mountains; he pined for the sun and the wind. Sometimes he stood for hours at the window, straining for a breath of air. Then the barred aspect of the narrow scene outside of the grating maddened him, and he would fling himself upon his bed; and it would seem to him that he could never rise again.

He speculated upon Alethea with a virulence of rage which almost frightened him, — whether she had heard of his arrest, how she had received the news.

"Mighty pious, I reckon," he sneered. "I know ez well ez ef I hed seen her ez she be a-goin' 'round the kentry a-tellin' 'bout my wickedness, an' how she worried an' worked with me, an' could n't git me shet o' my evil ways."

He thought of Elvira, too, with a

certain melancholy relish of her fancied grief. His heart had softened toward her as his grudge against Alethea waxed hot. "*She* tuk it powerful hard, I know. I'll be bound it mighty nigh killed her, — she set so much store by me. But I reckon her folks air glad, bein' ez they never favored me."

It seemed to him, as he reflected upon the probable sentiment of his friends and neighbors, that he had lived in a wolfish community, ready with cowardly cruelty to attack and mangle him since fortune had brought him down.

"I'm carrion now; I'll hev ter expect' the wolves an' buzzards," he said bitterly to his lawyer, as they canvassed together what witnesses they had best summon to prove his general good character, and whom they should challenge on the jury list. There was hardly a man of the number on whom Mink had not played some grievous prank calculated to produce a rankling grudge and foster prejudice. He recited these with

a lugubrious gravity incongruous enough with the subject matter, that often elicited bursts of unwilling laughter from the perplexed counsel.

This was a bluff, florid man of forty, with a hearty, resonant voice, a light blue eye, a head of thick, yellow hair, which he wore cut straight across beneath his ears, showing its density, and thrown back without parting from his forehead. When the locks fell forward, as they often did, he tossed them back with an impatient gesture. He had a long mustache and beard. His lips were peculiarly red. His tongue also, which he had a fancy for thrusting out swiftly in ridicule or triumph, had the same deep tinge. Altogether he was a high-colored, noisy, confident, blustering fellow, and he inspired Mink with great faith.

"I done a better thing 'n I knowed of whenst I voted an' electioneered so brash fur you-uns ez floater in the legislatur'," said Mink one day, in a burst of hopefulness. When he had sent for the lawyer to defend him, he had based his appeal for aid partly on his political services, and relied on them to atone for any deficiency of fees.

"Do it again, Mink, early and often!" And the floater's jolly laughter rang out, jarring against the walls of the bare room, which was, however, far more cheerful for the sound.

Mink had found a certain respite from his mental anguish in the requirements of the approaching trial, urged upon his attention by the lawyer. But in the midst of the night terrors would beset him. In his dreams the humble, foolish individuality of the idiot boy was invested with awe, with a deep pathos, with a terrible dignity. It seemed often that he was awakened by the clutch of a hand to an imperative consciousness of the crime of which he was accused, to a torturing uncertainty of his guilt or innocence. His conscience strove in vain to reckon with him.

"Mebbe, though, the jury kin tell?" he said one morning, piteously, to his counsel, who had come cheerily in, to find him wild eyed and haggard.

"A jury," said the lawyer sententiously, "is the cussedness of one man multiplied by twelve."

He had flung his somewhat portly bulk into a chair which creaked beneath his weight, and he was looking at his client with calculating keenness. He had supplemented a fair knowledge of the law with certain theories of human motives, deduced from his experience among men both as a politician and before the courts. In their less complex expressions he was quick to detect them. But he was devoid of intuition, of divination. His instincts were blunt. His moral perceptions were good, but elementary. His apprehension of crime was set forth in its entirety and in due detail by the code of Tennessee with the consequent penalty prescribed by the statute. He recognized no wrong unpunishable by law. The exquisite anguish of a moral doubt, the deep, helpless, hopeless affliction of remorse, the keen, unassuaged pangs of irreparability,—he had no spiritual sense to take cognizance of these immaterial issues. If Mink, escaping by his counsel's clever use of a technicality, should ever again think of the miller, dream of the boy weltering in the river, wake with the sound of that weird scream in his ears, Mr. Harshaw would wonder at him as a fool. As to the bar of conscience, how could that vague essence assume all the functions of a court under the constitution?

And still conning his simple alphabet of the intricate language of emotions, he interpreted as the expression of fear the prisoner's wan cheek and restless eyes. It induced a secret irritation and an anxiety as to how he had best conduct the case, in view of his professional reputation. He had besought Mink in his own interests to be frank, and now he

was perplexed by doubts of his client's candor.

It required only a few moments' reflection to assure himself that he had best assume, for the purposes of defense, the guilt of the prisoner until proved innocent. As he placed both hands on his knees he pursed up his lips confidentially, and with a quick sidelong glance he said, —

"We've got some time, though, before we have to face 'em, Mink. We're entitled to one continuance, on account of the inflamed state of public sentiment."

The brooding, abstracted look passed suddenly from Mink's face, leaving it more recognizable with its wonted bright intentness.

"Air ye 'lowin' ye'd put off the trial fuder 'n the day be set fur, Mr. Harshaw?" he asked, with the accents of dismay. "Fur Gawd's sake, don't let 'em do that. I would n't bide hyar, all shet up" — his eyes turned from wall to wall with the baffled eagerness of a caged beast — "I would n't bide hyar a day longer 'n I'm 'bleeged ter, not ter git shet o' damnation. Lord A'mighty, don't go a-shovin' the day off; hurry it up, ef ye kin. I want ter kem ter trial an' git back ter the mountings. I feel ez ef I be bound ter go."

The lawyer still looked at him with his keen sidelong glances.

"The jury stands 'twixt you and the mountains, Mink. Might n't get out, after all's said and done."

Mink looked at him with a sudden alarm in his dilated eyes, as if the contingency had been all undreamed of.

"They'll be bound ter let me out," he declared. "I ain't feared o' the jury."

"If you don't know what you did yourself, you can't expect them to be much smarter in finding it out," reasoned the lawyer.

"I ain't done nuthin' ter keep me jailed this hyar way," said Mink, hardily. "I feel it in my bones I'll git out. I

never try them bars," nodding at the window, "but what I looks ter see 'em break in my hand."

"See here," said the lawyer, sternly, "you let 'them bars' alone; you ain't going ter do yourself any good breaking jail."

He looked down meditatively at his feet, and stamped one of them that his trousers might slip further down over his boot-leg, which deported itself assertively and obtrusively, as if it were in the habit of being worn on the outside.

"I don't know," he said reflectively, "if you want to be tried speedily, but what it's best, anyhow. We won't have Averill to preside; he's incompetent in a number of civil cases, and Jim Gwinnan will hold court. He's a" — he pursed up his red lips again, and looked about with an air intimating a high degree of contempt; Mink hung upon his words with an oppressive sense of helplessness and eagerness, that now and then found vent in an unconscious long-drawn sigh — "well, he's a selfish, ambitious sort of fellow, and he's found out it's mighty popular to make a blow about cleaning up the docket, and avoiding the law's delays, and trotting the lawyers right through. He'll hold court till twelve o'clock at night, and he just opposes, tooth and nail, every motion for delay. I reckon he'd make it look as if we were afraid to come to trial, if we wanted a continuance; so it's just as well, if you feel ready, for we might n't get it, after all."

Mink experienced a new fear. "Ain't he a mighty bad kind of a jedge ter hev?" he faltered, quaking before the mental vision of the man who held his fate in the hollow of his hand.

"No," said Harshaw musingly, "he ain't a bad jedge for us." He suddenly flung his chair back on its hind legs, and crossed his own legs, which seemed hardly long enough for the feat and looked most uncommonly plump in that position. "Gwinnan ain't a bad jedge

for us, for this reason. He's mighty apt to lean to public opinion, but he's a sound lawyer, and he's mighty careful about his rulings. He don't get reversed by the S'preme Court. That's what he sets on the bench for: not to administer justice, — he don't think about justice once a week, — but to be affirmed by the S'preme Court. He's more particular than Averill in little things, and he won't let the attorney-general walk over him, like Averill does, — sorter spunky."

"I hev seen the 'orney-gineral, — hearn him speak wunst. They 'lowed he war a fine speaker," submitted Mink, anxious concerning the untried, unmeasured forces about to be arrayed against him.

"Mighty fine," said Harshaw, derisively. "Got a beautiful voice — for calling hogs!"

He laughed, thrust out his red tongue, and rose. "Oh, bless my soul, I plumb forgot!" he exclaimed. "There's a girl out here wanting to see you. Don't know but what she may be your Dulcinea;" he winked jocosely. "Perkins said she might come in if you want to see her. Looks like she's walked about forty mile, — plumb beat out."

Mink was flattered. Instantly he thought of Elvira, and he remembered the journey with his offering of the coon that fateful night.

"She hev got dark hair an' eyes, an' air toler'ble leetle ter be growed up?" he asked. The remark was in the form of a question, but it was uttered with the conviction of certainty.

"Lord, no! Sandy hair, big brown eyes, and tall, and" —

He paused, for Mink had risen suddenly.

"Ye go tell her," he said, passionately, pointing at the door, — "go straight an' tell her ter keep in mind what I said bout'n the harnt on Thunderhead, an' how I 'lowed she favored him; ef she can't kill, she sp'iles yer chance."

"Why, look here, Mink," remonstrated the lawyer.

"Go 'long an' tell her!" cried Mink, imperatively. "Tell her I want her ter cl'ar out from hyar. Tell her I can't breathe ef she's nigh." He clutched at his throat, tearing open his collar with both hands. "'T war her ez brung me hyar. 'T war her ez got me locked an' barred up. An' now I don't want ter see her no mo' ez long ez I live. Gin her that word from me, — an' the Herder on Thunderhead what she favors."

The lawyer, with a gesture of expostulation, left the cell, appreciating that it was an unpleasant job to tell the travel-stained apparition at the door that her journey was in vain.

She was sitting upon the doorstep, in the sunshine, her brown bonnet hanging half off her golden head; her homespun dress seemed dark upon the rough gray stone. She watched absently, with her serious brown eyes, the gauzy wings of a blue-bottle that droned slumberously by. She held with idle hands the yellow blossoms of the golden-rod that she had plucked by the way. There was no passing in the street, hardly a sound; so still she sat that a lizard, basking in the sun, did not scruple to run across her motionless feet. She had taken off her coarse shoes to ease them after her long walk, for they were swollen and bruised.

She looked up with a start when the lawyer stood in the door. "No, sis," he said in a debonair fashion, glancing about the street. "Mink ain't in a good humor to-day, and you can't see him."

She cast up to him her haggard eyes, so full of appeal, of fear, of woe. He had no intention of stabbing her with the cruel words of the message. "You can't see him to-day; some other day." He waved his hand with a promissory gesture, and was turning away.

She sprang up with a cry. "They hendered him! They would n't let him!" she said, with quivering lips.

"Yes, yes. They hindered him," he kindly prevaricated.

Her eyes were suddenly all on fire. As he caught their gleam he hesitated, looking at her. Her cheeks were flushed. Her teeth were set. She raised her clenched hand.

"He lied ter me, that thar jailer. He 'lowed I mought see Reuben. He lied! He lied! I'll—I'll"—She dropped her threatening hand. "Lord! Lord! what kin I do!"

"Look here, girl," said the lawyer, alarmed at the idea of an indignant demonstration on the part of any of his client's friends. "'T ain't the jailer's fault. Mink said he would n't see you."

She stood as if stunned for a moment. Then, her confidence in Mink rebounding, "I don't b'lieve ye!" she said, bluntly.

"Well, then, may be you will when I tell you that he told me to ask you to clear out, and to remind you of the 'harnt' on Thunderhead that he said you favored."

She shrank back as if he had struck her. He eyed her indignantly. "I reckon you'll believe me now. Well, begone. We've had enough of you."

He turned and walked off briskly. He heard the court-house bell jangling out its summons, for the chancery court was in session, and he quickened his pace. He gave a start of irritation when he became aware that she was following him. He turned and faced her.

"What do you want?" he said, abruptly.

"I want ter tell ye su'thin'," she gasped. She leaned forward as if to touch his arm. He moved suddenly back, and she almost fell. She showed no anger, but came a faltering pace nearer, with the same imploring gesture. "I mus' tell ye suthin' 'bout Reuben, soon ez I git my breath,—suthin' ye'd never b'lieve."

Perhaps it was an unreasoning anger

which possessed him, but he was late, and she had cast the lie in his teeth, and somehow her presence irked him, and he vaguely sought to forecast what she had to say.

"No, you won't, for I ain't going to listen. You just take yourself off, and stay at home if you know how, and satisfy yourself with the harm you have done already. You'd better put out, and so I tell you."

He turned once more and strode away rapidly. He heard a faint cry behind him, and, for a time, pursuing steps. He quickened his own. In fact, he presently ran lightly,—marvelously lightly for a man of his bulk,—laughing within himself the while at the absurdity and incongruity of the episode, should it be noticed by any one in the sleepy streets. After a little he looked over his shoulder, half in relenting, half in curiosity.

She was not following him. She was limping back toward her shoes, that lay on the steps of the jail.

IX.

It was close upon nightfall when Alethea, on her homeward journey, reached the banks of the Scolacutta River. It still had a melancholy version of the sunset imprinted upon its surface. It was full of dreamy crimson tints, and olive-green shadows, and gentle pensive effects of undistinguishable lustres. Its ceaseless monotone was on the air; its breath was of freshness and fragrance; the bluffs that towered above it gave the austerity of rugged rocks and the dignity of great heights to the incidents of its margin. Stunted trees clung to the niches of these splintered cliffs; everywhere along the banks the leaves of the sourwood were red and gay as a banner, the tassels all gleaming and white; the dogwood showed a flaunting ochreous tint, but the sweetgum was as yet only a dull purple, and

the sumach had merely hung out its garnet tufts. An amethystine haze rested on the nearest mountains, softening the polychromatic richness that glimmered all along the great slope; further away they wore the softened blue of autumn. The scene was familiar to her, for she had already passed through the gap of the mountain down into Eskaquia Cove, and her aunt Dely's house lay among the tawny cornfields on the other side. Very lonely this habitation was among the great company of the mountains; beyond the breadths of the "flat woods" they rose about it on every side with a visible immensity of wilderness which belittled the slight hold of humanity expressed in the house, the fields, the vagrant road that seemed itself a wanderer, for there was no bourn in sight in all the wide landscape to which it might be supposed to tend.

The log cabin had heard the river sing for nearly a century. It had appeared for many years the ready prey of decay: the chimney leaned from the wall, the daubing was falling from the chinking, there were holes in the floor and the roof. Suddenly a great change came over it. The frivolity of glass enlivened the windows where batten shutters had formerly sufficed; a rickety little porch was added; a tiny room was partitioned off from this, and Mrs. Purvine rejoiced in the distinction of possessing a company bedroom, which was far from being a haven of comfort to the occasional occupant of those close quarters. She had always been known to harbor certain ambitions. Her husband's death, some two or three years before, had given her liberty to express her tastes more fully than when hampered by his cautious conservatism. And now, although the fields might be overrun with weeds, and the sheep have the rot, and the poultry the cholera, and the cow go dry, and the "gyarden truck" defer to the crab-grass, and the bees, clever insects, prepare only sufficient

honey for their own use, Mrs. Purvine preserved the appearance of having made a great rise in life, and was considered by the casual observer a "mighty spry widder woman." Such a one as Mrs. Sayles shook her head and spared not the vocabulary. "Dely," she would observe, "air my husband's sister, an' I ain't goin' ter make no words about her. Ef she war ennybody else's sister, I'd up an' down declar' ez she hev been snared in the devices o' the devil, fur sech pride ez hern ain't godly, — naw sir! nur religion nuther. Glass in the winder! Shucks! she'd better be thinkin' 'bout gittin' light on salvation, — that she hed! Folks ez knowed Dely whenst she war a gal knowed she war headin' an' sot agin her elders, an' run away from home ter git married, an' this is what kem of sech onregenerate ways. Glass in the winder! I'll be bound the devil looks through that winder every day at yer aunt Dely whenst she sets thar an' spins. He gits a glimge o' her when she ain't a-lookin'. The pride o' the yearth is mighty strong in her. Ye oughter satisfy yerself with 'sociatin' with her in this life, fur ye ain't a-goin' ter meet up with her in heaven. Naw, sir, yer aunt Dely 'll remember that winder in the darkness o' Torment, an' ef she war ennybody else's sister than my own husband's *I'd say so.*"

Mrs. Purvine was standing on the porch, so fine a manifestation of her pride, and gazing with unrecognizing curiosity at Alethea as the girl came up the stony hillside.

Aunt Dely hardly looked the woman of a vaulting worldly ambition. She had a broad, moon-like face and blue eyes with much of the whites showing, the more as she had a trick of looking over her spectacles. She had no teeth; despite her social culture she had never heard of a false set, or her mouth would have been a glittering illustration of the dentist's art. She held in her hand a short clay pipe, from which the smoke

slowly curled. She wore a blue-checked homespun apron, but a calico gown, being, according to report, "too triffin'" to do very much weaving at home, and the cross-roads store was only ten miles from her house, on the road to Shaftesville. She had journeyed even to the town, twice or thrice in her life, mounted on a gray mare with a colt at her heels, and looked from beneath her sun-bonnet at the metropolitan splendors and habits with a starveling's delight in such of the meagre conventional graces of life as the little village possessed, and as were vouchsafed to her comprehension. Nobody knew whence she derived her "vagrantin' ways;" for these excursions earned for her the reputation of an insatiate traveler, and her frivolous disposition and pride were the occasion of much reprehension and comment. They could hardly take the form of remonstrance, however, without open rupture; for Mrs. Purvine, right well aware of them, with an acumen and diplomacy grafted like some strange exotic upon her simple character, was always bewailing the frivolous tendency of the times, the pride of "some folks," the worthless nature of women nowadays, and foisting herself upon her interlocutor as an example of all homely and primitive tastes and virtues.

Her moon face suddenly assumed an expression of recognition and of stern reprobation as she came solemnly down from the door, a feat which it was difficult to perform with stateliness or even safety; for the two or three plank steps were only set against the wall, and although far more imposing than the hewn logs or rough stones customary elsewhere, they were extremely insecure. Often when a foot was placed upon the lowest of the number they careened forward with the weight.

Mrs. Purvine accomplished the descent with dignity, and as she held the gate open she addressed her niece, looking full in her tear-stained face:—

"I knowed it would kem ter this,— I knowed it, sooner or later. What's that thar step-mother o' yourn been doin' ter ye?"

Albeit Mrs. Sayles had few equals as a censor, aunt Dely, with a secret intuition of her animadversions, returned them as best she might, and Mrs. Sayles's difficult position as a step-mother rendered her as a shorn lamb to the blast.

"Nuthin'," sobbed Alethea,—"nuthin' ez I knows on." She started up the steps, which bounded forward with a precipitancy which had a startling effect as if the house had jumped at her. Alethea stumbled, and Mrs. Purvine commented upon her awkwardness:—

"Look at the gal,—usin' her feet with no mo' nimbleness 'n a cow. Laws-a-massy, young folks ain't what they war in my day. Whenst I war a gal, 'fore I jined the church an' tuk ter consortin' with the saints, ye oughter hev seen me dance! Could shake my foot along with the nimblest! But I ain't crackin' up bran dances, nuther. I'm a perfessin' member,—bless the Lord! Satan hides in a fiddle. Ye always remember yer aunt Dely tole ye that word. An' ef ever ye air condemned ter Torment, don't ye up an' 'low ez ye hed no teachin'; don't ye do it." Then looking over her spectacles, "What ails ye, ef 't ain't that step-mother?"

"I hev been ter Shaftesville. I bided all night at Cousin Jane Scruggs's in Piomingo Cove, an' next day I footed it ter town."

This announcement would have surprised any one more than the roving Mrs. Purvine. Even she demanded, as in duty bound, with every intimation of deep contempt, "Laws-a-massy, what ye wanter go ter Shaftesville fur?"

"I went ter see Reuben Lorey in jail," replied Alethea.

Mrs. Purvine looked at her with an expression of deep exasperation. "Waal," she observed sarcastically, "I'd hev

liked ter seen him thar, too. I ain't seen ez good a fit ez Mink Lorey an' the county jail fur this many a day. Kem hyar one night, an' tuk them bran' new front steps o' mine, an' hung 'em up on the martin-house. An' thar war a powerful deep snow that night, an' it kivered the consarn so ez nex' mornin' we could n't find out what unyearthly thing hed fell on the martin-house, an' we war fairly feared 't war a warnin' or a jedgmint till we missed them front steps. They ain't never been so stiddy sence."

Alethea had laid aside her bonnet and bathed her face. She was going about the house in a way which was a tribute to Mrs. Purvine's hospitality, for she felt much at home there. She had glanced toward the great fireplace, where the ashes piled on the top of the oven and the coffee-pot perched on the trivet over the coals told that the work of preparing supper was already done. She suddenly took down the quilting frame, suspended to the beams above by long bands of cloth, produced thread and thimble from her pocket, and, seating herself before it as before a table, began to quilt dexterously and neatly where Mrs. Purvine's somewhat erratic performance had left off long before. The smouldering firelight touched her fine, glistening hair, her pensive, downcast face; there was still light enough in the room through the pernicious glass window to reveal the grace of her postures and her slender figure. Aunt Dely, with some instinct for beauty native in her blood along with her "vagrantin' ways" and her original opinions, contemplated her for a time, and presently commented upon her.

"I'm yer father's own sister," she averred. "I ain't denyin' it none, though he did go an' marry that thar Jessup woman, ez nobody could abide; an' I hate ter see a peart gal like you-uns, ez air kin ter me, a-sp'illin' her eyes an' a-cryin' over a feller ez her folks

don't favor noways. Yer elders knows bes', Lethe."

"Why, aunt Dely, you-uns married a man ez yer elders never favored; they war powerful sot agin him."

Aunt Dely was clad in logic as in armor.

"An' look how it turned out, — him dead an' me a widdier woman!"

Alethea stitched on silently for a moment. Then she observed with unusual softness, for she feared being accounted "sassy," "I 'lowed I hed hearn ye say he war fifty-five year old, when he died."

"What's fifty-five?" demanded aunt Dely aggressively. "I knowed a man ez war a hunderd an' ten."

And so Alethea was forced to acquiesce in the proposition that aunt Dely's consort had been cut off in the flower of his youth as a judgment for having some thirty years previous eloped with the girl of his heart.

Both women looked conscious when a sudden step sounded in cautious ascent of the flight before the door, which illustrated so pointedly the truism that pride goes before a fall, and a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered, red-headed fellow strode in at the door.

"Air yer eyesight failin' ye, Jerry Price?" Mrs. Purvine admonished him. He was her husband's nephew. "Thar's Lethe Sayles."

Being called to order in this manner might well embarrass the young man, who had not expected to see Alethea, and who was rebuked for the dereliction before he was well in the room.

He shambled up to shake hands with her with a somewhat elaborate show of cordiality.

"Waal, Lethe," he exclaimed, "ye air a sight fur sore eyes! Ain't seen ye fur a month o' Sundays."

"Looks like she hed sore eyes herself, bound with red ferretin'," commented Mrs. Purvine gruffly. She often had a disposition, as she averred, to knock these young people's heads together, — a suf-

ficiently dangerous ballistic rite, for according to her account there were not two such hard heads in all Eskaquia Cove and Pioningo to boot. She had cherished an earnest desire to make a match between them, frustrated only by their failure to second the motion. They were well aware of this, and it impaired the ease of their relations, hampering even the exchange of the compliments of the season.

"Young folks take the lead!" Mrs. Purvine often exclaimed, oblivious of her own sentimental history. "Ef nobody war wantin' 'em ter marry they'd be runnin' off with one another."

She had considered this breach of obedience on the part of her husband's nephew a special instance of filial ingratitude, and had begun to remind him, and in fact to remember, all that she had done for him.

"Folkses 'lowed ter me, whenst Jerry Price's mammy died, ez I hed better leave him be, an' his aunt Melindy Jane would keer fur him. An' I hed n't been merried but a few years, an' bein' ez I runned away my folks would n't give me nuthin', an' me an' my old man war most o' the furniture we hed in the house. But law! we hed plenty arter a while, an' ter spare!" cried the rich aunt Dely. "An' they all 'lowed I hed better not lumber myse'f up with other folkses chil'n. Waal, I never expected ter, when I went ter the fun'el. But thar on the floor sot the hardest-featured infant I ever seen, red-headed, blinkin' eye, lean, an' sucked his thumb! An' all them folks war standin' 'round him, lookin' down at him with thar eyes all perverted an' stretched, like a gobbler looks at a deedie 'fore he pecks him on the noodle. An' they were all pityin' Melindy Jane fur hevin' ter keer fur him. Thar she war settin' wropped in a shawl, an' 'pearin' ez ef she could bite a ten-penny nail in two, sayin' she mus' submit ter the Lord! Waal, 'peared ter me ez I jes' could view the futur', an'

the sorter time Red-head would hev along o' a woman ez war submittin' on account o' him ter the Lord! An' I jes' ups an' lied afore 'em all. I sez, 'That's the purties' child I ever see. Surely he is!' An' I sez right hearty ter the b'reaved husband, 'Ephr'im, ef ye'll gin him ter me, I'll keer fur him till he's able ter keer fur me.' An' Eph looked up ez s'prised an' pleased, an' says, 'Will ye, Dely?' An' ef ye'll b'lieve me, arter I hed called him 'purty' Melindy Jane 'lowed *she* wanted him, an' hed nuthin' ter say 'bout the Lord. But I jes' stepped inter the floor an' snatched him up under my arm, an' set out an' toted him five mile home. An' lean ez he 'peared, he war middlin' heavy. I rubbed some pepper on his thumb that night. He ain't sucked it sence."

Jerry Price used to listen, calmly smoking, hardly identifying himself — as what man would! — with the homely subject of the sketch; and yet with a certain sense of obligation to Mrs. Purvine, returning thanks in some sort in behalf of the unprepossessing infant.

"Ye an' me made a right good trade out'n it, ain't we, aunt Dely?" he would say.

She formerly accorded jocund acquiescence to this blithe proposition. But now she would exclaim, "Did ennybody think ye'd grow up ter set yerse'f ter spite me, an' won't do nuthin' I ax ye? Kase I hev sot my heart on hevin' Lethe Sayles ter live along o' me, ye won't go courtin' her."

The specious Price would demand, "How d' ye know ez I won't?"

And hope would once more gleam from the ashes of Mrs. Purvine's disappointments.

"Lethe's been ter Shaftesville," she said, nodding triumphantly, sure to impress Jerry with this statement, for he was as worldly as she. Then, with sudden animation, she turned to her niece: "Lethe, did ye see enny lookin'-glasses

thar like mine?" She pointed to a cherry-framed mirror, some ten or twelve inches square, hung upon the wall at a height that could reflect naught but the opposite wall. It was as well, perhaps, for glass of that quality could only return a corrugated image that might have induced depression of spirit in one gazing on the perversions of its surface. The walls were pasted over with pictures from almanacs and bright-tinted railway advertisements; for her husband had once been postmaster of the invisible neighborhood, and these were the most important trophies and emoluments of the office. They quite covered the mellow brown logs and the daubing between, and were as crude and gairish a substitute as well might be. They were the joy of aunt Dely's heart, however, and as she dwelt upon them and committed them to memory they assumed all the functions of a literature. She valued hardly less a cheap clock that sat upon a shelf, and gave no more intimation of the passage of time than a polite hostess. Whether it had no works, whether it had sustained some internal injury, whether the worldly nephew and aunt had not sufficient knowledge of the springs of its being to wind it up, Alethea never speculated and Mrs. Purvine did not care. It was more than was owned by any one else in her acquaintance, and she rejoiced without stint in its possession.

"An' I'll be bound ye never seen no clock like mine!" she said.

"Naw 'm," said Alethea, "but I jes' went ter the jail."

"What fur?" demanded Jerry. He was leaning a few of the knobs and angles of his long, lank anatomy against the door. He did not notice that he kept the light from Alethea's work, but she was unwilling to remonstrate, and sewed on in the shadow.

"She went ter see Miuk Lorey," said his aunt. "I hope he 'lowed he war sorry fur his sins, — 'though 't won't do him

no good now; oughter hev been sorry fust."

"I never seen him," said Alethea.

Aunt Dely had knelt before the fire for the purpose of investigating the baking of the egg-bread; she held the lid of the oven up with a bit of kindling, while she turned half around to fix an astonished gaze on the girl.

"In the name o' — Moses!" — she produced the adjuration as if she thought it equal to the occasion, — "what did ye kem hyar lyin' 'bout'n it, Lethe, an' sayin' ye hed been ter see him? Ye'll git yer nose burnt, an' I'll be glad of it," she broke off suddenly, addressing a hound that, lured by the appetizing odor gushing out from under the lid of the oven, had approached with a sinuous, beguiling motion, and was extending his long neck. "Ye'd look mighty desirable with a blister on it."

"I never said I seen Reuben," returned Alethea, regardless of this interlude. "He would n't see me."

"What fur?" asked Jerry excitedly.

The lid fell upon the oven with a crash from Mrs. Purvine's hand. She was speechless with amazement.

Alethea sat, her hands clasped on the quilting frame, the glow of the firelight full on her glistening hair; her beauty seemed heightened by the refined pathos which weeping often leaves upon the face when it is once more calm. It was hard to say the cruel words, but her voice was steady.

"He 'lowed I favored the harnt on Thunderhead what sp'iles folkses prospects. I hed 'lowed ter him, when I las' seen him, ez he oughter gin what he hed ter old man Griff. An' he went ter Shaftesville. An' they jailed him."

Aunt Dely's moon face turned scarlet. "Now, ain't ye up an' down 'shamed o' yerse'f, Lethe Ann Sayles? Ter set store by a man ez talks ter youuns like that!" She rose, with a toss of her head. "The kentry hev got my cornsent ter hang him!"

She began to move about more briskly as she placed the plates on the table. The fact of this breach between Alethea and Mink was auspicious to her darling scheme. "Naw, child," she said as the girl offered to assist, "ye set an' talk ter Jerry 'bout Mink; he wants ter hear 'bout Mink."

"I wisht I could be witness fur Reuben," said Alethea, feeling an intense relief to be able to mention it without revealing her secret. "I believe I could help Reuben some."

"Why n't ye go ter his lawyer?" asked Jerry. "Harshaw, they say, he hev got ter defend him."

"He would n't listen; he fairly run from me."

"In Moses's name!" cried Mrs. Purvine, with sibilant inversion of her favorite exclamation, "what ails them crazy bucks in Shaftesville? All of 'em got the jim-jams, in jail an' out?"

"Waal," said Jerry coolly, "ef ye want ter tell him sech ez ye know, I'll make him listen ter ye. I hev been summonsed on the jury fur the nex' term, an' I'll hev ter go ter Shaftesville or be fined. An' ef ye air thar I'll see Harshaw don't run from ye, — else he won't run fur, no mo'. He'll lack his motions arter that."

"Ai-yi! When Jerry talks he ain't minchin' his words!" cried aunt Dely admiringly.

Alethea was very grateful for this stalwart championship. She said nothing, however, for she had no cultured phrases of acknowledgment. Her spirits rose; her flagging brain was once more alert; she was eager to be alone, — to think what she would say to the lawyer, to Mink, on the witness-stand. She hardly noticed Mrs. Purvine's manner of self-gratulation, or her frequent glances toward her young people as they sat together before the dull fire. Alethea was very beautiful, and Jerry — Mrs. Purvine never deluded herself with denials of her adopted son's ugliness —

was good and manly, and as sharp as a brier. Any man might be esteemed a poor match for looks, unless it were the worthless Mink, so safe in jail.

The feat a woman's imagination can accomplish in a given time is the most triumphant illustration of the agility of the human mind. Before either spoke again Mrs. Purvine had elaborated every detail of the courtship and engagement, pausing from time to time, as she placed the dishes on the table, and looking about the room in complete abstraction, planning how to arrange the furniture to give space for the dancing at the infair.

"Set out the supper in the shed-room, an' take these hyar two beds an' thar steads up-steers inter the roof-room," she muttered, measuring with her eye. "The loom kin jes' be h'isted inter the yard — an' I don't keer ef I never see it agin — and the spinning-wheels set in the bedroom." As to Satan, she had forgotten that he was quite capable of making himself small enough to hide in the fiddle.

The light was growing dull out of doors; the stridulous voices of the September insects sounded ceaselessly, scarcely impinging upon the sense of quiet, so monotonous was the iteration of their song. The strokes of Isham's axe, betokening activity at the wood-pile, seemed to cleave the silence, and reverberated from the mountains, as if the echoes were keeping a tally. Alethea had rolled up the quilting frame, and it swung from the beams. The children were trooping in, three great awkward boys, who evidently formed themselves upon Jerry Price's manner, except the youngest, a lad of fourteen, whose face had a certain infantile lower, saved over from his juvenile days, and concentrating readily into a pout. Even his mother admitted that he was "sp'iled some." Together they made short work of the egg-bread and "br'iled bacon."

They tarried not long afterward, but

trooped noisily up the ladder to the roof-room; and as they strode about on the floor, which was also the ceiling of the room below, it seemed momentarily that they would certainly come through.

Jerry lighted his pipe and sat on the doorstep; the fashionable aunt Dely lighted hers and took a chair near. All the doors stood open, for the night was sultry. The stars were very bright in the moonless sky. The dogs sat, lolling their tongues, on the porch, or lay in the dewy grass; making incursions now and then into the room, climbing cavalierly over Jerry's superfluity of long legs, and nosing about among the ashes to make sure that none of the scraps had escaped.

"Don't ye know I never waste nuthin', ye grisly gluttons?" demanded aunt Dely, the model housekeeper. But their fat sides did not confirm this statement, and, bating a wag of homage in the extreme tip of their tails, they paid no attention to her.

"What *I'm* a-honin' ter know," said Jerry Price presently, "air how them boys ez war along o' Mink an' war summonsed ez witnesses air goin' ter prove he war drunk. Ef they 'low Mink war drunk the 'torney-gin'al 'll try ter make out he war sober. He's a-goin' ter ax, 'Whar'd he git the whiskey, bein' s all the still thar is air a bonded still, an' by law can't sell less 'n five gallons. Then them boys 'll be afeard ter tell whar they got the whiskey, kase folks mought think they knowed who war makin' it. An' ef the moonshiners war raided, *they* mought declar' ez some o' them boys war aidin' an' abettin' 'em, an' the revenuers would arrest them too."

"Don't ye know who air makin' it?" Alethea asked, a vivid picture in her mind of Boke's barn, and Jerry Price and his cronies stalking their fantastic rounds about it.

"Naw, sir! an' don't want'er, nuther. I war along o' 'em in the woods that

night. I holped tote the jug. We lef' it empty in Boke's barn an' fund it filled, but I dunno nuthin' mo'."

"Lethe," said aunt Dely, handing her a ball of gray yarn, the knitting-needles thrust through an ill-knit beginning of a sock, "I wish ye'd try ter find out whar I drapped them stitches, an' ravel it out an' knit it up agin. I hate ter do my work over, an' I hev ter be powerful partic'lar with Jerry's socks, — he wears 'em out so fas'. Ye'd 'low he war a thousand-legs, ef ye could see the stacks of 'em I hev ter darn."

Alethea drew up a great rocking-chair, and now and then leaned over its arms toward the fire to catch the red glow of the embers upon her work, as her deft hands repaired the damages of Mrs. Purvinc's inattention. Suddenly she said in a pondering tone, "Why would the 'torney-gineral ruther prove Mink war sober?"

"Kase ef he war proved drunk the jury would lean ter him," said Jerry.

She laid her work down in her lap, and gazed intently at him. His face had the transient glow of his pipe upon it, and then, as he took it from his lips, was as indistinct as his long, lank figure disposed in the doorway.

"They ought n't ter do it, — but they do. I ain't never seen nare jury hold a drunk man ez up an' down 'sponsible ez ef he war sober. They'll lean ter him ef he could be proved drunk."

Alethea said nothing. Her mental attitude was one of intense receptivity. Her keen appreciation of how much depended on her comprehension, her desire that no point should escape her attention, were positive pain in their acute consciousness.

The discerning Jerry went on with that acumen and cogency which were such odd concomitants of his ignorance and uncouthness: —

"It makes me laff every time I see a witness swore ter tell 'the truth, the whole truth, an' nuthin' but the truth.'

Folks is so apt ter believe the truth air jes' what they wanten b'lieve. Git them boys skeered up right smart 'bout the revenueurs on one side an' the moonshiners on t' other, an' they 'll feel the truth war ez none o' we-uns hed ennythin' ter drink that night; mought hev hed a dram o' cider, or mebbe nuther stronger 'n yerb tea, but nobody war bodaciously boozy. Then they don't know sure enough whar the liquor kem from; mos' folks don't b'lieve thar 's no still round 'bout the mountings now."

Alethea leaned back in the rocking-chair, her nerveless hands falling idly upon the work in her lap. The crude mosaic of advertisements on the walls started out with abnormal distinctness, as a tiny flame rose from the embers and fell into sudden extinction among the ashes, leaving the only picture in the room the dusky night-scene dimly painted in purple and dove color upon the panes of the window.

It was only she who could remedy the deficiency in this valuable testimony. She knew full well the source of their secret supply. She it was who had seen the jug left in the barn by the roistering blades, and the moonshiner swing down from the loft to seize upon it. She had his full confession from his own lips. She appreciated the distinctions the jury would make between hilarious drunken sport and coolly intentional malice in the prisoner, and that it was in her hands to sacrifice one of these men to the other.

For the first time she was quick to distrust her own intuitions. Her tyrant conscience, always hitherto inexorably immolating every human wish upon the altars of the right, seemed now the suavest mentor, urging that her lover's liberty, his life for aught she knew, should not be jeopardized to protect a man whose vocation she accounted a curse to the community. She felt a secret amaze that her first vague project should expand into a fully equipped plan, with

hardly a conscious process of thought to give it shape and detail. Her natural doubts, her efforts at alternatives, were flouted by some inner imperious determination. It was in the nature of a concession from this suddenly elate and willful power that she obtained her own consent, as she would have phrased it, to warn Sam Marvin, for the sake of his "houseful," that he might elude capture, and perchance save his still and appliances from destruction. And she would warn Jerry, too, despite that triumphant, tumultuous consciousness which held all else so slight since she had knowledge that could aid in proving Mink's irresponsibility for what he had really done, and his innocence of the graver crime of which he was accused.

"Jerry," she said, observing that Mrs. Purvine had fallen asleep in her chair, her moon face all askew, her idle hands neatly rolled up in her apron, — "Jerry, I reckon ye would n't want me a-goin' testifyin' ter Shaftesville ef ye knowed I seen you-uns leave the jug that evenin' in Boke's barn. I sca'cely b'lieved 't war ye, at fust, all of ye acted so curious; I 'lowed 't war sperits in yer likeness. An' I seen the distiller kem an' git the jug. An' he seen me."

"Look-a-hyar, Lethe!" exclaimed Jerry, seriously. "Don't joke 'bout sech ez that. Ye know the moonshiners mought fairly kill ye, ef they fund out ye knowed an' tole on 'em. They hev done sech afore now. Ye keep yer mouth shet and yer tongue 'twixt yer teeth, ef ye knows what 's healthy fur ye."

"I ain't jokin'," said Alethea.

"Ye mind what I say," declared Jerry. "I ain't afeard myself o' the moonshiners nor the revenueurs, nare one, — ain't got no call ter be, — but words sech ez ye air speakin' air powerful ticklish an' techy kind o' talk. Ye better tend ter the cows an' sheep an' weavin', an' sech, an' leave the men's business alone. I hev never knowed," said Jerry, a

trifle acrimoniously, "a woman git ten steps away from home but what she acts ez ef she had tuk off her brains an' lef' 'em thar along of her every-day clothes."

"I jes' went ter git the lam' out'n a hole," said Alethea, in no wise daunted, and ready with her retort. "His leg's mendin', though he hops some yit. An' I war in the cow-pen when the moon-shiner kem an' talked ter me."

"Listen at ye, a-settin' talkin' 'bout law-breakers," said the fastidious Mrs. Purvine, who had abruptly waked up. "I ain't kin ter none o' 'em. Naw, sir, an' I would n't own it ef I war. Mind me o' yer uncle Pettin Guyther, ez war always talkin' 'bout murder an' robbery: every tale he told they killed the folks a diff'ent way, — spilled thar blood somehows, an' cracked thar skulls bodaciously; an' whenever he 'd git himself gone from hyar I useter be 'feared lawless ones would kem hyar of a night ter thieve an' kill, knowin' ez I hed consider'ble worldly goods. The Bible say riches ain't no 'count. Mebbe so, but I ain't so sure 'bout that."

Perhaps it was her clock which she had in mind, for — without any monition from it, however — she added, "Time ter go ter bed, chil'n, — time ter go ter bed."

She did not rise from her chair at once. She admonished Jerry to "kiver" the fire with ashes, and watched him as he did it. Then he tramped up the ladder to the roof-room, noisily enough to wake the dead, perhaps, but not aunt Dely's boys.

She gave a long, mournful yawn of sleepiness and fatigue, and stretched her arms wearily above her head. Then with sudden cheerfulness she exclaimed, "Lethe, ye hain't never hed a chance ter sleep in the bedroom!"

She spoke as if there were but one on the face of the earth.

"Ye hev never been down hyar 'thout yer elders an' sech, ez ye hev hed ter show respec' ter, an' stan' back fur,

— yer step-mam, an' Jacob Jessup's wife, an' sech; but ye shell sleep in the bedroom one time, sure, instead o' in this room, ez be het up so hot with cookin' supper in it."

She rose bustlingly to stir up the fire, that there might be light enough to make the requisite preparations. Alethea's heart failed her when she thought of the tiny apartment partitioned off at the end of the porch, and beheld her aunt lighting a little tin lamp without a chimney at the fire. The mountain girl, with all the conservatism of her class, possessed the strength of prejudice against innovation which usually appertains to age. The characteristic of years seemed reversed as she looked on with reluctance, and the old woman flustered about, full of her experimental glories and her eager relish of a new fashion. "Ye kem along, child!" she exclaimed, her moon face wreathed with a toothless smile and the redolent emanations of the smoking and sputtering lamp. It was placed on a shelf in the little room, and as Alethea buttoned the door it gave out less light than a suffocating odor. It served, however, to reveal the timbers that formed the sides of the room, for it was built after the treasures of the post-office had been exhausted in the decoration of the main house. Upon them hung an array of Mrs. Purvine's dresses, suspended by the neck, and suggesting the uncheerful idea of a row of executed women. The bed was high, huge with feathers and heaped with quilts. There were no means of ventilation, unless sundry cracks incident to mountain architecture might be relied upon. Alethea made haste to extinguish the lamp. When she had climbed the altitudes of the feather bed she could not sleep. The roof-room at home, with its windows and its sweeps of high air, was not so fine, it might be, but as she smothered by slow degrees she thought poorly of fashion. Her brain was hot with

the anxious, strenuous thoughts that seethed through it. She was much less cheerful as the hours wore on. The recollections of the sad day bore heavily upon her spirit. Over and again Mink's cruel words, the ridicule to which the lawyer had subjected her, in her own estimation, the affront to her dignity, — she had no such fine name for it, she could only feel, — came back to her, and she could but marvel that the evening had passed so placidly; she wondered that she even lived, so acute were the pangs of her wounded pride. She had an ineffable repugnance to the idea of ever seeing Harshaw again; for herself alone, for her life, she felt, she would have made no further effort. "I'll do it fur Reuben, though," she said. The thought of him, too, was very bitter. Her wakeful eyes were hot, but they harbored no tears. Once she slipped down from the bed and unbuttoned the door, hoping to sleep with the influx of air. It came in fresh, sweet, full of the sense of dew. The night was not black; only a subdued gray shadow lay over all the land: how its passive, neutral aspect expressed the idea of rest! Looking out from the cavernous overhanging portal of the little porch, she could see the Great Smoky, darkly rising above the cove. She heard the stir of a bird roosting in an althea bush by the gate, and then a scuttling sound under the house. She had moved very softly, but the vigilant Bose bounded upon the porch. He knew her — for she spoke to him instantly — as well as he knew his name, but for some unexplained affectation of his nature he would not recognize her, but sat before her door and barked at her with a vehemence that made the roof ring, and reverberated from the mountains as if a troop of wolves were howling in the melancholy woods. Twice he tired of this pastime, and withdrew under the house, coming out again to renew it. She shut the door, finally, and again and again he threw himself against it, at last

lying down before it and growling at intervals. She fell asleep after a time, through sheer fatigue, regardless of the lack of air in the little dungeon; waking heavy-eyed and fagged in the morning, able to acquiesce only faint-heartedly when aunt Dely triumphantly saluted her: "Waal, Lethe, now nobody kin never say ez ye ain't slep' in the bedroom."

All day she felt the effects of her vigil. She thought it was this which had touched her courage. She stood still with a quaking at her heart, when, climbing the Great Smoky, she reached the forks in the road where she should turn off to go to Sam Marvin's house. Jerry Price had driven her in the ox-wagon as far as the foot of the mountain, but slow as the team was it had long ago dwindled in the distance to a mere speck, finally becoming invisible. There was no view of the valley from the forks of the road. The woods were immeasurable about her, all splendid with the pomp and state of autumn. Those great trees, ablaze with color, — the flaming yellow of the hickory, the rich, dull purple of the sweet-gum, the crimson of the oaks, — reached up in endless arches above her head, all boldly painted against the blue sky. An incredible brilliancy of effect was afforded by the long vistas, free of undergrowth, and carpeted with the poly-tinted leaves. Among them often the full purple clusters of the muscadines hung, the vines climbing to the tops of the trees, and then trailing over to the ground. As she stood she heard a creaking and straining of the strong cables, — a fox in their midst as they lay tangled upon the earth. She noted, too, the translucent globes of the persimmon hanging upon trees denuded of all but a few yellow leaves.

She sat down on a log at the forks of the road, feeling greatly perturbed and anxious. To do what she proposed to do was to take her life in her hands.

Not her step-mother alone, but Jacob Jessup, had warned her, and Jerry Price had repeated what they had said almost in their very words. But they had only sought to curb her foolish tongue. They had never dreamed of the reckless temerity of going into the moonshiner's den to defy him, proclaim herself the informer, and warn him to save himself. He had already threatened her; she remembered his stern, vehement face in the closing dusk. She wondered that her mind should balk from the decision so imperatively urged upon it. She seemed, as it were, to catch herself in lapses of attention. Often she looked, first at one, then at the other, of the roads, — neither visible in the midst of the foliage for more than a few yards up the steep ascent, — as if she expected some diversion, some extraneous aid, in her dilemma, something to happen to decide it for her.

What, she said to herself, if never again she should behold this place? What if, in taking choice of the forks of the road, she should take a path she might never tread again?

And then she wondered that she should notice that the log on which she sat was a "lick log," should speculate whether the cattle often came here for salt, should look idly into the cleft within it to see if perchance there were still salt there.

It would be safer, it might be better for all, to give her testimony if it should be called for, and leave Sam Marvin to the law. "I'm fairly feared o' him, ennyways. I'm feared ter go thar an' let him know that he'll git fund out, mebbe, fur I'll tell on him ef I'm summonsed ez a witness. My step-mother's always sayin' I'm a meddler, an' mebbe I be."

She listened to the sound of an outgushing roadside spring. She looked up at the new moon, which seemed to follow the lure of the wind beckoning in the trees. They shook their splendid

plumes together like an assemblage of bowing courtiers, gayly bedight.

She remembered the "houseful," the pinching poverty, the prison, the destruction of the still. She rose reluctantly and turned to the left. Her eyes were bright and distended; her cheeks were flushed; her red lips parted. She listened intently from time to time: not a sound but her own slow, light footfall. She had thought to hear the dogs barking, for the place was now near at hand. When she saw a rail fence terminating the vista her heart gave a great bound; she paused, looking at it with dilated eyes. Then she went on, up and up, till the house came in view, — a forlorn little cabin of one room, with a clay and stick chimney, smokeless! She stared at it, amazed. There was no creature in the hog-pen, which was large for the pretensions of the place, — the distillery refuse explained its phenomenal size, perhaps; the door of the house swung loose in the wind. There were several slats nailed across the entrance low down, evidently intended to keep certain vagrant juveniles from falling out of the door. No need for this now. The place was deserted. Alethea walked up to the fence, — the bars lay upon the ground, — and stepped over the slats into the empty room. The ashes had been dead for days in the deep chimney-place; a few rags in a corner fluttered in the drafts from crannies; the whole place had that indescribable mournfulness of a deserted human habitation that had so pathetically appealed to her in the little house at Boke's Spring. Here, it pierced her heart. It was from fear of her that they had fled, — and whither? A poor home at best, where could they find another? She need not have quaked, she said to herself; they had not sought to still her tongue, lest it should wag against them. They had uprooted their home, and had withdrawn themselves alike from the informer and the harsh law that oppressed them. The tears

sprang into her eyes. She deprecated their bitter feeling, their saddened lives, their despoiled hearthstone. And yet it was all wrong that they should distill the brush whiskey, and could she say she was to blame?

A faint scratching sound struck her attention. It came from behind the closed door of the shed-room. She stood listening for a moment, unable to account for it. Then she went forward and unlatched the door.

A starved cat, emaciated and forlorn to the last degree, forgotten in the removal, shut by some accident into the room, crept quivering out. It went through the dumb show of mewing; it could not walk; its bones almost pierced its skin. Its plight served to approximate the date of the flitting. It had been there for days, weeks perhaps.

She picked up the creature, and carried it home in her arms.

X.

The little brick court-house in Shaftesville had stood for half a century in the centre of the village square, as impassive as an oracle to the decrees which issued from it. Even time seemed able to make but scant impression on it. True, the changes of the day might register on its windows, flaring with fictitious fires when the sun was in the west, or reflecting the moonlight with pallid glimmers, as if some white-faced spectre had peered out into the midnight through the dusty pane. Mosses clung to its walls; generations of swallows had nested in its chimneys, soaring up from them now and then, and filling the air with bevvies of black dots, as if the records below had spewed out a surplusage of punctuation marks and blots; decay had touched a window-sill here and there. But it was still called the "new court-house," in contradistinction to the primitive log building that it had replaced; and if it had some

inward monitions of its age once in a while, its long experience of various phases of life, its knowledge of the coming and going of many men who would come and go no more, it was enabled to maintain an air of jaunty unconsciousness, as it was still the handsomest edifice in Shaftesville and of a somewhat imposing architectural pretension. It had beheld many a "State's day" dawn like this, with fitful gusts of wind and rain, with a frenzied surging of the boughs of the hickory-trees about it as if some sylvan grief beset them, with a continual shifting of the mists that veiled the mountains and hung above the roofs of the straggling little town.

The few stores, all of which faced the square, were early full of customers clad in jeans, with heavy cowhide boots deeply bemired by the red clay mud of the streets, and with gruff faces that expressed surly disapproval of the frills and frippery of civilization as exhibited in Shaftesville. Canvas-covered wagons, laden with produce and drawn by oxen, stood before the doors, and among the piles of corn and bags of apples and chestnuts children's wide-eyed, grave faces looked out cautiously from behind the flaps at the inexplicable "town ways." In the intervals of the down-pour there was much stir in the streets. Men with long-skirted coats and broad hats and stern, grizzled faces rode about on gaunt mountain horses. Now and then one would be accompanied by an elderly woman in homespun dress, a shawl and sun-bonnet, wearing a settled look of sour disaffection, and chirruping a sharp warning rather than encouragement to her stumbling, antiquated gray mare. There were many horses hitched to the palings of the court-house fence, and numbers of men lounged about the yard, all crowding up the steps as the tuneless clangor of the bell smote the air. Around the door of the jail boys and rowdyish young men assembled, waiting with an indomitable patience, de-

spite the quick, sharp showers, to see the prisoner led out.

The people of Shaftesville regarded the swarm of visitors as somewhat an encroachment upon their vested rights. "Leave anybody in the mountains?" was a frequent raillery.

"Ye town folks jes' 'lowed ye 'd hev all the fun o' seein' Mink Lorey tried ter yerselves, ye grudgin' half-livers," the mountaineers would retort; "but from what I kin see, I reckon ye air sorter mistook this time, sure."

And indeed the court-room was crowded as it had seldom been in the fifty years that justice had been meted out here. In the space without the bar the benches groaned and creaked beneath the weight of those who had taken the precaution to secure seats in advance, and to this end had occupied them in dreary waiting since early in the morning. The forethought of one coterie had come to naught, for the bench had succumbed to the weight of the twenty stalwart mountaineers; its feeble supports bent beneath it, and as the party collapsed in a wild mingling of legs and arms, waving in frantic efforts to recover equilibrium, Shaftesville was "mighty nigh tickled ter death," for the first time that day. A burst of jeering laughter filled the room, as the sprawling young fellows sheepishly gathered themselves together, only gradually subdued by the sheriff's "Silence in court!"

The attorney-general was already pilning his books and papers on the table, consulting his notes and absorbed in his preparations. He was a man of fifty, perhaps, with a polished bald head that might have been of interest to a phrenologist (for it had sundry marked protuberances), blunt, strong features, a heavy lower jaw, an expression of insistent common sense, and a deep bass voice. He was sonorously clearing from his throat just now, and was wiping from his thick, short, grizzled mustache drops of some fluid that gave a pervasive un-

equivocal odor to his breath. It had only rejoiced his stomach, however, and did not affect the keen acumen for which he was famous, and he was settling to his work with an evident intention of giving the defense all they would be able to wrestle with. The old miller, in his rags and patches, sat beside him as prosecutor. His face wore a strange meekness. Now and then he lifted his bleared eyes with an intent look, as if hearing some unworded counsels; then shook his head and bowed it, with its long white locks, upon his hands clasped on his stick. There were many glances directed toward him, half in commiseration, half in curiosity; but these sentiments were bated somewhat by familiarity, for there was hardly a man in Cherokee County who had not visited the ruins of the mill and heard much gossip about the old man's uncharacteristic humility and submissive grief.

A stronger element of interest was added to the impending trial by the circumstance that it was a stranger on the bench. Comparatively few of the assemblage had been in attendance the preceding days, during the trial of the civil cases, and in the preliminary moments, throughout the opening of the court, the reading of the minutes, the calling of the roll, the miscellaneous motions, until the criminal docket was taken up and the case called, the judge sustained the fixed gaze of one half the county.

He did not embody the sleek, successful promise of his reputation. He had the look of a man who has fought hard for all that he has won, and, unsatisfied, is ready to fight again. It was a most unappeased, belligerent spirit expressed in his eyes. They were of a dark gray, and deeply set. He had straight black hair, cut short about his head. His face wore a repressed impatience. It was keen, rather than his eyes: sharp lines were drawn about it, making him seem somewhat older than his age, which was

thirty five or six; his nose had a fine, thin nostril; his chin was round and heavy. He wore a long, thin mustache; now and then he gnawed at the end of it. He sat stiffly erect before the desk, his elbow upon it, his chin resting in his hand. His blue flannel suit hung negligently on his tall, slender figure, and they were lean, long fingers that held his chin.

He was looking about with a restless eye. The great round stove in the room was red hot. Snow had been seen on the summits of the distant Smoky, and was not this sure indication that winter was at hand? The sheriff was a man of rigid rule and precedent, and the fire had been built accordingly.

The judge spoke suddenly. He had a singularly low, inexpressive voice, a falling inflection, and a deliberate, measured manner. "Mr. Sheriff," he said, "hoist that window, will you?"

All the windows were occupied by men and boys, some of them standing that they might obtain a better view of the prisoner when he should be led in. From the coigne of vantage of the window indicated they descended with clumsy hops and thumps upon the floor, as they made way for the sheriff to admit the air. There was a half-suppressed titter from those more fortunately placed, as the dispossessed and discomfited spectators crowded together against the wall. The judge glanced about with displeasure in his eyes.

"I'll have you to understand," he said in his unimpassioned drawl, "that a trial before a court of justice is not a circus or a show. And if there's not more quiet in this court-room I'll send one half of this crowd to jail."

There was quiet at once. The gaze fixed upon him was suddenly an unfriendly look. To be sure, he was not a visiting clergyman, but one expects a certain degree of urbanity from the stranger within one's gates, however lofty his mission and imperious his au-

thority. Their own judicial magnate, Judge Averill, was a very lenient man, fat, and bald, and jolly. The frequenters of the place could but be impressed with the contrast. If Judge Averill found the room or the weather too warm, he took off his coat, and tried his cases clothed in his right mind, and in little else. Everybody in the county was familiar with the back of his vest, which had a triangular wedge of cloth let into it, for the judge had become more expansive than when the vest was a fit. He was a sound lawyer and an excellent man, and his decisions suffered no disparagement from his shirt sleeves.

The pause of expectation was prolonged. The stove was cracking, as it abruptly cooled, as if with inarticulate protest against these summary proceedings. The autumnal breeze came in dank and chill at the window. The spectators moved restlessly in their places. There was a sharp contrast between the towns-people — especially the lawyers within the bar, in their dapper store clothes, and with that alert expression habitual with men who think for a living — and the stolid, ruminative mountain folks, with unshorn beards and unkempt heads, habited in jeans, and lounging about in slouching postures.

There was a sudden approach of feet in the hall, — the feet, to judge by their nimble irresponsibility, of scuttling small boys. A thrill of excitement ran through the crowd as a heavier tramp resounded. The sheriff in charge of the prisoner, who was accompanied by his counsel, came into the room so swiftly as almost to impair the effect of the entry, and Mink and his lawyer sat down within the bar.

Oddly enough, Mink's keen, bright eyes were elate as he glanced about. He looked so light, so alert, so elastically ready to bound away, that he gave those cautious souls who like to be on the safe side a sentiment that it would conduce to the public weal if he were

still ironed. He was visibly excited, too; his expression failed to convey the idea of adequate recognition of anything that he saw, but he stood up and pleaded "Not guilty" in a steady, strong voice, and with his old offhand, debonair, manly manner. He held his hat in his hand, — a long time, poor fellow, since he had had need of it; his clothes still bore the rents of the struggle when he was captured; his fine hair curled down upon his brown jeans coat collar; and his face had an unwonted delicacy of effect, the refined result of the prosaic "jail-bleach." He seemed most thoroughly alive. In contrast any other personality suggested torpor. His strong peculiarities had a certain obliterative effect upon others; he was the climaxing point of interest in the room. The judge looked at him with marked attention. Harshaw had flung himself back in his chair, that quaked in every fibre beneath him. He mopped his flushed face with his handkerchief, sighed with fatness and anxiety, and pulled down his vest and the stubs of his shirt sleeves about his thick wrists, for he wore no cuffs. He leaned forward from time to time, and whispered with eager perturbation to the prisoner, who seemed to listen with a sort of flout of indifference and confident protest. Mink's conduct was so unexpected, so remarkable, that it attracted general attention. The members of the bar had taken note of it, and presently two or three commented in whispers on Harshaw's preoccupation. For he, a stickler at trifles, a man that fought on principle every point of his case, had allowed something to slip his notice. The names of the jury were about to be drawn. The sheriff, seeking, according to the law, that exponent of guilelessness, "a child under ten years of age," had encountered one in the hall, and came back into the room, beckoning with many an alluring demonstration some small person, invisible because of the density of the crowd. It

once more showed a disposition to titter, for the sheriff, a bulky, ungainly man, was wreathing his hard features into sweetly insistent smiles, when there appeared, in the open space near the judge's desk, a little maiden, following him, beginning to smile, too, under so many soft attentions. Her blowzy, uncovered hair was of a sunny hue; her red lips parted to show her snagged little teeth; her eyes, so fresh, so blue, were fastened upon him with an expression of blindest favor; her plump little body was arrayed in a blue-checked cotton frock; and despite the season her feet were bare. It was perhaps this special mark of poverty that attracted the attention of one of the lawyers. He was a man of extraordinary memory, a politician, and well acquainted in the coves. He looked hard at the little girl. Then he whispered to a crony that she was the miller's granddaughter. For it was "Sister Eudory." They watched Harshaw with idle interest, expecting him to identify the small kinswoman of the drowned boy, and to derive from the fact some fine-spun theory of incompetency. He did not recognize her, however, — perhaps he had never before seen her; he only gave her a casual glance, and then turned his eyes upon the jury list in his hands.

The scrolls bearing the names of the proposed jurors were placed in a hat, and the sheriff, bowing his long back, extended it to "Sister Eudory."

She held her pretty head askew, looked up, smiling with childish coquetry at the judge, put in her dimpled hand with a delicate tentative gesture, took out a scroll, and handed it to the clerk with an elaborate air of bestowal. He looked at it, and read the name aloud.

Her charming infantile presence, as she stood by the judge's desk among the grave, bearded men, her dimpled hands drawing the jury, won upon the crowd. There were laughing glances interchanged, and no dissenting opinion as to

the prettiness and "peartness" of "Sister Eudory." She was evidently under the impression that she was performing some great public feat, as she again thrust in her hand, caught up another scroll, and smiled radiantly into the face of the judge, who was visibly embarrassed by the blandishments of the small coquette. He hardly knew how to return her gaze, and instead he glanced casually out of the window close by.

The defense frequently availed themselves of their right of peremptory challenge. This was a matter of preconcerted detail with a jury list before them. Whenever it was possible they challenged "for cause" and "to the favor," until the *venire* was exhausted. Then jurors were summoned from the by-standers. It was not exactly the entertainment for which the crowd had been waiting, but they found a certain interest in seeing Mink, no longer indifferent, lean forward, and with acrimonious eagerness whisper into the counsel's ear presumable defamations of the juror, who looked on helplessly and with an avidity of curiosity as to what was about to be publicly urged against him. Over and again the sheriff made incursions into the streets, summoning talesmen wherever he could lay his hands on suitable persons. Men of undoubted integrity and sobriety were scarce at the moment, for the good citizens of Shaftesville, averse to the duty, and hearing that he was abroad on this mission, seemed to disappear as if the earth had swallowed them. Plunging into the stores, the baffled official would encounter only the grins of the few customers, — proprietor and clerks having alike fled. Once he pursued the flying coat-tails and the soles of a pair of nimble feet of one of the solid men of the town around a corner, never coming nearer. It was a time-honored custom to respond thus to one's country's call, and engendered no bitterness in the sheriff's breast. Perhaps he considered

these exercises one of the official duties to which he had been dedicated.

The difficulty of securing a jury was unexampled in the annals of Shaftesville. Many, otherwise eligible, confessed to a prejudice against Mink, and had formed and freely expressed an opinion as to his guilt. One old codger from some sequestered cove of the mountains, never before having visited Shaftesville, and desirous of adding to the strange tales of his travels the unique experience of serving on the jury, dashed his own hopes by seizing the opportunity, when questioned as usual, by replying glibly in the affirmative. He said, too, that the "outdacious rascality of the prisoner showed in his face, an' ef they locked him up for life he'd be a warnin' ter the other mischievius young minks, fur the kentry war a-roamin' with 'em." His look of blank amazement and discomfiture when told to "stand aside" elicited once more the ready titter of the crowd and the sheriff's formula, "Silence in court!"

As such admissions were made, Mink sat, his head thrust forward, his bright, intent eyes flashing indignantly, a fluctuating flush on his pallid cheek, his whole lithe, motionless figure seeming so alert that it would scarcely have astonished the community if he had sprung upon the holder of these aggressive views of his guilt. His lawyer sneered, and now and then exchanged a glance of scornful comment with him, — for Harshaw had recovered his equanimity in the exercise of that most characteristic quality, his pugnacity, during his wrangles with the attorney for the State in challenging the jurymen.

The crude gray light of the autumn day waned. A dim shadow fell over the assemblage. Gusts of wind dashed the rain against the grimy panes, the drops trickling down in long, irregular lines; the yellow hickory leaves went whirling by, sometimes dropping upon the window-ledges, and away again on the rest-

less blast. The mists pressed against the glass, then quivered and disappeared, and came once more. Occasionally a great hollow voice sounded from the empty upper chambers of the building through some open window; the doors left ajar slammed now and then, and the sashes rattled as the wind rose higher.

It was not more cheerful when the lamps were lighted, for the court did not adjourn at the usual hour. A strong smell of coal oil and of ill-trimmed wicks pervaded the air; a bated suffusion of yellow radiance emanated from them into the brown dimness of the great room. The illumined faces were dull with fatigue and glistening with perspiration, for the stove was once again red hot, — an old darky, with a tropical idea of comfort, appearing at close intervals with an armful of wood. Old man Griff's long white hair gleamed among the darker heads within the bar. He had happily fallen asleep, his forehead bowed on his hands, his hands clasped on his stick. Strange shadows seemed to be attending court. Grotesque distortions of humanity walked the walls, and lurked among the assemblage, and haunted the open door, and looked over the shoulder of the judge.

It began to be very apparent to the assembly, the bar, the prisoner, the attorney-general, and the sheriff that Judge Gwinnan had the fixed purpose of sitting there without adjournment until the requisite competent dozen jurors should be secured. It was already late, long past the usual hour for supper, and although the lawyers and the crowd, who could withdraw and refresh themselves as they wished, might approve of this ascetic determination neither to eat nor to sleep until the jury was achieved, the sheriff, his deputy absent, felt it a hardship. He was a plethoric, bulky man, accustomed to locomotion only on horseback. He had taken much exercise to-day on foot, a sort of official Diogenes, searching for a mythical un-

attained man of an exigent mental and moral pattern, and with not even a tub as a haven to which he might have the poor privilege of retiring. When he next darted out with a sort of unwieldy agility into the hall, lighted by a swinging lamp, the wick turned too high and the chimney emitting flames tipped with smoke, he was not easily to be withstood. He seized upon a man leaning idly against the wall, his hands in his pockets, whom he had not seen before to-day. "Ye air the very feller I'm a-lookin' fur!" he cried, magnifying the accident into a feat of intention.

Peter Rood drew back further against the wall, with a shocked expression on his swarthy face and in his glittering black eyes. "I can't!" he cried. "Lemme go!"

"Why can't ye?" demanded the sheriff.

"I ain't well," protested Rood, more calmly.

"Shucks!" the officer incredulously commented. "Ef all I hev hearn o' that sort to-day war true, thar ain't a hearty, whoppin' big man in Cherokee County but what's got every disease from the chicken pip ter the yaller fever. Come on, Pete, an' quit foolin'."

Under the strong coercion of the law administered by a sheriff who wanted his supper, Rood could but go.

Despite his rapacious interest in all that concerned the tragedy, he had hitherto held aloof from the court-house; he had withdrawn himself even from the streets, fearing to meet the sheriff. Seeing the great yellow lights in the windows, each flaring in the rainy night like some many-faceted topaz, he had fancied that the trial must be well under way, for no gossip had come to him in his hiding-place of the difficulty of securing a jury. He could no longer resist his curiosity. He strode at his leisurely gait up the steps, meaning merely to glance within, when the sheriff issued upon him.

As he came with the officer into the room Mink scanned him angrily, leaned forward, and whispered sharply to the lawyer. Rood was trembling in every fibre; the fixed gaze of all the crowd seemed to pierce him; his great eyes turned with a fluctuating, meaningless stare from one official to the other.

He was a freeholder, not a householder. He had expressed no opinion as to the guilt of the prisoner. He had formed none? He had not thought about it. He was challenged by the defense on the score of personal enmity toward the prisoner, the peremptory challenges being exhausted. As he was otherwise eligible he was put upon his *voir dire*.

Harshaw looked steadily at him for a moment, his red lips curling, sitting with his arms folded across his broad chest. Mink's bright, keen face close behind him was expectant, already triumphant. His hand was on the back of his counsel's chair.

Suddenly Harshaw, tossing his hair from his brow, leaned forward, with his folded arms on the table before him.

"Did you not, sir," he said, smacking his confident red lips, and with an exasperatingly deliberate delivery, — "did you not on the twentieth day of August ascend a certain summit of the Great Smoky Mountains called Piomingo Bald, and there" — he thrust out his red tongue and withdrew it swiftly — "shoot and kill a certain cow, believing it to belong to Mink Lo — to Reuben Lorey?"

The judge's eyes were fixed upon Rood. He seemed strangely agitated, shocked; his face assumed a ghastly pallor.

The attorney-general protested that the juror was not obliged to answer a question which tended to fasten disgrace, nay crime, upon him; Harshaw the while still leaning on the table, laughing silently, and looking with the roseate dimples of corpulent triumph at their discomfiture.

"The juror need not answer," said the judge.

"I'm mighty willin' ter answer jedge," gasped Rood. "I never done no sech thing sence I war born."

It was natural, in the estimation of all the crowd, that he should say this; to accept the privilege of silence would be admission.

"Let me put another question in altogether another field," said Harshaw, smoothing his yellow beard. "If it please the court to permit us to cite the decision of an inferior court, perhaps, but altogether beyond the jurisdiction of this honorable court," — he thrust out his triumphant tongue, — "I should like to refer to the dicta in the courts of Cupid. Were not you and the prisoner suitors for the hand of the same young lady?"

It tickled him, to use a phrase most expressive of the titillation of enjoyment he experienced, to describe in this inflated manner the humble "courtin'" of the mountaineers. There was a broad smile on many of the faces within the bar, the towns-people relishing particularly a joke of this character on the mountain folks. The judge's discerning gray eye was fixed upon him as his pink laugh expanded, his peculiarly red lips showing his strong white teeth.

"Yes, sir, we war," Rood admitted. He was calm now; his agitation had excited no comment; it was to be expected in a man surprised, confounded, and dismayed by so serious a charge.

"You were! How interesting! Go where you may, the world's the same! The charmer spreads her snare even up in the cove! And you and Mink fell together in it, two willing victims. And as he got the best of it, as the lady preferred him, it would be natural that you should have some little grudge against him, hey?"

"I dunno how he got the best of it," said Rood sharply. "I ain't got no grudge agin him fur that. 'T war jes' yestiddy

she sent me word by her mother terkem back; she war jes' foolin' Mink."

He was evidently glad to tell it; he did not care even for the giggle in the crowd.

The lawyer was abashed for a moment, and Mink, so long accustomed to be rated a breaker of hearts, a lady-killer, was grievously cut down. In all the episodes of that day which had so bristled with animosity this was the first moment that his spirit flagged, despite that he had never heretofore cared for Elvira, — did not care for her now.

Rood hardly was aware how the examination was tending; in the interests of self-defense he had overlooked its purpose. He stood staring with blank amaze when the judge's voice ended the discussion.

"The juror is competent," he said.

The two remaining talesmen being unchallenged, the jury was duly impaneled and sworn.

The court was adjourned. The sleepy crowd filed out into the streets, the lights in the court-house windows disappeared, and a dark and vacant interval ensued.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

REVELATION.

"And I went into the Vale of Beavor, and as I went I preached repentance to the people. And one morning, sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me. And it was said: *All things come by Nature*; and the Elements and the Stars came over me. And as I sat still and let it alone, a living hope arose in me, and a true Voice which said: *There is a living God who made all things*. And immediately the cloud and the temptation vanished, and Life rose over all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the Living God." — *Journal of George Fox, 1690.*

STILL, as of old, in Beavor's Vale,
O man of God! our hope and faith
The Elements and Stars assail,
And the awed spirit holds its breath,
Blown over by a wind of death.

Takes Nature thought for such as we,
What place her human atom fills,
The weed-drift of her careless sea,
The mist on her unheeding hills?
What reck's she of our helpless wills?

Strange god of Force, with fear, not love,
Its trembling worshiper! Can prayer
Reach the shut ear of Fate, or move
Unpitying Energy to spare?
What doth the cosmic Vastness care?

In vain to this dread Unconcern
For the All-Father's love we look;
In vain, in quest of it, we turn
The storied leaves of Nature's book,
The prints her rocky tablets took.

I pray for faith, I long to trust;
I listen with my heart, and hear
A Voice without a sound: "Be just,
Be true, be merciful, revere
The Word within thee: God is near!"

"A light to sky and earth unknown
Pales all their lights: a mightier force
Than theirs the powers of Nature own,
And, to its goal as at its source,
His Spirit moves the Universe.

"Believe and trust. Through stars and suns,
Through all occasions and events,
His wise, paternal purpose runs;
The darkness of his providence
Is star-lit with benign intents."

O joy supreme! I know the Voice
Like none beside on earth or sea;
Yea, more, O soul of mine rejoice,
By all that He requires of me,
I know what God himself must be.

No picture to my aid I call,
I shape no image in my prayer;
I only know in Him is all
Of life, light, beauty, everywhere,
Eternal Goodness here and there!

I know He is, and what He is,
Whose one great purpose is the good
Of all. I rest my soul on his
Immortal Love and Fatherhood;
And trust Him, as his children should,

Not less that his restraining hand
Is on our selfish seekings laid,
And, shorn of words and works, we stand
Of vain illusions disarrayed,
The richer for our losses made.

I fear no more. The clouded face
Of Nature smiles; through all her things
Of time and space and sense I trace
The moving of the Spirit's wings,
And hear the song of hope she sings.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

OUR written constitutions are more or less successful generalizations of political experience, and they exercise much the same spell upon the mind that other confident, roundly put generalizations exert. Like other broad inductions, they commend themselves as whole truths, though they are in fact only partial truths. Wherever they have misread or let drop from their reckoning any one of the lasting conditions which go to make a system workable, they must prove to have promised more than they can possibly fulfill. Their tone of command does not at all alter the historic realities of government. Human nature, especially political human nature, remains the same; and written constitutions can stand for facts only within the limits of those universal conditions of government over which they have no reforming power. This is the ground for that contempt everywhere felt and expressed, outside of French national conventions, for *a priori* constitutions, for paper boats meant to be seaworthy ships of state. But, though written constitutions cannot create a new nature for government, they can and do create new forms of government; above all, they speak out with the utmost plainness definite purposes of government, and the striking forms or novel purposes which they develop catch and dominate men's thoughts. The reality of the new forms creates a violent presumption in favor of the reality of the substance which they are supposed to contain.

The limitation of written constitutions lies centrally in the fact that laws cannot enforce themselves. In one sense, all governments must be governments of men, not of laws. Laws can have no other life than that which is given them by the administration and obedi-

ence of men; and the way in which men naturally exercise power must constitute the essence of every system under which they exercise it.

These considerations apply with less force to the Constitution of the United States than to many others, domestic and foreign, that might be cited, because it was framed by exceptional men thoroughly schooled in the realities of government. But even the Constitution of the United States illustrates the congenital weakness of its family. Its weakness in some points is, indeed, all the more striking because of its great strength in all others. Its strength will be found, upon analysis, to lie in its definiteness and in its limitations rather than in any balance of its energetic parts. Sir Henry Maine, with his instinct for central facts, has recently put his finger upon the chief sinews of our system. "American experience," he says, "has shown that, by wise constitutional provisions thoroughly thought out beforehand, democracy may be made tolerable. The public powers are carefully defined; the mode in which they are to be exercised is fixed; and the amplest securities are taken that none of the more important constitutional arrangements shall be altered without every guarantee of caution and every opportunity for deliberation. . . . It would seem that, by a wise constitution, democracy may be made nearly as calm as water in a great artificial reservoir."¹ These facts of the distinctness of the provisions of our Constitution and the difficulties and delays thrown about its amendment are those which would naturally seem most striking to a qualified English observer, because of the capital contrast which they present to the chief

¹ Popular Government (Am. ed.), pages 110, 111.

features of the singular constitution under which he himself lives. The difference between our own case and that of Great Britain upon which we have most reason to congratulate ourselves is that here, because of our written Constitution, public opinion has definite criteria for its conservatism; whereas in England it has only shifting, uncertain precedent. In both countries there is the same respect for law. But there is not in England the same certainty that exists here as to what the law of the constitution is. We have a fundamental law which is written, and which in its main points is read by all alike in a single accepted sense. There is no more quarrel about its main intent than there is in England about the meaning of Magna Charta. But much of the British constitution has not the support of even a common statute. It may, in respect of many vital parts of it, be interpreted or understood in half a dozen different ways, *and amended by the prevalent understanding.*

It is significant in this connection that one of the most important and most esteemed of the many legal commentaries on our government is entitled *Constitutional Limitations*. In expounding the restrictions imposed by fundamental law upon state and federal action, Judge Cooley is allowed to have laid bare the greater meanings of our whole constitutional system. The "may-nots" and "shall-nots" of our constitutions give them their distinctive shape and character. The strength which preserves the system is the strength of self-control. These constitutional restraints express the all-determining characteristic of the people by whom they are accepted and obeyed. They rest upon the legal conscience — upon what Mr. Grote would have called the "constitutional morality" — of our race. We are above all things law-abiding. These prohibitions of the law do not assert themselves as taskmasters set over us by some ex-

ternal power. They are of our own devising. We are *self-restrained*.

This legal conscience constitutes, for instance, the only guarantee of that chief arrangement of our constitutional system, the division of powers between the state and federal governments. The integrity of the powers of the States has depended solely upon the conservatism, the conservative legal conscience, of the federal courts. State functions have certainly not decayed; but the prerogatives of the States have been preserved, not by their own forces of self-defense, but by the national government's grace of self-restraint. What curtailment their province might suffer has been illustrated in several notable cases in which the Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed to the general government extensive powers of punishing state judicial and executive officers for disobedience to state laws. Although the federal courts have again and again obeyed their legal conscience in restraint of the aggressions of Congress upon the States, they have also from time to time countenanced grave encroachments upon state powers; and their occasional laxity of principle upon such points is sufficiently significant of the fact that there is no *balance* between the state and federal governments, but only a customary "constitutional morality" on the part of the federal courts. The actual encroachments which the latter have permitted to themselves, under the pressure of strong political interest at critical periods, were not needed to prove the potential supremacy of the federal government. They showed how that potential supremacy would on occasion become actual supremacy; but they added nothing but illustration to the principle that there is no guarantee but that of conscience that justice will be vouchsafed a suitor when his adversary is both court and opposing litigant. So strong is the instinct of our governments to keep

within the sanction of the law that even when the last three amendments to the Constitution were being forced upon the Southern States by means which were revolutionary, the outward forms of the Constitution were observed. But it was none the less manifest with what sovereign impunity the national government might act in stripping those forms of their genuineness. As there are times of sorrow or of peril which try men's souls, and so lay bare the inner secrets of their characters, so there are times of revolution which act as fire in burning away all but the basic elements of constitutions. It is then, too, in the case of constitutions, that dormant powers wake which are not afterwards easily lulled to sleep again.

Such was certainly the effect of the civil war upon the Constitution of the Union. The "implying" of powers, once cautious, is now become bold and confident. In the discussions now going forward with reference to federal regulation of great corporate undertakings and federal aid to education, there are a score of writers and speakers who tacitly assume the powers of the national government in such matters for one that urges a constitutional objection. Constitutional objections, before the war habitual, have now lost all prominence. And the source of every contemplated increase of federal function is legislation, of course. Congress stands at the front of all government, because it is the one motive, originating power set up by the Constitution. It is the single affirmative force of the system. The President appoints officers and negotiates treaties subject to the "Yes" of the Senate. Congress organizes departments, organizes the navy, organizes the army. It audits, approves, and pays expenses. It conceives and directs all comprehensive policy. All else is negation. The President says "No" in his veto; the Supreme Court says "No" in its restraining decisions.

It is the habit both of English and of American writers to speak of the constitution of Great Britain as if it were "writ in water," because nothing but the will of Parliament stands between it and revolutionary change. They fail to ask what it is that constitutes the will of Parliament. Parliament dare not go faster than the public thought. There are vast barriers of conservative public opinion to be overrun before a ruinous speed in revolutionary change can be attained. In the last analysis, our own Constitution has no better safeguard. We have, as I have already pointed out, the salient advantage of knowing just what the standards of our Constitution are. They are formulated in a written code, wherein all men may look and read; whereas many of the designs of the British system are to be sought only in a cloud-land of varying individual readings of affairs. From the constitutional student's point of view, there are, for instance, as many different Houses of Lords as there are writers upon the historical functions of that upper chamber. But the public opinion of Great Britain is no more a juggler of precedents than is the public opinion of this country. Perhaps the absence of a written constitution makes it even less a fancier of logical refinements. The arrangements of the British constitution have, for all their theoretical instability, a very firm and definite standing in the political habit of Englishmen: and the greatest of those arrangements can be done away with only by the extraordinary force of conscious revolution.

We are too apt to forget how much of our own institutions rests upon the same basis, upon no other foundations than those that are laid in the opinions of the people. It is within the undoubted constitutional power of Congress, for example, to overwhelm the opposition of the Supreme Court upon any question by an increase in the number of

justices and a refusal to confirm any appointments to the new places which do not promise to change the opinion of the court. Once, at least, a plan of this sort was thought to have been carried deliberately into effect. But we do not think of such a violation of the spirit of the Constitution as possible, simply because we share and contribute to that public opinion which makes such outrages upon constitutional morality impossible by standing ready to curse them. There is a close analogy, as it seems to me, between this virtual inviolability of the Supreme Court and the integrity hitherto vouchsafed to the English House of Lords. There may be an indefinite creation of peers at any time that a strong ministry chooses to give the sovereign its now virtually imperative advice in favor of such a course. It was, doubtless, fear of the final impression that would be made upon public opinion by action so extraordinary, as much as the timely yielding of the Lords upon the question at issue, that held the ministry back from such a measure, on one notable occasion. Hitherto that ancient upper chamber has had in this regard the same protection that shields our federal judiciary. Here again it is Congress which is equipped for aggression. With it lies the potential, the virtual, supremacy.

It is not essentially a different case as between Congress and the Executive. What with the covetous admiration of the presidency recently manifested by some alarmed theorists in England, and the renewed prestige lately given that office by the prominence of the question of civil service reform, it is just now particularly difficult to apply political facts to an analysis of the President's power. But a clear conception of his real position is for that very reason all the more desirable. While he is a dominant figure in politics would seem to be the best time to scrutinize and understand him.

It is clearly misleading to use the ascendant influence of the President in effecting the objects of civil service reform as an illustration of the constitutional size and weight of his office. The principal part in making administration pure, business-like, and efficient must, under any conceivable system of government, be taken by the executive. It was certainly taken by the executive in England thirty years ago; and that much in opposition to the will of Parliament. The prominence of our administration in administrative reform furnishes no legitimate illustration of the singularity of executive influence in this country.

In estimating the actual powers of the President it is no doubt best to begin, as almost all writers in England and America now habitually begin, with a comparison between the executives of the two kindred countries. Whilst Mr. Bagehot has done more than any other thinker to clear up the facts of English constitutional practice, he has also, there is reason to believe, done something towards obscuring those facts. Everybody, for instance, has accepted as wholly true his description of the ministry of the Crown as merely an executive committee of the House of Commons; and yet that description is only partially true. An English cabinet represents, not the Commons only, but also the Crown. Indeed, it is itself "the Crown." All executive prerogatives are prerogatives which it is within the discretion of the cabinet itself to make free use of. The fact that it is generally the disposition of ministers to defer to the opinion of Parliament in the use of the prerogative does not make that use the less a privilege strictly beyond the sphere of direct parliamentary control, to be exercised independently of its sanction, even secretly on occasion, when ministers see their way clear to serving the state thereby. "The ministry of the day," says a perspicacious expounder of the

English system,¹ "appears in Parliament, on the one hand, as personating the Crown in the legitimate exercise of its recognized prerogatives; and on the other hand, as the mere agent of Parliament itself, in the discharge of the executive and administrative functions of government cast upon them by law." Within the province of the prerogative "lie the stirring topics of foreign negotiations, the management of the army and navy, public finance, and, in some important respects, colonial administration." Very recent English history furnishes abundant and striking evidence of the vitality of the prerogative in these fields in the hands of the gentlemen who "personate the Crown" in Parliament. "No subject has been more eagerly discussed of late," declares Mr. Amos (page 187), "than that of the province of Parliament in respect of the making of treaties and the declaration of war. No prerogative of the Crown is more undisputed than that of taking the initiative in all negotiations with foreign governments, conducting them throughout, and finally completing them by the signature and ratification of a treaty. . . . It is a bare fact that during the progress of the British diplomatic movements which terminated in the Treaty of Berlin of 1878, or more properly in the Afghan war of that year," —including the secret treaty by which Turkey ceded Cyprus to England, and England assumed the protectorate of Asia Minor, — "Parliament never had an opportunity of expressing its mind on any one of the important and complicated engagements to which the country was being committed, or upon the policy of the war upon the northwest frontier of India. The subjects were, indeed, over and over again discussed in Parliament, but always subsequent to irreparable action having been taken by the government" (page 188). Had Mr.

Amos lived to take his narrative of constitutional affairs beyond 1880, he would have had equally significant instances of ministerial initiative to adduce in the cases of Egypt and Burmah.

The unfortunate campaign in the Sudan was the direct outcome of the purchase of the Suez Canal shares by the British government in 1875. The result of that purchase was that "England became pledged in a wholly new and peculiar way to the support of the existing Turkish and Egyptian dominion in Egypt; that large English political interests were rendered subservient to the decisions of local tribunals in a foreign country; and that English diplomatic and political action in Egypt, and indeed in Europe, was trammelled, or at least indirectly influenced, by a narrow commercial interest which could not but weigh, however slightly, upon the apparent purity and simplicity of the motives of the English government." And yet the binding engagements which involved all this were entered into "despite the absence of all assistance from, or consent of, Parliament."² Such exercises of the prerogatives of the Crown receive additional weight from "the almost recognized right of evolving an army of almost any size from the Indian seed-plot, of using reserve forces without communication to Parliament in advance, and of obtaining large votes of credit for prospective military operations of an indefinite character, the nature of which Parliament is allowed only dimly to surmise" (page 392). The latest evidence of the "almost recognized" character of such rights was the war preparations made by England against Russia in 1885. Add to such powers of committing the country irrevocably to far-reaching foreign policies, of inviting or precipitating war, and of using Indian troops without embarrassment from the trammels of the Mutiny Act, the great

¹ Mr. Sheldon Amos, *Fifty Years of the English Constitution*, page 338.

² Amos, page 384.

discretionary functions involved in the administration of colonial affairs, and some measure has been reached of the amount of power wielded by ministers, not as the mere agents of Parliament, but as personating the Crown. Such is in England the independence of action possible to the executive.

As compared with this, the power of the President is insignificant. Of course, as everybody says, he is more powerful than the sovereign of Great Britain. If relative power were the principle of etiquette, Mr. Cleveland would not have to lift his hat to the Queen, because the Queen is not the executive. The prerogatives of the Crown are still much greater than the prerogatives of the presidency; but they are exercised, not by the wearer of the crown, but by the ministry of the Crown.

As Sir Henry Maine rightly says, the framers of our Constitution, consciously or unconsciously, made the President's office like the King's office under the English constitution of their time,—the constitution, namely, of George III., who chose his advisers with or without the assent of Parliament. They took care, however, to pare down the model where it seemed out of measure with the exercise of the people's liberty. They allowed the President to choose his ministers freely, as George seemed to have established his right to do; but they made the confirmation of the Senate a necessary condition to his appointments. They vested in him the right of negotiating treaties with foreign governments; but he was not to sign and ratify treaties until he had obtained the sanction of the Senate. That oversight of executive action which Parliament had not had the spirit or the inclination to exert, and which it had forfeited its independence by not exerting, was forever secured to our federal upper chamber by the fundamental law. The conditions of mutual confidence and co-operation between executive and legis-

lature now existing in England had not then been developed, and consequently could not be reproduced in this country. The position and disposition of mutual wariness which were found existing there were therefore made constitutional here by express written provision. In short, the transitional relations of the Crown and Parliament of that day were crystallized in our Constitution, such guarantees of executive good faith and legislative participation in the weightier determinations of government as were lacking in the model being sedulously added.

The really subordinate position of the presidency is hidden from view partly by that dignity which is imparted to the office by its conspicuous place at the front of a great government, and its security and definiteness of tenure; partly by the independence apparently secured to it by its erection into an entirely distinct and separate "branch" of the government; and partly by those circumstances of our history which have thrust our Presidents forward, during one or two notable periods, as real originators of policy and leaders in affairs. In a word, the President has always been at least the titular head of a great nation; and he has sometimes been the real master of its destinies. He has been powerful, however, only at such times as he has had Congress at his beck. While the new government was a-making,—and principally because it was a-making,—Washington and his secretaries were looked to by Congress for guidance; and during the presidencies of several of Washington's immediate successors the continued prominence of questions of foreign policy and of financial management kept the officers of the government in a position of semi-leadership. Jackson was masterful with or without right. He entered upon his presidency as he entered upon his campaign in Florida, without caring too much about constitutional warrant for what he was

to undertake. In the settlement of the Southern question Congress went on all fours with the President. He was powerful because Congress was acquiescent.

But such cases prove rather the usefulness than the strength of the presidency. Congress has at several very grave crises in national affairs been seasonably supplied with an energetic leader or agent in the person of the President. At other times, when Congress was in earnest, our executives have either been overwhelmed, as Johnson was, or have had to decline upon much humbler services. Their negotiations with foreign governments are as likely to be disapproved as approved; their budgets are cut down like a younger son's portion; their appointments are censured and their administrations criticised without chance for a counter-hearing. They create nothing. Their veto is neither revisory nor corrective. It is merely obstructive. It is, as I have said, a simple blunt negation, oftentimes necessarily spoken without discrimination against a good bill because of a single bad clause in it. In such a contest between origination and negation, origination must always win, or government must stop. In England the veto of the Crown has not passed out of use, as is commonly said. It has simply changed its form. It no longer exists as an imperative, obstructive "No," uttered by the sovereign. It has passed over into the privilege of the ministers to throw their party weight, reinforced by their power to dissolve Parliament, against measures of which they disapprove. It is a much-tempered instrument, but for that reason all the more useful and flexible. The old blunt, antagonistic veto is no longer needed. But here it is needed, to preserve the presidency from the insignificance of merely administrative functions. Since executive and legislature cannot come into relations of mutual

confidence and coöperation, the former must be put into a position to maintain a creditable competition for consideration and dignity.

A clear-headed, methodical, unimaginative President like Mr. Cleveland unaffectedly recognizes the fact that all creating, originating power rests with Congress, and that he can do no more than direct the details of such projects as he finds commanded by its legislation. The suggestions of his message he acknowledges to have been made merely to satisfy his own conscience. That they are not regarded by Congress he takes as a matter of course, and does not stop even to regret. It is his duty to tell Congress what he thinks concerning the pending questions of the day; it is not his duty to interest himself in the effect produced on Congressmen.

A partial confirmation of these views comes from those who oppose any such leadership of Congress by the executive as exists in England, on the ground of the increase of power which would accrue as a result to Congress. It is said that such a change would, by centring party and personal responsibility in Congress, give to legislation too great a prominence; would make Congress the object of too excited an interest on the part of the people.¹ Legislation in Parliament, instead of being piecemeal, tessellated work, such as is made up in Congress of the various pieces contributed by the standing committees, is, under each ministry, a continuous, consistent, coherent whole; and, instead of bearing the sanction of both national parties, is the peculiar policy of only one of them. It is thought that, if such coherence of plan, definiteness and continuity of aim, and sanction of party were to be given the work of Congress, the resulting concentration of popular interest and opinion would carry Congress over all the

¹ See, for the best presentation of this view, a striking article on Ministerial Responsibility and

the Constitution, by Mr. A. L. Lowell, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1886.

barriers of the Constitution to an undisputed throne of illimitable power. In short, the potential supremacy of Congress is thought to be kept within bounds, not by the constitutional power of the executive and the judiciary, its co-ordinate branches, but by the intrinsic dullness and confusion of its own proceedings. It cannot make itself interesting enough to be great.

But this is a two-edged argument, which one must needs handle with great caution. It is evidently calculated to destroy the work of any argument constructed on the principle that it is laws which are effective to the salvation of our constitutional arrangements: for it is itself constructed on the opposite principle, that it is the state of popular interest in the nation which balances the mechanism of the government. It would, too, serve with equal efficacy against any scheme whatever for reforming the present methods of legislation in Congress, with which almost everybody is dissatisfied. Any reform which would tend to give to national legislation that uniform, open, intelligent, and responsible character which it now lacks would also create that popular interest in the proceedings of Congress which would unhinge the Constitution. Democracy is so delicate a form of government that it must break down if given too great facility or efficacy of operation. No one body of men must be suffered to utter the voice of the people, lest that voice become, through it, directly supreme.

The fact of the overtopping power of Congress, however, remains. The houses create all governmental policy, with that wide latitude of "political discretion" in the choice of means for giving effect to their will within the sphere of the federal powers which the Supreme Court unstintingly accords them. Congress has often come into conflict with the Supreme Court by attempting to extend the province of the federal

government as against the States; but it has never, I believe, been brought to book for any alleged exercise of powers as against its competing branch, the executive, — a fact which would seem to furnish proof of its easy supremacy within the federal field. Having by constitutional grant the last word as to foreign relations, the control of the finances, and even the oversight of executive appointments, Congress exercises what powers of direction and management it pleases as fulfilling, not as straining, the Constitution. Government *lives* in the origination, not in the defeat, of measures of government. The President obstructs by means of his "No;" the houses govern by means of their "Yes." He has killed some policies that are dead; they have given birth to all policies that are alive.

But the measures born in Congress have no common lineage. They have not even a traceable kinship. They are fathered by a score or two of unrelated standing committees: and Congress stands godfather to them all, without discrimination. Congress, in effect, parcels out its great powers amongst groups of its members, and so confuses its plans and obscures all responsibility. It is a leading complaint of Sir Henry Maine's against the system in England, which is just under his nose, that it confers upon the cabinet, a body which deliberates and resolves in strict secrecy, — and so reminds him of the Spartan Ephors and the Venetian Council of Ten, — the preliminary shaping and the initiation of all legislation. He commends, by contrast, that constitution (our own, which he sees at a great distance) which reserves to the legislature itself the originating and drafting of its measures. It is hard for us, who have this commended constitution under our noses, to perceive wherein we have the advantage. (British legislation is for the most part originated and shaped by a single committee, acting in secret,

whose proposals, when produced, are eagerly debated and freely judged by the sovereign legislative body. Our legislation is framed and initiated by a great many committees, deliberating in secret, whose proposals are seldom debated and only perfunctorily judged by the sovereign legislative body. It is impossible to mistake the position and privileges of the British cabinet, so great and conspicuous and much discussed are they. They simplify the whole British system for men's understandings by merely standing at the centre of it. But our own system is simple only in appearance. It is easy to see that our legislature and executive are separate, and that the legislature matures its own measures by means of committees of its own members. But it may readily escape superficial observation that our legislature, instead of being simply served, is ruled by its committees; that those committees prepare their measures in private; that their number renders their privacy a secure secrecy by making them too many to be watched, and individually too insignificant to be worth watching; that their division of prerogatives results in a loss, through diffusion, of all actual responsibility; and that their coördination leads to such a competition amongst them for the attention of their respective houses that legislation is rushed when it is not paralyzed.

It is thus that, whilst all real power is in the hands of Congress, that power is often unhinged and its exercise brought almost to a standstill. The competition of the committees is the clog. Their reports stand in the way of each other: and so the complaint is warranted that Congress can get nothing done. Interests which press for attention in the nation are reported upon by the appropriate committee, perhaps, but the report gets pushed to the wall. Or they are not reported upon. They are brought to the notice of Congress, but

they go to a committee which is unfavorable. The progress of legislation depends both upon the fortunes of competing reports and upon the opinions held by particular committees.

The same system of committee government prevails in our state legislatures, and has led to some notable results, which have recently been pointed out in a pamphlet entitled *American Constitutions*, contributed to the Johns Hopkins series of *Studies in History and Political Science* by Mr. Horace Davis.¹ In the state legislatures as in Congress, the origination and control of legislation by standing committees have led to haphazard, incoherent, irresponsible law-making, and to a universal difficulty about getting anything done. The result has been that state legislatures have been falling into disrepute in all quarters. They are despised and mistrusted, and many States have revised their constitutions in order to curtail legislative powers and limit the number and length of legislative sessions. There is in some States an apparent inclination to allow legislators barely time enough to provide moneys for the maintenance of the governments. In some instances necessary powers have been transferred from the legislatures to the courts, sometimes to the governors. The intent of all such changes is manifest. It is thought safer to entrust power to a law court, performing definite functions, such as the granting of charters, for example, under clear laws and in accordance with strict judicial standards, or to a single conspicuous magistrate, who can be watched and cannot escape responsibility for his official acts, than to entrust it to a numerous body which burrows towards its ends in committee rooms, getting its light through lobbies, and which has a thousand devices for juggling away responsibility,

¹ It should be said, however, that Mr. Davis does not attribute the constitutional tendencies he points out to committee government.

as well as scores of antagonisms wherewith to paralyze itself.

Like fear and distrust have often been felt and expressed of late years for Congress, for like reasons. But so far no attempt has been made to restrict either the powers or the time of Congress. Amendments to the Constitution are difficult almost to the point of impossibility, and the few definite schemes nowadays put forward for a revision of the Constitution involve extensions rather than limitations of the powers of Congress. The fact is that, though often quite as exasperating to sober public opinion as any state legislature, Congress is neither so much distrusted nor so deserving of distrust. Its high place and vast sphere in the government of the nation cause its members to be more carefully chosen, and its proceedings to be more closely watched and controlled by criticism. The whole country has its eyes on Congress, and Congress is aware of the fact. It has both the will and the incentive to be judicious and patriotic. Newspaper editors have constantly to be saying to their readers, "Look what our state legislators are doing;" they seldom have to urge, "Look what Congress is doing." It cannot be watched easily, or to much advantage. It requires a distinct effort to watch it. It has no dramatic contests of party leaders to attract notice. Its methods are so much after the fashion of the game of hide-and-seek that the eye of the ordinary man is quite baffled in trying to understand or follow them, if he try only at leisure moments. But, at the same time, the interests handled by Congress are so vast that at least the newspapers and the business men, if no others, must watch its legislation as best they may. However hard it may be to observe, it is too powerful in great things to make it safe for the country to give over trying to observe it faithfully.

But though Congress may always be

watched, and so in a measure controlled, despite its clandestine and confusing methods, those methods must tend to increase the distrust with which Congress is widely regarded; and distrust cannot but enervate, belittle, and corrupt this will-centre of the Constitution. The question is not merely, How shall the methods of Congress be clarified and its ways made purposeful and responsible? There is this greater question at stake: How shall the essential arrangements of the Constitution be preserved? Congress is the purposing, designing, aggressive power of the national government. Disturbing and demoralizing influences in the organism, if there be any, come out from its restless energies. Damaging encroachments upon ground forbidden to the federal government generally originate in measures of its planning. So long as it continues to be governed by unrelated standing committees, and to take its resolves in accordance with no clear plan, no single, definite purpose, so long as what it does continues to be neither evident nor interesting, so long must all its exertions of power be invidious; so long must its competition with the executive or the judiciary seem merely jealous and always underhand; so long must it remain virtually impossible to control it through public opinion. As well ask the stranger in the gallery of the New York Stock Exchange to judge of the proceedings on the floor. As well ask a man who has not time to read all the newspapers in the Union to judge of passing sentiment throughout the country. Congress in its composition is the country in miniature. It realizes Hobbes's definition of liberty as political power divided into small fragments. The standing committees typify the individuals of the nation. Congress is better fitted for counsel than the voters simply because its members are three hundred and twenty-five instead of ten millions.

There are several ways in which Con-

gress can be so integrated as to impart to its proceedings system and party responsibility. It may be done by entrusting the preparation and initiation of legislation to a single committee in each house, composed of the leading men of the majority in that house. Such a change would not necessarily affect the present precedents as to the relations between the executive and the legislature. They might still stand stiffly apart. Congress would be integrated and invigorated, not the whole system. To integrate that, there must be some common meeting-ground of public consultation between the executive and the houses. That can be accomplished only by the admission to Congress, in whatever capacity, — whether simply to answer proper questions and to engage in debate, or with the full privileges of membership, — of official representatives of the executive who understand and are interested and able to defend the administration. Let each of the houses impose what conditions of responsibility it will upon its guiding committee; let the tenure of ministers have what disconnection from legislative responsibility may seem necessary to the preservation of the equality of House and Senate and the separation of administration from legislation; but throw light upon administration, and give it the same advantages of public suggestion and unhampered self-defense that Congress, its competitor, has, and constrain Congress to apply system and party responsibility to its proceedings. Such arrangements would constitute responsible government *under the Constitution*.

The establishment in the United States of what is known as "ministerial responsibility" would unquestionably involve some important changes in our constitutional system, as I have elsewhere¹ fully admitted. I am strongly of the opinion that such changes would

not be too great a price to pay for the advantages secured us by such a government. Ministerial responsibility supplies the only conditions which have yet proved efficacious, in the political experience of the world, for vesting recognized leadership in men chosen for their abilities by a natural selection of debate in a sovereign assembly of whose contests the whole country is witness. Such survival of the ablest in debate seems the only process possible for selecting leaders under a popular government. The mere fact that such a contest proceeds with such results is the strongest possible incentive to men of first-rate powers to enter legislative service; and popular governments need more than any other governments leaders so placed that, by direct contact with both the legislative and the executive departments of the government, they shall see the problems of government at first hand, and shall at the same time be, not mere administrators, but also men of tact and eloquence, fitted to persuade masses of men and to draw about themselves a loyal following.

If we borrowed ministerial responsibility from England, we should, too, unquestionably enjoy an infinite advantage over the English in the use of it. We should sacrifice by its adoption none of that great benefit and security which our federal system derives from a clear enumeration of powers and an inflexible difficulty of amendment. If anything would be definite under cabinet government, responsibility would be definite; and, unless I am totally mistaken in my estimate of the legal conscience of the people of this country, — which seems to me to be the heart of our whole system, — definite responsibility will stablish rather than shake those arrangements of our Constitution which are really our own, and to which our national pride properly attaches, namely, the distinct division of powers between the state and federal governments, the

¹ *Overland Monthly*, January, 1884: title, Committee or Cabinet Government?

slow and solemn formalities of constitutional change, and the interpretative functions of the federal courts. If we are really attached to these principles, the concentration of responsibility in government will doubly insure their preservation. If we are not, they are in danger of destruction in any case.

But we cannot have ministerial responsibility in its fullness under the Constitution as it stands. The most that we can have is distinct legislative responsibility, with or without any connection of coöperation or of mutual confidence between the executive and Congress. To have so much would be an immense gain. Changes made to this end would leave the federal system still an unwieldy mechanism of counteracting forces, still without unity or flexibility; but we should at least have made the very great advance of fastening upon Congress an even more positive form of accountability than now rests upon the President and the courts. Questions of vast importance and infinite delicacy have constantly to be dealt with by Congress; and there is an evident tendency to widen the range of

those questions. The grave social and economic problems now putting themselves forward, as the result of the tremendous growth and concentration of our population, and the consequent sharp competition for the means of livelihood indicate that our system is already aging, and that any clumsiness, looseness, or irresponsibility in governmental action must prove a source of grave and increasing peril. There are already commercial heats and political distempers in our body politic which warn of an early necessity for carefully prescribed physio. Under such circumstances, some measure of legislative reform is clearly indispensable. We cannot afford to put up any longer with such legislation as we may happen upon. We must look and plan ahead. We must have legislation which has been definitely forecast in party programmes and sanctioned by the public voice. Instead of the present arrangements for compromise, piecemeal legislating, we must have coherent plans from recognized party leaders, and means for holding them to a faithful execution of those plans in clear-cut Acts of Congress.)

Woodrow Wilson.

HISTORICAL METHODS.

VON RANKE, after turning ninety, keeps cheerfully on with his *Universal History*; a score or more of learned men associate themselves in writing the history of a single American town. Which is the truer method? Which produces the better results? The answer depends greatly on what one wants of history. If it be a view of the broad stream of tendency, then a philosophical historian like Von Ranke, who has the insight, the power of seeing the end from the beginning, the perception of ruling ideas, is the writer to surrender

one's self to. But there are other attractions in historic study. There is the possibility of wresting from some limited series of events the secret of their cause and effect; the ever-elusive search after indubitable fact; the exercise of one's imagination upon the material thrown up by the spade of the independent investigator; the tracing of the foundation upon which some political community has built so broadly as quite to hide from ordinary sight the source of its power. If one cares for history in this fashion, then nothing

will content him save the opportunity to get as closely as possible at the original documents and monuments of history.

There is another aspect in which history presents itself, somewhat different from either of the above. It is an interesting story, not fabricated in the brain of some clever inventor, but worked out by some invisible power through the activity of real men and women; it is a drama of persons, set upon the stage of the world, to be resolved into order by the selective power of the imagination; it is a succession of events, having now and then a denouement, only to go on once more in a new series. In the hands of a writer who has a clear sense of perspective, the history of a nation or of an epoch may become luminous, and as attractive as the story, the drama, or the narrative, which deal with imaginary beings.

Of the three methods of historical writing which answer to these demands of the student and writer, — the philosophical, the scientific, and the literary, — there can be little doubt that the scientific method is now at the front. It agrees most perfectly with the spirit which dominates all departments of intellectual activity. George Eliot in her *Middlemarch* turned restlessly from one to another of her characters, in the hope of finding one that was built upon an unyielding foundation. Caleb Garth was the only one whom she heartily admired and respected. He was wont to speak of business, as many of religion, with reverence and a profound sense of its reality and comprehensive power. His character is built from this idea and for the expression of it. He is the incarnation of that consciousness of reality in one's self and firm fulfillment of the end of one's being which is the *cry* of *Middlemarch*. The historian is impelled by the same spirit which drove George Eliot. He wishes to get down to hard pan. He is skeptical, not as one who

doubts from choice, but from necessity must push his inquiries until he comes upon the last analysis. Hence the historical student of the day is after facts, and he is ready to put his hook into any unlikely dust heap, on the chance of laying bare a precious bit. There is patience in the sifting of historical evidence, steadfastness in the following of clues, and a high estimate of the value of accurate statement.

We have instanced George Eliot as an example of the scientific spirit, because the historical student joins with the creative novelist on one side, with the scientist on the other. It is impossible to exclude human nature from history, and the historian dealing with the concrete facts of human activity is sure, sooner or later, to part company with the physicist or biologist who is engaged upon the dissection and classification of facts belonging to inorganic matter, or to organic matter below the order of man. The archæologist, groping about in the cave after the guttural-voiced dweller with his club and his little stone chips, trying to make out how the poor devil lived, and what he thought of the world into the light of which he had scarcely crept, may use the same method as his brother-worker who is measuring the wings of a paleozoic cockroach, but he is in a vastly wider range of human sympathy, and may give points to a Shakespeare reflecting upon Caliban and Setebos.

Although, therefore, there are historical students who seem to have divested themselves of all interest in the human aspect of the events which they investigate, just as a surgeon may see in a man only a subject for his skill, and some novelists apprehend their characters only as psychological phenomena, the scientific method as applied to historical writing is pretty sure, when the scope is wide enough, to be humane as well as learned. The most important illustration of this, both in promise and per-

formance, is in the *Narrative and Critical History of America*,¹ of which the second in a series of eight volumes has just appeared. Mr. Winsor, the editor of the work, has already demonstrated his capacity to carry through such an undertaking by the skill and thoroughness with which he planned and perfected the *Memorial History of Boston*. The general scheme of the two works is the same. That is to say, it is conceded that no one writer is able to compass a great historical subject on all sides, but that the work of a number of writers, each viewing the subject from his own angle, may be so arranged and made interdependent as to form a conspectus of the whole. In the case of Boston, Mr. Winsor had an admirable opportunity for applying the coöperative method of historical writing. He could surround himself at once by a strong body of special students. More research had been expended upon the history of Boston than upon the history of any other town in the country. A well-organized and active historical society could be drawn upon for aid and advice; there was an honest local pride to be trusted for substantial encouragement. More than this, the subject was one which easily permits of disintegration. There is, it is true, even about an American city a certain organic life which is capable of development in historic writing, and Boston was for a long time a very individual and conscious organism. Nevertheless, it is easy to see what limitations there are to such a view of any modern town, and how possible it is to resolve the forces of even so vital an entity as Boston into their constituent parts. Hence there was no insuperable difficulty in getting a sectional study of the town, especially as by the plan adopted the treatment of a topic was carried forward, volume by volume,

through the successive periods of colonial, provincial, and state life.

The eminent success of the experiment upon the history of Boston justifies the confidence of the editor in adapting his scheme to a continental subject. In this new work he follows the same general plan of finding the natural cleavage and assigning the separate areas to special students. Thus, while he himself takes up the subjects of Columbus, and Cortes and his companions, he gives Amerigo Vespucci to Mr. Sydney Howard Gay; the companions of Columbus to Dr. Edward Channing; Ancient Florida to Dr. John G. Shea; Las Casas and the Relations of the Spaniards to the Indians to Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis; Early Explorations of New Mexico to Mr. Henry W. Haynes; Pizarro and the Conquest and Settlement of Peru and Chili to Mr. Clements R. Markham; and Magellan's Discovery to Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

It will be seen from this summary that the work is not in its scope like other histories, which, beginning with the Vikings, come down to Grover Cleveland; it is not even a history of the United States, with so much reference to other parts of North America as shall explain the development of the Union. It is a series of monographs treating of the western continent. It is, as its title clearly says, a *History of America*. This is a long step from the history of one town in America, and yet a moment's consideration will show that by making his coöperative history one of America instead of one of the United States, Mr. Winsor has simply enlarged the field of his historic method; he has not applied that method to a different kind of subject, as he would have done if he had undertaken to prepare the history of the United States in this way. For America is even less of an organism

¹ *Narrative and Critical History of America*. Edited by JUSTIN WINSOR. Volume II. Spanish Explorations and Settlements in America from

the Fifteenth to the Seventeenth Century. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

than Boston. Whatever the far-off ages may show of one increasing purpose, it is out of the question for an historian to marshal the moving forces of the western continent into any orderly sequence, with any controlling aim. The goal is altogether too far away for any historic survey to use it as a measuring point.

We do not believe it would be possible to write a history of the United States upon such a plan as Mr. Winsor has adopted in these two great works, because a topical treatment would inevitably fail to convey a notion of that organic development of national life which is the last and finest disclosure of historical composition. But a cyclopædic work on America, which follows the broad lines of chronology, is not only possible, but by such a treatment alone can justice be done to the subject. The editor of this history explains that he has reserved the first volume, treating of prehistoric America, until the others have been published, that he may avail himself of the latest investigations in a part of the subject which is, as yet, only experimentally known. Meanwhile, the mode in which the volume before us is constructed gives a fair indication of that which is to obtain throughout the series.

We have said that in its general plan the work follows the lines laid down in the Memorial History of Boston, but there is a variation from the plan of that book which requires to be noticed. The title indicates this. Each topic is presented first in a straightforward narrative form, the facts as determined by a rigorous analysis being set forth in their order, and all care taken to strip the narrative of conjecture and mere generalization. This text of the narrative is based upon authorities which are cited in foot-notes; and in these notes also occur those extraneous matters which do not necessarily add to the narrative, but throw light upon it, and give opportunity for the writer to make suggestions. As an instance of this we

may note the striking reflection which the editor makes upon the futile attempt of Columbus to interest certain cities of Italy in his enterprise.

"It cannot but be remarked," says Mr. Winsor, "how Italy, in Columbus, Cabot, and Vespuccius, not to name others, led in opening the way to a new stage in the world's progress, which, by making the Atlantic the highway of a commerce that had mainly nurtured Italy on the Mediterranean, conduced to start her republics on that decline which the Turk, sweeping through that inland sea, confirmed and accelerated."

The narrative, besides, is illustrated freely by wood-cuts, which are never imaginative except as they are records of the imaginative and fanciful notions of contemporary travelers. The narrative given, and the reader put in possession of the salient points of the topic, there follows the critical section, which is occupied with a close examination of the sources of history relating to the matter in hand, a fine discrimination of the value of the various authorities, and a thorough and judicial study of the several historical problems which have arisen in the course of the narrative. In connection with this, special notice should be taken of the cartographical work which has been done by the editor. Such a wealth of material in this field has never before been brought together for the service of the student, and we are disposed to think this feature the most important in the work. By no other means can one so readily and so fully put himself in the place of the Spanish discoverers and explorers, and see the continent shaping itself in the consciousness of man.

It has very likely seemed to some who have followed us thus far that the plan of the work compels, after all, a very disjointed product, and that instead of a history one is given a dictionary of history. Undoubtedly this characteristic inheres in the nature of the work;

but when one comes to a practical use of the volume under examination, one is struck by the unifying power which the editor has shown. He is always on hand with his cross-references and his connection of one part with another, and he so pervades the entire work that he succeeds in giving it, with all its diversity of authorship, almost the appearance of being the outgrowth of a single mind. Such a result will be more difficult to attain in some of the subsequent volumes, for there will be a harder struggle between the topical and the strictly chronological method; but in this volume and the next, at least, the sporadic nature of the historic movement easily admits of the monograph treatment.

History, as told in this manner, will have a new charm for many minds, for the scientific mind is found in the public that reads as well as in the students who explore. But there is a use to which this great work will be put, of unquestioned importance. It will serve as the index to historical material from which the writer will construct the story of history, and the sleepless vigilance with which the contributors to this work guard the sources of American life will be the price paid for accurate and trustworthy knowledge on the part of the generality of readers. It is not from such a work as this that popular ideas as to history are directly formed, but from the school-books, the magazine articles, and general histories. The writers of these will use Mr. Winsor's book without any acknowledgment, but it will be for most of them the final authority; and we trust, therefore, that in completing his plan the editor will not allow himself to be swayed by any temporary considerations from making the work as exact as patient scholarship will permit.

There is something so vast in this projected work, and the scale upon which it is executed is so fine, that one may be forgiven if he feels a little tired in its

presence, and begins to think that the individual man is of little consequence in history. So we remind ourselves that there are other historic methods which are not likely to be left wholly behind in this scientific age. There is a view of history which finds the person a very interesting feature in the landscape, and which indeed fixes itself so exclusively upon a group as to approach biography in its form. Mr. Schuyler, in giving to his work on Colonial New York¹ a sub-title more special and limited, has hinted what his preface states frankly: that his historic method is to follow the fortunes of a colonial family through its ramifications, and thereby almost incidentally to disclose a very important source of the being of the colony within which this family found the field of its enterprise. It is doubtful if the same method could be pursued in any other field of American life, unless it were in the history of South Carolina. The foundations of New York were laid in families rather than in persons. The nature of the Dutch tenure confirmed the tendency to give integrity to the family, and the great estates perpetuated names and gave continuity to family life. Then the fact that the Dutch became occupants under English rule served to accentuate their individuality, and differences of manner were of course preserved longer by differences of speech. The head of the house might speak English, but he was in one form or other manorial lord of many who were kept apart from English citizens by their Dutch speech.

The Schuyler family was one of the most conspicuous of all that made up the loosely compacted body of citizens of the New York colony. By marriage it was brought into connection with the other leading families; and thus as one follows the fortunes of the successive

¹ *Colonial New York: Philip Schuyler and his Family.* By GEORGE W. SCHUYLER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885.

representatives of the Schuyler family one becomes acquainted with names of persons who were pursuing their own independent careers. Mr. Schuyler, while he has given in their proper places formal genealogical tables, has avoided the too technical treatment of genealogists, and has rather built upon his material a good structure of historic and biographic form. It is almost like reading the stories of the patriarchs to attend to the comings and goings of these generations of Schuylers. By means of this method one looks at the life of a great colony from within; and if one is possessed of a clear knowledge of the successive events in the history of colonial New York, one may, immersed in these agreeably written chronicles, apprehend that personal, scattered activity which was enlarging the borders of civilization in the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk.

Mr. Schuyler writes with a simple, unaffected purpose. His judgments of men are sagacious and apparently candid, and he is so enamored with his subject, so much at home in the slow windings of the genealogical stream, that he communicates his interest to the reader. We may almost say that he is indifferent to the reader. His leisurely style is that of a man who pleases himself with his work, and we are sure that he found it well worth while. He has produced a somewhat unique book, which widens our notion of historic method. It is antiquarianism and genealogy run in a large mould, and one gets a new sense of the possibility of a centrifugal study of history by an examination of those personal forces which lie near the heart of all human organization.

It is easy to delude one's self with the notion that science and scientific methods are working such a revolution in intellectual life that the human race will one of these days accept a new grand division of time, and antiquity will reach down to the nineteenth cen-

tury. At any rate, such is the logical deduction from the sentiments of a good many *laudatores temporis presentis*. But there is one thing that survives all the changes that come over men's modes of thought, and that is art. How great the apparent difference between the Parthenon and Chartres Cathedral, yet how capable the human spirit is of apprehending the beauty of each! It is so with literary art, and one finds no inconsistency in enjoying Homer and Shakespeare. There is in art an appeal which is undisturbed by the conflict of reason, or by great changes in mental processes; and there is an art of history which leaves Herodotus secure when Rawlinson has said his last word, and keeps Clarendon alive though scientific historians have been busy over documents which he never saw. It is in vain to suppose that the new era of historic research and faithful collation of obscure authorities, the hunt for the beginning of things, the laying bare of foundations, is to put an end to that writing and reading of history which is akin to the writing and reading of poetry, the creation and enjoyment of all forms of art. Only this may fairly be asserted: that the historian who undertakes to recite the epic of a nation is put under heavier bonds to be faithful to minor details, and will be held more strictly accountable for any departure from accuracy. He will also be relieved of much waste of energy by the thoroughness with which the way is preparing before him. The indexes to history, which are increasing in number and efficiency, will make it possible for the literary historian to qualify himself for his task as he could not before, and will help to save him from those false generalizations which an insufficient familiarity with facts renders almost certain.

In our own country we have so far had no general history which can rest its hope of long life upon its artistic

quality. Possibly it is not time yet to look for such a book, but it is pleasant to see promise of it in the fragmentary work¹ which Colonel Higginson has put forth. We say fragmentary, not only because the book stops just as the drums are beginning to beat for the great fray which gives reality to all American history, but because the plan of the work as so far carried out does not seem to show an attempt at true perspective. While, for example the early, half-legendary history is given in a charming manner, so important a phase as the relations between the French and the English is hardly more than allusively treated. If one accepts the book, however, as a graceful series of sketches of interesting passages in United States history, one will not be disappointed in his reading. Especially does Colonel Higginson give life to his story when he comes down to a period just beyond the memory of man, and we are confident that he could write a history of the Union from 1837 to 1861 which would contain so fine an infusion of personality as would give the book a long life in literature.

That he regards this history as an historical essay rather than a full, comprehensive survey is evident from several slight indications. There is almost an entire absence of reference to authorities, and there is also a curious fashion of appeal in the text to personal authorities. "Boat-building had there begun" (in New England, that is), he tells us, "according to Colonel C. D.

Wright, in 1624;" but whether Colonel Wright mentioned this fact to him at the club, or set it down in some book, the reader is not told. Such pleasant little trivialities, also, as "The landing of Columbus has been commemorated by the fine design of Turner, engraved in Rogers's poems," help to give a discursive character to the history, and to relieve the reader from too severe a habit of mind.

It is not our purpose to give a detailed examination of this book, but to welcome it as an indication that there is a view of history which is not scientific, but strictly literary. A writer of Colonel Higginson's strong æsthetic tendencies takes up the subject of United States history. His book is sure to be eagerly read and enjoyed. It may be hacked to pieces by a critic bred in the scientific school, but it has, what the scientific history is very apt to lack, a sense of form, a grace of style, those agreeable qualities which win readers who are indifferent to the subject, but are ready to be pleased. The conception of our history as a theme capable of artistic presentation has not commonly been held, but the reason for this has been largely in the failure to grasp the true meaning of American development. We are fortunate in having the collection of material in the hands of so competent an editor as Mr. Winsor, and we are very sure that we shall yet have a historian who will hold his own place as long and as triumphantly as a poet holds his.

¹ *A Larger History of the United States of America to the Close of President Jackson's Administration.* By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIG-

GINSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886 [1885.]

MADAME MOHL'S SALON.

THE *salon* is so distinctively a French institution that it is not a little startling to find an Englishwoman ruling it; but this circumstance adds, perhaps, to the interest of its history. The true story of the salon itself is, of course, not to be told. Senior himself would not be voluminous enough to hold even its typical conversation, and the social agreeableness of it must escape in the monologue that every undramatic book is forced to be. The *esprit*, the spirit of freshness and surprise which is its *genius loci*, is a butterfly thing, and has its momentary life in constant motion; it is dead when pinned to the page. The list of the guests may be recorded, and the *ménu*; with a good reporter there is a chance that some of the talk may survive in a moribund state; the sense that there was "a good time" may be keen even to the tantalizing point; but the banquet is cleared away. The French salon is as incommunicable as the English home; one must be born to it. In a certain way it has been the home of literary men in France. There, in the arm-chair by the hearth, one sees Châteaubriand; and he belongs in that place as naturally as Dryden in the inn's chimney-corner, or Wordsworth in his wooded walk. Sometimes one seems to get to the private life of a great French writer in the salon of which he was the *habitué*; but for the most part it is only a deception, due to the repeated expression of his traits in one spot, or to the letters which salon life has often brought into being. So when one reads accounts of the brilliant company, the eloquence and wit and spring of the conversation, and some *genre* anecdote, he frequently deludes himself into thinking this the real thing; but if he begins to ask how the group looked, and what was the accent and manner, and what the nobodies

were doing with themselves while the big flies buzzed, and, in short, how the acting went on, he will see that the social part, the distinctive thing in the whole, has dropped out of the tale.

This is why we say that it is fortunate for this book,¹ with which our readers have already made acquaintance, that its heroine was an Englishwoman. It is her character, rather than her salon, which is prominent in the volume, and its interest is largely, and perhaps mainly, due to the English eccentricities of her nature. Of her girlhood and younger days we are told but little; there was a fascination that clung to her then, when her freshness, originality, and unconsciousness, together with a certain unconventional daring, made her, one thinks, not unlike that very modern figure, the American girl abroad. The anecdotes of her at the beginning of her career seem a good deal like the stories of our grandmothers' conquests, traditionary and not easily imagined by younger people; for in this memorial of her she is undeniably past middle age when we really begin to know her, and she comes to the mind in the "old-witch" garb she adopted, and clothed with the irresponsible prerogatives of word and action that belong to the old, and are tolerated in them only when they are past any reformation of manners. The habit of spontaneity she carried on from childhood to age; she seems never to have refused the word to the thought and never to have been abashed. This characteristic, which was a charm in the audacious girl, was sometimes a terror in the woman. It made her appear unfeelingly rude when she probably had no intent to offend,

¹ *Madame Mohl: her Salon and her Friends. A Study of Social Life in Paris.* By KATHLEEN O'MEARA. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886.

and it smoothed the way to perilous facility when she really had it in mind to teach somebody not to call again. She confessed, or one might more properly say she avowed, that she was deliberately impolite to persons whom she desired to keep off the premises, and more than once she was betrayed by her lack of forethought into insults whose enormity is to be shuddered at. But usually her freedom, when youth had ceased to excuse and grace it, had no worse effect than self-indulgence in whim or prejudice, and it made her, more than any other of her qualities, an entertaining person. She was, as the phrase goes, real; and reality in this sense implies a habit of self-assertion, a tendency to fly in the face of conventions, a hatred of hypocrisies, and some essential originality for the sake of which society allows its forms to be snubbed. Perhaps this individuality of Madame Mohl has been excessively dwelt upon by her biographer, for it embodies the irreconcilable element in her, that which society and experience could not subdue; but on the other hand, she spent her life in the effort to please others, with the conscious aim to provide agreeable social intercourse for brilliant men and women, and this she declared was all that life was worth living for. "Au fond il n'y a que cela!"

That is the true French spirit, the motto of the salon; and whatever proportion of the British eccentricity remained in Madame Mohl's heart, she must have suffered a very complete Parisian naturalization before she could sum up life in a maxim which in relation to its whole range is so utterly provincial. It was an accident that the mistress of this drawing-room was English by birth, for the realm she commanded was unmistakably French; at most, her extraction served only to make her salon Parisian in the sense in which Paris is larger than France, is comprehensive of foreign elements and, as we

say, cosmopolitan. This distinction was heightened, too, by the fact that her husband was a German. The consequence of this curious blending of the three great national strains was that her rooms gathered in the eminent people of the intellectual world; her apartments had the advantage of a city situated at the confluence of three great rivers; and this is to be taken into the account if one seeks the secret of her success. The *entrée* there was to society which intellectual persons liked to meet. This, of course, was not all. The qualities which originally established the rendezvous in those quarters, and maintained its fitness and agreeableness for the purpose, count for much more in the problem. Into this it is, perhaps, not worth while to go, though the matter has been much debated; and no one, certainly, can lay down this volume without silently asking how it was that Madame Mohl obtained and kept her sceptre. It may not be quite superfluous, however, to remind ourselves that in the dynasty of society inheritance plays a considerable rôle. Madame Mohl had been a promising candidate for the succession from the time when she was the only person who could relieve Châteaubriand's *tedium vitæ*; his election lighted upon her, and the favor of Madame Récamier and the Princess Belgiojoso was a powerful alliance, and her own gifts drew about her the clever young men. When the salon was fairly set up all this helped, and in the friendship of Fauriel, Ampère, and Mohl the crucial point was safely met; and after that, the queen and the chief courtiers being provided, the rooms filled up as a matter of course. At the end, habit and the well-worn "Do you remember?" of old acquaintances kept the tea simmering till that last Friday, when for the first time Madame Mohl was too weary to make it, and asked the faithful Barthélémy St. Hilaire, who seems like a ghost of days past, to assist her. But before this consummation, she had out-

lived her reign. She complained that no one came to see her. She confessed she was unable to be alone. She had, in fact, reached the last stage of all when there was no longer any one to please. Her desertion, for which her friends were little to blame, since they had merely gone over to death, seems rather pitiable, and its discomfort is increased by the emphasis with which her weaknesses, both of mind and temper, are brought out at the close. Her old age is not attractive; not so much from her own defects as because time deprived her of the *milieu* which was to her the whole of life, and did not supply her with the *entourage* in which alone old age is beautiful. Few scenes in this volume stand out with the sharpness of that in which she is seen at Père La Chaise, — “the aged widow sitting, one cold morning, on a high spot, and looking on from a distance while they carried her husband’s coffin from its temporary resting-place to the grave she had made ready for it, and then stealing quietly away, weeping under her black veil, and returning unseen to the desolate home.” One remembers this same woman skipping about from chair to chair to find her shoes, or seated on the mantel-piece in talk with her friends; and, on the whole, he thinks that the process of growing old was never more relentlessly set down than in these pages.

It is the climax of the disagreeable, to one who believes that the ends of life are served by being entertaining to one’s friends, to find the pleasant chat ending at the dumb headstone and the silence under it. But such a one is to be judged within the limits of his own philosophy and by his own ideal. It ought to be insisted on, amid these lugubrious reflections in which the example of the biographer has led us to indulge, that if Madame Mohl thought that the chief end of woman was to please, this was not in her conception a small thing.

The standard of pleasure in her salon was a high one. It was naturally mainly intellectual, and if, as is allowed, the talk was not stimulating, it was the best in some respects that Paris afforded; for the men who frequented there were solid as well as brilliant. And in the days of the Empire and the *Celui-ci*, whom, true child of Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël, Madame Mohl hated, it was an inspiring thing to know that in the midst of the tide of flattery and luxury and the worship of a vulgar success there was one hearth of the intellectual *monde* which kept to plain living and high thinking, and suffered no desertion from its learned and self-respecting circle. Then, too, one is much struck, in these records of the little society which formed the nucleus of the gathering, with the fact that though brains were essential to membership in it, the heart also had a well-recognized share in the universal labor of pleasure-giving. The attachment of the male friends, of Mohl and Ampère, of Fauriel and Manzoni, is the source of delightful episodes; but the love of madame herself for Fauriel and for her husband, and her interest in the advancement and temporal welfare of others more or less closely connected with her group, deserve constant remembrance, if one would do justice to her. For, to use another of those popular phrases which mean so much more than they seem to express, she was as human as she was real. Perhaps one cannot follow that end of “pleasing” his fellow-mortals so long and so consistently, without being humanized; for it is mainly by association that individuals come to share in that abstraction, humanity which is so much larger than any life in the concrete. The power of sympathy and the habit of its exercise must be the *fond*, as Madame Mohl has it; but society in its general sense is the field in which the quality of humaneness flourishes. It was so with Madame Mohl,

at all events; and for our part, it is much more to our taste to have these solid virtues of her salon impressed upon our memory than to read the catalogue of her oddities. Queer she was, no doubt; but it seems to us too much has been made of this in comparison with her other characteristics. There is, we fear, a touch of mere Boswellianism in this volume, interesting, truthful, but not a little damaging. At the end we come back to our first remark: the book gains by the individuality of its subject, but it is after all rather a substitute for the history of the salon, which truly could not be written. What is presented to us is a portrait of a woman of very high human interest, both for her own nature and for her affiliations with the genius and talent of her day; but it strikes the eye more than the mind. There is in the concluding passages of the work a strain of moralizing that indicates an imperfection of sympathy with Madame Mohl's ideal, though there is never a lack of true respect for her character and care for her memory. We have, indeed, almost a sermon on the text of

the vanity of vanities, in connection with that remark already quoted, that to please is all there is to life. We do not object to the little disquisition nor to its teaching. It is cited merely to illustrate the spirit in which the volume is conceived, which is thoroughly English. In it Madame Mohl is more picturesque than attractive, more entertaining than respected. One continually has a feeling that it was in spite of much that is told here that Madame Mohl was liked; but the thing for which she was sought after is nowhere to be found. The biographer seems herself puzzled to discover her fascination; but notwithstanding the defective grasp of a character which must have passed through many changes in a long and active life, the writer has succeeded in telling the story as well, perhaps, as the inherent difficulties of such a task, on which we have already dwelt, will permit. The salon in question will never be so famous as its predecessors, but it will remain an object of interest in the literary memoirs of the period of Louis Philippe and of the Second Empire.

SOME FRENCH ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE undertaking of the French publisher who, in issuing the first of a series of bulky volumes under the general title of *Le Monde Pittoresque et Monumental*, announces that it is but the beginning of a collection "*qui comprendra le monde entier*" can be fitly called stupendous. It shows that French readers are interesting themselves now in foreign countries more than they have been reputed to do, and, if we may judge fairly from the text and pictures in the first book¹ of the set, which treats of

England, Scotland, and Ireland, their interest in the physical or outward aspects, at least, of other lands and peoples than their own is sure to be stimulated by the lively, picturesque, intelligent, and comprehensive records made by authors and artists alike. It is hardly to be expected that a French writer, in analyzing the social life and institutions of England, should be able wholly to divest himself of national prejudices which have been nourished by centuries of mutual hostility, but we must do Mr.

¹ *Le Monde Pittoresque et Monumental*. L'Angleterre, l'Ecosse, et l'Irlande. Par P. VILLARS.

4 cartes et 600 gravures. Paris : A. Quantin. 1885.

Villars the justice to say that he appears to be thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and that he uniformly tries to be fair and candid, although, as he admits, "between the English and French tempers there is a vast gulf, which may not always be crossed even by those who best know the character of the two races." He gives a very animated account of the multifarious life of London and its suburbs, to which one third of the space in the work is devoted. There is a particularly readable and discriminating passage about the great newspapers, their history, policy, and the general character of their contents. Perhaps Londoners may be surprised when they are told that their "cabbies" purposely run over pedestrians, and laugh at the victims (*vide* page 8); but, as if in compensation for the few harmless exaggerations of which this is an example, the author's exhaustive description of a typical London home is a model of scrupulous and vivid realism. There is something well-nigh encyclopædic in the scope of Mr. Villars' work; almost nothing is left to the imagination. It is not otherwise when, leaving London, he begins to "do" the provinces: with the utmost system and an indefatigable vivacity he tells us all about the mills and the mines, the universities and the castles, the scenery of the coasts, of the lakes, of the Scotch highlands, and of the Green Isle, with every visible detail of commercial and social existence. All this is interesting, not because it is written from the point of view of the moralist, historian, or critic, but simply because it comes from a close observer whose own interest in his theme never flags.

That prolific artist, the sun, sending his rays through a camera, is responsible primarily for a great majority of the six hundred illustrations, and the same agent has been freely employed in the engraving of the plates. We hasten to add that photography has seldom been

more artistically applied to the purposes of book illustration. Many of the subjects seem to have been photographed first, then redrawn with pen and ink or crayon, and the photogravures are made from these drawings. They have been selected with much taste, and the execution is generally satisfactory, in some instances even better than that of most wood-engravers. Marked improvements have been made everywhere lately in mechanical processes of engraving, but nowhere has such approximate perfection been attained as in France, where the production of exact fac-similes of the original drawings is a result upon which all illustrators are to be congratulated. In a large proportion of the pictures in question, clear and delicate flat tints of all shades of gray have been got by the use of drawing-paper, on which such tints have been printed, and from which the lights are scraped out by the artist. This is a common device, but it is sometimes abused, and is seldom so skillfully applied as in this case, where (as in Mr. Deroy's drawing of the Tower, from the Thames, page 21) several tints of gray, shading from the lightest to the darkest, are laid on with apparent freedom and give a great deal of color. On the very next page the process is more clearly revealed, in the cut of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, where the fine intersecting lines which originally covered the whole surface of the drawing-paper have been entirely scraped out for the white clouds in the sky, and for the highest lights on the chimneys, parapet, salient parts of the rough wall, and other places where pure white is required; while in still other places the same network of lines has been partially erased, as in the darker portions of the sky. The lower right-hand corner of the plate represents the value which at first covered the draughtsman's paper, and from which he has worked up to his lights by the use of the scraper, and down to his darks by

the use of pen and ink. This is very neatly and knowingly done. It would be easy to point out many clever applications of this method, but we need only to mention the illustrations of St. Paul from Ludgate Hill (page 77), The Albert Embankment (page 139), The Thames at Woolwich (page 205), Hunting in Scotland (page 239), The Bridge and Cathedral of Hereford (page 276), and Penzance (page 508). It is true that examples of the same sort of work which are less successful might be cited, — examples which have the unpleasant mealy textures of lithography, and in which softness has been carried to excess; but as a rule the contrivance works well, especially in the reproduction of architectural compositions. The four admirable blocks in the first chapter on the provinces are from drawings by an American artist, Mr. C. S. Reinhart, cut by American engravers. All the illustrations have had the inestimable advantage of intelligent printing on good paper.

The Vicar of Wakefield has been newly translated into French by Mr.

B. H. Gausseron, and appears in a gay Gallic version,¹ with many colored illustrations by Mr. V. A. Poirson. We are sorry that we cannot inform our readers exactly how a picture is produced by *chromotypographie*, — for this is seemingly one of the latest Parisian inventions in the way of book illustrations, — but we can speak only of its result, which is a perfect fac-simile of a water-color drawing. It may well be fancied that such pictures give an uncommonly bright and cheerful appearance to the pages of a book. Mr. Poirson is an accomplished draughtsman, and his diminutive figures are full of life and expression; but his coloring is rather too violent, and his love of vermilion is excessive. The dainty initial at the beginning of each chapter, and the highly decorative conceits (consisting of flowers, plants, fruits, birds, etc.) with which he has adorned the borders of his drawings, are very pretty and graceful. It may be said in praise of his illustrations that they present the English character of the people, costumes, architecture, and landscape with invariable fidelity.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It is surprising that it did not long ago occur to the learned world that we ought to have a special dictionary for each successive period of life. Words mean one thing to youth, and quite another to age. There are certain terms in common use which have next to no significance for us until we arrive at years of discretion; and, moreover, that age which is discreet on one subject may not yet have reached that point on another. Words are standing all along the highway of our life, like the bottles sealed with Solomon's seal in the Arabian Nights; the boy sees nothing

in them, but one day or another the seal chips off at the stroke of some hard fact of existence, and out pours the sky-obscuring gloom of some tremendous Afrite. Other words there are that have a meaning in youth, to be sure, but a quite distinct one from that of later years. We often wish the young and the old might be more companionable and communicative with each other; but how can they be? They speak a different language. Plainly, the new

¹ *Oliver Goldsmith. Le Vicair de Wakefield. Traduction nouvelle et complète. Par B. H. GAUSSERON. Paris: A. Quantin. 1885.*

series of adjustable dictionaries is a crying want. Dare we conjecture how they would treat such a word as "love," for example? For the period of early childhood it would possibly have some such definition as this:—

LOVE, *n.* [From anthropoid parent-speech, *give!* (*guv, love*; for change of *g* to *l* see Flimm, p. 1900).]

1. A strong attraction felt toward the source of supplies.

"How touching the child's *love* for its parent, even under the rod!"

2. A sense of cuddling warmth.

"The kitten *loves* the hot brick."

For the period of boyhood and girlhood the word would require a quite different treatment. Perhaps no living lexicographer would be equal to the task of preparing a perfectly adequate set of definitions for this volume of the series, but they might run somewhat after this fashion:—

LOVE, *n.* [From obscure root of celestial origin, *lub*; hence also *lubber*, and Late African *lubly*.]

1. An auroral display of evanescent subjective anticipation.

"Some one to *love*, one to caress!"

2. A deep intoxication of the emotional nature, accompanied with a persistent vision, but an otherwise complete intellectual paralysis.

3. A prolonged alternation of wild hope and insane despair.

For the period of middle life the definitions of the term would perhaps be more various still. This particular volume might, in fact, require a further subdivision into masculine and feminine nouns. Such as these might be some of the attempts at a mature explanation of the word:—

LOVE, *n.* [From popular speech, *loaf*, as in "*half a loaf is better than no bread*." Closely allied to *life*.]

1. Two hearts that beat as one. [*Obsolete, or obsolescent*.]

2. An intimate and affectionate companionship; the most permanent and

satisfactory where most nearly synonymous with *friendship*. [*Good usage, but rare*.]

"*Love* me little, *love* me long!"

3. [*Masc.*] The power which society gives a man to shut a woman up in a cage and make a combined patent reversible pet and drudge of her. [*Chiefly rural usage*.]

4. [*Fem.*] The power which Providence has bestowed upon woman to subjugate, intimidate, and "come round" her mate. [*Urban and humorous*.]

5. [*Masc.*] The privilege of knocking down one's consort on Saturday nights, and beating her with a kitchen chair. [*Hibern. et Anglic.*]

For a still later age the version would again change, if indeed some editors would not prefer to leave out the word altogether. If retained it might read:—

LOVE, *n.* [Root found in sports of infancy. Merely a poetic term.]

1. An illusion of one's early years.

2. A sweetmeat with which Nature bribes us to serve her own ends.

[*Masc.*] A rosy cloud in which the experienced goddess hides herself just when the exasperated hero is about to make an end of her.

4. [*Fem.*] The head with "fair, large ears" which any weaver will wear for young Titania its "amiable cheeks" to "coy."

But we must not stay to give extended specimens of this important lexicographical work. It is sufficiently evident, at a glance, how completely the definitions must differ for the various ages. "*Success*," for example,—how strange would seem the treatment of the word to the lad who should look into his father's dictionary! And so with "*fame*," and "*happiness*," and "*sorrow*." Certain venerated terms, too, there may be, which in the boy's volume would stand with cheerful and attractive definitions, but in the old man's would have some such astonishing comments and illustrations as would

be best given in the safe guise of a dead language.

One advantage in this projected work is at once apparent. With the aid of the "bright lexicon of youth" the mature man will be able, perhaps, to read and understand the young person's literary efforts, both in prose and verse. The boy and girl, in like manner, may then enter into the maturer literary work, and may at last comprehend the beauty and value of those books which we are always in vain calling upon them to like and admire. "In vain," as a matter of course; for what should the neophant lad know of the terrible meaning, for example, in Wordsworth's

"Wrongs unredressed, and insults unavenged
And unavengable"?

Or what should he see in Shakespeare's

"Whips and scorns of time,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes"?

The words are meaningless till the boy becomes a man, and has *gelebt und geliebt*. The great writers are thus prevented, by the spell that is thrown upon their very language, from revealing the mysteries to any but those who have already been initiated. Their words are dumb ghosts, whose doom is that they may not speak until they be spoken to. Or we might say that the great literary artists have always written in sympathetic ink. The page is blank to the young heart, but as the man grows older, and the lines are exposed to the fires of life-experience, little by little the meaning comes out in characters of purple and gold.

—If nature were indeed a conscious personality, as they seem to imply who capitalize the noun and ascribe feminine gender, then Nature, I fear, would often laugh in her sleeve at the deliberate way in which we enter our claims upon her affection. Still, I should be quick to resent on her part any unkind mirth

at our expense. Such as have long sought her in the same haunts, and have learned to love her through the gradual, quiet revelation of some homely and familiar landscape, such may well come to fancy that a certain small portion of Nature's great heart beats a little quicker for them than for any other, and that she is under some delicate obligation for a peculiar, close appreciation which they alone are able to bestow. I know one who has a strong attachment for a particular low, smooth hill in near perspective from her window. If any special good fortune should ever come her way, she thinks its van will be seen pushing up over this favorite hill's brow. The gentle slope has at one point a slight depression, which seems to her like a nestling-place between two green-mantled arms. The hill has no name in local geography, but by a limited circle acquainted with her partiality for this spot it is playfully termed the Bosom Friend. For myself, a Rambler within small range, I observe that if I have been absent a longer time than usual from a certain rough field that has my warmest affection, I come to have a haunting sense of delinquency and of neglect to make the most of my privileges. What obscure but tender beauty may not have arisen since I was there to behold it! So unobtrusive are nature's graces in this place that an unfamiliar visitor might easily miss them altogether. But I flatter myself I have the field's looks and manners by heart! It is then but a step farther, and one that fancy readily takes, to assume that the field, missing its sworn lover and appreciator, sends a sigh of inquiry and regret through all its borders, and that on my approach it puts pleasure and expectancy into its air of welcome.

The artless and tender confidences which the Lover, in Tennyson's poem, exchanges with the Talking Oak — that leafy patriarch so conversant with the fortunes of Sumner Place — touch

us sympathetically, because, very likely, we too have at some time sought and found in Nature just such a garrulous but trusty confidant. Reading these lines of Wordsworth's, —

"There was a boy — ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander!" —

do not we divine that, for the moment, the appealant felt himself to be held in conscious remembrance by the genii of his boyhood's haunts?

"Neither shall his place know him any more," says an Old Testament writer. "Therefore his place shall mourn him," might add the poet of nature, out of a secret fond persuasion that the mistress of his song would be uncommonly bereaved in the silence of her celebrant. We well know how Echo feeds upon the sweet strains of Bion; how, also, for the shepherd Lycidas,

"the woods, and desert caves

With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn."

It cannot be presumed that so great a goddess is moved for the untuneful laity in such degree as for the hierarchy, yet I suspect we are none of us quite free from a pleasing-melancholy feeling that our passing hence will exert some slight temporary sadness in the natural world, — a deeper sighing of the wind through the branches of our roof-tree, a wistfuller light at sunset upon all those places which have known us, but henceforward shall know us no more.

— Gratiano, as we all remember, insinuates that the easiest way to become accounted Sir Oracle is to preserve that silence which Carlyle praised and did not practice. Another method, also very effective, is to speak habitually in epigrams. There is a period in the life of enthusiastic youth when the soul is bent on discovering the occult secrets of character. A potent influence is exercised over such youth by the man who can, as it were, toss off a passion in a phrase; who can classify and distinctly label

specimens of his fellow-beings; whose clear words seem to inclose, and still to disclose, the entire structure of some human creature, as the glass jar of a naturalist shuts in, yet displays, the complete sprawl of a helpless reptile. It is delightful to hear everything called by its proper name in this deft, Adam-like fashion. The clever *mot* is readily accepted. The speaker seems like a man fresh from a Creator's hand, bringing with him some of the secrets of the great handicraft. It often takes large experience of men and moods, and a mental perspective illuminated by some distance in time from Sir Oracle's speech, to reveal the fact that the names he gave were sometimes infelicitous, that the witty phrases did not always convey the truth.

I have in mind honored acquaintances who could describe me to myself, in sentences so weighty in philosophical sound that in more impressible years I have felt an absurd sort of moral obligation resting upon me to fit my character to them, in order to save so many wise words from being wasted. At other times, this summary disposal of my actualities and probabilities has roused an obstinate determination that I would not be what I was said to be, just because I was tired of hearing it said that so I was.

There is often an appropriate travesty in the epigrammatic descriptions of people which are given by a person of dexterous mind, the falsity of which is only made greater by their grinning resemblance to the fact. One feels the bitterness of recognition, yet honestly refuses to admit the truth of the portraiture. A venerable friend of mine, once feeling disposed towards moral instruction, caused to be read to a grandson, not quite six years old, the story of a dilatory and self-indulgent or otherwise sinful little boy of similar age. When the reading was finished she asked the child if it reminded him of anybody he knew.

"No," said curly-head, "it don't." She urged his further consideration of the question. "Well," said he, "it don't make me think of *me*, but I know that is what you mean."

Possibly this experience, also, may have occurred to some who have unwillingly furnished subject matter for the epigrammatist to mark with amusement the not quite concealed chagrin with which a classifier of the human kind sees a creature, whom he thinks he has thoroughly analyzed, reveal idiosyncrasies inconsistent with his idea of its nature. It is as disappointing as if a rose-tree, concerning which the botanist supposes he has set down everything in his book, should suddenly push out a cactus bud on its thorny little stem, and necessitate many corrections of proof sheets by its naughty denial of already expressed wisdom. Perhaps, on such occasions, Sir Oracle needs sympathy, not scorn, for his mistake, for it may be that he feels over a misapplied epithet as I — and possibly one or two others of my literary brethren — may have felt over a manuscript returned as "not suited to the requirements" of the case. But then human nature has no editor to whom the epigrammatist submits his opinions, and who may mortify him by refusing to receive them as worthy. It is only destiny which will not consider his cherished fancies, or observe the periods of his wit, and few things are easier than for the opinionative man not to see that destiny has put him in the wrong.

Men who are gifted with an extraordinary facility in describing traits of character should all be novelists. Then it would not matter whether they saw, or only imagined they saw, the peculiarities which they precipitate into crystal-line words. If they did but hang their witty phrases, like prickly garlands, around the necks of fictitious persons, how edifying would be the sound and sight thereof! Henry James has chosen

this better way, and so he "dares to write as 'clever' as he can." Yet one wishes he had refrained from saying that the departure of Ralph Touchett from Rome "deprived Isabel of an interesting occupation: she had been constantly wondering what fine principle kept him alive." This is rather shocking, when one considers that Ralph was Isabel's nearest friend. It not only mars the pathos of the situation, but it blurs the delicacy of her character, to represent her as speculating thus because he dies so slowly. She blunders all through her history, but there was no need of such a blunder into wit as that, in telling her story.

What a relief it would have been to a long-suffering generation had Carlyle stabbed only creatures fashioned by his brain with his poignant fancies! Then the clear thrust of the sword might have been noted with admiration, and there would have followed no scornful laughter, or cry of pain, when the blade struck wide of the central truth. As it is, who can restrain a smile, in which there is as much contempt as pity, at the conceit which prompted him to say a thing like this: "*Popular Sumner is off to Italy, the most popular of men, — inoffensive, like a worn sixpence that has no physiognomy left.*" It is put so keenly that the keenness gives a sort of delight to the reader, but the immense absurdity of the characterization rushes over the mind like a flood, and drowns out the reverence one would fain keep for the Scotch philosopher. For the moment it is impossible not to surrender impotently to the thought that Carlyle was growling over a dyspepsia which failed to kill in less than four-score years, and was contending with no worse fleshly enemies than roosters that crowed in the dawn; while Sumner, he of "no physiognomy," battled with a whole angry people, endured the blows of an assassin, and struggled for years with the mortal hurt which, at last,

laid him in the grave before he had lived out the allotted days of man. So the clever epigram can do nothing, after all, but fly along the breath of history, light as the feathery down of a faded dandelion before the laughter of a child, who tests with it his mother's wish that he should go home.

— The memory, at best, is a queer faculty. It is laid down in the books as enabling us to look back and survey all our previous experiences; but in fact it never gives us more than some jumble of broken bits of the past. Theoretically, it is a field-glass. Practically, it is a kaleidoscope. Or (to change the figure, as the wanton fancy likes to do, being even more crazy-quiltish, if anything, than its mother, the memory), while this faculty theoretically is a well-ordered cupboard, practically it is a great scrap-bag. We go to it for our best coat, and pull out some sorry thing of shreds and patches. We ask for bread, and it gives us a stone; for a fish, and it gives us a serpent, whose fangs and venom, mayhap, are as lively as ever.

There is one elfish trick that my own memory is fond of serving me, which may or may not be common to other browsers in the field of literature. Poetry gets remembered not only by its ideas, but by its rhythm and rhyme. The tune, so to speak, comes back to the mind as a thing by itself; and may bring with it the proper words, or may bring some other words, that happen to fit the same swing and cadence. Ruskin said what we rustic Yankees call a "cute" thing, when he suggested that we recognize people by their superficial, and not by their essential, characteristics. Few persons, perhaps, can recall accurately the eyes and mouth and expression of a friend, still less the definite points of his character. We remember him by some accidental trick, or cut of garment; by

"The old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that."

So it is with our recollection of poetry. We recall the tune first, and the words afterward. At least, this is often true of verse that comes spontaneously to mind, as at odd moments the best verse is very apt to do. Sometimes in this way two poems that are dressed alike — that have, I mean, the same tune to them — will get completely mixed up together, and come to the mind in a curious mosaic. For instance, there is the ancient couplet, a favorite with one of my theological ancestors: —

"Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms
When they translated David's Psalms."

This is apt to come unbidden to my mind, right in the midst of some totally alien affair, in this wicked shape: —

"Abou Ben Adhem had great qualms
When he translated David's Psalms."

At other times only a word will be interjected, not from any other poem, but from outlying space in general. For example, the apostrophe to Tom Moore, with its "double health to thee," is addicted to this sort of beginning: —

"My bark is on the shore,
And my bite is on the sea."

And another equally venerable ditty is more likely than not to take the form, —

"We'll chase the anecdote over the plain,
The lying cub we'll bind with a chain."

I remember that a whilom comrade of mine on vacation wanderings, a classical professor of most grave and quiet manners in term-time, used to wake up the woods, when we were off in the wilderness, with the stentorian chant, —

"Beware the pine-tree's widdered branch,
Beware the orphaned avalanche!"

And the writer would whoop in reply, with vain attempt to match his tree-echoing trump, —

"'Come back, come back!' he cried in grief,
'Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief, —
She'd order, oh, she'd order!'"

In the same way and for the same reason, I am sometimes plagued, while engaged in the innocent act of writing

verse, by the apparition of incongruous images or preposterous rhymes. While the right lobe of my brain with the utmost seriousness is formulating some tender line ending in "hope," the left lobe suddenly and impertinently suggests "soap." The serious right lobe maintains a severe attitude, and takes no notice of the malicious suggestion, which is straightway withdrawn. Once more the interrupted pitch-pipe of the muse murmurs "hope," and listens for fitting reply. "Soap!" again bursts in the ridiculous left lobe. This time the serious mood distinctly indicates to the erring member that it is not to be trifled with; that it is entirely in earnest; that it is thinking solely of "hope." "Precisely," says the left lobe, in a sober tone, but with a twinkle in its front convolution; "*precisely — soap!*"

— What a difference there is in people's capacity for friendship, in respect to number as well as quality! The character of some men's affection is concentrative, that of others is expansive. Persons of any depth of feeling themselves are disposed to believe that this concentrativeness is an essential characteristic of the profounder sentiments, and that friendship in the highest sense of the word can be maintained with but very few.

Perhaps this notion may hold good in the general, yet there are men and women who have room in their hearts for the true, if not entirely equal, love of many friends. Madame de Staël's friendships were as numerous as they seem to have been warm and lasting, and the late Dean Stanley serves as an example of the truth that one may draw close and maintain unbroken the bonds of friendship with many men of differing minds. Of course it is a question of temperament, and we cannot lay down a theory about it; but it seems to me that the most fortunate person is he whose affection goes out to embrace the wider circle and enrich himself by the

larger exchange. Some cannot conceive of love except as a monopoly; they set small value on that which is shared with others.

But friendship need not be exclusive, like marriage; it may be inclusive, like the love which takes in sisters and brothers. Yet, again, it is unlike the family relation, and perhaps the very sense of the delicacy of the tie that holds us, the consciousness of it as a voluntary bond which may at any time be severed at will, is one of the subtle charms of friendship. At the same time it is no contradiction to say that the feeling of the stability of the mutual affection constitutes the deepest satisfaction of a friendship proved by years.

Ideal friendships, it has been aptly said, are between ideal people, — hence their rarity; yet there seems no reason why the ideal of this or any other human relation need include the absolute perfection of the human beings holding them. Love and friendship are not for creatures of some other than our mortal mould, but for men and women who must of necessity fall short even of their own vision of the best and highest. "Friendship is a staff," which no doubt too often "breaks down under the load of our infirmities;" but the difference between hearts and any lifeless things is that the disunited members may be brought together, and where magnanimity is present as a cement be joined even more strongly than before. The larger our experience of friendship, I think, the less we are inclined to mourn any diminution of the brightness of our youthful ideal. We become reconciled to the discovery, so painful at first, that we have to forgive something to our nearest friends, if the name we have given our feeling has any reality in it; there even comes a certain joy in finding that we are thus able to forgive and go on loving.

To quote once more from that charming novel, *But Yet a Woman*, in which

our countryman, Professor Hardy, has given us a picture of pure and noble friendship, "all relationships grow closer through our poverty as well as wealth," — a true saying, which most of us have verified in our experience. I once had a dear and true friend, whose only fault as toward me was this, that she did not need me as I needed her, and so I missed the joy of giving what it was my comfort to receive.

The preciousness of a friendship which not only rejoices and soothes the heart, but strengthens the spirit and lifts us continually to the level of our best selves, — who can estimate it? It is valuable for the support of life as bread for the body's need, far more indispensable to us than truffles and champagne.

To be chosen for a friend by a noble-minded man or woman, — is it not to receive a decoration of honor more significant than many a star and ribbon on a diplomat's breast?

Looking at my life, I can truly say with Shakespeare's King Richard, "I count myself in nothing else so happy, as in a soul remembering my good friends."

— Whoever has been cast away in a remote Western village at some time of remote storms, when telegraphic communication with the rest of the world was suddenly suspended, knows the vexatious sign they hang out at the telegraph office, — "Wires down." Similarly, there occur atmospheric disturbances between minds, having the effect of cutting off any intelligible intercourse. Sometimes, between ourselves and certain individual friends, it becomes a permanent condition of things. The wires are "down," and never get put up again. Most of us find this to be the state of affairs in relation to the whole world on some particular subjects of thought and opinion. It may be one's view regarding the sphere of women, or the real value of this and that popular author, or the true origin of certain observances:

whatever it is, it results in practical isolation to that extent.

Even when the ordinary means of communication are open, we are far enough from having free intercourse between one mind and another. We like to take a superior tone toward the other animals, and talk about our immense advantage in being endowed with articulate speech. But in point of fact human words are very inadequate appliances for their purpose. This wonderful gift of speech is only relatively so. The monkeys — the old saying is — could talk well enough if they wanted to, but are afraid they would be set to work. They ought to tie up their tails and go at it, if that is all the obstacle; for they do talk. So do the dogs, and there is no bird but talks as well as sings: the faun's ears are not necessary to know that. Man's speech is only a little more satisfactory. If we are content with it, it is only because we have never known anything better. Beings endowed with a really complete means of inter-communication might well (and perhaps do) look on our human efforts at speech with compassion, as we look at some intelligent dog when his speaking eye seems to blur with tears in his impossible yearning to tell us his thought. As they watch two human beings making desperate efforts to get their ideas imparted with anything like accuracy and completeness, "Ah!" they may be overheard to exclaim, "the poor intelligent creatures, — how hard they try to talk! It almost appears as if some time they might attain to it." Very close friendship, or some exceptional variety of love, may occasionally seem for a time to span the chasm, but in reality there is no practicable bridge; the rare thought that crosses safely from the one brain to the other is only some momentary electric spark, whose heat and force have enabled it for once to leap the dark void between them.

If the inadequacy of language is ap-

parent enough with regard to definite ideas, it is still more painfully conspicuous when it comes to the subtleties of the mind; those delicate *nuances*, for example, in which consists the irresistible comicality of a ludicrous incident or situation. There are such episodes in our life-experience that have a melancholy aspect in memory, from the fact that we never can by any possibility hope to make them appear as funny to anybody else as they were to ourselves. We may take the tack of telling the story with artistic simplicity, relying on the force of the naked facts, or we may give it any amount of ornate and ingenious elaboration; we may adopt the keep-perfectly-sober-yourself method of humorous narration, or the sympathetic-hilarity method,—it is all one: the listener never can see what we found to laugh at so much. It is like our own rainbow,—nobody else's eyes ever can see it; and it gives a peculiar lonesomeness, for the time being, to human existence.

Such a case in the writer's experience was that of a small relative, a young lady of some three summers. Sitting down with her usual abandon in the midst of her playthings on the floor, she suddenly heard a plaintive squawk beneath her. Quickly reaching down for the cause, she pulled out her crying-doll. "Oh! is that 'oo?" said baby, surprised. "I fought it was my mouf-organ!" Now I relate this domestic anecdote only as illustrative of a whole class of little incidents whose comicality never can be adequately conveyed to another. The funniness consisted in some intangible

atmosphere, combined of many minute particulars, that cannot be trapped in clumsy speech and carried away.

Such another case is a reminiscence of a Down-East village. I was coming out of the post-office, when I met a pompous little person; the distinguished citizen of the place, extremely near-sighted, with a small face incessantly alternating between cold disdain and a very squinted-up and perplexed look. He had just emerged from the grocery store, holding under one arm a number of irregular parcels that had already begun to shift and slide; and under the other was hugged one of those great long-oval watermelons, very heavy and slippery. As the packages slid, one back and another forward, and he writhed his small frame to guard both directions at once, I saw the watermelon begin to go. One knee was brought up to catch it, and then for an instant—too, too brief for me, but probably an eternity to him—it was a surprising study of how many simultaneous points of support can be developed out of one not specially well-constructed piece of human mechanism. His legs were thin, and attached in that free manner which suggests the universal joint of the ancient flail. His rapid combinations, his frantic efforts to utilize chin, elbows, knees, and hip-joints all at once, made a really remarkable sight. But I never shall be able to make any fellow-being share this memory with me. The delirious joy which that wild dance was for the moment capable of affording to the sorrowful human spirit must forever—I feel it—remain my own solitary possession.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Biblical Criticism. The Pentateuch, its Origin and Structure, an Examination of Recent Theories, by E. C. Bissell. (Scribners.) Professor Bissell's preface prepares one for a conservative yet generous treatment of the subject. He is clearly desirous of getting at the bottom of the matter, and that counts for a vast deal. In form the book is an examination of Wellhausen and similar critics, but in substance it is an inquiry into the documents which form the object of the destructive criticism, and bears many marks of independent thought as well as reverent handling. There is an extensive bibliography at the close, which is defective, however, in the fullness of name. Authors are entered sometimes with full name, sometimes only with surname. — *The Blood Covenant, a Primitive Rite and its Bearings on Scripture*, by H. Clay Trumbull. (Scribners.) This work is not exclusively a study in Biblical lore; it aims to include ethnic illustrations and interpretations of the Bible, but its main purport is to show how deep in human nature lies a very conspicuous element in Biblical ceremonial. Dr. Trumbull has brought together much interesting material, and if he has not opened a distinctly new subject, he has certainly let in a great deal of light from a side window which has been largely neglected by commentators and critics.

Education and Text Books. Summary of English Grammar, compiled for the use of the Notting Hill High School (Rivingtons, London): a compact little work built upon the same general principles as a Latin grammar. In the aim at condensation terms are used which, for beginners, would need explanation. — *A Short Statement of the Aim and Method of the Rōmaji Kai, or Roman Alphabet Association of Japan* (Tōkyō; printed at the Inseta-Kyoku, that is, Imperial Printing Office): an interesting little pamphlet explanatory of the movement to occidentalize Japan by means of a transliteration of the alphabet into that used by Europe and America. — *Elements of Universal History*, for higher institutes in republics, and for self-instruction, by Professor H. M. Cottinger (Charles H. Whiting, Boston): a very compact work, which might well serve as a skeleton for a teacher's use. The division by periods is judicious, and when one considers the task which the compiler set himself one is disposed to think he has got out of it very well, with no undue eccentricity of his own, but a steady regard for the essential facts. — *The Science of the Mind applied to Teaching*, by N. J. Hoffman. (Fowler & Wells Co.) The mental philosophy employed is that of phrenology, and whether or not as a consequence, the application is of a most vague and rule-of-thumb sort. — *Manual of the Botany* (Phænogamia and Pteridophyta) of the Rocky Mountain Region from New Mexico to the British Boundary, by John M. Coulter. (Iverson.) This manual is designed to be complementary to Dr. Gray's well-known work, and its publication in solid, dignified form gives

one a lively sense of the scientific and educational development of the people in the western half of the country. — In Harper's classical series for schools and colleges appears Professor W. A. Lamberton's edition of the Sixth and Seventh Books of Thucydides, with an introductory essay, explanatory notes, and indexes. — *Elements of Inorganic Chemistry*, descriptive and qualitative, by James H. Shepard. (Heath.) This elementary work embodies the experience and experiments of a teacher in a high school. — *Colloquial Exercises and Select German Reader* for schools and colleges, by William Deutsch. (Ginn.) Mr. Deutsch accepts the popular theory of the acquisition of a foreign language, by which the colloquial use is made the foundation. He also advises the fuller use of the memory on the part of the student, and has therefore supplied a number of short stories and anecdotes for practice. — *Studies in General History*, by Mary D. Sheldon (Heath), is a presentation in orderly form of a series of exercises which employ the materials of history. That is to say, Miss Sheldon, taking in turn distinct periods in history, gives a hint of the sources of our information and of accessible authorities, follows with a chronological summary of leading events, provides lists of names of important persons then on the stage, and gives striking extracts from contemporary writers, laws, statutes, and other sources of historical knowledge, and also from trustworthy commentators. In connection with all this she outlines, by means of questions, the study of specific points. The book ought to be very suggestive to teachers. It is provided with a number of maps, wisely relieved of much detail. — *Reflections and Modern Maxims*, by Batchelder Greene (Putnam's Sons), is a little volume containing a great many pithy things.

Fiction. Mrs. Herndon's Income, by Helen Campbell (Roberts), is a novel which leaves on the mind a great respect for the author's earnestness of purpose in grappling with the problems of poverty and wealth, and for her power of living into her characters, but also a regret that a finer instinct for art should not enable her to present her subject not merely within briefer compass, but in a form which invites reading. To read the book as it stands is to set one's self a task, and however excellent the results may be which one reaches, the reader ought not to be made to pay so dearly for reaching them. — *White Heather* is one of William Black's clever novels, — there is no reason why he should not go on forever with them, now he has caught the knack, — and an entertaining touch is given by the introduction of the Western girl as conceived by the English novelist. (Harpers.) — *A Lucky Waif, a Story for Mothers of Home and School Life*, by Ellen E. Kenyon. (Fowler & Wells.) There is a good deal of naturalness in this book to atone for the lack of clear conception of what constitutes a novel. The author has seemingly sketched real people, and her

desire to tell a simple story has saved her from failure. — Without a Compass, by Frederick B. Van Vorst (Appleton): a novel in which the author and reader both lose their way repeatedly. Mr. Van Vorst has a confused notion of the unpleasant story he wants to tell, but he has no skill in telling it. — A Long Search, by Mary A. Roe (Dodd, Mead & Co.): a sentimentalist's story, who uses sensational scenes for the purpose of her story, and does not let them grow naturally out of the conditions of the characters. — Sweet Cicely, or Josiah Allen as a Politician, by Marietta Holley (Funk & Wagnalls): a temperance story, with much inconsistent bad spelling, a good deal of irrelevant and forced humor, and a substratum of sense and good feeling. — An Iron Crown (T. S. Denison, Chicago): a laborious story, apparently intended to lay bare the iniquities of railway monopolies. As fiction it is hopelessly dull. — The Quiver, an Illustrative Magazine for Sunday and general reading, Vol. XX. (Cassell.) Fiction occupies a considerable part of this miscellany, and one can hardly help noting how different an evangelical miscellany is to-day from what it was two generations ago. There is a good deal of direct religious teaching in The Quiver, but it is on its stories, we should say, that it relies for popularity. — The Story of Margaret Kent, by Henry Hayes (Ticknor): a story of unhappy married life, of heroism in woman, of temptation, and of final satisfaction to the parties most interested. — The Record of a Ministering Angel, by Mrs. Mary J. Clark. (Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago.) Mrs. Clark by the introduction of angels among the characters in her story does what she can do, unintentionally, to weaken one's faith in the existence of such beings; but then, by the same reasoning, her treatment of human beings might lessen one's faith in the existence of persons. Or rather, if her men and women are so far from correct portraitures of life, one may guess that her angelic beings are equally remote from the actual. — Cleopatra, by Henry Gréville (Ticknor): a moral tale of unholy passions. There is something exquisitely absurd in the impulse of the heroine, when she finds herself loving and loved by the young hero, to rush into her old husband's arms and tell him of it. — The Major's Christmas and Other Stories, by Patience Stapleton (News Printing Co., Denver, Col.) A collection of what may almost be called old-fashioned Christmas stories, in which faith, hope, and charity are given their just dues once a year, and fiction is touched with the rosy hue of the Christmas rose. Good-will to men is at the bottom of the stories, and optimism seem the natural gospel. — A Strong-Minded Woman, or Two Years After, by William A. Hammond (Appleton), is a sequel to the author's Lal, and belongs in the third class of novels, as arranged by Dr. Hammond. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are Cradle and Spade, by William Sime; The Golden Flood, by R. E. Francillon and William Senior; and Unfairly Won, by Nannie Power O'Donoghue. — Recent numbers of Harper's Handy Series are The Dark House, by G. Manville Fenn; The Bachelor Vicar of Newforth, by Mrs. J. Harcourt-Roe; In the Middle

Watch, sea stories by W. Clark Russell; Last Days at Apswich; Cabin and Gondola, by Charlotte Dunning.

Humor and Sport. The Good Things of Life, second series. (White, Stokes & Allen.) It is a dangerous thing to bring these good things together. Seen accidentally, one at a time, they have good points, but taken together they are rather depressing. They make a poor show by the side of Du Maurier, and above all by the side of Leech. Occasionally they are silly and offensive. — Here may be placed, also, Wonders of Bodily Strength and Skill in all ages and countries (Scribners), since it deals especially with games and acrobatic exploits. — A Handbook of Whist, and ready reference manual of the modern scientific game, by "Major Tenace" (Putnams), avoids discussion, but digests rules and principles, and presents them in a direct, dogmatic form. — The Infant Philosopher, Stray Leaves from a Baby's Journal, by Tullio S. Verdi, M. D. (Fords): a somewhat amusing little book, supposed to be a record of the way in which a baby looks upon the familiar objects about him. Dr. Verdi manages also to work in some good sense as to the treatment of babies. We must commend the author for keeping on the right side of the line in his humor, for the subject could easily be spoiled.

Poetry and the Drama. The Harpers have published Tennyson's Tiresias and Other Poems in their Handy Series. There have been some interesting changes, especially in the Charge of the Heavy Brigade and All Hands Round, since the first printing of some of the poems. — The Humbler Poets, a collection of newspaper and periodical verse, 1870 to 1885, by Slason Thompson. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.) The preface to this book contains also a brief list of the Lesser Poets, who stand just above the line. We wonder who stands below the line of the Humbler Poets. The book is in effect the Poets Corner of the newspaper, extended so as to occupy the space of the entire abbey. The collection is considerable and has its value, though we fancy a reader, even within ten years, will be puzzled to know why the editor included some writers who seem to one well up in the line of the Lesser Poets. — A Bundle of Sonnets, and Other Poems, by Henry Hartshorne. (Porter & Coates.) From the date attached to some of these poems we can hardly excuse Mr. Hartshorne on the score of youth. — Songs of Sleepy Hollow, and Other Poems, by Stephen Henry Thayer. (Putnams.) Mr. Thayer's collection of his poems ranges over a number of years, and includes apparently the casual recreations of an otherwise busy man. — Joseph, a dramatic representation in seven tableaux, by Rev. Henry Ilowizi. (Tribune Printing Co., Minneapolis.) The author follows the Biblical account, and undertakes to give a series of dialogues within the range of presentation by young men's literary societies. We really think the young men might commit to memory poetry better worth the trouble. — Ashes for Flame, and other poems, by Caroline Dana Howe. (Loring, Short, and Harmon, Portland, Me.) — Three Score Poems, by William P. Tynan. (Hurst & Co., New York.) — Montezuma, an Epic

on the Origin and Fate of the Aztec Nation, by Hiram Hoyt Richmond (Golden Era Co., San Francisco), reads as if the author, from struggling with such proper names as Nezahualpilli, Huitzilopototchli, Moctheuzoma, Quetzalcoatl, and the like, had resolved even his English phrases into a sort of Mexican unreadableness, in which grammar, spelling, and rhythm frequently disappear. It is not often that one comes upon such a foggy poem as this. — Poems of the Law, collected by J. Greenbag Croke (Whitney, San Francisco), contains poems by W. Allen Butler, Thackeray, Story, and one or two others, which are amusing in greater or less degree to the layman, while the lawyer will often laugh all by himself. The version of Story's *A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem* is very incomplete. — Poems, by William Wetmore Story, in two volumes (Houghton), gives in trig form a collection which will surprise many by its variety and interest. The author has an uncommon gift at storytelling, he has a quick eye and ear, he has melody, and sometimes he interprets with singular felicity. It may be said that one reads these volumes without effort, for they have a companionable quality, and this is a somewhat unusual element in poetry. It is the first time that the American reader has had the opportunity to measure the scope of Mr. Story's poetical faculty, and we shall be surprised if the two volumes do not at once find a response among readers. — The Poems of Henry Abbey. (Henry Abbey, Kingston, New York.) We cannot but respect the sturdiness and independence with which Mr. Abbey quietly insists upon being heard; nor can it be denied that he has justification for his confidence. — The Thought of God in Hymns and Poems, by Frederick L. Hosmer and William C. Gannett (Roberts Bros.): a collection of verses into which has gone much sincerity of feeling, some poetical thought, and a good deal of easy, metrical expression. — Poems, by Jamin Willsbro. (Benjamin F. Lacy, Philadelphia.) Large type, large page. — The Inca Princess, an historical romance. (Lippincott.) The poem dates, for its subject, from the time of De Soto. It is illustrated by a number of engravings on wood which do not detract from the merits of the verse.

Theology and Philosophy. Ideology, by Dr. La Roy Sunderland. (J. P. Mendum, Boston.) Dr. Sunderland thinks that if Ideology, or the laws of Involution and Evolution, were to be appreciated and generally adopted, it would annihilate Christianity from the face of the earth, and the curious reader will find in this work an odd collection of psychological freaks and whims. — For lack of a better place, though the subject wants a section to itself in this sleeping-car, we enter here *The Next World Interviewed*, by Mrs. S. G. Horn. (Thomas R. Knox & Co., New York.) Mrs. Horn stays, we understand, on this side, and overhears people talking across the chasm. It is a varied and friendly lot of people who hail Mrs. Horn. Titian and Horace Greeley and Herodotus, Secretary Seward, John Stuart Mill, the Pope, Longfellow, Darwin, George Eliot, and ever so many more, ending with A Stranger, who appears not to have found any-

body to introduce him or her, — all deliver themselves with ghosts of voices squeaking a little like their human ones. It will be a comfort to some that Jane Carlyle has telephoned to Mrs. Horn, "I assert that Thomas Carlyle was ever thoughtful of my comfort and happiness." — *The Insuperable Book: a controversy between Herbert Spencer and Frederic Harrison*, with comments by Gail Hamilton. (Cassino.) Insuperable, that is, because, though the original publishers yielded courteously to the request of one of the authors, there is no international treaty or law which prevents another publisher and editor from reviving the work. We suspect, however, that time will suppress this edition as faithfully as it did some of the editor's earlier work. — In *Questions of the Day* (Putnams) a recent number is *The Evolution of Revelation*, by James Morris Whiton. Perhaps a short, hasty piece of writing like this helps on its subject, but we doubt whether it be not wiser to take large subjects in a large way. — *My Study, and Other Essays*, by Austin Phelps. (Scribners.) Dr. Phelps's collection of essays, previously printed in ephemeral journals, is not wholly, but mainly, theological in its subjects. It contains also some half-personal sketches like that which gives the title to the volume, and there are many agreeable observations on society and public life from the point of view of a thoughtful theologian whose half-recluse life follows one of active participation in discussion and in religious movements. — *Problems in Philosophy*, by John Bascom (Putnams), is a collection of contributions to the discussion of the more obscure topics of philosophy. President Bascom is well worth listening to, and we scarcely know why he has not before this secured a very conspicuous place in philosophical literature, unless it be that the form of his writing is not altogether a lucid and attractive one. — *Ecclesiastical Institutions*, being Part VI. of the *Principles of Sociology*, by Herbert Spencer. (Appleton.) Mr. Spencer in this volume carries forward his method of comparison of existing types, by which he hopes to reach fundamental principles. — *Beyond the Grave*, by Dr. Hermann Cremer, translated from the German by Rev. S. T. Lowrie, and introduced by Dr. A. A. Hodge. (Harpers.) While an inquiry into the state after death, this little book is based upon biblical exegesis, quite exclusively. — *Evolution and Religion*, from the standpoint of one who believes in both, by Minot J. Savage (Buchanan, Philadelphia): a lecture which is in part a criticism of a previous lecture by the Rev. Mr. Talmage. — *Progressive Orthodoxy*, a contribution to the Christian interpretation of Christian doctrines, by the editors of the *Andover Review*. (Houghton.) The papers making up this trim little volume have already appeared as editorial articles in the review from which they are taken. Collected, and read continuously, they furnish, so to speak, the creed of a school of Christian thought. We suspect that the position of the writers leads them to emphasize certain questions somewhat more than a purely rational consideration of the relation of these subjects to the body of Christian faith would require.

APRIL, 1886

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN
AND COMPANY

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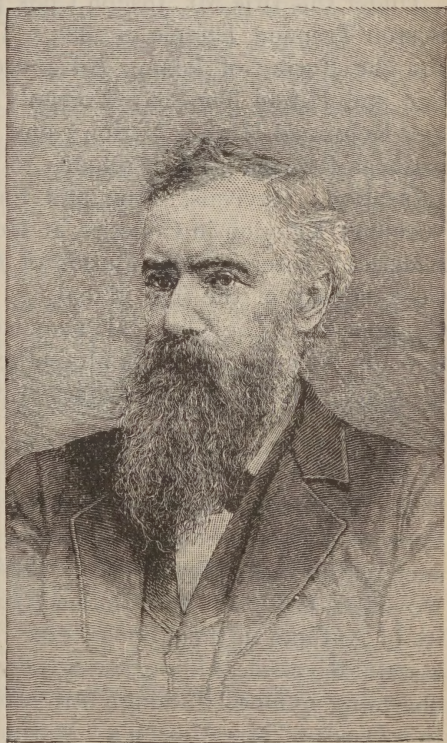
A New Book by John Burroughs.



HEARTY welcome awaits any new volume from Mr. Burroughs. Good readers have so thoroughly accepted him that he is no longer on trial. They know that each new book from him brings new sources of intellectual and literary refreshment. Whether he writes of Nature or of Man, he is sure to write with originality, the freshness of personal observation, and the cheer of a healthy spirit. His "Signs and Seasons" will therefore be cordially greeted by a host of readers glad to have another book from one who charms so wisely. The following are the appetizing subjects of which the new book treats: A Sharp Lookout; A Spray of Pine; Hard Fare; Tragedies of the Nests; A Snow Storm; A Taste of Maine Birch; Winter Neighbors; A Salt Breeze; Spring Relish; A River View; Bird Enemies; Phases of Farm Life; Roof-Tree.

Snow-Bound at Eagle's.

Another story from Bret Harte, describing scenes and characters which seem almost to have been created for him to depict. This is only saying that his skill and grace in telling his California stories are so uniform and so remarkable that he appears to have a special right to tell all the stories of this peculiar class. "Snow-Bound at Eagle's" belongs to this class, but does not repeat the situations or incidents of Mr. Harte's other stories. It has its individual characters and dramatic movement, and the marvelous felicity of narration and description which we gladly associate with all the literary productions of the pen which first charmed the English-reading world in "The Luck of Roaring Camp."



John Burroughs

American Commonwealths: California.

A notable addition to this excellent series has just been made in Dr. Royce's account of the settlement of California, and the organization of its social and political institutions under the peculiar conditions caused by the heterogeneous and incongruous character of the people attracted to the country by its gold mines. Dr. Royce is a native Californian, acquainted with the State as a citizen, and by the most careful research he has collected in a single volume the curious and remarkably instructive facts which the unique history of California offers. His book is quite worthy of the high praise given to the preceding books in this series by Rev. J. Max Hark in the *Pennsylvania School Journal*: "Nothing in popular historical writing has been done in this country to excel these volumes in combined interest and thoroughness. Each volume treats of one of the United States, is written by a specialist on the subject, and has all the value of an authority."

Orient.

Under this title Mr. Joseph Cook publishes a volume of lectures given in Boston Tremont Temple in 1883. The six lectures treat Palestine, Egypt, and the Future of Islam; Advanced Thought in India; Keshub Chunder Sen and Hindu Theism; Woman's Work for Woman in Asia; Japan, the Self-Reformed Hermit Nation; and Australia, the Pacific Ocean, and International Reform. The Preludes to the lectures discuss National Aid to Education; Revivals, True and False; Limited Municipal Suffrage for Women; Religion in Colleges, at Home and Abroad; Foreign Criticism of America; International Duties of Christendom. In five appendices Mr. Cook speaks of the Taj Mahal, In the Himalayas, The Death of Keshub Chunder Sen, The Classical Associations of Kioto, and Twenty-Four Questions on New Japan. It is altogether unnecessary to speak of the variety, the vigor, the logical and rhetorical power, of this book.

A Charming Book in an Appropriate Dress.

Mr. Warner's "Backlog Studies," as many thousand readers gratefully know, is a series of delightful essays on social, artistic, and literary topics,—such as the Great New England Pie-Line, the Furnishing of Rooms, Women Novelists, Criticism, the Clothes Question, Social Popularity, the Personality of Authors in their Books, etc. This work has just been added to the tasteful Riverside Aldine Series, of which it is one of the most readable and charming volumes, although Mr. Warner's own delicious book, "My Summer in a Garden," Mr. Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw," Mr. Lowell's "Fireside Travels" and "Biglow Papers," Mr. Burroughs's "Wake Robin," Mr. Howells's "Venetian Life," and Mr. Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp" are included in it.

The Elizabethan Dramatists. Middleton.

The first four volumes of Middleton's Works, in the new edition appearing under the very competent editorship of Mr. Bullen, were issued last

summer. The remaining four volumes are just ready. Of Middleton as a dramatist little need be said ; in dramatic power and vigor of expression he was hardly surpassed by any except Shakespeare. Of the edition the *Boston Advertiser* remarks : —

In thus collecting and editing the writings of the Elizabethan dramatists, Mr. Bullen has begun upon a work which has long needed doing, and doing well. The value of it to every student of the English drama can hardly be overestimated. Yet many such students have strangely neglected

... "those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still."

Yet these great plays of Marlowe, Middleton, Ford, Webster, Dekker, and others,

whose names will readily occur — if only as names — to the reader, are distinctly interesting and important, both intrinsically for their beauty of thought, their purity of diction, their vivid human interest, and relatively for the light they throw upon the mind and art of the greatest among them all, Shakespeare himself. The reading of them is not only in itself a delight, but it is an enlightenment besides as to the value of the non-Shakespearean drama.

Words and Their Uses. School Edition.

Mr. Richard Grant White by instinct and habit wrote for cultivated readers, and not for the million. Yet he had such a gift of frankness that he kindly pointed out to his readers some of the mistakes they made in speaking and writing, and he did this with so much good sense, scholarship, and literary charm that his book is one of peculiar value to all who would use words, even many very common words, with accuracy and precision. This book has passed through a large number of editions, but to make it more widely useful, especially in schools, a cheaper edition has been published, which is sold for a dollar. In this inexpensive form the useful book may well have a universal circulation, to the enlightenment of a host of people and the purification and correction of their speech.

Progressive Orthodoxy.

This little book, which the Editors of the *Andover Review* offer as "a contribution to the Christian interpretation of Christian doctrines," is heartily welcomed by many as an aid to harmonizing religious thought with the knowledge and spirit of the age, and is regarded by others with aversion or distrust as tending to unsettle the foundations of sound theology. The *Golden Rule* dissents from some of its positions, but pronounces it "rich in thought, and bold in the advocacy of what its authors regard as truth." *The Week*, of Toronto, remarks : —

The editors of that advanced theological monthly have discussed the vital doctrines of the Christian system from their own standpoint, which is one of greater freedom and independence than is usually assumed by strictly orthodox theologians. The discussion of these important religious questions is

thoughtful and earnest, the outcome of careful study and profound conviction. The publication of this volume marks the progress of doctrinal discussion, and indicates that a larger, more tolerant, and comprehensive view of sacred truth is superseding the narrow dogmatism that has had its day.

An English Estimate of Mrs. Whitney.

Speaking of "Bonnyborough" the *London Literary World* says : —

Mrs. Whitney's novels are essentially the work of a womanly writer, delicately sensitive, and appreciative of all refinement. . . . There is a Carlylesque method about Mrs. Whitney's evident culture which gives her writing a curious power and fascination. . . . The charm of this bright and thoughtful story

lies in its presentation of good and pleasant people, in its high ideal of sincerity and uprightness, and in the lesson it teaches as to the effect of even the kindest meddling with other persons' lives. . . . The book should belong to every girl's library.

The American press is no less favorable in its judgments. The Worcester *Spy* finds in it "all the qualities that have made Mrs. Whitney's former novels so popular ;" it is "full of human kindness, and of all domestic virtues." The *Church Press* pronounces it "an entertaining and instructive story, full of incident and character, and all are admirably portrayed."

English Harmony of the Four Gospels.

For many years the Harmony prepared by Dr. Edward Robinson has been the standard work of its class. But within the past few years there has been so marked an advance in critical scholarship of the Gospels, in all respects, that a revision of this Harmony was greatly needed. This has been made by Professor M. B. Riddle, of the Hartford Theological Seminary, who has not only the requisite knowledge for the work, but — what is much rarer — has the skill to make his thorough scholarship simple and clear to readers who are not scholars. The special excellences of this revised edition are : 1. It retains the Authorized Version, but gives in foot-notes the correct readings and renderings of the Revised Version, so far as questions of harmony are concerned. 2. The Appendix virtually reproduces the additions and alterations in the Appendix to the new edition of the Greek Harmony, which have been welcomed by competent critics as peculiarly valuable. 3. The topography and mechanical features of the work are much superior to those of the previous editions. In a word, it is a work of inestimable value for those who desire to see exactly the points of exact agreement or virtual harmony in the four Gospels.

Dr. Furness's "Verses."

The beautiful little volume containing Dr. Furness's "Translations and Hymns" is heartily welcomed both for its own rare excellence and because of the reverent affection in which the author is held. Dr. Hedge, in the *Christian Register*, says, "Dr. Furness has no superior as a translator of German poetry," and adds : —

It needs a poet to translate poetry, and Dr. Furness possesses in an eminent degree this important qualification. The writer who has given us so many of the best original hymns now in use in our churches was well

fitted to deal with the problem of reproducing in English verse the gems of German song. And he has done it in a masterly manner.

The Hartford *Courant* pronounces "the translations forcible and faithful, and the original hymns admirable."

Mrs. Piatt's Selected Poems.

Speaking of this recently published volume, *The Dial* of Chicago remarks : —

The six or seven volumes of her work have been drawn upon for their choicest treasures ; and these, taken together, form a collection which exhibits very marked excellence. The graceful and suggestive verse of Mrs. Piatt at her best is equal to anything that has yet been done by her sex in America. Its quality is clearly feminine, and its

range is narrow ; but we need not make of either of these limitations matter for unfavorable criticism, when a collection of verse exhibits, as this does, so marked a degree of imagination, so great a refinement of feeling, and so large a sense of the solemn significance of life and death.

The London *Saturday Review*, speaking of one of Mrs. Piatt's poems,

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We have a reminder of this truth in the appearance of still another new edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." When that book first appeared, it won popularity chiefly by the directness of its appeal to an already ex-

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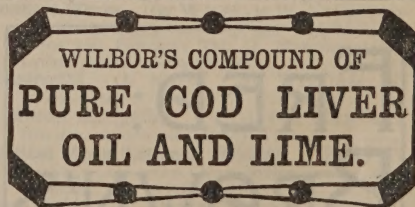
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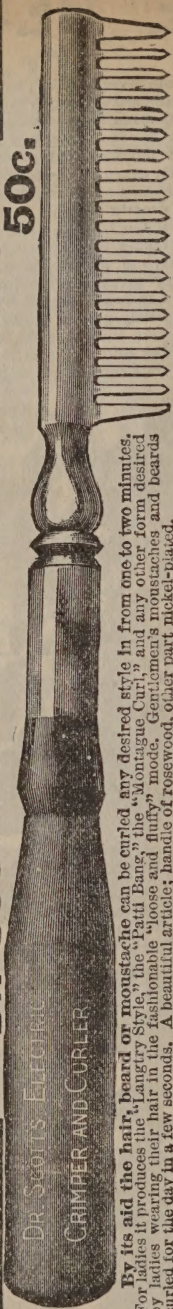
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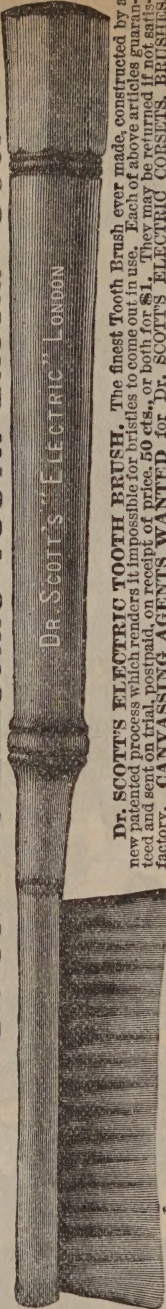
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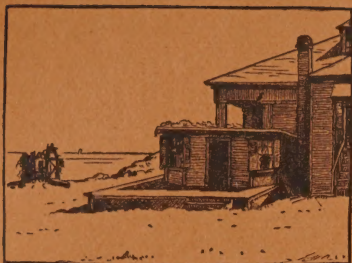
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VOL. LVII. — MAY, 1886. — No. CCCXLIII.

WEAKNESS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT UNDER
THE ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION.

IMPOSSIBLE as Congress found it, during the Revolutionary War, to fill the quotas of the army, the task of raising a revenue by requisitions upon the States was even more discouraging. Every State had its own war-debt, and several were applicants for foreign loans not easy to obtain, so that none could without the greatest difficulty raise a surplus to hand over to Congress. The Continental rag-money had ceased to circulate by the end of 1780, and our foreign credit was nearly ruined. The French government began to complain of the heavy demands which the Americans made upon its exchequer, and Vergennes, in sending over a new loan in the fall of 1782, warned Franklin that no more must be expected. To save American credit from destruction, it was at least necessary that the interest on the public debt should be paid. For this purpose Congress in 1781 asked permission to levy a five per cent. duty on imports. The modest request was the signal for a year of angry discussion. Donkeys fond of reasoning from analogy asked, If taxes could thus be levied by any power outside the State, why had we ever opposed the Stamp Act or the tea duties? After more than a year Massachusetts consented, by a bare majority of two in the House and one in the Senate, reserving to herself the right

of appointing the collectors. The bill was then vetoed by Hancock, though one day too late, and so it was saved. But Rhode Island flatly refused her consent, and so did Virginia, though Madison earnestly pleaded the cause of the public credit. For the current expenses of the government in that same year \$9,000,000 were needed. It was calculated that \$4,000,000 might be raised by a loan, and the other \$5,000,000 were demanded of the States. At the end of the year \$422,000 had been collected, not a cent of which came from Georgia, the Carolinas, or Delaware. Rhode Island, which paid \$38,000, did the best of all according to its resources. Of the Continental taxes assessed in 1783, only one fifth part had been paid by the middle of 1785. And the worst of it was that no one could point to a remedy for this state of things, or assign any probable end to it.

Under such circumstances the public credit sank at home as well as abroad. Foreign creditors — even France, who had been nothing if not generous with her loans — might be made to wait; but there were creditors at home who, should they prove ugly, could not be so easily put off. The disbandment of the army in the summer of 1783, before the British troops had evacuated New York, was hastened by the impossibility of

paying the soldiers and the dread of what they might do under such provocation. Though peace had been officially announced, Hamilton and Livingston urged that, for the sake of appearances if for no other reason, the army should be kept together so long as the British remained in New York, if not until they should have surrendered the western frontier posts. But Congress could not pay the army, and was afraid of it, — and not without some reason. Discouraged at the length of time which had passed since they had received any money, the soldiers had begun to fear lest, now that their services were no longer needed, their honest claims would be set aside. Among the officers, too, there was grave discontent. In the spring of 1778, after the dreadful winter at Valley Forge, several officers had thrown up their commissions, and others threatened to do likewise. To avert the danger, Washington had urged Congress to promise half-pay for life to such officers as should serve to the end of the war. It was only with great difficulty that he succeeded in obtaining a promise of half-pay for seven years, and even this raised an outcry throughout the country, which seemed to dread its natural defenders only less than its enemies. In the fall of 1780, however, in the general depression which followed upon the disasters at Charleston and Camden, the collapse of the paper money, and the discovery of Arnold's treason, there was serious danger that the army would fall to pieces. At this critical moment Washington had earnestly appealed to Congress, and against the strenuous opposition of Samuel Adams had at length extorted the promise of half-pay for life. In the spring of 1782, seeing the utter inability of Congress to discharge its pecuniary obligations, many officers began to doubt whether the promise would ever be kept. It had been made before the articles of confederation, which required the assent of nine States to any

such measure, had been finally ratified. It was well known that nine States had never been found to favor the measure, and it was now feared that it might be repealed or repudiated, so loud was the popular clamor against it. All this comes of republican government, said some of the officers; too many cooks spoil the broth; a dozen heads are as bad as no head; you do not know whose promises to trust; a monarchy, with a good king whom all men can trust, would extricate us from these difficulties. In this mood, Colonel Louis Nicola, of the Pennsylvania line, a foreigner by birth, addressed a long and well-argued letter to Washington, setting forth the troubles of the time, and urging him to come forward as a saviour of society, and accept the crown at the hands of his faithful soldiers. Nicola was an aged man, of excellent character, and in making this suggestion he seemed to be acting as spokesman of a certain clique or party among the officers, — how numerous is not known. Washington instantly replied that Nicola could not have found a person to whom such a scheme could be more odious, and he was at a loss to conceive what he had ever done to have it supposed that he could for one moment listen to a suggestion so fraught with mischief to his country. Lest the affair, becoming known, should enhance the popular distrust of the army, Washington said nothing about it. But as the year went by, and the outcry against half-pay continued, and Congress showed symptoms of a willingness to compromise the matter, the discontent of the army increased. Officers and soldiers brooded alike over their wrongs. "The army," said General Macdougall, "is verging to that state which, we are told, will make a wise man mad." The peril of the situation was increased by the well-meant but injudicious whisperings of other public creditors, who believed that if the army would only take a firm stand

and insist upon a grant of permanent funds to Congress for liquidating all public debts, the States could probably be prevailed upon to make such a grant. Robert Morris, the able secretary of finance, held this opinion, and did not believe that the States could be brought to terms in any other way. His namesake and assistant, Gouverneur Morris, held similar views, and gave expression to them in February, 1783, in a letter to General Greene, who was still commanding in South Carolina. When Greene received the letter, he urged upon the legislature of that State, in most guarded and moderate language, the paramount need of granting a revenue to Congress, and hinted that the army would not be satisfied with anything less. The assembly straightway flew into a rage. "No dictation by a Cromwell!" shouted the members. South Carolina had consented to the five per cent. impost, but now she revoked it, to show her independence, and Greene's eyes were opened at once to the danger of the slightest appearance of military intervention in civil affairs.

At the same time a violent outbreak in the army at Newburgh was barely prevented by the unflinching tact of Washington. A rumor went about the camp that it was generally expected the army would not disband until the question of pay should be settled, and that the public creditors looked to them to make some such demonstration as would overawe the delinquent States. General Gates had lately emerged from the retirement in which he had been fain to hide himself after Camden, and had rejoined the army where there was now such a field for intrigue. An odious aroma of impotent malice clings about his memory on this last occasion on which the historian needs to notice him. He plotted in secret with officers of the staff and others. One of his staff, Major Armstrong, wrote an anonymous appeal to the troops, and another, Col-

onel Barber, caused it to be circulated about the camp. It named the next day for a meeting to consider grievances. Its language was inflammatory. "My friends!" it said, "after seven long years your suffering courage has conducted the United States of America through a doubtful and bloody war; and peace returns to bless — whom? A country willing to redress your wrongs, cherish your worth, and reward your services? Or is it rather a country that tramples upon your rights, disdains your cries, and insults your distresses? . . . If such be your treatment while the swords you wear are necessary for the defense of America, what have you to expect when those very swords, the instruments and companions of your glory, shall be taken from your sides, and no mark of military distinction left but your wants, infirmities, and scars? If you have sense enough to discover and spirit to oppose tyranny, whatever garb it may assume, awake to your situation. If the present moment be lost, your threats hereafter will be as empty as your entreaties now. Appeal from the justice to the fears of government; and suspect the man who would advise to longer forbearance."

Better English has seldom been wasted in a worse cause. Washington, the man who was aimed at in the last sentence, got hold of the paper next day, just in time, as he said, "to arrest the feet that stood wavering on a precipice." The memory of the revolt of the Pennsylvania line, which had so alarmed the people in 1781, was still fresh in men's minds; and here was an invitation to more wholesale mutiny, which could hardly fail to end in bloodshed, and might precipitate the perplexed and embarrassed country into civil war. Washington issued a general order, recognizing the existence of the manifesto, but overruling it so far as to appoint the meeting for a later day, with the senior major-general, who happened to

be Gates, to preside. This order, which neither discipline nor courtesy could disregard, in a measure tied Gates's hands, while it gave Washington time to ascertain the extent of the disaffection. On the appointed day he suddenly came into the meeting, and amid profoundest silence broke forth in a most eloquent and touching speech. Sympathizing keenly with the sufferings of his hearers and fully admitting their claims, he appealed to their better feelings, and reminded them of the terrible difficulties under which Congress labored, and of the folly of putting themselves in the wrong. He still counseled forbearance as the greatest of victories, and with consummate skill he characterized the anonymous appeal as undoubtedly the work of some crafty emissary of the British, eager to disgrace the army which they had not been able to vanquish. All were hushed by that majestic presence and those solemn tones. The knowledge that he had refused all pay, while enduring more than any other man in the room, gave added weight to every word. In proof of the good faith of Congress he began reading a letter from one of the members, when, finding his sight dim, he paused and took from his pocket the new pair of spectacles which the astronomer David Rittenhouse had just sent him. He had never worn spectacles in public, and as he put them on he said, in his simple manner and with his pleasant smile, "I have grown gray in your service, and now find myself growing blind." While all hearts were softened he went on reading the letter, and then withdrew, leaving the meeting to its deliberations. There was a sudden and mighty revulsion of feeling. A motion was reported declaring "unshaken confidence in the justice of Congress;" and it was added that "the officers of the American army view with abhorrence and reject with disdain the infamous proposals contained in a late anonymous address to them." The

crestfallen Gates, as chairman, had nothing to do but put the question and report it carried unanimously; for if any still remained obdurate they no longer dared to show it. Washington immediately set forth the urgency of the case in an earnest letter to Congress, and one week later the matter was settled by an act commuting half-pay for life into a gross sum equal to five years' full pay, to be discharged at once by certificates bearing interest at six per cent. Such poor paper was all that Congress had to pay with, but it was all ultimately redeemed; and while the commutation was advantageous to the government, it was at the same time greatly for the interest of the officers, while they were looking out for new means of livelihood, to have their claims adjusted at once, and to receive something which could do duty as a respectable sum of money.

Nothing, however, could prevent the story of the Newburgh affair from being published all over the country, and it greatly added to the distrust with which the army was regarded on general principles. What might have happened was forcibly suggested by a miserable occurrence in June, about two months after the disbanding of the army had begun. Some eighty soldiers of the Pennsylvania line, mutinous from discomfort and want of pay, broke from their camp at Lancaster and marched down to Philadelphia, led by a sergeant or two. They drew up in line before the State House, where Congress was assembled, and after passing the grog began throwing stones and pointing their muskets at the windows. They demanded pay, and threatened, if it were not forthcoming, to seize the members of Congress and hold them as hostages, or else to break into the bank where the federal deposits were kept. The executive council of Pennsylvania sat in the same building, and so the federal government appealed to the state government for protection. The appeal was fruitless.

President Dickinson had a few state militia at his disposal, but did not dare to summon them, for fear they should side with the rioters. The city government was equally listless, and the town-folk went their ways as if it were none of their business; and so Congress fled across the river and on to Princeton, where the college afforded it shelter. Thus in a city of thirty-two thousand inhabitants, the largest city in the country, the government of the United States, the body which had just completed a treaty browbeating England and France, was ignominiously turned out-of-doors by a handful of drunken mutineers. The affair was laughed at by many, but sensible men keenly felt the disgrace, and asked what would be thought in Europe of a government which could not even command the services of the police. The army became more unpopular than ever, and during the summer and fall many town-meetings were held in New England, condemning the commutation act. Are we not poor enough already, cried the farmers, that we must be taxed to support in idle luxury a riotous rabble of soldiery, or create an aristocracy of men with gold lace and epaulets, who will presently plot against our liberties? The Massachusetts legislature protested; the people of Connecticut meditated resistance. A convention was held at Middletown in December, at which two thirds of the towns in the State were represented, and the best method of overruling Congress was discussed. Much high-flown eloquence was wasted, but the convention broke up without deciding upon any course of action. The matter had become so serious that wise men changed their minds, and disapproved of proceedings calculated to throw Congress into contempt. Samuel Adams, who had almost violently opposed the grant of half-pay and had been dissatisfied with the commutation act, now came completely over to the other side. Whatever might be

thought of the policy of the measures, he said, Congress had an undoubted right to adopt them. The army had been necessary for the defense of our liberties, and the public faith had been pledged to the payment of the soldiers. States were as much bound as individuals to fulfill their engagements, and did not the sacred Scriptures say of an honest man that, though he sweareth to his own hurt, he changeth not? Such plain truths prevailed in the Boston town-meeting, which voted that "the commutation is wisely blended with the national debt." The agitation in New England presently came to an end, and in this matter the course of Congress was upheld.

In order fully to understand this extravagant distrust of the army, we have to take into account another incident of the summer of 1783, which gave rise to a discussion that sent its reverberation all over the civilized world. Men of the present generation who in childhood rummaged in their grandmother's cosy garrets cannot fail to have come across scores of musty and worm-eaten pamphlets, their yellow pages crowded with italics and exclamation points, inveighing in passionate language against the wicked and dangerous society of the Cincinnati. Just before the army was disbanded, the officers, at the suggestion of General Knox, formed themselves into a secret society, for the purpose of keeping up their friendly intercourse and cherishing the heroic memories of the struggle in which they had taken part. With the fondness for classical analogies which characterized that time, they likened themselves to Cincinnatus, who was taken from the plough to lead an army, and returned to his quiet farm so soon as his warlike duties were over. They were modern Cincinnati. A constitution and by-laws were established for the order, and Washington was unanimously chosen to be its president. Its branches in the several States were

to hold meetings each Fourth of July, and there was to be a general meeting of the whole society every year in the month of May. French officers who had taken part in the war were admitted to membership, and the order was to be perpetuated by descent through the eldest male representatives of the families of the members. It was further provided that a limited membership should from time to time be granted, as a distinguished honor, to able and worthy citizens, without regard to the memories of the war. A golden American eagle attached to a blue ribbon edged with white was the sacred badge of the order; and to this emblem especial favor was shown at the French court, where the insignia of foreign states were generally regarded with jealousy and disgust. No political purpose was to be subserved by this order of the Cincinnati, save in so far as the members pledged to one another their determination to promote and cherish the union between the States. In its main intent the society was to be a kind of masonic brotherhood, charged with the duty of aiding the widows and the orphan children of its members in time of need. Innocent as all this was, however, the news of the establishment of such a society was greeted with a howl of indignation all over the country. It was thought that its founders were inspired by a deep-laid political scheme for centralizing the government and setting up a hereditary aristocracy. The press teemed with invective and ridicule, and the feeling thus expressed by the penny-a-liners was shared by able men accustomed to weigh their words. Franklin dealt with it in a spirit of banter, and John Adams in a spirit of abhorrence; while Samuel Adams pointed out the dangers inherent in the principle of hereditary transmission of honors, and in the admission of foreigners into a secret association possessed of political influence in America. What! cried the men of Massachusetts.

Have we thrown overboard the effete institutions of Europe, only to have them straightway introduced among us again, after this plausible and surreptitious fashion? At Cambridge it was thought that the general sentiment of the university was in favor of suppressing the order by act of legislature. One of the members, who was a candidate for Senator in the spring of 1784, found it necessary to resign in order to save his chances for election. Rhode Island proposed to disfranchise such of her citizens as belonged to the order, albeit her most eminent citizen, Nathaniel Greene, was one of them. Ædanus Burke, a judge of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, wrote a violent pamphlet against the society of the Cincinnati under the pseudonym of Cassius, the slayer of tyrants; and this diatribe, translated and amplified by Mirabeau, awakened dull echoes among readers of Rousseau and haters of privilege in all parts of Europe. A swarm of brochures in rejoinder and rebutter issued from the press, and the nineteenth century had come in before the controversy was quite forgotten.

It is easy for us now to smile at this outcry against the Cincinnati as much ado about nothing, seeing as we do that in the absence of territorial jurisdiction or especial political privileges an order of nobility cannot be created by the mere inheritance of empty titles or badges. For example, since the great revolution which swept away the landlordship and fiscal exemptions of the French nobility, a marquise or a dukedom in France is of scarcely more political importance than a doctorate of laws in a New England university. Men were nevertheless not to be blamed in 1783 for their hostility toward that ghost of the hereditary principle which the Cincinnati sought to introduce. In a free industrial society like that of America it had no proper place or meaning; and the attempt to set up such a form

might well have been cited in illustration of the partial reversion toward militancy which eight years of warfare had effected. The absurdity of the situation was quickly realized by Washington, and he prevailed upon the society, in its first annual meeting of May, 1784, to abandon the principle of hereditary membership. The agitation was thus allayed, and in the presence of graver questions the much-dreaded brotherhood gradually ceased to occupy popular attention.

The opposition to the Cincinnati is not fully explained unless we consider it in connection with Nicola's letter, the Newburgh address, and the flight of Congress to Princeton. The members of the Cincinnati were pledged to do whatever they could to promote the union between the States; the object of the Newburgh address was to enlist the army in behalf of the public creditors, and in some vaguely-imagined fashion to force a stronger government upon the country; the letter of Nicola shows that at least some of the officers had harbored the notion of a monarchy; and the weakness of Congress had been revealed in the most startling manner by its flight before a squad of mutineers. It is one of the lessons of history that, in the virtual absence of a central government for which a need is felt, the want is apt to be supplied by the strongest organization in the country, whatever that may happen to be. It was in this way that the French army, a few years later, got control of the government of France and made its general emperor. In 1783, if the impotence of Congress were to be as explicitly acknowledged as it was implicitly felt, the only federal organization left in the country was the army, and when this was disbanded it seemed nevertheless to prolong its life under a new and dangerous form in the secret brotherhood of the Cincinnati. The cession of Western lands to the confederacy was, moreover,

completed at about this time, and one of the uses to which the new territory was to be put was the payment of claims due to the soldiers. It was distinctly feared, as is shown in a letter from Samuel Adams to Elbridge Gerry, that the members of the Cincinnati would acquire large tracts of Western land under this arrangement, and, importing peasants from Germany, would grant farms to them on terms of military service and fealty, thus introducing into America the feudal system. In order to forestall any such movement, it was provided by Congress that in any new States formed out of the Western territory no person holding a hereditary title should be admitted to citizenship.

From the weakness of Congress as illustrated in its inability to raise money to pay the public debt and meet the current expenses of government, and from the popular dread of military usurpation which went along with the uneasy consciousness of that weakness, we have now to turn to another group of affairs in which the same point is still further illustrated and emphasized. We have seen how the commissioners of the United States in Paris had succeeded in making a treaty of peace with Great Britain on extremely favorable terms. So unpopular was the treaty in England, on account of the great concessions made to the Americans, that, as we have seen, the fall of Lord Shelburne's ministry was occasioned thereby. As an offset to these liberal concessions, of which the most considerable was the acknowledgment of the American claim to the northwestern territory, our confederate government was pledged to do all in its power to effect certain concessions which were demanded by England. That the American loyalists, whose property had been confiscated by various state governments, should be indemnified for their losses was a claim which, whatever Americans might think of it, England felt bound in honor to

urge. That private debts, due from American to British creditors, should be faithfully discharged was the plainest dictate of common honesty. Congress, as we have seen, was bound by the treaty to recommend to the several States to desist from the persecution of Tories, and to give them an opportunity of recovering their estates; and it had been further agreed that all private debts should be discharged at their full value in sterling money. It now turned out that Congress was powerless to carry out the provisions of the treaty upon either of these points. The recommendations concerning the Tories were greeted with a storm of popular indignation. Since the beginning of the war these unfortunate persons had been treated with severity both by the legislatures and by the people. Many had been banished; others had fled the country, and against these refugees various harsh laws had been enacted. Their estates had been confiscated and their return prohibited under penalty of imprisonment or death. Many others, who had remained in the country, were objects of suspicion and dislike in States where they had not, as in New York and the Carolinas, openly aided the enemy or taken part in Indian atrocities. Now, on the conclusion of peace, in utter disregard of Congress, fresh measures of vengeance were taken against these "fawning spaniels," as they were called, these "tools and minions of Britain." An article in the *Massachusetts Chronicle* expressed the common feeling: "As Hannibal swore never to be at peace with the Romans, so let every Whig swear, by his abhorrence of slavery, by liberty and religion, by the shades of departed friends who have fallen in battle, by the ghosts of those of our brethren who have been destroyed on board of prison-ships and in loathsome dungeons, never to be at peace with those fiends the refugees, whose thefts, murders, and treasons have filled the cup of woe." Tons of

pamphlets, issued under the customary Latin pseudonyms, were filled with this truculent bombast; and like sentiments were thundered from the pulpit by men who had quite forgotten for the moment their duty of preaching reconciliation and forgiveness of injuries. Why should not these wretches, it was sarcastically asked, be driven at once from the country? Of course they could not desire to live under a free government which they had been at such pains to destroy. Let them go forthwith to his majesty's dominions, and live under the government they preferred. It would never do to let them stay here, to plot treason at their leisure; in a few years they would get control of all the States, and either hand them over to Great Britain again, or set up a Tory despotism on American soil. Such was the rubbish that passed current as argument with the majority of the people. A small party of moderate Whigs saw its absurdity, and urged that the Tories had much better remain at home, where they had lost all political influence, than go and found unfriendly colonies to the northward. The moderate Whigs were in favor of heeding the recommendation of Congress, and acting in accordance with the spirit of the treaty; and these humane and sensible views were shared by Gadsden and Marion in South Carolina, by Theodore Sedgwick in Massachusetts, and by Greene, Hamilton, and Jay. But any man who held such opinions, no matter how conspicuous his services had been, ran the risk of being accused of Tory sympathies. "Time-serving Whigs" and "trimmers" were the strangely inappropriate epithets hurled at men who, had they been in the slightest degree time-servers, would have shrunk from the thankless task of upholding good sense and humanity in the teeth of popular prejudice.

In none of the States did the loyalists receive severer treatment than in New York, and for obvious reasons. Through-

out the war the frontier had been the scene of atrocities such as no other State, save perhaps South Carolina, had witnessed. Cherry Valley and Minisink were names of horror not easily forgotten, and the fate of Lieutenant Boyd and countless other victims called loudly for vengeance. The sins of the Butlers and their bloodthirsty followers were visited in robbery and insult upon unoffending men, who were like them in nothing but in being labeled with the epithet "Tory." During the seven years that the city of New York had been occupied by the British army, many of these loyalists had found shelter there. The Whig citizens, on the other hand, had been driven off the island, to shift as best they might in New Jersey, while their comfortable homes were seized and assigned by military orders to these very Tories. For seven years the refugee Whigs from across the Hudson had looked upon New York with feelings like those with which the mediæval exile from Florence or Pisa was wont to regard his native city. They saw in it the home of enemies who had robbed them, the prison-house of gallant friends penned up to die of wanton ill-usage in foul ships' holds in the harbor. When at last the king's troops left the city, it was felt that a great day of reckoning had arrived. In September, 1783, two months before the evacuation, more than twelve thousand men, women, and children embarked for the Bahamas or for Nova Scotia, rather than stay and face the troubles that were coming. Many of these were refined and cultivated persons, and not all had been actively hostile to the American cause; many had simply accepted British protection. Against those who remained in the city the returning Whigs now proceeded with great severity. The violent party was dominant in the legislature, and George Clinton, the governor, put himself conspicuously at its head. A bill was passed disfranchising all such per-

sons as had voluntarily stayed in neighborhoods occupied by the British troops; their offense was called misprision of treason. But the council vetoed this bill as too wholesale in its operation, for it would have left some districts without voters enough to hold an election. An "iron-clad oath" was adopted instead, and no one was allowed to vote unless he could swear that he had never in any wise abetted the enemy. It was voted that no Tory who had left the State should be permitted to return; and a bill was passed, known as the Trespass Act, whereby all persons who had quit their homes by reason of the enemy's presence might recover damages in an action of trespass against such persons as had since taken possession of the premises. Defendants in such cases were expressly barred from pleading a military order in justification of their possession. As there was scarcely a building on the island of New York that had not thus changed hands during the British occupation, it was easy to foresee what confusion must ensue. Everybody whose house had ever been, for ever so few days, in the hands of a Tory now rushed into court with his action of trespass. Damages were rated at most exorbitant figures, and it became clear that the misdeeds of the enemy were about to be made the excuse for a carnival of spoliation, when all at once the test case of *Rutgers v. Waddington* brought upon the scene a sturdy defender of order, an advocate who was soon to become one of the foremost personages in American history.

In the course of the Revolutionary War our attention has now and then been called for a moment to Alexander Hamilton. The most precocious young man of that day, save perhaps William Pitt, he had already given promise of a great career before the breaking out of the war. He was born on the island of Nevis, in the West Indies, in 1757. His father belonged to that famous

Scottish clan from which have come one of the most learned metaphysicians and one of the most original mathematicians of modern times. His mother was a French lady, of Huguenot descent, and biographers have been fond of tracing in his character the various qualities of his parents. To the shrewdness and persistence, the administrative ability, and the taste for abstract reasoning which we are wont to find associated in the highest type of Scottish mind he joined a truly French vivacity and grace. His earnestness, sincerity, and moral courage were characteristic alike of Puritan and of Huguenot. In the course of his short life he exhibited a remarkable many-sidedness. So great was his genius for organization that in many most essential respects the American government is moving to-day along the lines which he was the first to mark out. As an economist he shared to some extent in the shortcomings of the age which preceded Adam Smith, but in the special department of finance he has been equaled by no other American statesman save Albert Gallatin. He was a splendid orator and brilliant writer, an excellent lawyer, and a clear-headed and industrious student of political history. He was also eminent as a political leader, although he lacked faith in democratic government, and a generous impatience of temperament sometimes led him to prefer short and arbitrary by-paths toward desirable ends, which can never be securely reached save along the broad but steep and arduous road of popular conviction. But with all Hamilton's splendid qualities, nothing about him is so remarkable as the early age at which these were developed. At the age of fifteen a brilliant newspaper article brought him into such repute in the little island of Nevis that he was sent to New York to avail himself of the best advantages afforded by the King's College, now known as Columbia. He had at first no definite in-

tention of becoming an American citizen, but the thrilling events of the time appealed strongly to the earnest heart and powerful intelligence of this wonderful boy. At a gathering of the people of New York in July, 1774, his generous blood warmed, till a resistless impulse brought him on his feet to speak to the assembled multitude. It was no company of half-drunken idlers that thronged about him, but an assemblage of grave and responsible citizens, who looked with some astonishment upon this boy of seventeen years, short and slight in stature, yet erect and Cæsar-like in bearing, with firm set mouth and great, dark, earnest eyes. His eloquent speech, full of sense and without a syllable of bombast, held his hearers entranced, and from that day Alexander Hamilton was a marked man. He began publishing anonymous pamphlets, which at first were attributed by some to Jay, and by others to Livingston. When their authorship was discovered, the loyalist party tried in vain to buy off the formidable youth. He kept up the pamphlet-war, in the course of which he wofully defeated Dr. Cooper, the Tory president of the college; but shortly afterward he defended the doctor's house against an angry mob, until the unpopular old gentleman succeeded in making his escape to a British ship. Hamilton served in the army throughout the war, for the most part as aid and secretary to Washington; but in 1781 he was a colonel in the line, and stormed a redoubt at Yorktown with distinguished skill and bravery. He married a daughter of Philip Schuyler, began the practice of law, and in 1782, at the age of twenty-five, was chosen a delegate to Congress. In 1784, when the Trespass Act threw New York into confusion, Hamilton had come to be regarded as one of the most powerful advocates in the country. In the test case which now came before the courts he played a part of consummate boldness and hero-

ism. Elizabeth Rutgers was a widow, who had fled from New York after its capture by General Howe. Her confiscated estate had passed into the hands of Joshua Waddington, a rich Tory merchant, and she now brought suit under the Trespass Act for its recovery. It was a case in which popular sympathy was naturally and strongly enlisted in behalf of the poor widow. That she should have been turned out of house and home was one of the many gross instances of wickedness wrought by the war. On the other hand, the disturbance wrought by the enforcement of the Trespass Act was already creating fresh wrongs much faster than it was righting old ones; and it is for such reasons as this that both in the common law and in the law of nations the principle has been firmly established that "the fruits of immovables belong to the captor as long as he remains in actual possession of them." The Trespass Act contravened this principle, and it also contravened the treaty. It moreover placed the State of New York in an attitude of defiance toward Congress, which had made the treaty and expressly urged upon the States to suspend the legislation against the Tories. On large grounds of public policy, therefore, the Trespass Act deserved to be set aside by the courts, and when Hamilton was asked to serve as counsel for the defendant he accepted the odious task without hesitation. There can be no better proof of his forensic ability than his winning a verdict, in such a case as this, from a hostile court that was largely influenced by the popular excitement. The decision nullified the Trespass Act, and forthwith mass-meetings of the people and an extra session of the legislature condemned this action of the court. Hamilton was roundly abused, and his conduct was attributed to unworthy motives. But he faced the people as boldly as he had faced the court, and published a letter, under the signature of Pho-

cion, setting forth in the clearest light the injustice and impolicy of extreme measures against the Tories. The popular wrath and disgust at Hamilton's course found expression in a letter from one Isaac Ledyard, a hot-headed pot-house politician, who signed himself Mentor. A war of pamphlets ensued between Mentor and Phocion. It was genius pitted against dullness, reason against passion; and reason wielded by genius won the day. The more intelligent and respectable citizens reluctantly admitted that Hamilton's arguments were unanswerable. A club of boon companions, to which Ledyard belonged, made the same admission by the peculiar manner in which it proposed to silence him. It was gravely proposed that the members of the club should pledge themselves one after another to challenge Hamilton to mortal combat, until some one of them should have the good fortune to kill him! The scheme met with general favor, but was defeated by the exertions of Ledyard himself, whose zeal was not ardent enough to condone treachery and murder. The incident well illustrates the intense bitterness of political passion at the time, as Hamilton's conduct shows him in the light of a most courageous and powerful defender of the central government. For nothing was more significant in the verdict which he had obtained than its implicit assertion of the rights of the United States as against the legislature of a single State.

In spite of the efforts of such men as Hamilton, life was made very uncomfortable for the Tories. In some States they were subjected to mob violence. Instances of tarring and feathering were not uncommon. The legislature of South Carolina was honorably distinguished for the good faith with which it endeavored to enforce the recommendation of Congress; but the people, unable to forget the smoking ruins of plundered homes, were less lenient.

Notices were posted ordering prominent loyalists to leave the country; the newspapers teemed with savage warnings; and finally, of those who tarried beyond a certain time, many were shot or hanged to trees. This extremity of bitterness, however, did not long continue. The instances of physical violence were mostly confined to the first two or three years after the close of the war. In most of the States the confiscating acts were after a while repealed, and many of the loyalists were restored to their estates. But the emigration which took place between 1783 and 1785 was very large. It has been estimated that 100,000 persons, or nearly three per cent. of the total white population, quit the country. Those from the Southern States went mostly to the Bahamas and Florida; while those from the North laid the foundation of new British states in New Brunswick and Upper Canada. Many of these refugees appealed to the British government for indemnification for their losses, and their claims received prompt attention. A parliamentary commission was appointed to inquire into the matter, and by the year 1790 some \$16,000,000 had been distributed among about 4000 sufferers, while many others received grants of crown-lands, or half-pay as military officers, or special annuities, or appointments in the civil service. On the whole, the compensation which the refugees received from Parliament seems to have been much more ample than that which the ragged soldiers of our revolutionary army ever received from Congress.

While the political passions resulting in this forced emigration of loyalists were such as naturally arise in the course of a civil war, the historian cannot but regret that the United States should have been deprived of the services of so many excellent citizens. In nearly all such cases of wholesale popular vengeance, it is the wrong individuals who suffer. We could well afford to dis-

pense with the border-ruffians who abetted the Indians in their carnival of burning and scalping, but the refugees of 1784 were for the most part peaceful and unoffending families, above the average in education and refinement. The vicarious suffering inflicted upon them set nothing right, but simply increased the mass of wrong, while to the general interests of the country the loss of such people was in every way damaging. The immediate political detriment wrought at the time, though it is that which here most nearly concerns us, was perhaps the least important. Since Congress was manifestly unable to carry out the treaty, an excuse was furnished to England for declining to fulfill some of its provisions. In regard to the loyalists, indeed, the treaty had recognized that Congress possessed but an advisory power; but in the other provision concerning the payment of private debts, which in the popular mind was very much mixed up with the question of justice to the loyalists, the faith of the United States was distinctly pledged. On this point also Congress was powerless to enforce the treaty. Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina had all enacted laws obstructing the collection of British debts; and in flat defiance of the treaty these statutes remained in force until after the downfall of the confederation. The States were aware that such conduct needed an excuse, and one was soon forthcoming. Many negroes had left the country with the British fleet: some doubtless had sought their freedom; others, perhaps, had been kidnapped as booty, and sold to planters in the West Indies. The number of these black men carried away by the fleet had been magnified tenfold by popular rumor. Complaints had been made to Sir Guy Carleton, but he had replied that any negro who came within his lines was presumably a freeman, and he could not lend his aid in remanding such per-

sons to slavery. Jay, as one of the treaty commissioners, gave it as his opinion that Carleton was quite right in this, but he thought that where a loss of slaves could be proved, Great Britain was bound to make pecuniary compensation to the owners. The matter was wrangled over for several years, in the state legislatures, in town and county meetings, at dinner-tables, and in bar-rooms, with the ordinary issue that, until such compensation should be made, the statutes hindering the collection of debts would not be repealed. In retaliation for this, Great Britain refused to withdraw her garrisons from the western fortresses, which the treaty had surrendered to the United States. This measure was very keenly felt by the people. As an assertion of superior strength, it was peculiarly galling to our weak and divided confederacy, and it also wrought us direct practical injury. It encouraged the Indian tribes in their depredations on the frontier, and it de-

prived American merchants of an immensely lucrative trade in furs. In the spring of 1787 there were advertised for sale in London more than 360,000 skins, worth \$1,200,000 at the lowest estimate; and had the posts been surrendered according to the treaty, all this would have passed through the hands of American merchants. The London fur-traders were naturally loth to lose their control over this business, and in the language of modern politics they brought "pressure" to bear on the government to retain the fortresses as long as possible. The American refusal to pay British creditors furnished an excellent excuse, while the weakness of Congress made any kind of reprisal impossible; and it was not until Washington's second term as President, after our national credit had been restored and the strength of our new government made manifest, that England surrendered this chain of strongholds, commanding the woods and waters of our northwestern frontier.

John Fiske.

THE THRUSH.

THE thrush sings high on the topmost bough, —
 Low, louder, low again; and now
 He has changed his tree, — you know not how,
 For you saw no flitting wing.

All the notes of the forest-throng,
 Flute, reed, and string, are in his song;
 Never a fear knows he, nor wrong,
 Nor a doubt of anything.

Small room for care in that soft breast;
 All weather that comes is to him the best,
 While he sees his mate close on her nest,
 And the woods are full of spring.

He has lost his last year's love, I know, —
 He, too, — but 't is little he keeps of woe;
 For a bird forgets in a year, and so
 No wonder the thrush can sing.

MARSH ROSEMARY.

I.

ONE hot afternoon in August, a single moving figure might have been seen following a straight road that crossed the salt marshes of Walpole. Everybody else had either stayed at home, or crept into such shade as could be found near at hand. The thermometer marked at least ninety degrees. There was hardly a fishing-boat to be seen on the glistening sea, only far away on the hazy horizon two or three coasting schooners looked like ghostly flying Dutchmen, becalmed for once and motionless.

Ashore, the flaring light of the sun brought out the fine, clear colors of the level landscape. The marsh grasses were a more vivid green than usual, the brown tops of those that were beginning to go to seed looked almost red, and the soil at the edges of the tide inlets seemed to be melting into a black, pitchy substance like the dark pigments on a painter's palette. Where the land was higher the hot air flickered above it dizzily. This was not an afternoon that one would naturally choose for a long walk, yet Mr. Jerry Lane stepped briskly forward, and appeared to have more than usual energy. His big boots trod down the soft carpet of pussy-clover that bordered the dusty, whitish road. He struck at the stationary procession of thistles with a little stick, as he went by. Flight after flight of yellow butterflies fluttered up as he passed, and then settled down again to their thistle flowers, while, on the shiny cambric back of Jerry's Sunday waistcoat basked at least eight large green-headed flies in complete security.

It was difficult to decide why the Sunday waistcoat should have been put on that Saturday afternoon. Jerry had not thought it important to wear his best boots or best trousers, and had left his

coat at home altogether. He smiled as he walked along, and once when he took off his hat, as a light breeze came that way, he waved it triumphantly before he put it on again. Evidently this was no common errand that led him due west, and made him forget the hot weather, and caused him to shade his eyes with his hand, as he looked eagerly at a clump of trees and the chimney of a small house a little way beyond the boundary of the marshes, where the higher ground began.

Miss Ann Floyd sat by her favorite window, sewing, twitching her thread less decidedly than usual, and casting a wistful glance now and then down the road or at the bees in her gay little garden outside. There was a grim expression overshadowing her firmly-set, angular face, and the frown that always appeared on her forehead when she sewed or read the newspaper was deeper and straighter than usual. She did not look as if she were conscious of the heat, though she had dressed herself in an old-fashioned skirt of sprigged lawn and a loose jacket of thin white dimity with out-of-date flowing sleeves. Her sandy hair was smoothly brushed; one lock betrayed a slight crinkle at its edge, but it owed nothing to any encouragement of Nancy Floyd's. A hard, honest, kindly face this was, of a woman whom everybody trusted, who might be expected to give of whatever she had to give, good measure, pressed down and running over. She was a lonely soul; she had no near relatives in the world. It seemed always as if nature had been mistaken in not planting her somewhere in a large and busy household.

The little square room, kitchen in winter and sitting-room in summer, was as clean and bare and thrifty as one

would expect the dwelling-place of such a woman to be. She sat in a straight-backed, splint-bottomed kitchen chair, and always put back her spool with a click on the very same spot on the window-sill. You would think she had done with youth and with love affairs, yet you might as well expect the ancient cherry-tree in the corner of her little yard to cease adventuring its white blossoms when the May sun shone! No woman in Walpole had more bravely and patiently borne the burden of loneliness and lack of love. Even now her outward behavior gave no hint of the new excitement and delight that filled her heart.

"Land sakes alive!" she says to herself presently, "there comes Jerry Lane. I expect, if he sees me settin' to the winder, he'll come in an' dawdle round till supper time!" But good Nancy Floyd smooths her hair hastily as she rises and drops her work, and steps back toward the middle of the room, watching the gate anxiously all the time. Now, Jerry, with a crestfallen look at the vacant window, makes believe that he is going by, and takes a loitering step or two onward, and then stops short; with a somewhat sheepish smile he leans over the neat picket fence and examines the blue and white and pink larkspur that covers most of the space in the little garden. He takes off his hat again to cool his forehead, and replaces it, without a grand gesture this time, and looks again at the window hopefully.

There is a pause. The woman knows that the man is sure she is there; a little blush colors her thin cheeks as she comes boldly to the wide-open front door.

"What do you think of this kind of weather?" asks Jerry Lane complacently, as he leans over the fence, and surrounds himself with an air of self-sacrifice.

"I call it hot," responds the Juliet

from her balcony, with deliberate assurance, "but the corn needs sun, everybody says. I should n't have wanted to toil up from the shore under such a glare, if I had been you. Better come in and set a while, and cool off," she added, without any apparent enthusiasm. Jerry was sure to come, any way. She would rather make the suggestion than have him.

Mr. Lane sauntered in, and seated himself opposite his hostess, beside the other small window, and watched her admiringly as she took up her sewing and worked at it with great spirit and purpose. He clasped his hands together and leaned forward a little. The shaded kitchen was very comfortable, after the glaring light outside, and the clean orderliness of the few chairs and the braided rugs and the table under the clock, with some larkspur and asparagus in a china vase for decoration, seemed to please him unexpectedly. "Now just see what ways you women folks have of fixing things up pretty!" he ventured gallantly.

Nancy's countenance did not forbid further compliment; she looked at the flowers herself, quickly, and explained that she had gathered them a while ago to send to the minister's sister, who kept house for him. "I saw him going by, and expected he'd be back this same road. Mis' Elton's be'n havin' another o' her dyin' spells this noon, and the deacon went by after him hot foot. I'd souse her well with stone-cold water. She never sent for me to set up with her; she knows better. Poor man, 't was likely he was right into the middle of to-morrow's sermon. 'T ain't considerate of the deacon, and when he knows he's got a fool for a wife, he need n't go round persuading other folks she's so suffering as she makes out. They ain't got no larkspur this year to the parsonage, and I was going to let the minister take this over to Amandy; but I see his wagon over on the other road, going

towards the village, about an hour after he went by here."

It seemed to be a relief to tell somebody all these things after such a season of forced repression, and Jerry listened with gratifying interest. "How you do see through folks!" he exclaimed in a mild voice. Jerry could be very soft spoken if he thought best. "Mis' Elton's a die-away lookin' creatur'. I heard of her saying last Sunday, comin' out o' meetin', that she made an effort to git there once more, but she expected 't would be the last time. Looks as if she eat well, don't she?" he concluded, in a meditative tone.

"Eat!" exclaimed the hostess, with snapping eyes. "There ain't no woman in town, sick or well, can lay aside the food that she does. 'T ain't to the table afore folks, but she goes seeking round in the cupboards half a dozen times a day. An' I've heard her remark 't was the last time she ever expected to visit the sanctuary as much as a dozen times within five years."

"Some places I've sailed to they'd have hit her over the head with a club long ago," said Jerry, with an utter lack of sympathy that was startling. "Well, I must be gettin' back again. Talkin' of eatin' makes us think o' supper time. Must be past five, ain't it? I thought I'd just step up to see if there wa'n't anything I could lend a hand about, this hot day."

Sensible Ann Floyd folded her hands over her sewing, as it lay in her lap, and looked straight before her without seeing the pleading face of the guest. This moment was a great crisis in her life. She was conscious of it, and knew well enough that upon her next words would depend the course of future events. The man who waited to hear what she had to say was indeed many years younger than she, was shiftless and vacillating. He had drifted to Walpole from nobody knew where, and possessed many qualities which she had

openly rebuked and despised in other men. True enough, he was good-looking, but that did not atone for the lacks of his character and reputation. Yet she knew herself to be the better man of the two, and since she had surmounted many obstacles already she was confident that, with a push here and a pull there to steady him, she could keep him in good trim. The winters were so long and lonely; her life was in many ways hungry and desolate in spite of its thrift and conformity. She had laughed scornfully when he stopped, one day in the spring, and offered to help her weed her garden; she had even joked with one of the neighbors about it. Jerry had been growing more and more friendly and pleasant ever since. His ease-loving careless nature was like a comfortable cushion for hers, with its angles, its melancholy anticipations and self-questionings. But Jerry liked her, and if she liked him and married him, and took him home, it was nobody's business; and in that moment of surrender to Jerry's cause she arrayed herself at his right hand against the rest of the world, ready for warfare with any and all of its opinions.

She was suddenly aware of the sunburnt face and light, curling hair of her undeclared lover, at the other end of the painted table with its folded leaf. She smiled at him vacantly across the larkspur; then she gave a little start, and was afraid that her thoughts had wandered longer than was seemly. The kitchen clock was ticking faster than usual, as if it were trying to attract attention.

"I guess I'll be getting home," repeated the visitor ruefully, and rose from his chair, but hesitated again at an unfamiliar expression upon his companion's face.

"I don't know as I've got anything extra for supper, but you stop," she said, "an' take what there is. I would n't go back across them marshes right in this heat."

Jerry Lane had a lively sense of humor, and a queer feeling of merriment stole over him now, as he watched the mistress of the house. She had risen, too; she looked so simple and so frankly sentimental, there was such an incongruous coyness added to her usually straightforward, angular appearance, that his instinctive laughter nearly got the better of him, and might have lost him the prize for which he had been waiting these many months. But Jerry behaved like a man: he stepped forward and kissed Ann Floyd; he held her fast with one arm as he stood beside her, and kissed her again and again. She was a dear good woman. She had a fresh young heart, in spite of the straight wrinkle in her forehead and her work-worn hands. She had waited all her days for this joy of having a lover.

II.

Even Mrs. Elton revived for a day or two under the tonic of such a piece of news. That was what Jerry Lane had hung round all summer for, everybody knew at last. Now he would strike work and live at his ease, the men grumbled to each other; but all the women of Walpole deplored most the weakness and foolishness of the elderly bride. Ann Floyd was comfortably off, and had something laid by for a rainy day; she would have done vastly better to deny herself such an expensive and utterly worthless luxury as the kind of husband Jerry Lane would make. He had idled away his life. He earned a little money now and then in seafaring pursuits, but was too lazy, in the shore parlance, to tend lobster-pots. What was energetic Ann Floyd going to do with him? She was always at work, always equal to emergencies, and entirely opposed to dullness and idleness and even placidity. She liked people who had some snap to them, she often

avowed scornfully, and now she had chosen for a husband the laziest man in Walpole. "Dear sakes," one woman said to another, as they heard the news, "there's no fool like an old fool!"

The days went quickly by, while Miss Ann made her plain wedding clothes. If people expected her to put on airs of youth they were disappointed. Her wedding bonnet was the same sort of bonnet she had worn for a dozen years, and one disappointed critic deplored the fact that she had spruced up so little, and kept on dressing old enough to look like Jerry Lane's mother. As her acquaintances met her they looked at her with close scrutiny, expecting to see some outward trace of such a silly, uncharacteristic departure from good sense and discretion. But Miss Floyd while she was still Miss Floyd displayed no silliness and behaved with dignity, while on the Sunday after a quiet marriage at the parsonage she and Jerry Lane walked up the aisle to their pew, the picture of middle-aged sobriety and respectability. Their fellow parishioners, having recovered from their first astonishment and amusement, settled down to the belief that the newly married pair understood their own business best, and that if anybody could make the best of Jerry and get any work out of him, it was his capable wife.

"And if she undertakes to drive him too hard he can step off to sea, and they'll be rid of each other," commented one of Jerry's 'longshore companions, as if it were only reasonable that some refuge should be afforded to those who make mistakes in matrimony.

There did not seem to be any mistake at first, or for a good many months afterward. The husband liked the comfort that came from such good house-keeping, and enjoyed a deep sense of having made a good anchorage in a well-sheltered harbor, after many years of thriftless improvidence and drifting to

and fro. There were some hindrances to perfect happiness: he had to forego long seasons of gossip with his particular friends, and the out-door work which was expected of him, though by no means heavy for a person of his strength, fettered his freedom not a little. To chop wood, and take care of a cow, and bring a pail of water now and then, did not weary him so much as it made him practically understand the truth of weakly Sister Elton's remark that life was a constant chore. And when poor Jerry, for lack of other interest, fancied that his health was giving way mysteriously, and brought home a bottle of strong liquor to be used in case of sickness, and placed it conveniently in the shed, Mrs. Lane locked it up in the small chimney cupboard where she kept her camphor bottle and the opodeldoc and the other family medicines. She was not harsh with her husband. She cherished him tenderly, and worked diligently at her trade of tailoress, singing her hymns gayly in summer weather; for she never had been so happy as now, when there was somebody to please beside herself, to cook for and sew for, and to live with and love. But Jerry complained more and more in his inmost heart that his wife expected too much of him. Presently he resumed an old habit of resorting to the least respected of the two country stores in that neighborhood, and sat in the row of loafers on the outer steps. "Sakes alive," said a shrewd observer one day, "the fools set there and talk and talk about what they went through when they follered the sea, till when the women-folks comes tradin' they are obleeged to climb right over 'em."

But things grew worse and worse, until one day Jerry Lane came home a little late to dinner, and found his wife unusually grim-faced and impatient. He took his seat with an amiable smile, and showed in every way his determination not to lose his temper because somebody else had. It was one of the days when

he looked almost boyish and entirely irresponsible. His hair was handsome and curly from the dampness of the east wind, and his wife was forced to remember how, in the days of their courtship, she used to wish she could pull one of the curling locks straight, for the pleasure of seeing it fly back. She felt old and tired, and was hurt in her very soul by the contrast between herself and her husband. "No wonder I am aging, having to lug everything on my shoulders," she thought. Jerry had forgotten to do whatever she had asked him for a day or two. He had started out that morning to go lobstering, but he had returned from the direction of the village.

"Nancy," he said pleasantly, after he had begun his dinner, a silent and solitary meal, while his wife stitched busily by the window, and refused to look at him, — "Nancy, I've been thinking a good deal about a project."

"I hope it ain't going to cost so much and bring in so little as your other notions have, then," she responded, quickly; though somehow a memory of the hot day when Jerry came and stood outside the fence, and kissed her when it was settled he should stay to supper, — a memory of that day would keep fading and brightening in her mind.

"Yes," said Jerry, humbly, "I ain't done right, Nancy. I ain't done my part for our livin'. I've let it sag right on to you, most ever since we was married. There was that spell when I was kind of weakly, and had a pain acrost me. I tell you what it is: I never was good for nothin' ashore, but now I've got my strength up I'm going to show ye what I can do. I'm promised to ship with Cap'n Low's brother, Skipper Nathan, that sails out o' Eastport in the coasting trade, lumber and so on. I shall get good wages, and you shall have everything, 'cept what I need for clothes."

"You need n't be so plaintive," said Ann, in a sharp voice. "You can go

if you want to. I have always been able to take care of myself, but when it comes to maintainin' two, 't ain't so easy. When be you goin'?"

"I expected you would be sorry," mourned Jerry, his face falling at this outbreak. "Nancy, you need n't be so quick. 'Tain't as if I had n't always set everything by ye, if I be wuthless."

Nancy's eyes flashed fire as she turned hastily away. Hardly knowing where she went, she passed through the open doorway, and crossed the clean green turf of the narrow side yard, and leaned over the garden fence. The young cabbages and cucumbers were nearly buried in weeds, and the currant bushes were fast being turned into skeletons by the ravaging worms. Jerry had forgotten to sprinkle them with hellebore, after all, though she had put the watering-pot into his very hand the evening before. She did not like to have the whole town laugh at her for hiring a man to do his work; she was busy from early morning until late night, but she could not do everything herself. She had been a fool to marry this man, she told herself at last, and a sullen discontent and rage that had been of slow but certain growth made her long to free herself from this unprofitable hindrance for a time, at any rate. Go to sea? Yes, that was the best thing that could happen. Perhaps when he had worked hard a while on schooner fare, he would come home and be good for something!

Jerry finished his dinner in the course of time, and then sought his wife. It was not like her to go away in this silent fashion. Of late her gift of speech had been proved sufficiently formidable, and yet she had never looked so resolutely angry as to-day.

"Nancy," he began, — "Nancy, girl! I ain't goin' off to leave you, if your heart's set against it. I'll spudge up and take right holt."

But the wife turned slowly from the

fence and faced him. Her eyes looked as if she had been crying. "You need n't stay on my account," she said. "I'll go right to work an' fit ye out. I'm sick of your meachin' talk, and I don't want to hear no more of it. Ef I was a man" —

Jerry Lane looked crestfallen for a minute or two; but when his stern partner in life had disappeared within the house, he slunk away among the apple-trees of the little orchard, and sat down on the grass in a shady spot. It was getting to be warm weather, but he would go round and hoe the old girl's garden stuff by and by. There would be something goin' on aboard the schooner, and with delicious anticipation of future pleasure this delinquent Jerry struck his knee with his hand, as if he were clapping a crony on the shoulder. He also winked several times at the same fancied companion. Then, with a comfortable chuckle, he laid himself down, and pulled his old hat over his eyes, and went to sleep, while the weeds grew at their own sweet will, and the currant worms went looping and devouring from twig to twig.

III.

Summer went by, and winter began, and Mr. Jerry Lane did not reappear. He had promised to return in September, when he parted from his wife early in June, for Nancy had relented a little at the last, and sorrowed at the prospect of so long a separation. She had already learned the vacillations and uncertainties of her husband's character; but though she accepted the truth that her marriage had been in every way a piece of foolishness, she still clung affectionately to his assumed fondness for her. She could not believe that his marriage was only one of his makeshifts, and that as soon as he was tired of the constraint he was ready to throw the

benefits of respectable home life to the four winds. A little sentimental speech-making and a few kisses the morning he went away, and the gratitude he might well have shown for her generous care-taking and provision for his voyage won her soft heart back again, and made poor, elderly, simple-hearted Nancy watch him cross the marshes with tears and foreboding. If she could have called him back that day, she would have done so and been thankful. And all summer and winter, whenever the wind blew and thrashed the drooping elm boughs against the low roof over her head, she was as full of fears and anxieties as if Jerry were her only son and making his first voyage at sea. The neighbors pitied her for her disappointment. They liked Nancy; but they could not help saying, "I told you so." It would have been impossible not to respect the brave way in which she met the world's eye, and carried herself with innocent unconsciousness of having committed so laughable and unrewarding a folly. The loafers on the store steps had been unwontedly diverted one day, when Jerry, who was their chief wit and spokesman, rose slowly from his place, and said in pious tones, "Boys, I must go this minute. Grandma will keep dinner waiting." Mrs. Ann Lane did not show in her aging face how young her heart was, and after the schooner Susan Barnes had departed she seemed to pass swiftly from middle life and an almost youthful vigor to early age and a look of spent strength and dissatisfaction. "I suppose he did find it dull," she assured herself, with wistful yearning for his rough words of praise, when she sat down alone to her dinner, or looked up sadly from her work, and missed the amusing though unedifying conversation he was wont to offer occasionally on stormy winter nights. How much of his adventuring was true she never cared to ask. He had come and gone, and she forgave him his shortcom-

ings, and longed for his society with a heavy heart.

One spring day there was news in the Boston paper of the loss of the schooner Susan Barnes with all on board, and Nancy Lane's best friends shook their sage heads, and declared that as far as regarded Jerry Lane, that idle vagabond, it was all for the best. Nobody was interested in any other member of the crew, so the misfortune of the Susan Barnes seemed of but slight consequence in Walpole, she having passed out of her former owners' hands the autumn before. Jerry had stuck by the ship; at least, so he had sent word then to his wife by Skipper Nathan Low. The Susan Barnes was to sail regularly between Shediac and Newfoundland, and Jerry sent five dollars to Nancy, and promised to pay her a visit soon. "Tell her I'm layin' up somethin' handsome," he told the skipper with a grin, "and I've got some folks in Newfoundland I'll visit with on this voyage, and then I'll come ashore for good and farm it."

Mrs. Lane took the five dollars from the skipper as proudly as if Jerry had done the same thing so many times before that she hardly noticed it. The skipper gave the messages from Jerry, and felt that he had done the proper thing. When the news came long afterward that the schooner was lost, that was the next thing that Nancy knew about her wandering mate; and after the minister had come solemnly to inform her of her bereavement, and had gone away again, and she sat down and looked her widowhood in the face, there was not a sadder nor a lonelier woman in the town of Walpole.

All the neighbors came to condole with our heroine, and, though nobody was aware of it, from that time she was really happier and better satisfied with life than she had ever been before. Now she had an ideal Jerry Lane to mourn over and think about, to cherish and admire; she was day by day slowly

forgetting the trouble he had been and the bitter shame of him, and exalting his memory to something near saintliness. "He meant well," she told herself again and again. She thought nobody could tell so good a story; she felt that with her own bustling, capable ways he had no chance to do much that he might have done. She had been too quick with him, and alas, alas! how much better she would know how to treat him if she only could see him again! A sense of relief at his absence made her continually assure herself of her great loss, and, false even to herself, she mourned her sometime lover diligently, and tried to think herself a broken-hearted woman. It was thought among those who knew Nancy Lane best that she would recover her spirits in time, but Jerry's wildest anticipations of a proper respect to his memory were more than realized in the first two years after the schooner Susan Barnes went to the bottom of the sea. She mourned for the man he ought to have been, not for the real Jerry, but she had loved him in the beginning enough to make her own love a precious possession for all time to come. It did not matter much, after all, what manner of man he was; she had found in him something on which to spend her hoarded affection.

IV.

Nancy Lane was a peaceable woman and a good neighbor, but she never had been able to get on with one fellow townswoman, and that was Mrs. Deacon Elton. They managed to keep each other provoked and teased from one year's end to the other, and each good soul felt herself under a moral microscope, and understood that she was judged by a not very lenient criticism and discussion. Mrs. Lane clad herself in simple black after the news came of her husband's timely death, and Mrs.

Elton made one of her farewell pilgrimages to church to see the new-made widow walk up the aisle.

"She need n't tell me she lays that affliction so much to heart," the deacon's wife sniffed faintly, after her exhaustion had been met by proper treatment of camphor and a glass of currant wine, at the parsonage, where she rested a while after service. "Nancy Floyd knows she's well over with such a piece of nonsense. If I had had my health, I should have spoken with her and urged her not to take the step in the first place. She has n't spoken six beholden words to me since that vagabond come to Walpole. I dare say she may have heard something I said at the time she married. I declare for 't, I never was so outdone as I was when the deacon came home and told me Nancy Floyd was going to be married. She let herself down too low to ever hold the place again that she used to have in folks' minds. And it's my opinion," said the sharp-eyed little woman, "she ain't got through with her pay yet."

But Mrs. Elton did not know with what unconscious prophecy her words were freighted.

The months passed by: summer and winter came and went, and even those few persons who were misled by Nancy Lane's stern visage and forbidding exterior into forgetting her kind heart were at last won over to friendliness by her renewed devotion to the sick and old people of the rural community. She was so tender to little children that they all loved her dearly. She was ready to go to any household that needed help, and in spite of her ceaseless industry with her needle she found many a chance to do good, and help her neighbors to lift and carry the burdens of their lives. She blossomed out suddenly into a lovely, painstaking eagerness to be of use; it seemed as if her affectionate heart, once made generous, must go on spending its

wealth wherever it could find an excuse. Even Mrs. Elton herself was touched by her old enemy's evident wish to be friends, and said nothing more about poor Nancy's looking as savage as a hawk. The only thing to admit was the truth that her affliction had proved a blessing to her. And it was in a truly kind and compassionate spirit that, after hearing an awful piece of news, the deacon's hysterical wife forbore to spread it far and wide through the town first, and went down to the Widow Lane's one September afternoon. Nancy was stitching busily upon the deacon's new coat, and looked up with a friendly smile as her guest came in, in spite of an instinctive shrug as she had seen her coming up the yard. The dislike of the poor souls for each other was deeper than their philosophy could reach.

Mrs. Elton spent some minutes in the unnecessary endeavor to regain her breath, and to her surprise found she must make a real effort before she could tell her unwelcome news. She had been so full of it all the way from home that she had rehearsed the whole interview; now she hardly knew how to begin. Nancy looked serener than usual, but there was something wistful about her face as she glanced across the room, presently, as if to understand the reason of the long pause. The clock ticked loudly; the kitten clattered a spool against the table-leg, and had begun to snarl the thread around her busy paws, and Nancy looked down and saw her; then the instant consciousness of there being some unhappy reason for Mrs. Elton's call made her forget the creature's mischief, and anxiously lay down her work to listen.

"Skipper Nathan Low was to our house to dinner," the guest began. "He's bargaining with the deacon about some hay. He's got a new schooner, Skipper Nathan has, and is going to build up a regular business of freighting hay to Boston by sea. There's no

market to speak of about here, unless you haul it way over to Downer, and you can't make but one turn a day."

"'T would be a good thing," replied Nancy, trying to think that this was all, and perhaps the deacon wanted to hire her own field another year. He had underpaid her once, and they had not been on particularly good terms ever since. She would make her own bargains with Skipper Nathan, she thanked him and his wife!

"He's been down to the provinces these two or three years back, you know," the whining voice went on, and straightforward Ann Lane felt the old animosity rising within her. "At dinner time I was n't able to eat much of anything, and so I was talking with Cap'n Nathan, and asking him some questions about them parts; and I spoke something about the mercy 't was his life should ha' been spared when that schooner, the Susan Barnes, was lost so quick after he sold out his part of her. And I put in a word, bein' 's we were neighbors, about how edifyin' your course had be'n under affliction. I noticed then he'd looked sort o' queer whilst I was talkin', but there was all the folks to the table, and you know he's a very cautious man, so he spoke of somethin' else. 'T wa'n't half an hour after dinner, I was comin' in with some plates and cups, tryin' to help what my stren'th would let me, and says he, 'Step out a little ways into the piece with me, Mis' Elton. I want to have a word with ye.' I went, too, spite o' my neuralgy, for I saw he'd got somethin' on his mind. 'Look here,' says he, 'I gathered from the way you spoke that Jerry Lane's wife expects he's dead.' Certain, says I, his name was in the list o' the Susan Barnes's crew, and we read it in the paper. 'No,' says he to me, 'he ran away the day they sailed; he was n't aboard, and he's livin' with another woman down to Shediad.' Them was his very words."

Nancy Lane sank back in her chair, and covered her horror-stricken eyes with her hands. "Tain't pleasant news to have to tell," Sister Elton went on mildly, yet with evident relish and full command of the occasion. "He said he seen Jerry the morning he came away. I thought you ought to know it. I'll tell you one thing, Nancy: I told the skipper to keep still about it, and now I've told you, I won't spread it no further to set folks a-talking. I'll keep it secret till you say the word. There ain't much trafficking betwixt here and there, and he's dead to you, certain, as much as if he laid up here in the burying-ground."

Nancy had bowed her head upon the table; the thin, sandy hair was streaked with gray. She did not answer one word; this was the hardest blow of all.

"I'm much obliged to you for being so friendly," she said after a few minutes, looking straight before her now in a dazed sort of way, and lifting the new coat from the floor, where it had fallen. "Yes, he's dead to me,—worse than dead, a good deal," and her lip quivered. "I can't seem to bring my thoughts to bear. I've got so used to thinkin'—No, don't you say nothin' to the folks, yet. I'd do as much for you," and Mrs. Elton knew that the smitten fellow-creature before her spoke the truth, and forbore.

Two or three days came and went, and with every hour the quiet, simple-hearted woman felt more grieved and unsteady in mind and body. Such a shattering thunderbolt of news rarely falls into a human life. She could not sleep; she wandered to and fro in the little house, and cried until she could cry no longer. Then a great rage spurred and excited her. She would go to Shediac, and call Jerry Lane to account. She would accuse him face to face; and the woman whom he was deceiving, as perhaps he had deceived her, should

know the baseness and cowardice of this miserable man. So, dressed in her respectable Sunday clothes, in the gray bonnet and shawl that never had known any journeys except to meeting, or to a country funeral or quiet holiday-making, Nancy Lane trusted herself for the first time to the bewildering railway, to the temptations and dangers of the wide world outside the bounds of Walpole.

Two or three days later still, the quaint thin figure familiar in Walpole highways flitted down the street of a provincial town. In the most primitive region of China this woman could hardly have felt a greater sense of foreign life and strangeness. At another time her native good sense and shrewd observation would have delighted in the experiences of this first week of travel, but she was too sternly angry and aggrieved, too deeply plunged in a survey of her own calamity, to take much notice of what was going on about her. Later she condemned the unworthy folly of the whole errand, but in these days the impulse to seek the culprit and confront him was irresistible.

The innkeeper's wife, a kindly creature, had urged this puzzling guest to wait and rest and eat some supper, but Nancy refused, and without asking her way left the brightly lighted, flaring little public room, where curious eyes already offended her, and went out into the damp twilight. The voices of the street boys sounded outlandish, and she felt more and more lonely. She longed for Jerry to appear for protection's sake; she forgot why she sought him, and was eager to shelter herself behind the flimsy bulwark of his manhood. She rebuked herself presently with terrible bitterness for a womanish wonder whether he would say, "Why, Nancy, girl!" and be glad to see her. Poor woman, it was a work-laden, serious girlhood that had been hers, at any rate. The power of giving her whole self in unselfish, enthusiastic, patient devotion

had not belonged to her youth only ; it had sprung fresh and blossoming in her heart as every new year came and went.

One might have seen her stealing through the shadows, skirting the edge of a lumber-yard, stepping among the refuse of the harbor side, asking a question timidly now and then of some passer-by. Yes, they knew Jerry Lane, — his house was only a little way off ; and one curious and compassionate Scotchman, divining by some inner sense the exciting nature of the errand, turned back, and offered fruitlessly to go with the stranger. "You know the man?" he asked. "He is his own enemy, but doing better now he is married. He minds his work, I know that well ; but he's taken a good wife." Nancy's heart beat faster with honest pride for a moment, until the shadow of the ugly truth and reality made it sink back to heaviness, and the fire of her smouldering rage was again kindled. She would speak to Jerry face to face before she slept, and a horrible contempt and scorn were ready for him, as with a glance either way along the road she entered the narrow yard, and went noiselessly toward the window of a low, poor-looking house, from whence a bright light was shining out into the night.

Yes, there was Jerry, and it seemed as if she must faint and fall at the sight of him. How young he looked still ! The thought smote her like a blow. They never were mates for each other, Jerry and she. Her own life was waning ; she was an old woman.

He never had been so thrifty and respectable before ; the other woman ought to know the savage truth about him, for all that ! But at that moment the other woman stooped beside the supper table, and lifted a baby from its cradle, and put the dear, live little thing into its father's arms. The baby was wide awake, and laughed at Jerry, who laughed back again, and it reached up to catch at a

handful of the curly hair which had been poor Nancy's delight.

The other woman stood there looking at them, full of pride and love. She was young, and trig, and neat. She looked like a brisk, efficient little creature. Perhaps Jerry would make something of himself now ; he always had it in him. The tears were running down Nancy's cheeks ; the rain, too, had begun to fall. She stood there watching the little household sit down to supper, and noticed with eager envy how well cooked the food was, and how hungrily the master of the house ate what was put before him. All thoughts of ending the new wife's sin and folly vanished away. She could not enter in and break another heart ; hers was broken already, and it would not matter. And Nancy Lane, a widow indeed, crept away again as silently as she had come, to think what was best to be done, to find alternate woe and comfort in the memory of the sight she had seen.

The little house at the edge of the Walpole marshes seemed full of blessed shelter and comfort the evening that its forsaken mistress came back to it. Her strength was spent ; she felt much more desolate now that she had seen with her own eyes that Jerry Lane was alive than when he was counted among the dead. An uncharacteristic disregard of the laws of the land filled this good woman's mind. Jerry had his life to live, and she wished him no harm. She wondered often how the baby grew. She fancied sometimes the changes and conditions of the far-away household. Alas ! she knew only too well the weakness of the man, and once, in a grim outburst of impatience, she exclaimed, "I'd rather she should have to cope with him than me !"

But that evening, when she came back from Shediak, and sat in the dark for a long time lest Mrs. Elton should see the light and risk her life in the

evening air to bring unwelcome sympathy, — that evening, I say, came the hardest moment of all, when the Ann Floyd, tailoress, of so many virtuous, self-respecting years, whose idol had turned to clay, who was shamed, disgraced, and wronged, sat down alone to supper in the little kitchen.

She had put one cup and saucer on the table; she looked at them through bitter tears. Somehow a consciousness of her solitary age, her uncompanioned future, rushed through her mind; this

failure of her best earthly hope was enough to break a stronger woman's heart.

Who can laugh at my Marsh Rosemary, or who can cry, for that matter? The gray primness of the plant is made up of a hundred colors, if you look close enough to find them. This same Marsh Rosemary stands in her own place, and holds her dry leaves and tiny blossoms steadily toward the same sun that the pink lotus blooms for, and the white rose.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

MEMORIES OF LONDON.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, like many a wiser moth before and after me, I set my face for London. What I knew of it was what any American boy of English descent knows: "London cries," Dick Whittington, something of the town's history and as much of its geography, and the young Queen, — she seemed young always, because as a child I remember hearing of the Princess Victoria and her coronation. But to me there was a more potent attraction than even old London. I had been reading and re-reading with enthusiasm that first volume of *Modern Painters*. I had in a weak and blind way begun the study of art in a country town, where there was no instruction and very little help, and the glowing eulogies of Turner, the splendid fallacies and witching rhetoric of the Graduate of Oxford, had woven a spell around me which left me with one overruling purpose in life, — to go to London, see the pictures of Turner, and learn the great secret of my art.

Dick Whittington was scarcely more naive, if more fortunate. I had sold a picture for thirty dollars, and decided to go to London and stay as long as it lasted! I had never been away from home. I

knew little more than a child of the value of money, had never paid for a lodging or a dinner, and thirty dollars, I calculated, would keep me six weeks. I had all the unquestioning faith of utter ignorance of the highways or byways of the world. I would follow the sun when he was visible, and the moon when he was not, and determined, without taking counsel of any one, what was to be done. The question of a passage troubled me no more than it did the Israelites fleeing from Pharaoh. I felt that I should get across, and the proverbial New York merchant was my *deus ex machina*. Thomas Tileston offered me a passage on one of his liners to Liverpool, and the old Garrick, splendid sailing ship of eight hundred tons, Captain Asa Eldridge, wafted me across. The captain took kindly to me, and eased my obligations to the hotel-keeper in Liverpool, so that I got to London with half of my thirty dollars in my pocket.

I had left New York at the end of December; the Hudson was filled with floating ice, the Jersey hills were covered with snow. I found the shores of England green, and the fields like ours in early spring. I arrived at Euston

Square late in the afternoon of a mild and smoky day of January, a third-class passenger, with my luggage, a tiny leather valise, under my arm, which, with a Spanish cloak, was all my impedimenta; and fearful of further expense and of pillaging landlords if I trusted my three sovereigns to their sheltering roofs, I bought a two-penny loaf and walked the streets all night. I had a letter of introduction from G. P. Putnam, the publisher, to his correspondent Thomas Delf, and, inquiring my way across London to his office in Paternoster Row, I was sitting by his doorway on my valise when he came in the morning. He directed me to a quiet lodging-house in Bouverie Street, kept by an honest landlady, and I installed myself in a bedroom, which was also to be my studio, at six shillings a week, including the cooking of my breakfast.

In the years which have since passed I have many times returned to London, and am as familiar with it as a Londoner born, so that to find a new thing in it would indeed surprise me; but there come now and then days, or rather moments, in the winter, when the smoke settles down and fills the streets with its dusky veil and shadowless mystery, when the yellow sky even at noon of a quiet day hardly allows a red sun to be seen at odd moments, and when both unite with the pungent odors of the coal smoke to recall this first visit, and I cannot describe the witchery and delight of that dreamy and weird recollection, which is like that of a past existence, formless, indefinable, but a part of my very life.

I write from a new home in a quarter of the great city which at the time in question was the country. We speak of the rapid changes in our American cities, but nothing like the changes of London can exist with us. Growth is not a change of this kind. Paris alone, in certain respects, can show such metamorphoses as London. But on the

whole, Paris, as I saw it at this first visit to the Old World, was more like the Paris one sees now than was London of 1850 like the London of to-day. The mere question of growth is a minor matter. London was not the metropolis of the world in 1850, and now it is. Then it was only a huge provincial town. The Londoner in general measured nothing but himself, and nobody came to London for anything but hardware, good walking-boots, saddles, etc.; now it is the *entrepôt* of the civilized world. The World's Fair of 1851 and succeeding similar displays of what cosmopolite industry can do, the common arrival of ocean steamers, rare at the time I am writing of, have changed the entire character of London life and business and the tone of its society. It is not merely in the fact that 48,000 houses were built in the capital in the last year, or that you find colonies of French, Italians, Russians, Greeks in it, but that the houses are no longer what they were, inside or out, and thus the foreigner is an assimilated ingredient in its philosophy. All this has come since 1850.

Sitting by my coal fire, which flames ruddily and flickeringly, and fills the room with the smoky aroma all know who have once been in any English city, the meditation my subject provokes runs to melancholy and a regret, sentimental certainly, but pathetic, for the days when this veiled sunshine and pungent atmosphere first became familiar to me. I shut my senses close to go back, as only old men can, when the new fact fades and the first impression comes out like an old picture over which some bungler has badly painted a new one.

Between my quarter, which was then a straggling hamlet and is now a continuous part of London, and London itself there was then a wide stretch of green fields and kitchen gardens. The whole quarter of South Kensington, Earl's Court, Baron's Court, and Raven's Court has grown up and continued London to

Hammersmith; but there was a green expanse with hawthorn hedges, where one heard the lark and rook, and saw far away the faint blue of the hills of Norwood, Clapham, and Wandsworth, where now, as far as the towers of the Crystal Palace, is an almost unbroken mass of houses. With very few exceptions the men I then knew are gone; and when I walk out, as I used to, by the road that runs still from Brompton to Hammersmith, the stately houses that line the streets are little more than tombstones to me.

Amongst the very few letters I had to people in London was one from Mr. Putnam to S. C. Hall, then editor of the *Art Journal*, who gave me another to a now dead and forgotten landscape painter, J. B. Pyne, one of the most consummate of his craft that England has produced, and who lived within a pistol shot of the site of my present residence, on what was a country road; and every Sunday afternoon I walked from my lodgings to his house, measuring the distance by the milestones as I went along, — six miles, of which half were amongst the fields. He used to keep in baronial style a place at his dinner-table for every comer, and there one met a society wholly devoted to art. Pyne was an admirable talker, and few men whom I have met had larger ideas of his art, or greater generosity in imparting his instruction to learners. As an artist he was never popular: his art was far too refined and averse from the qualities that catch the uneducated eye. He had not great genius, but a talent which came near it, and he was surpassed in general power by no one of his contemporaries except Turner, of whom he was an ardent admirer and to a certain extent a follower. There was in his art a certain dash of the artificial, and a limitation in method of treatment which is invariably the concomitant of talent when unaccompanied by genius. Talent alone, be it great or little, runs in grooves, be-

trays its identity in every movement, is always recognizable. Talent with imagination — that is, real creative power, the capacity to make new things and find new paths — is genius. Though Pyne's talent ran always in a groove, it was a large and noble one, and it is safe, I think, to predict that his pictures will, when another century is half gone, rank amongst the very best his generation has left. He was too much led by theory, but this is a common defect of talent when coupled with intellect only, which makes overmuch account of the instruction that cost it so great labor; while genius, aware that the best in what it does is a gift of its peculiar inspiration, does not plume itself on the lower excellences. Pyne had caught from Turner the greater landscape motives, the appreciation of light and space, which, with a subtle feeling for the harmony and play of color and grace in his composition, allied him more closely in style to the great master than to any other contemporary, and to careless observers caused him to be esteemed a mere imitator of Turner, which he was very far from being. His executive power was very great, and, being proud of it, he was sometimes ostentatious of it; but he never, like some of his most successful contemporaries, descended to tricks of execution or vulgar *bravura*. He sometimes painted imitations of the great landscape masters, partly as studies and partly as *tours de force*, and, being accustomed to travel in his own groove, he proceeded very well in any other painter's when once he got into it. I have no doubt that some of Pyne's recollections of Turner's pictures, which were never copies but emulations, will sell for original Turners when their centennial comes round; and as he was more careful in the method of painting and painted with fewer alterations than Turner, it is possible that these imitations will then be so much better preserved that they will be taken for the best ex-

amples of the great painter's manner. Pyne told me of his having painted a picture in the manner of Ruysdael which, though sold as an imitation, was finally established as by the master himself; and one day, having received an invitation from one of the leading dealers to see a new Ruysdael, he was not a little surprised to find his own work. He at once undeceived the dealer by only removing a little paint in one corner and discovering his signature, which he had concealed there for this contingency. Notwithstanding the disclosure, the picture was sold as a Ruysdael, but to whom Pyne could not learn.

Of all the English landscape painters whose work I have known, except Turner, Pyne was the most productive. His extraordinary facility and certainty of execution, having no *repentirs* and no labor lost, enabled him, as he used to express it, to keep a picture manufactory. Yet nothing was ever slighted. Pictures were often in hand for two or three years; and so studious was he of their permanence that he made careful account of the effect of time on his pigments, although in their finished state they might have a raw look which age, he said, would cure. He used to say that the men who wanted their pictures to appear at their best when they were first seen had to pay the penalty in their future estimation, but he preferred that his should be at their best for future times. With all his methodical way of picture-making, he never fell off in his sincerity and conscientious care for the quality of his pictures. In a letter from him from the Italian lakes, written in 1852, I find a passage which betrays something both of the good and evil of his manner of studying nature, which he commonly did with great painstaking and exactitude:—

“Perhaps you may not think it too much twaddle if I state to you my present method of procedure. First of all, then, I am vastly assisted in my present

undertaking by having with me my wife and two friends. One of them, a gentleman of six feet, and not weighing more than eleven stone, is the best hunter-down of the picturesque in landscape of any one I ever knew. The other assists in devoting himself to outline details and close studies of any portion that may be worth the time. This, you can readily imagine, enables me to make an untrammelled but elaborate colored drawing of the subject under effect, as, should I lose anything of locality or character in selecting a treatment which, to a great extent, may preclude both the one and the other, I am enabled in any future work to fall back upon my friend's outlines, which are superb for fidelity and character, and the colored studies. This, you will say, is an expensive way for a private artist to attack a country, but I see no other mode equally efficient, and fancy that it will be productive of results.”

At the time I am writing of, Ruskin's influence on public taste was almost supreme, and the men whose works he praised had an undue share of popularity. Pyne was never in favor with him; probably, to a great extent, because he never would waste time in elaborating foregrounds, though for delicacy of painting in his distances, and for absolute fidelity in actual views, nobody in England has ever approached him, and, with very few exceptions, he has never been equaled in the making up of his picture, which, without being imaginative, was always agreeable. Other reasons for Ruskin's not liking him were, perhaps, his emulation of Turner's most characteristic qualities, which would not be grateful to one who insisted that Turner was the only artist who had them, and the animosity between Pyne and Harding, who was Ruskin's drawing-master, and very largely influenced his opinions in his earlier phases. Ruskin always observed the most contemptuous silence with regard to Pyne's work, and this,

with the hostility of the Royal Academy, kept the appreciation of his art within a small circle; but there he was held at his full value, which is, in my own opinion, that of one of the greatest of landscape painters. What is most singular in regard to his work is that no pictures of their epoch come so rarely to the hammer.

To the hospitality of Mr. Hall I owe nearly all my earliest knowledge of London art and artists. He gave me a letter to Harding, a burly, solid, and typical Englishman, full of common sense, and utterly destitute of imagination or poetic feeling. He had a surprising facility of execution, whether in oil or water-color, a thorough feeling for the pictorial in nature; and his work was, on the whole, as prosaic and antipathetical as painting could be. As one of the leaders in the movement towards naturalism, which destroyed the last life of the old English poetical school of landscape painting, and ushered in that of realism more or less complete, he holds his place. To Mr. Hall I owe also the acquaintance of Creswick, facile painter of glade and grove, of brook and hedgerow; too facile, indeed, and flimsy, with a pretty perception of the poetry of sun and shade, yet too fond of tricks of the brush and the suggestive result of little labor. He, too, was a genuine Englishman, hospitable, cordial. His work had much of the charm of free nature to me then; it is now so many years since I saw the marks of his brush that I am disposed to wonder how much of the old admiration I should feel in seeing it again.

Hall introduced me to many of the lesser magnates of the palette also, and I owe to him many pleasant memories of old London. I think the last time I saw him was at the private view of one of the exhibitions, with his critic preparing the annual dose of praise or blame, and heard him call his penman to "scourge this fellow well" for him.

But critics of that calibre were then of small account when Ruskin spoke.

To Leslie — our American painter we thought him — I had a letter from Durand, then president of our Academy. A thoughtful, refined, gentlemanly personage, distinguished and reserved in a quite English way, was Leslie. I saw him in his studio, and, ceremony done, he gave me, on leaving, a card to see Mr. Holford's collection of old masters, and there our acquaintance ended. I imagine that American patriotic admiration had wearied him. To Holford's I went with Glass, a hearty, friendly compatriot, always glad to be of any use to Americans. He was then painting his celebrated picture of the Duke of Wellington going to the Horse-Guards, the last portrait of the Iron Duke, which proved a little fortune to him, bringing him, with ephemeral fame, many commissions. To him I owe a glimpse of Wellington, a thing to remember. Kind-hearted fellow, but for him how many lonely days had been mine in my six months in London; for my slender remnant of the scanty provision of pounds sterling had been increased by fifty more, sent me by a brother when he found with what a little purse I had provoked fortune. And with this I held on until high summer, and went home in August.

One of the kindest of my London friends was Wehnert, an Englishman of German descent, pupil of Paul Delaroche, and an illustrator of extraordinary facility, whose illustrations of Grimm's household tales may survive in the memory of many; and his *Prisoner of Gisors*, engraved by the Art Union of London, a powerful romantic work, will be known to more as one of the most notable works of that epoch. In those days, when we had no great luminary in popular art like Millais, and sensations for the great public were rare, the *Prisoner of Gisors* was a great success. It was painted entirely in two days. Wehnert was a rapid illustrator, and was accustomed, after

his day's work was over, to take a block home with him, and complete a design in the evening. His brain could not support the demands he made on it, and he paid in an early death, his intellect as well as his physical strength all gone, the penalty for his mental excesses; an instance of how the world often gets the least result from its best material. Wehnert had technical powers of a very high order which the public never called for, and which his narrow circumstances left him no leisure to apply gratuitously, as he would gladly have done. He was but one of the many examples which acquaintance with the inner life of the artist race uncovers to us, of genius buried under daily wants. In his general knowledge of art in its highest forms I have never known an English artist his equal. His life hid a sad romance, the story of which he carried to his grave.

In pursuit of the principal object of my journey, I spent most of my time in quest of Turner's work, which, though not in nature what Ruskin's encomiums had led me to anticipate, had, especially the water-colors of the middle period, a powerful fascination for me. I hunted them out in every collection or dealers' stock in which they appeared; the most constantly visited amongst them being the gallery of Mr. Griffiths, Turner's own dealer, to whom he sent all the pictures which he wished to sell, reserving for his gallery in Queen Anne Street the major part, which even then he intended for the nation, and which, with others, are now in the National Gallery. Griffiths was a worshiper of Turner's art, and seeing my enthusiasm he made me welcome always, and told me of anything of Turner's momentarily visible; so that in my residence in London I probably saw more of the artist's work than the generality of his English admirers had seen. His delight in any genuine appreciation of the master was charming, and it seemed as if he regard-

ed himself as born to be Turner's business man. He had made a considerable fortune, and he attributed his success to Turner's patronage and advice never to buy a picture to sell again, but to make it an invariable rule to sell on commission, and only really good pictures. He used to tell me with great reserve and a diplomatic manner, as if Turner were only to be spoken of by stealth, many anecdotes of his life. James Lenox, of New York, had, he related, a great desire to purchase the *Old Téméraire*, and offered Turner for it £5000, which the artist refused, when Lenox offered him a blank check, which he as decidedly pushed back. Several of his countrymen, who had subscribed a sum of £5000 to purchase several of the pictures in his own gallery for the national collection, he as decisively refused, adding, however, "But the nation shall have them, all the same." Griffiths said to me that he would not hesitate to offer, if it were not futile, £100,000 for the pictures which Turner then retained. Yet he was considered avaricious; and Wehnert, who had once lived in a house adjoining his, told me that he sometimes came home with a single herring for his dinner, and cooked it himself. Of course I was desirous to meet the great man face to face, and speak to him, but even Griffiths did not venture to give me an introduction. Turner's nominal residence was in Queen Anne Street, where he was never to be found except by appointment on business, his real residence being an obscure and dingy house in Chelsea, which only his most intimate associates knew, and where he would not be visited. Where and when he painted his pictures at that time no one seemed to know, but they were so far completed on the varnishing days of the Academy that they were said to come in only sketched out, and were often entirely changed on those days. His rapidity of execution was something unequalled in the records of

modern art, and few of the old masters, even, could have surpassed him. His quickness of perception was extraordinary, and Creswick told me a very characteristic case of it. Creswick had sent to the Academy exhibition a sea-side picture—a waste of sandy shore, the surf coming in with a sea-wind and rain, and, amidst the sedge, a horse. Something was wrong with the horse, but no one at the moment could tell, and it was finally decided to ask Turner to come in and criticise it. Creswick found him in one of the galleries at work on his picture. He had only passed through the room where the Creswick hung, and apparently without looking at anything in it; but when Creswick asked him to come and tell him what was the matter with his picture, he replied, “Turn him round,” which was the solution of the puzzle; for the painter had never noticed that a horse always stands with his tail to a rainstorm.

As I was overlooking some drawings by Turner at Griffiths, one day, a tall, spare, blonde gentleman entered, examined the pictures in a leisurely and studious way, and after a little conversation with Griffiths, came over, and began to talk of them to me in a manner that showed his great familiarity with them and Turner’s work in general. When he left I asked Griffiths who he was, and he replied, with a look of great glee at the surprise in store for me, “Ah! that’s the Oxford Graduate.” I was surprised, for the Boanerges pungency of the Modern Painters had given me a very different ideal of Ruskin, whose manner was as quiet and undogmatic as that of a well-bred woman. Nothing could be less like the savage and withering criticisms I had read in his book than the gentle, questioning manner of discussion which was the man’s real habit. This was the beginning of a long friendship, which lasted, with not infrequent correspondence, for twenty years. I received an invitation

to visit him in his charming home at Denmark Hill, where from the drawing-room windows one could then look out on the Surrey downs, and where I spent many hours looking over his superb collection of Turner drawings. He is still, and may he long be, of the living and here, “*di lo non ragionam.*”

One day I got a long note from Griffiths, saying that Turner was coming to the gallery on business the next morning, and that if I could arrive some time before the hour appointed for his visit I might stay in and see him; but he was very much annoyed at having people come there when he did. I was there, of course, early, and as it was understood that when Turner was expected no one should be admitted just previously, I was alone in the gallery with Griffiths, when the porter ushered in a very little man, with an old-fashioned black coat and tall hat, slightly corpulent, carrying himself curiously erect, as if he were determined not to lose a fraction of an inch of his diminutive stature, with his brows thrown forward, a clear, bright eye, and a snappish gleam in it which reminded me, with his slightly aquiline nose, of an eagle. He was not in good humor, evidently, and Griffiths saw it, but he had determined to give me a pleasure I had longed for even at the risk of disturbing Turner’s temper. So he bearded the lion, calling me up and introducing me as a young American artist who had come to England to study his pictures, and would be glad, before leaving, to take him by the hand. I naturally stepped forward and put out my hand, at which Turner, with a malicious air, put his hand behind him, looking me squarely in the eyes. Confused and entirely disconcerted at the rudeness, I turned away, and went back to the pictures, paying no more attention to Turner. When I looked at him again he held out his hand, smiling, and with a hearty hand-shake we made acquaintance, talking of his pictures, and

especially of those of a period of which Mr. Lenox had bought a fine example. "Ah," said he, to conclude that subject, "I wish they were all put in a blunderbuss and fired away." He would say nothing of painting or of his preferences amongst his works, and on the whole his manner was one of extreme modesty in speaking of himself or them. Finally Griffiths, and not Turner, reminded me that "Mr. Turner had business to transact," whereupon the artist gave me another cordial hand-shake and good-by, and begged me, if I came to England again, to come and see him. But his manner of discourse was so laconic that I had some hesitation in so interpreting his words, which, literally as I can transcribe them, were thus: (*nod*, looking me pleasantly in the face) "Well — come to England again" (*nod*, *nod*, another hand-shake, *nod*).

When I saw Griffiths, next day, he seemed overjoyed at my reception by the master. He had never, he said, known him to treat but one man so cordially as he had me, that other being George Catmole. He saw that Turner, when he came in, was in a furious temper, and fully expected him to insult me, and was immensely surprised and delighted at the turn things took. I was to leave London in a few days for America. If the interview and invitation had but been earlier I might have seen the old painter where few men have seen him, at home. He was dead before I came back to England again. The year I was in London was the last in which his works were in the Academy exhibition, and I saw them fresh from the retouching of varnishing day, vague, luminous, splendid in color, space, and air. I have seen them since, mere wrecks, the lights gone black, the shadows chilled, the transparent color grown opaque and dead, and in the whaling subjects, the composition scarcely recognizable. He refused to sell them even from the exhibition, though offered \$6000 for the four small can-

vases. Pictures which had left the Academy unsold he declined to sell afterward. When a buyer made him an offer for the Old Téméraire, he replied, "You might have bought it from the Academy for £250, and would n't, and you can't have it now." One is not surprised that the public was indifferent to such pictures as Caligula's Bridge, and others of its class, for even Ruskin never understood their merits, and called them "nonsense pictures;" but that the superb Crossing the Brook and Old Téméraire should have gone out of the exhibition unsold is stupefying, and would be incredible were it not that Watts's pictures, the only work of the day in England worthy the same regard as Turner's, are treated as Turner's were fifty years ago, — revered by the wise and sympathetic few, and absolutely ignored by the picture buyers, even by the dealers, just as his great contemporary, Millet, was in France. As for Turner's most advanced pictures they could not have been appreciated by any considerable public, and it is improbable that they ever will be, for the most of them are fast disappearing. The Apollo Seizing the Python, the grandest, *me judice*, of all his compositions, though of his middle period, is blackened, cracked, and more obscured than a picture of the fifteenth century. Most of the oil pictures are injured, some quite ruined, while the water-colors are rarely much changed except for a certain character of age which comes to water-color. But Turner was a water-color painter; he never learned properly to use oils. He was forever experimenting, and it is only by chance that a picture was painted in so solid a manner as to have preserved its best qualities to our time; so that the best of the oil pictures do not, and probably when finished did not, suffice to give a complete estimate of the art of Turner. Of his intellectual power and imaginative intensity we can only get an adequate idea by

the Apollo, the Hesperides, and the compositions of that class, and of these not one remains so little changed as to give us as good a notion of the original perfections as we can get even of the pictures of Titian; while the full knowledge of his power as a colorist can even now only be obtained from his water-colors of about 1840 to 1850, — for his art made continual progress while his faculties were unimpaired.

Turner was certainly one of the most remarkable examples of the contradictions of human nature on record. Not only do his parsimony and munificence, his outrageous bearishness and the attachment he inspired in some of his friends, stand in strong contrast, but the intellectual elevation and extraordinary sense of beauty and refinement in his works is in inexplicable antagonism with the gross and almost incredible sensuality and brutality of the man. The reconciliation of his life and works will be an eternal puzzle for the philosopher and student of æsthetics. If there were any relation between art and life, certainly in the case of Turner, whose artistic powers were the most lofty and intense as well as the most individual the history of art can point to, we might hope to see the reflex of the personal character in the art. Of the private history of the man we have, unfortunately, almost no data. The only considerable correspondence he ever had was with the person known as Mrs. Booth, who was his housekeeper and mistress, and the letters were lost to us by the stupid and unfortunate threat of one of the artist's executors to take them from her by process of law, if she did not give them up, on which she at once threw them into the fire.

Turner appeared so strong and clear-eyed when I saw him, there was such a vivacity in his movements, his eye flashed so as he looked from Griffiths to me when I was introduced, like an eagle at two assailants, that death seemed years

removed. Certainly the vigor of his execution in his last pictures, the curious audacity with which he turned accidents of the material into details, was not inferior, in the power shown, to any kind of his work. But in the year following he died — like Titian, not too soon to show us what he could do at his best, nor so early as to leave us to lament the cessation of an unique art before it had done its best and begun to show symptoms of decay. Not his eye nor his hand, but his purpose, had come to its decline, and his latest work shows a want of serious intention which is not visible in the work of 1840. I am glad to have seen the old man and touched the most magic-working hand of my time, if not of all time. *Virgilium vidi tantum*, but even that glimpse was something to cherish in my memories of old London.

The Londoner of that day was in general a rude and ill-mannered cub, of whichever sex. The Englishman of breeding and travel was then, as now, the first of his kind, the most courteous and chivalric of Aryans; but the average John Bull and his wife and children had seen little of foreigners and thought every departure from English ways and appurtenances a violation of the mutual obligations of a related humanity. It was prior to the Crimean war and the World's Fair, and the English home-stayer had no knowledge of the manners or apparel of the stranger, and hardly admitted him within his gates. My Spanish cloak, shelter in many a winter's storm at home, was the signal when I went out in London for a running fire of jeers and gibes, and, with a blue cloth cap in place of the imperative stove-pipe hat of those days in England, made me sufficiently conscious that I was a stranger in the land. "Hi, Bill!" sings out one of the younger roughs, "here goes King Edward!" at which Bill was in the habit of responding, "Hi! hi!" with a derisory yell from all the accompanying em-

bryo ruffians. Various and numerous were the salutations of this unkempt world as I came and went; and as I had a custom of dining in Whitechapel Saturday and Fulham Sunday, I saw the longest dimension of London every week, and tried the temper of the citizen in his various wards with frequency. Justice impels me to say that the further east one went the further one got from anything resembling sweetness and light. There were sections where I dared not venture, for the swarming insolence of the juvenility on the sidewalk brought up the windows of the densely populated alleys, and this led to demonstrations which may have been jocular, but were more likely to become larcenous, and which quickly ended my explorations. I asked a policeman one day which was the most dangerous quarter of London, and he replied, "Oh, for a policeman Leman Street," and he mentioned in particular a narrow street, the name of which I have forgotten, and which has now disappeared. I tried it on a bright spring day, but beat a retreat in less time than I had expected, even with the policeman's warning. The vixenish and ruffianly faces that saluted me from the windows, and some of which followed their gibes into the street so quickly as to indicate the intention of putting acts in the forefront, led me to prefer the more spacious Leman Street, whence I had come. The trivial missiles of the playful youth did me no harm, and their guying was quite as innocuous; but the sudden emergence of various indurated-looking individuals where no man was before visible, and the jocular salutations they made me, such as, "Hi, Frenchy!" and "I say, guv'ner, can't ye give us a shillin'?" or, "I'd like to drink yer 'ealth, sir," said in a very confident and familiar way, with similar bits of information, proved to me that there was no wisdom to be got there that would not cost more than it was worth to me.

The old Seven Dials was a den of filth and drunkenness, and in some of the narrow streets which radiated from it or crossed the main avenues, like a huge spider web, it was uncomfortable as well as unsafe to go at midday, unless accompanied by a policeman; indeed, the whole region between there and Soho was grewsome to pass through. And not always was chaff merely vocal: throwing mud at an outsider was a favorite amusement of the population, and woe to the curious man who went staring about and betraying a newness to the place.

Great cities quicken the wits of their denizens, and of the lower classes the lower wits. They twig the foreigner or the provincial by the wag of his head, even if he speak not, and recognize the unhabituated by his curious look at the windows as he passes by. The saying of the Yorkshire man, when seeing a stranger pass through his village, — "A stranger! 'eave 'arf a brick at him," — has become a standing joke, but it is probably only a survival of the manner in which the eighteenth-century Briton regarded all foreigners, and which is still seen in the contempt of the lower classes for everything foreign, and the overweening sense which even some of the better classes entertain of a definite and demonstrable superiority to all the world beside. Now they are used to beards and mustaches and foreign fashions of dress, but at the time which I am describing it was quite common to hear disparaging and insulting remarks from people of the middle classes when a person appeared invested with a noticeable peculiarity; and these things were said as one would make comments on the cattle or horses that passed by, as if the speakers could not possibly entertain the idea that they could be offensive to the objects of them. The lady whose family I visited at Whitechapel had some occasional knowledge of Americans, and one day, offering to introduce an Eng-

lish friend who was going out to America to an American lady who was to be a passenger on the same ship, was surprised at the offer being declined. When she persisted in urging it, the English emigrant lady replied, "But you know it is useless, as I cannot speak a word of American."

The great Exhibition broke down this Chinese wall, and to a certain degree made the English people understand that a foreigner did not come into the country merely to be insulted and to make fun for the superior nation. To say that they know much now of the foreigner would be to go too far. I remember a story of secession times which was told me by a Western bishop of the American Episcopal Church, who came on a mission, *Seward regnante*, to endeavor to influence the public opinion in England through churchmen, and accordingly urged all the well-known considerations on one of his fellow bishops of the English Church, who, after hearing them all, replied, "But, my dear brother, Providence evidently intended you to be different nations, for it put the Isthmus of Darien between you;" and this was after the war had been for some time occupying the eager attention of England.

I was frequently asked where I had learned English, and whether there were many people in America as white as I was; and the post-office refused point blank to send my letters to San Francisco via New York, as the San Francisco mails went by way of South America at double the American postage. A well-known landscape painter, still living, was discoursing of the Thames, and said, as if to astonish me, "Would you believe that the Thames is from mouth to source above one hundred and fifty miles long?" "Why, my dear fellow," I replied, "we have rivers in America long enough to wind round the whole of England and leave enough to tie a good big bowknot." He looked

at me in silent stupefaction for a moment, and then said, "Well, I know you to be a truth-telling man, Stillman, or I should pronounce that what we call 'an American.'"

When I left they were just beginning the construction of the World's Fair building, the preparation and cause of a new era for England. Now it is hard to find a familiar object which has not been converted at least to some new use. The underground railway has undermined the city, and the "American railways" with their horse-cars, so vehemently abused and refused by London for years, traverse all the suburbs. The picturesque river-side London, so full of suggestions of subjects for painters, and the Thames Embankment have changed the entire aspect of the river, and every year new green fields are buried in bricks and mortar, and the London fog grows denser and the winter more grim.

I have been many times in London since that first visit, and every time I return I recall the strangeness of the life to me as I walked down Holborn, carrying my little leather valise, and how, as I passed through St. Paul's churchyard, a cockney fellow, going the opposite way with two girls, his friends, and seeing that I was a foreigner, thought to make game of me, English fashion. So, begging me pompously to give him the honor of carrying my valise, and dancing around me in buffoonish entreaty, the girls and he laughed in excruciating merriment, until, I making no reply, but waiting to see the end, they tired. Leaving his hold of my valise the fellow turned to go his way, all the people round laughing too, when, as he committed his back fairly to me, I took a quick step after him, and succeeded in somewhat accelerating his leisurely pace. Never turning his head again, the bystanders laughing, and he not, this time, he went straight through the churchyard into Cheapside. I might now walk Cheapside itself in Mohawk costume,

and be only wondered at as an advertisement.

Yesterday I walked along a splendid avenue cut through the old dense mass of dingy and crowded tenements of Soho and Seven Dials, one of two crossing in this section. The entire bank of the Thames is changed, but the little penny steamers still run up and down as they used to, the same primitive barges with engines; the captain still stands on the bridge and calls to the boy at the scuttle, and he again down to the engineer, "Ease her, stop her, back her," and "Go ahead," again, as if no call were known.

It is curious, this obstinate resistance to all change not forced on the Englishman by competition. The Thames penny boats are the property of a company which holds a monopoly of carrying passengers on the river, and till that monopoly is broken we shall go up and down Father Thames, as in 1850, on a boat without a shelter for passengers when it rains, and which would not be used in New York harbor for a tug. One must have been here an entire generation to measure conservative England's progress. *Eppur si muove* — the ice has broken up, and all England is in motion.

W. J. Stillman.

THE HEART'S CALL.

HE rides away at early light,
Amid the tingling frost,
And in the mist that sweeps her sight
His form is quickly lost.

He crosses now the silent stream,
Now skirts the forest drear,
Whose thickets cast a silver gleam
From leafage thin and sear.

Long falls the shadow at his back
(The morning springs before);
His thoughts fly down the shadowed track,
And haunt his cottage door.

Miles gone, upon a hilltop bare,
He draws a sudden rein:
His name, her voice, rings on the air,
Then all is still again!

She sits at home, she speaks no word,
But deeply calls her heart;
And this it is that he has heard,
Though they are miles apart.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE GENESIS OF BIRD-SONG.

BIRD-SONG is one of the most charming mysteries in nature; it has no counterpart in art. I have at times fancied there was some analogy between it and the art of poetry, but there is none, in fact. The genesis of poetry is intellectual and psychal; the genesis of bird-song is purely physical. Even the human voice, in song, oratory, and histrionic declamation, borrows much of its best value from the character, mental and psychal, of the individual vocalizer.

The song apparatus of the bird is, perhaps, no more a machine than that of the man; but the controlling force, the motor, of the former is mechanical, whilst that of the latter is intellectual to a large degree. Of course I do not mean to say that birds sing involuntarily or without emotion of a certain sort, nor would I be understood as representing the song organ of any oscine to be absolutely unadjustable, which would be contrary to the first law of evolution, — the natural impulse of progression from lower to higher expression. It would seem that conscious effort to improve, such as man is capable of, works both evil and good in the way of developing the vocal organs, whilst the unconscious practice indulged by the birds never injures the voice, and if it improves it, the result comes about by the slow process of hereditary accumulation. Thus, no doubt, the wonderful voice power of our song-birds is the result of a long, steady evolutionary growth.

The theory that birds have descended from a remote reptilian ancestry has so many facts to support it that, until some convincing discoveries in palæontology shall be made to the contrary tending, we must accept it as probably true. Unfortunately, the study of comparative anatomy is both infinitely complicated and immeasurably dry to the layman, as

contradistinguished from the scientist, wherefore much the greater number of even cultured people will probably always rest in ignorance of the startling details pertaining to evolution in nature. Few of us, indeed, have the time and the necessary self-devotion, even if the scarce and precious material furnished by nature were always at hand, to make the investigations necessary to a high knowledge of natural science. Large museums are far apart, scientific books are expensive, and the field of each science is as wide as the whole range of nature: consequently, none but the favored — or the self-devoted — few can afford the luxury of following, as Darwin and Huxley and Milne-Edwards and Owen and Marsh have done, the flitting spirit which beckons us back and back, over the silent, desolate grave-yards of the ages, to the beginnings of things. Still, we may all catch a light breath, so to speak, of the air from the oldest, or rather the youngest, period of organic life. Any one of us may choose a slight, narrow, but far-reaching current of inquiry, and float down it, from time to time, until at last the end is reached, away back in the chaos upon which moved the Spirit of Creation at the dawn of day.

Some years ago I was tramping and sketching in the beautiful hilly region of Western Florida. During the spring-time, especially, I spent a great deal of my leisure studying the song and habits of the mocking-bird. One morning, while a fine *moquer*, as the Creoles call our king of song-birds, was charming me with his wonderful vocalization, the question arose in my mind: When did a mocking-bird first sing? Of course the inquiry could not be answered; but it suggested a broad field of special research. Why not ask of Nature the

general question, When did birds first sing? or: What is the genesis of bird-song? I lay in the shade of a wide-topped live-oak and brooded over the fascinating problem, while a sweet breeze from the Gulf stirred the sprays overhead, and rippled the silvery bosom of a little lake that lapped the sand at my feet. Gradually enough I formulated a plan of investigation which I have followed, as far as my ability to profit by my own discoveries and those of others has permitted.

At first thought it may seem trivial to propose an inquiry into the origin of bird-song; but a little reflection upon the subject will be sufficient to enlist the interest of almost any mind. All things have had a beginning, and so there was a time when no music of "swelling throats" filled the air of spring. Somewhere the first cat-bird sang in a brier-tangle, the first brown thrush flooded a thicket with its melody, the first mocking-bird filled the day and the night with incomparable rhapsody; at least one imagines as much; and then the Garden of Eden appears in the distance, some six or seven thousand years away. There it was that birds and bird-song had their beginning, just in time to welcome Adam and give Eve a brilliant wedding serenade.

Now I believe that, when they are read aright, science and revelation, so far as they pertain to material things, are mathematically equivalent to each other; they coincide in meaning, if not in form. They might be exactly superposable, were science reduced to the simplicity of revelation, that is to simple truth; but unfortunately we cannot begin at the beginning or go to the end of science. Revelation states a fact, whilst science merely collects evidence tending to establish a fact. Revelation emits simple truth; science strives to reach this same elementary verity by a process of reconstruction.

The inspired record declares that man

was given dominion, which would imply that the earth and all things upon it and in it were made for his benefit. Science may profit by this view of creation, and take the serving of man's physical and mental needs as the end of evolution. In other words, we may assume that if the object of creation was to make a sphere for man's dominion while in the human state, then all the lines of creature development have been drawn towards a culmination, have been led to their highest point, in the age of man's creation; that the Creator perfected the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms before he made man. But what has all this to do with the genesis of bird-song? you will ask. Perhaps much, perhaps little. Let us see.

Without resorting to the language of technical scientific literature, where it can be avoided, I will briefly review the records of geology touching the origin of birds, and by this means we may get a clue to the origin of bird-song.

The first traces in the palæozoic rocks of anything resembling bird life are well-defined footprints; these, however, have been attributed to certain ancient reptiles having feet approaching those of some aquatic fowls in form. Next come organic remains — fragmentary skeletons, for the most part, of strange saurians and bat-like flying animals, having membranous wings and the beak of a toothed bird. No sign of a feather was observable, however, among all the fossil records, up to the discovery of an imperfect skeleton and partial cast of a strange creature named *Archæopteryx*, half bird, half reptile, in the lithographic slate of Solenhofen, Bavaria. A transition state between the bat-like, bird-billed reptiles above noted and our present ornithic forms could not be better expressed than by *Archæopteryx*, so far as anatomy and exterior structural points are concerned. This initial bird, so to call it, appears to have possessed a very oddly arranged suit of feathers, consist-

ing of retrices (arranged regularly on the sides of a very long, twenty-jointed tail) and wing-feathers, its body having no plumage, probably, or at best mere rudimentary, down-like feathers. As to whether this rude bird had a voice, it is useless to inquire, since the head and sternum are wanting; but I think we may safely doubt the existence of more than the obscurest development of vocal organs in birds having toothed reptile jaws and bi-concave vertebræ, as in the case of some of the *Odontornithes*, so ably studied and arranged by Professor Marsh. The fish-eating birds of our own time have not much voice, as a rule, — a guttural squawk, or a metallic clanging scream, being the extent of their performance. Taking the skeleton of *Hesperornis regalis*, as restored by Marsh, we shall see at once, considering the toothed jaws and reptilian throat, that its vocal organs were probably far inferior to those of existing loons and grebes, if it had a voice at all.

Returning to *Archæopteryx*, we shall become more and more convinced, the more we study its remains in the light of all that is known of comparative anatomy, that it was scarcely more ornithic than our common bat, as regards similarity to the birds of to-day, notwithstanding its feathers. Indeed, it had a sort of bat claw at the end of the wing, and its wing feathers and retrices were a very little remove from the leathery, bat vans of the flying reptiles in so far as efficiency was concerned; but its impression in the rocks registers a definite effort of nature in the direction of evolving a true bird. Thenceforward we may look for feathered forms gradually growing toward the high type of to-day. The reptile prototype has somehow exchanged his scales for feathers; the generation of the true bird has begun with *Archæopteryx*. A long, dreary blank here appears in the record of the rocks, after which we find the toothed birds of Professor Marsh, probably full-fledged,

in the sense of being coated with feathers. It is to be doubted whether any of these were good flyers, — some of them certainly could not fly at all, — though they were mostly excellent swimmers, and possibly capable of living a long time under water, if not really amphibious. What Professor Marsh says of the anatomy of *Archæopteryx* may be applied generally to the toothed birds: "The bones of the reptile are indeed there, but they have already received the stamp of the bird;" and I may add that, as regards *Odontornithes* collectively, the feathers are indeed there, and the stamp of the bird, but the old reptile character is still present, scarcely more than dominated by the ornithic features. I have said that it may be doubted whether any of the *Odontornithes* were good flyers. By good flyers I mean not merely strong flyers (like the teals), nor sailers (like the hawks and buzzards), but flyers whose movements in the air are almost instantaneous, like the highest type of oscines, say the mocking-bird, or the cardinal grosbeak, a facility of flight absolutely necessary to arboreal life, where so many thorns, spikes, branches, twigs, vines, and sprays have to be suddenly avoided in the midst of the swiftest motion. Some of the toothed birds of Marsh's smaller group may have been as good flyers as our gulls, strong and tireless; but they could not dodge a dozen twigs in a second, as I have seen a sparrow do in full flight.

The discovery of *Palæospiza bella*, a well-preserved, almost complete skeleton of a sparrow-like bird in the insectivorous shale of Colorado, has given us the nearest approach to a song-bird yet found in the old rocks; but the bill is lacking. Most probably *Palæospiza* was an oscine, in the ornithological sense, but I think we may well doubt whether it could sing, in the true meaning of the word. Its position in the insect-bearing shale further favors our classing it as insectivorous, another characteristic of

the true song-birds; but this would not give it a song, for many of the existing oscines have no song to sing, chirp and pipe and squeak as they may.

From this slight sketch of what the old rocks tell about birds, we see that, so far as fossil remains teach anything, they teach us that the oscine *form* was the last to appear in the succession of structural changes in the bird's general physique. This is as far as we can go in the direction of mere development of *form*, by the light of anatomy, considering fossil skeletons merely as such.

Let us turn now and take a quick glance over the evidence of voice development discoverable in the kinship between birds and reptiles.

Professor Huxley, in one of the most admirable of his great contributions to scientific taxonomy, has classed the birds and the reptiles together, or rather grouped them under one head, as constituting a primary division of the vertebrates. He has based this classification on many points in which, on one hand, birds and reptiles agree anatomically and physiologically, and on their variance from mammals in as many points on the other hand. Indeed, the kinship between birds and reptiles is still very strong, even after the immense development of the bird form and the comparatively slight modification of most reptile forms which have come about since the time of *Archæopteryx* and the dinosaurian animals of the triassic rocks.

We may assume, then, that the development of the vocal organs in birds has been, in some measure, apace with or dependent upon the departure of the bird form from that of the reptile.

Our present existing reptiles are almost devoid of voice proper. Some of them can make certain dismal, guttural groans or croaks, others can utter shrill, discordant sounds; but at best the reptilian vocal apparatus is rudimentary in the extreme. Hence in those days when the bird was just struggling away

from the clumsiest and worst hindering characteristics of the reptile, it certainly possessed no vocal organs of any great power. It would appear doubtful whether it had any at all, since so few birds, even now, have a singing voice, and since, after all these ages of development, the reptile's voice is scarcely a voice at best. It is a curious fact that frogs and toads, amphibians, have the best developed vocal organs of all the reptiles, and that they are not properly scale-bearing; and yet it is from the scale-bearing reptiles that our birds have sprung. Perhaps the common toad comes nearer than any known reptile to the possession of a singing voice, though the tree-frogs have a peculiar chirp or squeak not unlike certain notes of the woodpeckers. One might stop here and indulge the pretty impression that the toad in the summer grass and the tree-frog among the green branches register the highest possibilities of reptilian song genius, whilst the mocking-bird, the brown thrush, and the nightingale assert the triumph of the race which long ago departed from the groove of that lower estate, by changing scales to feathers, legs to wings, and that rudimentary vocal apparatus into the syrinx, with which to charm the poets of all time!

The crocodiles, including our alligator, have the tongue attached all round in the mouth, so that it cannot be much used, and it is at this point, so far as the power of vocalization is concerned, that song-birds have departed farthest from the scale-bearing reptiles; for the tongues of our musical oscines are thoroughly liberated, and do good service in the complicated gymnastics of song production. The tongue of the frog is, as a rule, attached at the front of the mouth and free behind, so that, in catching insects, this organ is "curled over itself," and thrust out rear end foremost. Curiously enough, the "singing" tree-frogs are the males, the females not possessing the vocal power to any great

degree; thus resembling our oscines, whose males are the music-makers. Moreover, the frog, as a fossil, dates back to the time when the birds were fairly beginning to separate themselves from reptile life. Add to this the fact that there is a flying tree-frog in Borneo, and it will be seen that here is a strange, belated effort of nature to urge the scaleless reptiles up to arboreal, aerial, and song-singing life, by the side of their more fortunate avian kinsmen, who early chose a better method of development!

Turning now to rapidly sketch the really wonderful vocal organs of our oscine birds, I need not enter into any technical anatomical discussion, but, taking the mocking-bird as the highest type of singer, it will be sufficient, for the purposes of this paper, to explain the salient features of the song-producing throat in birds. First, then, all bird-song is generated in a lower larynx called the syrinx, a complicated little machine situated, in fact, at the lower end of the trachea, where it divides into two bronchial tubes, and consisting in chief of an enlargement and rearrangement of the compound lower ring of the windpipe, a bony cross-bar, or *pessulus*, and a membranous plate which forms a partition between the tubes, and whose upper margin is one of the vibrating vocal cords, the other cord being a membrane developed on the inside of the bronchial rings, or rather half-rings, opposite the *septum* or partition above mentioned. Thus a column of air passing from the lungs to escape through the trachea sets these membranes to vibrating, whilst by means of five or six pairs of delicately adjusted muscles the air space is changed with wonderful facility, the column shortened or lengthened, as is done by the flute-player, and indeed the whole lower throat becomes a generator of sweet sounds, which, passing up to the bird's mouth, are broken into melodious bits, so to speak, and scattered to the winds; for the highest vocaliza-

tion, although generated in the syrinx, is made into song, in a large degree, by the bird's tongue, its posterior mouth walls, and the upper extremity of the trachea, all of which taken together constitute a complicated and perfectly adjusted governor of the quantity, the accent, and, in a measure, the quality of the notes.

Every observer has remarked that nearly all the superior songsters among birds have rather long and slender bills, whilst the talkers have short, stout ones. I have tried to discover, and think I have discovered, the relation that width, length, and curvature of bill have to the quality or style of voice. It is sufficient to remark here that birds having extremely short, thick beaks, like that of the cardinal grosbeak or that of the blue-jay, have not the power, apparently, of trilling, shaking, or quavering the voice (which is the distinguishing gift of the thrush and many other slender-billed birds), though the grosbeak and the jay have excellent vocal powers. Reduced to a rule, the comparison will be, The short-bills twitter and whistle, the long-bills sing. The blue-jay is the most melodious of the whistlers, whilst the quail (bob-white) and the cardinal grosbeak are the most powerful whistlers of all our birds.

It has been somewhat taken for granted by our ornithologists that all the birds belonging to the subdivision named oscines, or singers, have the vocal organs necessary to song. Even Dr. Coues remarks that the rook, though "a corvine croaker," has a "syrinx in good order, though he has never learned to play" on it. Now, I have never had the opportunity of dissecting a rook's vocal organs; but I am able to say that such corvine croakers as I have examined are not possessed of a song-making apparatus to be at all compared with that of the cat-bird, the brown thrush, or the mocking-bird. McGillivray's figures will have to be greatly modified when applied

to the best of our American songsters. Professor Müller's researches in the comparative anatomy of vocal organs in birds, and Professor Huxley's admirably clear description, have failed fully to recognize the office of the tongue and posterior walls of the mouth in differentiating and modifying the notes of a bird's song. It appears to me that the oversight, or partial oversight, has arisen from taking it for granted that the bronchi-tracheal syrinx is the absolute and sole song organ in birds, instead of being merely the voice generator in song-birds. For example, the parrot has no septum in his syrinx, and but three pairs of intrinsic muscles, and yet his voice is a wonder of flexibility and elasticity. Melody is lacking, because one of the vocal cords (the septum with its membrane) is gone; but high vocal performance is possible, because the lower mouth space and the tongue are singularly adapted to modifying and breaking up the voice into fragments surprisingly articulate, though the voice itself is inferior in *timbre* and range.

Long before I began my dissections, I had noted that the sweetest of the flute notes uttered by the mocking-bird and the blue-jay appeared to be blown out through a rigidly distended throat, whilst the delicately quavered passages of the mocking-bird's song were, seemingly, manufactured at the root of the tongue. To get evidence of this, carefully watch your caged mocker when he is delivering a labored *staccato* combination, and you will see the convulsive shake of the mouth muscles and the peculiar management of the lower mouth space, by which he differentiates the notes. On the other hand, he will whistle, and when he has ended you can scarcely say whether or not he opened or moved his mouth at all during the performance.

There is an interesting ventriloquial effect produced by the purely syringeal or laryngeal notes of a bird's voice.

This is very pronounced in the call of the quail, and especially in the piping of young wild turkeys; but it is most noteworthy in some of the night-cries of the mocking-bird. True song, however, has nothing of this peculiarity in it; even the careless shadow lay of the indigo-bird has its definite expression of place and distance, no matter how sketchy its outline.

From all we can gather it appears most probable that in its present form our song-bird proper — our bird with a song to sing — is not much older than man; that he found his song just in time to gladden the ears of God's last and greatest creation; that he struggled through countless ages and awful changes in order to fit himself for our entertainment. Think what the avian race has endured since first Archæopteryx felt the feathers begin to bud in his arms! What a long, slow, hesitating, faltering current of development, from a scaly amphibian of the palæozoic time, up, up, to the glorious state of the nightingale and the mocking-bird! I never see a brown thrush flashing his brilliant song from the highest spray of a tree without letting a thought go back over the way he has come to us, and I always feel that to protect and defend the song-bird is one of man's clearest duties. Indeed, nothing is better indicated by the records of the ages than that beautiful colors, rich fragrance, and bird-song were made especially for us. There were no flowers, properly so called, in palæozoic times. Amidst all the luxuriant vegetation of the coal measures, not a fossil blossom is found, nor do the rocks give up a single butterfly or other insect which was probably highly or delicately colored. The ancient birds (reasoning from analogy) were not gay-feathered, and, as I have shown, were not able to sing. But when man appeared the world was ready for him; the hills and the valleys and the broad plains were covered with verdure

and bloom, and the air was rich with perfume and resonant with bird-song. He might have looked around scarcely able to know whether the butterflies were winged flowers, or the flowers vegetable butterflies. All this great, *riant*, blooming, perfumed, music-filled world was for him and his beautiful companion. Well might it be said that they were in a garden, an Eden. Well might the gush of song from a myriad swelling throats, around, above, everywhere, suggest that the very stars of morning were singing together.

I am inclined to the belief, from my own observation, that many of our birds are still in a transition state as regards the development of their vocal organs. Take the woodpeckers, a very unmusical family, and we shall find the golden-wing giving some evidence of acquiring a song, apace with his departure from the true woodpecker habit. The wood-thrush appears to lack a million years or so of practice and hereditary development to make him sing as well as the mocking-bird, though his voice is as sweet as a silver bell. The meadow-lark is very nearly a singer, so is the blue-bird, whilst the blue-jay does at rare intervals render a low, mellow, incomparably pure flute passage, as if whistling a snatch from a future score of its own. The tufted tit-mouse stops just short of what one fancies would be a fine, clear lay, and the cardinal gros-beak puts on all the airs of an accomplished musician, without being quite able to find a tune.

Comparative anatomy bears out these suggestions, showing that development of voice in birds runs quite along with the development of the syrinx, whilst development of song power keeps well up with and is dependent on the correlative efficiency of the syrinx and mouth arrangement. No crow, or black-bird (American), or other songless oscine is capable of learning to sing, nor can it be, until a change shall have taken place, not in its larynx or syrinx, but in the shape of the posterior part of its mouth with relation to its tongue and the opening of the trachea. In every case where a bird approaches the margin of song-making it will be found to possess a mouth arrangement superior to that of birds which have no tendency toward song. Even the mouth and tongue of the golden-winged woodpecker are verging in the direction of the true development; its bill is growing slender and weak, is taking on the song-bird curve, and the posterior part of the tongue is being modified. Indeed, *Colaptes auratus* is much nearer the true singing bird's estate than any rook, no matter how beautifully developed its syrinx, but it is not nearer the possession of the greatest vocal power, the power of articulate expression.

Such is a hasty glimpse of the genesis of bird-song, a subject which might well have a volume devoted to it; for so long as Keats's ode to a nightingale and Shelley's to a sky-lark shall exist, no one dare say that bird-song is not worthy of the highest attention.

Maurice Thompson.

THE SECRET OUT.

"ONLY the *manner* avails!" daintily urged Dilettante.

"Nay, the *matter* is all!" Philosopher curtly replied.

Then came Genius, and wrought in masterful fashion a marvel:

"Lo! *my* wisdom is proved!" each of the disputants cried.

Paul Hermes.

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

I.

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE IS RAISED ALOFT.

THERE were many theories about the disastrous collision at the Chipewewa Street bridge; but not a word was spoken against that eminent citizen, David Lane.

The place of the event was Keewaydin, a high northern city, on the shores of Lake Michigan, that superb inland sea, which stretches a long arm downward from the general chain of the American Great Lakes. Keewaydin — named for the Northwest Wind — had a population of somewhat more than one hundred thousand souls. It was of a prosperous, comely aspect, and solidly built of an indigenous, yellow-toned brick, the cool warmth of which seemed, somehow, in keeping with the northerly latitude. Through its midst flowed a smooth, canal-like river, which, with tributaries, and basins dredged out in certain marshes, afforded some twenty miles of wharfage for shipping. This river was spanned, at the foot of nearly every other street, by a draw-bridge, — now opening to the bustling traffic by water, now forming again a junction with the solid land, to accommodate the desultory cavalcade of foot-passengers and teams.

The large propeller, *Pride of the West*, had struck one of these bridges, and two lives had been almost instantly lost.

The story might have been heard exhaustively told at that favorite resort of vessel men and marine gossips, the *Johannisberger House*, an old, high-porticoed edifice by the river-side, which had once been a family mansion of some note.

"As I understand it," said an engi-

neer of the *Owl Line* steam-tugs, summing up the part of it that related to David Lane, — "as I understand it, David Lane, he was on the bridge at the time" —

"On the draw," growled the captain of a tug of the rival *Diamond Jim Line*.

"On the draw, of course. Where *could* he ha' been?" retorted the other, as though only a person very near an idiot could have insisted upon so fine a distinction. "He was on the draw, and the propeller was a-comin' through. All to once, he see *Zelinsky*, the bridge-tender, drop in a kind o' fit. Lane rushes forrard, to lend a hand; but what could he do? It was this here paytent new-fangled turnin' apparaytus" —

"They never had n't ought to be used on the bridges, nohow; or else they'd ought to have more men to 'em," interpolated a schooner's captain.

"She struck, and he was most killed, himself, for his trouble. And now he's lyin' on his back with half his bones broken, and no tellin' when he'll be round again," concluded the *Owl Line* engineer.

"He's a man that ain't never been afraid to lend a hand in most any way," said the schooner's captain, with hearty emphasis. "He's a whole-souled feller, free with his time and free with his money, — one of the kind that ought to have money, I've always said; and I'm glad he's got a pile of it. I s'pose he could buy and sell 'most any one else in Keewaydin."

"Pretty free with his temper, too, eh?" put in a skeptical lake steward, temporarily out of employment.

"Well, what if he is? What does it amount to? All of us has to blow off a little steam sometimes; I do myself." It was the gruff skipper of the *Diamond Jim Line*, who spoke again.

"Nobody gets over it quicker than him, and nobody's quicker to make it up to a man, afterwards, if he's ben wrong," said the schooner's captain. "I've worked for him, gents, and I claim to know. Now, gents, what shall it be?"

And the talk was moistened once more, after the fashion at the Johannisberger House, with beverages served by the hands of mine host, Christian Idak, in person.

Such was the account that obtained final acceptance, and such was the excellent repute enjoyed by David Lane. The most censorious, seeking for flaws in his conduct, could find nothing to urge against him save a trivial over-hastiness of temper. But let us look a little into the real circumstances of the case.

David Lane strode forth, that day, from the office of the Northwestern Navigation Company, in a towering rage. He may have hidden it, to some extent, in the office of the company itself, but, once more on West Water Street, without, he gave it full headway. He arrived at the Chippewa Street bridge, by which he was to cross to his own side of town, in a mood that ill beseemed so respectable-looking a gentleman. Nevertheless, he considered himself to have ample justification for it.

He had just heard, from the mouth of plausible Mr. Shadwell, its president, the final refusal of the company to grant him such terms for the carrying of an amount of material from his iron mills as would have enabled him to compete with Eastern rivals for a large and desirable building contract. Why this concession was refused need not here be entered into. Such favors are sometimes done one another by the paladins of trade and finance in a place like Keewaydin, but then again they are denied; jealousies, rivalries, long-standing grudges, waiting an opportunity to strike, are all to be considered. If any one had been waiting to strike at David Lane,

perhaps this was rather a favorable time. The fact is that this capitalist was staggering under some unusually heavy financial burdens, and could ill afford any diminution of either profit or prestige. Wounded pride, self-interest, and local patriotism — for he would have been glad, in the ambitious Western way, that the town should have had the credit, apart from his personal gain — combined to make up his present state of mind. Added to the rest, he had suffered of late a malarious attack, and had slept but little now for several nights past.

He set foot upon the draw just as it had begun to swing, and went round as its only passenger, on its brief excursion. Something aroused him from the bitter preoccupation in which he at first stood plunged, and he became somehow aware that it was an incoming craft of the hostile company for which the draw was turning. Hardly had the reflection passed through his mind, when the bridge-tender uttered a painful, choking cry. "Help!" he called, and again "Help!" and fell prone beneath his capstan bar. He might have been overcome by heart disease or apoplexy, or was, perhaps, only drunk.

The first thought of Lane was to complete the turning of the bridge; that was the thing of pressing importance, — the man could be looked to afterwards. He rushed to the spot and laid hold upon the capstan. But in this very moment he was seized by a new impulse, so wild and incredible as to resemble madness, — an impulse of veritable frenzy, which remained as much a mystery to himself as it could ever have been to any of those who knew him.

With all his might he dragged back upon the lever instead of expediting its movement forward, thus narrowing instead of enlarging the passage.

The Pride of the West was returning to her dock from one of her usual voyages. Bulky, massive, standing high

out of water, she forged ahead with the momentum of her ample size. With a carelessness born of long safety, she had left herself just margin enough to pass if all went well, and not an inch more; and it was now too late to stop.

"Take that!" muttered David Lane, through his set teeth, as if addressing an actual person, and not the mere inanimate hulk of the vessel.

Crash! crash!

Jets of escaping steam, whirling wreaths of smoke, splinters, dust, and over all, upon the ear, the sickening sound of the rending and crunching of precious human handiwork, never meant for such ruinous ordeal.

The bridge was overthrown from its base of glib-moving wheels, and tilted upward at an awkward angle. From beneath two of its heavy trusses, which had fallen, were taken out, when assistance arrived, Stanislaus Zelinsky (bridge-tender) dead, and David Lane seriously injured.

The propeller was penetrated by a timber, which, like a lance held in rest, cruelly impaled a passenger, who had gone down to his cabin to throw his few traps together, preparatory to going ashore, and left him mangled and dead against the further wall. He was one Christopher Barclay, of the city of New York, a visitor, who had come out to look after property purchased in these regions many years before.

This was the story told David Lane when he had first recovered consciousness after the shock of his injuries. He had even known this passenger, this Christopher Barclay, — known, at least, of the prominent standing and high consideration enjoyed by him in the world. He knew that this victim was cut off, in the prime of life, from a career of usefulness and honor, and had left behind him a family, dependent upon him, if not for support, at least for the proper direction of their careers.

"Merciful Father in heaven!" he

breathed, in an agony of mind yet sharper than his physical pains, "have I done this? Oh, no, I will not believe it! Have I, henceforth, the guilt of the blood of two of my fellow-creatures upon my soul? It cannot be; I will not have it so. It is a greater punishment than I can bear."

His purpose flew straight towards confession.

"It was I," he began. "It was I. I turned" —

The attendants thought he raved, distracted by his hurts.

"Yes, yes," they said, soothingly, "it was all seen from the vessel's deck." (But the fact was it had not been accurately seen from anywhere.) "You were not to blame; you did all you could. The surgeons think you had better not talk now. You had better try to compose yourself, and lie as quiet as you can."

This repression but hastened the fever it was intended to avert; the patient fell off into a raging delirium, and hovered between life and death for three months. In this state he seemed to himself to declare his crime, and to suffer almost every conceivable form of expiation for it.

When he became rational again, the thought of confession resumed its sway. As he lay convalescing he even meditated the form of words which his avowal ought to take. But by this date the disaster at the Chippewa Street bridge was long of the past; so many other things had happened in the mean time that it would have required a certain effort of the public imagination to go back to it.

There, too, by his bedside, stood his cherished wife, his beloved daughter. Must he bring disgrace upon them? Must he tell them the kind of husband and father he had been to them? Was it required of him, now that the harm was irreparable, and disclosure could be of no possible avail?

It was this daughter, Florence Lane, who proved the strongest of his deterring motives. She was the dearest being in the world to him. She was tall, slender, and willowy, almost a woman now; she promised to be beautiful, as she was good and clever. She was one who should have a happy and brilliant future before her. Was he to mar it by his infamy? Oh, no, he could not do it.

Hers was the first figure upon which his eyes rested when they recovered their calmer vision. She bent down and kissed him, with a tender solicitude, lest even this unwonted excitement might be to his detriment.

"It is delightful to see you almost well again, papa," she said, in the most tuneful of young voices, marked by the inflections of her fondness.

They had always been the best of friends. The daughter had brought to her father all her troubles, all her childish and girlish interests. Nothing could have been warmer, more complete, and pleasanter to see than the devotion subsisting between the two.

"Why are you here?" demanded the invalid, feebly.

"I came home to be with you. I could not bear to be far away when you were so ill. I am studying again with Mrs. Miltimore, now," she replied.

The time passed. David Lane at first vacillated, then postponed his avowal, then wholly abandoned it, and adopted the settled policy of concealment. He set out from home, and traveled widely, for the restoration of his impaired health and vigor. When he came back, he was graver, gentler, quieter, than ever before. This change in character was laid to the physical effects of the accident, from which, it was supposed, he had never fully recovered.

Among the first duties which he took upon himself was that of the support of the family of the deceased bridge-tender. He tried to persuade himself

that this death, at least, did not lie at his door, but that the man had succumbed to some fatal malady. Nevertheless, the doubt existed, and it was always upon this doubt that he acted. His proceeding was looked upon as a pure piece of benevolence, and it was called for the more since a prejudice had arisen against Zelinsky, as having been intoxicated and responsible for the disaster, so that others might not have been so willing to extend their help. The family consisted of but two members, a wife and infant daughter. The wife did not long survive. The Polish child, prettily named "Stanislava," after the "Stanislaus" of her father, was then taken charge of by some humble German relatives, with whom she lived, supported by a modest allowance from David Lane.

He next found means to more than make up both to the city and the Northwestern Navigation Company the damage they had sustained at his hands. He took surreptitious steps to advance the interests of the heirs of Christopher Barclay's estate. By docking and dredging in its vicinity, in the Menomée Marsh, he gave a particular value, for instance, to a waste bit of ground, which came to be known as Barclay's Island, and to be the site of several flourishing industries. He founded, at about this date, the Lane Public Library, the Lane system of Industrial Schools, and the Lane Free Hospital, and gave as well to every private charity that made demands upon his purse.

He had been well liked before, and he now became the object of an enthusiastic public favor. He was made mayor, and then, for several terms, governor of the State. He accepted these offices, proposing to himself to find in them, also, by an assiduous devotion to the public good, such as is rarely seen, a certain means of atonement.

In the midst of all this he was pursued by insatiate terrors of remorse.

He flouted, at times, in the bitterest scorn, all of his own devices.

"So, too, the robber barons of the Middle Ages," he would say, "endeavored to buy immunity for their crimes by indulgence in petty charities."

It was a harrowing thought with him that the very measures he intended for reparation but added to his own prosperity. Never had he been so flourishing in all his affairs, never so prominent before the world, as now. What a whited sepulchre, what a wolf in sheep's clothing! he called himself. He lived esteemed and admired of his fellow-men when he should have had only their chastisement and contempt. He turned back again towards formal religion, which, after a fashion not so uncommon with men of bustling and active affairs, he had long neglected. He had the Rev. Edward Brockston, of St. Jude's, a clergyman of a serious and ascetic vein, one who preached ecclesiastical celibacy and the like, to dine with him, made him the almoner of many private bounties, and gave him a new tower to his church. He thought at one time of laying the whole case before this good man, and offering to abide by his counsel; but, in the last resort, he could by no means bring himself to the point. The very height to which he had risen was an added obstacle. The distance which he had to fall had but become the greater.

Still he felt upon him the resistless pressure towards confession; the mystery of the destruction of two innocent human lives seemed imperiously to demand accounting for. He was under the spell of something like that powerful urgency from which the saying has arisen that "murder will out." He even meditated the woful resource of suicide, and contemplated it with a certain calmness in many of its forms.

At last, however, David Lane found a method of relief, of a *bizarre* sort, which perhaps none but he, and he only

in the most morbidly eccentric of his moods, would ever have hit upon.

At about this time Keewaydin was going to place a figure of Justice on the dome of its city hall, a mammoth, expensive edifice, which had dragged its slow length along for many years, and was now at last completed. The statue was to be its final touch of ornament. It was of plates of beaten zinc, handsomely gilded, well stayed from within, and, like the famed Athena Parthenos, it was about "six times the height of a man."

It was the proposition of some ingenious spirit in the board of aldermen that the figure should be made a place of deposit for certain papers, like a corner-stone. The idea was said to be borrowed from the case of the most exemplary meeting-house in town, the gilt ball of which — so rumor ran — contained whiskey and playing-cards, deposited there by graceless wags at the time of its construction. However this may have been, the plan was now utilized most unobjectionably. David Lane, a distinguished townsman, who had had to do with the erection of the building, and was at the time governor of the State, was asked to honor the occasion and deliver the dedicatory address, and he consented to do so.

The civic pile, become that day the centre of public interest, stood in a little green park, near the business heart of the place, but sufficiently removed from its bustle. The square was flanked on three sides by private dwellings, standing comfortably back in their own door-yards, and on the fourth by a cathedral with schools, having a tall clock-tower, from which pleasantly chimed the half and quarter hours. The court-house was of an imposing Renaissance design, built in the main of good red sandstone from the Lake Superior quarries, but this was supplemented, in the great porticoes and elsewhere, after a cheap American way, with iron work, to which imitative painting and sanding gave a far-off semblance

of the more solid material. It would never make even a passable ruin, supposing others, like Martinus Scriblerus, to design their buildings, not for present use, but their aspect in decay. Only that which has been substantial and honest in life can be fairly impressive in death.

Before it, at full length, on the grass, lay the Golden Justice. Trammeled up in her hoisting tackle, and surrounded by the curious spectators, she was like the captive Gulliver in Lilliput, or that great statue of Diana at Ephesus, "which fell down from Jupiter," or some palladium of the liberties of Keewaydin temporarily overthrown. She was of fair, serene, and noble aspect, well worthy of her destination. Her eyes were not blindfolded, in the usual way. Her brows were deeply shaded by a martial helmet, resting upon loosely-bound tresses that rippled away on either side; on her thigh was a long, straight-hilted sword, and in her hand, gathered close with the drapery, was the conventional pair of scales. There was something connected with her which, had he noted it, might perhaps have stayed the curious project of David Lane, even in the moment of its execution. But he was too full of his agitated thoughts to spare the golden goddess the requisite scrutiny.

In his address to-day he surpassed himself. He spoke with a genuine eloquence that was a surprise to all who knew him. His words were of a moving force, and his views of the austere purity. He had almost the look of some stoic sage cast in the antique mould.

"*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum!*" he thundered; and then, again, for the benefit of the inerudite vulgar, "*Let justice be done, though the heavens fall!*"

With this his oration was over, and the moment had come to deposit the papers. He dropped into the receptacle the various public documents pre-

pared for it. Then, with cruelly shaking hand and a heart that at first stood still, and next beat so loudly it seemed almost a wonder the by-standers did not hear it, he dropped in with the rest a paper strangely different, indeed, from all the others.

It was a written confession, in full, of his crime.

"If it be required, in the eternal fitness of things, that this be known," he breathed forth above it, "let the paper come down. If it do not come down, by that testimony I shall know that I am absolved before men, at least, and it will remain for me to meet my punishment hereafter. I commit myself to the eternal justice. In the hands of justice I leave my fate."

The band struck up, shrill cheers rent the air, and salutes of guns were fired. The great statue was hoisted to her feet, tottered a little in the air, — in which attitude she might almost seem to have a certain recognition of the responsibility of her situation, — was slid along the roofs, and finally set in her place on the high central dome.

And there, far aloft, a shining mark and conspicuous signalment before the eyes of all men, rested the Golden Justice, keeping the secret of David Lane.

This was in his first term as governor. In his final term, having enjoyed, meantime, the acquaintance and intimacy of the President, and being of the material of which such dignitaries are made, he was sent as minister to one of the most important of the foreign courts. His wife died, and a sister of his took charge of his household. His daughter, Florence Lane, arrived at woman's estate, and made a foreign marriage, much talked of in its day. He prolonged his stay abroad many years, and at times almost forgot all that had happened behind him; but there, far back across the sea, in the place of his abode, was his secret, always awaiting him, in the keeping of the Golden Justice.

II.

A MAN OF THE WORLD.

One day, some ten years after the raising aloft of the *Golden Justice*, the Chippewa Street draw was again on the swing.

The new bridge-tender in charge was a short, stout person, with florid complexion, little, round, protruding gray eyes, and big, coarse fists. He evidently had a very good idea of his own importance. Ludwig Trapschuh laid claim, in fact, to an exhaustive acquaintance with people and things in the vicinity of his bridge. Not exactly of the solid land, nor yet altogether of the water, he belonged in part to both elements, and prided himself on this amphibious character and a sort of sovereignty over the double domain. Added to this, he had a number of outside irons in the fire, small ventures, which were generally unsuccessful, and kept him in straits for money, but never abated his willingness to engage in others of the same sort.

Ludwig Trapschuh had just now slipped one arm into a sleeve of his coat, and was about to go off his post on some private affairs. He was leaving final instructions with his assistant, a denizen of the Milesian Third Ward, newly appointed, and stopped also to intermingle with these a quantity of gossip. The assistant seemed impressed by his seniority and overbearing disposition, and inclined to yield ample reverence to all he said.

"You must not let no more as fifteen cattle go over at once," directed Trapschuh; "and you must not let them teams crowd ahead with themselves too much, one by the other. The draw cannot be open more as ten minyutes. Then must you show the red signal,—or, if it was night, the red lantern,—and no more vessels can pass. You und'—stand?"

"I believe you, I do."

"Sometimes she go round so easy as nothing at all; and sometimes she jump like she was crazy," pursued Ludwig Trapschuh, explaining the traits of his bridge. "You look out for her."

"Never fear!"

"Well, now, I got to go and see a couple o' South Side aldermen. Some o' them aldermen do yust what I tell 'em, every time, so quick like rollin' round a log."

"It's great political influence you have, entirely."

"Well," responded the other complacently, "I guess I was a pretty smart feller for my age. I live 'mong them Polanders, and got plenty influenz with them, anyhow. If some managers want them, they know they got to get me, eh? I bet you no one understand them Polanders better as what I do."

"The Polacks is different agin to the regular Dutch, I believe?" said the assistant, in ethnologic speculation.

"They was worse as Mecklenbergers; not good for much except saw wood and work on railroads. I bin a Pomeranian myself, but my sister, she got married with Zelinsky, though— He was a kind o' smart man, what got killed on this bridge."

"Well, now! well now!"

"They build their houses round me, and when my brother-of-law die I have my niece-of-law, Stanislava Zelinsky, to live by me, and we get kind o' used and stay with them," said Trapschuh, explaining how it was that he had his abode in the large Polish settlement of the South Side.

There now came by, driving a shabby express-wagon, one of those rowdy young fellows, a type of a certain kind of foreigners of the second generation, who have acquired most of the American vices, without the virtues, and added them to the stock already possessed from abroad. He spoke English perfectly well, or rather perfectly ill, in the

slangy way. This was "Barney" Trapschuh, a hopeful son of the bridge-tender.

"The South Side Belle's comin' down the river," said this person, pointing a thumb backward over his shoulder.

"Where you seen her?"

"Oh, up there along the docks."

With this he drove on, and his father turned his attention to a rusty-looking small sloop that soon made her appearance at the draw.

"Bah, the South Side Belle!" he exclaimed in contempt. "Billy Alfsen's goin' across again after another load o' peaches. I wish he sink himself to the bottom in that leaky old tub."

A well-built young Scandinavian, William Alfsen himself, stood on the deck of the sloop with a defiant air, as if conscious of the unfriendly scrutiny to which he was subjected. The sole remaining crew consisted of a tow-headed boy of fifteen.

"That last load of peaches what he bring was all spoiled; the fruit inspector had to throw 'em out," grumbled Trapschuh. "He makes nothing since he give up his place at the Stamp-Ware Works, — and he got to take care of his old father, besides. He own not even that old sloop; some ones hold mortgage on it."

"Is that so?"

"He's no good. What he mean by South Side's Belle, any way? He mean my niece-of-law, Stanislava, I guess. He hang around that girl all what he can. But I don't let it, — see?"

"I do," answered the listener, with continued admiration, though it is not unlikely he had heard the story before, and even more than once, in his short term of service.

"She got no hurry to bin married, nohow, but when she get ready she must get married with some feller with a few dollars in his pocket, — see?"

He would now at last have taken his departure, when the *Pride of the West*

was seen coming up the stream. He chose to profess a peculiar nervousness about this boat, to which he owed his situation, — for David Lane had undoubtedly got it for him on account of his relationship to the slain Zelinsky, — and he stayed to see her through, himself. The bridges below were seen opening and closing for her, like concerted parts of some glib-working machinery. She signaled twice, by the customary whistle. As she drew near, Trapschuh, out of his boasted large acquaintance, identified a little knot of persons standing on her forward deck, by the rail.

"That is Jim DeBow," said he, — "he's a big feller on 'Change. And that's Mrs. DeBow; and that stylish young lady is his daughter, Miss DeBow. I see it in the papers that they bin in Chicago. But that young feller, with them good clothes and such a fine kind o' look, — I guess I don't know him; I guess he bin a stranger round here."

Then a bit of vivid excitement occurred that quite took away his interest in further gossip. When it was over, he looked at his assistant in a morose way, as if an effort had somehow been made to remove him, Trapschuh, from his post at a peculiarly critical moment, and he knew not what would have happened if he had gone. Making a general law of two occurrences, separated by at least fifteen years, he exclaimed, —

"That boat is *always* doin' something, at this bridge."

The group at the rail had been correctly mentioned, so far as the description went. It was the DeBow family, with a chance acquaintance they had made on the boat, returning from Chicago.

This stranger was a man of somewhat more than thirty, but appearing younger. He was considerably above the middle height, of robust frame, closely buttoned up in a well-fitting suit of Scotch tweeds,

and he stood squarely on his feet, looking with evident interest at all around him. His skin, browned by healthy exposure, contributed to give him a foreign and traveled air. His expression seemed to convey a latent geniality, combined with dignity, experience of the world, and a certain importance in it, while his slightly reserved bearing was free from any shade of pretense. He was called, as his companions had learned, Paul Barclay.

He had conversed chiefly with Miss Justine DeBow. He had been tacitly left to her by the elders, who followed a provincial tradition that the young, as a matter of course, belong to each other, and can be expected to interest themselves little outside their own ranks. The girl was young and pretty, and not far past the school-going age. She had a very symmetrical figure, and an almost purely classic profile, with proudly curling lip. She was on an unusually diminutive scale, to atone for which she affected a certain stateliness of manner, at times of somewhat amusing incongruity. She had a formal, precise little way of speaking, taking care to use the Boston, or English, broad *a*. She had not been brought up to it, but had acquired it at the Keewaydin Female College, of which institution she had been valedictorian, as she let fall, and where she had been known as a smart, ambitious, spirited little person.

This Paul Barclay had impressed her from the first as very different from the ordinary run of new-comers to Keewaydin. He had let fall chance expressions which opened to her vistas into an ample experience. She said to herself that he was the nearest realization she had yet seen of "a man of the world;" and a man of the world was at present Miss Justine DeBow's ideal of all that was superlatively admirable. She had tired already, as is not so uncommon at a certain date with maidens of her years, of the callow youth of her acquaintance;

she sighed for one who had seen all, could do all, and might take her away to form part of a more complete and splendid society than any she had ever known.

He had spoken to her admiringly of the view of the town from the water, as they came into the harbor, and of the two long breakwater piers with their light-houses. With the common enough ignorance of one to the manner born, she knew even less of many things about her home than he. It was he who had had to tell her that the Great Lakes were "a step-mother to ships," offering no natural refuge in all their thousands of miles of coast, and that the harbors were formed by utilizing the mouths of the small rivers that make into them. He asked her to point out to him Barclay's Island, and gazed at certain factory buildings upon it, clustered around a mammoth brick chimney, with a good deal of attention.

"Have you relatives here?" inquired his comely young cicerone, attracted by the coincidence of names.

"Yes, the Thornbrooks."

The Thornbrooks were an excellent old couple, living in a large square house near the centre of the town, who — their children now all married off — were passing their declining years by themselves in placid comfort.

This led up to nothing in particular, though even this, had her memory gone somewhat further back, or had she applied to her father for information, might have given her certain interesting clues.

DeBow himself took some share in the talk. It was no derogation to him to be called "Jim" DeBow. The name was used alike by those who knew and those who did not know him, and was a complimentary adoption of him by the general public, such as often happens to local magnates of his sort. Though so "big a fellow on 'Change," after the description of Trapschuh, he was small

of stature, — in this respect his daughter took after him. He showed a jovial tendency, and had a large, expansive way of talking, of the kind that is called peculiarly Western. His rhetoric took wings, and he followed it by rising upon his heels. He spoke of the commerce of Keewaydin, claiming that more actual tonnage came to that port than to Boston, Baltimore, or Philadelphia.

"We are the American Odessa," he went on. "Wheat is our great staple; we beat the world on wheat. This wonderful great northwestern country stretching back of us gives a hard, firm grade of cereal that makes men of brain and men of muscle.

"And you naturally eat a good deal of it, at home?"

"Oh, yes, ha, ha, — very good! We eat it at home, — lots of it; you'd better believe we eat it."

"Is it your first visit to our section?" he asked presently.

"My first visit."

"I shall take great pleasure in showing you 'round on 'Change, or anywhere else, if you will give me a call."

"I shall be glad to accept your polite offer, should my engagements permit."

As to Mrs. DeBow, a faded-looking lady, she appeared to be one of those American mothers, of a certain class, who are left behind by the too rapid movement of the world, and can make no effort to keep up with the development of new and brilliant ideas by their juniors. She seemed to efface herself with an even more than common humility, but Barclay took care to address her some trifling attentions, from which a student of character might have inferred in him a natural kindness of heart, together with a habit of prompt and comprehensive courtesy. The good lady replied to him, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," in a sort of fluttered deference.

"Mamma is a great invalid," said Justine, managing to draw him away

from her at the earliest moment. There were things in both her parents she did not approve of. She might have explained, had she been willing to, that she was driven to her own hauteur of manner as a reaction and protest.

The coffee-colored river was full of animation, at this favorable season for traffic, the last months before the annual close of navigation. All the marine flock that roamed the wide water pastures were coming and going on the peaceful river lane.

The huge steamer for the extreme end of Superior cut across the bows of that for Mackinaw and the lakes eastward. The Owl vied in speed with the Diamond Jim, and the Little Moses with the Ajax and the Excalibur. A wrecking-tug was going out to look after a bark ashore at Whitefish Bay; a steam-barge, laden with flour, tangled itself up with the steam-dredge Vulcan, poking along the channel in its customary morose way. Their agile turnings whirled the water into seething eddies. Schooners, sloops, barks, and brigantines lay alongside the great wheat elevators, and these structures, bulky and imposing as basilicas of some Titanic race, poured into their holds, through wooden troughs, streams of grain as golden as the sands of the Pactolus. Warehouses of yellow brick, reflected in its depths, rose along the margins of the river. The merchant on the water streets had his ship at his rear door and drays at the front. The mellow haze of autumn, boldly broken now and then by a black hull, a red smoke-stack, a bright pennant, and the clustering spars, brooded over the whole, which, though so American in kind, had almost the picturesque interest of a canal of Rotterdam.

The revenue cutter appointed to look after the government's interests in these waters passed our travelers, going the same way. The officer in command of her glanced up, when alongside, and

sought, with evident anxiety, the recognition of Miss DeBow.

That young lady murmured to herself presently, "Florence Lane."

Her companion, whose attention had been for the moment elsewhere, turned, and repeated, with a sharp tone of inquiry, "Florence Lane? Florence Lane?"

She had simply been reading the name, as he could now do for himself, on the stern-post of the receding cutter.

"Oh, I knew a person of that name once," he thought good to state, in explanation. "I recollect that she was from this place. It is natural enough that it should be preserved here, where she was born and brought up. The family was a very prominent one, I believe."

"Oh, did *you* know Mrs. Varemberg, Florence Lane that was?" asked his companion, hailing with pleasure this fresh note in a conversation that was beginning to flag. "Abroad, I suppose?"

"Yes, I met them abroad."

"Yes, indeed, hers has always been a prominent family here. The boat was called after her by some friend of her father's while he was governor. Ah, *she* was a remarkable woman," with envious admiration; "accomplished, beautiful, one of the greatest of belles. And yet not exactly a *belles*, either: I mean that it always seemed more that she could have been than that she wanted to be. Florence Lane was always one of my ideals; I used to look up at her, when a child, with an ecstatic adoration."

She dropped naively, in her impulsiveness, to the more natural manner of her age, and even forgot more than once to pronounce the Boston broad *a*.

"But tell me how she seemed to you," she went on.

"The first I ever saw of her was at the entertainment of a high functionary, in Paris," replied Paul Barclay, with

a certain air of constraint, and yet willingness, after all, to furnish this reminiscence of a traveler. "I arrived at an official palace in the Rue de Varennes, where two statue-like cuirassiers sat on horseback in the court-yard. At the foot of a grand staircase a chamberlain in black velvet, with a ribbon and medal about his neck, waved you up to another, who announced you in the reception-rooms. I remarked a lady of a grace and distinction far beyond all others present. 'There,' said I, 'is surely the true type of a Montmorency or La Rochejaquelein; there is the *vielle roche*, the very flower of patrician loveliness.' I was still in my first days abroad, and full of romantic notions. I asked who she was, and they told me, 'The daughter of the American minister.'"

"Then, of course, you knew all about her wedding, too, and were probably present at it? The society papers were full of it at the time. They gave long lists of guests of rank and distinction. There were even presents from crowned heads, — on account of her father's position, I suppose. Let me see: it was a Belgian she married, I think?"

"Yes, Varemberg was a Belgian."

"He was not titled himself, but had grand connections, and was very rich?"

"Varemberg was supposed to be a person of fortune. He was an accomplished, entertaining fellow. I recollect he professed an especial liking for Americans."

"It was called a very brilliant affair. What a pity it turned out so badly!"

She sighed, as if in pity that it ever had to be said that brilliant things turned out badly.

Barclay looked at her with a glance of rising curiosity.

"She is so changed now one would scarcely know her," went on the informant. "She is not the same person at all, since her return."

"Her return? She has been here, then, on some visit?"

"No, indeed, she has been *living* here, with her father, for a year past. She returned not very long after he was recalled from his post."

"Mrs. Varemberg is *here*?"

"To be sure she is, though one scarcely ever sees her. She keeps in close seclusion. It is partly on account of her troubles, I suppose, and then she is a good deal of an invalid."

"And her husband?"

"She has left him."

The recipient of this intelligence showed a disturbance of manner over it that would hardly have been occasioned by an ordinary piece of gossip.

"What seemed to be the trouble?" he asked.

"People do not know exactly what happened; it has all been kept very quiet."

By way of withdrawing attention from any unusual agitation he may have exhibited, the young man, upon this, affected an unusual interest in things on the river. Justine DeBow was dying to know if he were likely to stay, and if she should meet him in the society of the place. She ventured to ask him.

"I am here only on a brief business errand," he responded.

The Chippewa Street bridge was at hand, and Ludwig Trapschuh was making his observations. A tug, puffing near the bow of the *Pride of the West*, put on an extra pressure of steam to drag out a heavy flour-scow it had in tow. The strain proved too much for a defective portion of the machinery. Bang! With a sharp explosion, off blew a cylinder head; her smoke-stack and part of her cabin roof came flying against the propeller's side as if shot from a catapult, and carried away some stanchions of the rail, close by our couple. It was over in an instant, and no serious harm was done, but Justine was affected by a nervous panic, and Barclay was obliged to reassure her till her parents came up and her own better sense prevailed.

He himself showed no signs of fear, but seemed strangely thrilled by another cause. He exclaimed, —

"History repeats itself! My father was killed at this place."

It was all in the papers of the same afternoon, and particularly in that very enterprising sheet the *Keewaydin Index*. This paper "interviewed" James DeBow, and endeavored to do as much for Paul Barclay, but could not find him. It put also at the head of its column the motto, "History repeats itself." Then, following a smart journalistic practice of printing everything apropos of the occasion, it rehearsed the whole history of the tragedy at the Chippewa Street bridge, of years before, with full notes of the inquests and sketches of the principal participants.

However it was with others, the papers of that day were extremely interesting reading for ex-Mayor, ex-Governor, and ex-Minister David Lane, in his handsome mansion on the bluff, by the lake shore.

Paul Barclay landed, and was driven to the principal hotel, the Telson House, the trim façade and spacious corridors of which were the especial pride of Keewaydin. He left the hotel again for the office of a law firm known as Mackintosh and Rand, in Keewaydin Block. Mackintosh was dead, it appeared, but he was received by the surviving partner, a man of gaunt, bony figure and not too prepossessing countenance. He was led through an anteroom, where a pallid clerk was writing at a desk, and a stout, middle-aged gentleman was seated with an air of wearily dancing attendance.

"I have been expecting you, Mr. Barclay," said Rand. "The death of our Mr. Mackintosh, who had your matters particularly in charge, embarrassed me a little, of course, but I have caught up, and you'll find everything ready for your inspection, whenever you please to go over it."

"If quite convenient, then, I should like to do so at once. I am on my way to New York, and anxious to be off again as soon as possible."

"So I judged by your letter from San Francisco. Sit down. I'll be with you immediately."

The lawyer went out to the ante-room, and returned with a tin box, labeled with a list of its contents. These were spread upon a large table, and the two men sat down to their examination.

It was a question of timber lands in Eau Claire County, mineral deposits near Escanaba, a water privilege and saw-mills on the Chippewa River, a large tract in Marathon County, — on which there was a proposition to establish a colony of Danes, — and some city blocks and the like in Keewaydin. This was property left by the original Barclay, and his son had now for the first time, at the request of his family, stopped to look into it.

"By the way," said he, "they have also forwarded another letter, which was sent to me in their care."

He drew from his pocket a bulky communication, which proved to be a pathetic appeal, from a Keewaydin correspondent, to be saved from impending bankruptcy. The attorney glanced at it with a shrug.

"Oh, yes," said he, "it is Maxwell, again, about his Barclay's Island property and the Stamped-Ware Works. So he gets at you, too? He has all but talked me to death with his plea for an extension, but I don't see that we can do anything for him."

"Tell me about the affair and this Maxwell. What is he like? Is he honest?"

"Oh, honest enough, I dare say, as far as that goes," with a clear implication that there are much more important things in the world than honesty. "He is over-sanguine, a poor calculator, and weighed down by a large family, too,

and has been making a losing fight of it all the time."

"And what are the merits of the case?"

"Why, just this: the factory is in excellent condition, and if we foreclose now we make a good thing of it; while if we wait, and let him run along, everything will go to rack, and will hardly be worth taking. He has put too much money into improvements, and we get the whole for a song."

"Are such things done?" asked the young man, in surprise.

"My dear sir, very few of us are so well off in this world's goods as to be able to afford to actually throw money away, and that is what it is doing to neglect a chance like this. I speak as one business man to another. You would hardly wish me to be less devoted to your interests than my own."

"My business experience has been of rather limited extent up to this time."

"Naturally, naturally, and you do well. Why should a young gentleman of your fortune and position bother his head about such matters?"

"It is your judgment, then, that the mortgage should be foreclosed?"

"Certainly it is. Maxwell has nobody to blame but himself; he would tell you so frankly. He is outside there now, I see; his time is up to-morrow, and I suppose he has come in for some sort of final palaver."

With this he appeared satisfied that he had laid any trifling scruples there might be in the mind of his patron entirely at rest.

"I will see Maxwell," said Barclay, impassively.

The attorney touched a bell, and the pallid clerk ushered in the dejected-looking gentleman from the anteroom. Maxwell went over his story again, in person. Once only, yielding to a touch of his natural hopefulness, he said, —

"With a little more money, that fac-

tory could be made one of the best paying properties in the world."

The lawyer sent toward his principal, at the man's expense, shrewd smiles of commiseration, or, again, glances, as who should say, "Shall I cut him short? Have we had enough of this nonsense?" So sure was he of the upshot that he even took upon himself to save his patron the trouble of replying.

"It won't do, Maxwell," said he. "You have no new considerations of any business kind to offer. Mr. Barclay has been kind enough to hear you himself, and now you ought to be satisfied, but you see as well as I do things have got to take their course."

The manufacturer turned in a broken way to depart. He seemed from the first to have expected little else.

"Hold on!" cried Paul Barclay, suddenly throwing off his impassiveness. "I will extend the mortgage."

Maxwell dropped into a chair, and like Rand stared at him at first in open-mouthed astonishment.

"But I thought — we had agreed" — began Rand, in expostulation.

"I do not wish to make money in any such detestable way," said Barclay, with indignation. "And for the future," he added, "I beg to take the management of my affairs into my own hands."

He was apparently a person not afraid to make enemies, at least in a good cause, a quality already somewhat rare in our too enervating civilization. The change of management he proposed, it may be told, would reduce the income of his property, but it would add to the comfort of many persons, for everybody on the Barclay estate had long been having a very hard time of it.

When all was concluded he went out with Maxwell.

Tears of emotion filled the eyes of the grateful manufacturer, if, indeed, they did not quite well over.

"It seems too good to be true!" he exclaimed. "I was all ready to be ruined; my family were waiting to be turned into the street."

"By the bye," said Barclay, in parting with him, "let me have some figures about the factory in writing. If it be as you say, a little further capital may perhaps be found for it."

He went next to find his relatives, the Thornbrooks, and then spent some time in musing on the Chippewa Street bridge.

In the evening he left his hotel once more, and drove to see the Mrs. Varemberg of the conversation on the steamer, at the house of her father, David Lane.

William Henry Bishop.

THE ARYAN HOMESTEAD.

PERHAPS no conclusion of comparative philology has received such unanimous indorsement and been regarded as so incontestable as that which designates the tablelands of Central Asia as the cradle of the Aryan race. Indeed, this theory has acquired an almost axiomatic validity; already it forms a part of the treasured and traditional learning of the encyclopædias, whence it perco-

lates into the popular lecture and newspaper editorial, and now passes unchallenged into elementary text-books of geography, history, ethnology, and literature. Thus it is impressed upon the mind of every schoolboy, who is taught to accept it as unreservedly as the statement that the Pilgrim Fathers came from England and landed on Plymouth Rock.

Even after the Hebrew story of the origin of the earth and of man had ceased to be recognized by science as adequate cosmology and ethnology, there still remained a strong prepossession in favor of Asia as the birthplace of the human race. Vague traditions of an Oriental descent, current among many European nations, seemed to confirm this opinion. Of special significance was the saga of the wanderings of Odin, who, with the twelve Asen, came from Asia and founded the sacred Asgard. The Saxons, according to their earliest chronicler, were descended from the Macedonian warriors, who subverted the Persian empire, and carried the victorious standards of Alexander to the banks of the Indus; the Franks boasted of their Trojan lineage; the Bavarians cherished reminiscences of Armenia, where their forefathers had seen the remains of Noah's ark on Mount Ararat, and beyond which a residue of German-speaking kinsmen was still supposed to dwell; and the Suabians never forgot that their ancestors came over the sea from the region of the rising sun. But all these notions are only the fusty inventions of mediæval monks, forming a curious and incongruous medley of biblical and classical legends, out of which it is impossible to winnow the smallest grain of historical truth, or win the slightest kernel of ancient and really popular tradition.

"Asia," says Adelung, in his *Mithridates*, "has been regarded from time immemorial as that part of the world in which the human race originated and was first educated, and whence it diffused itself over the rest of the earth." "Europe," he adds, "is only a promontory of Asia, and is indebted to the latter for its population." Kâshmir he held to have been the seat of Paradise. Doubtless, the oldest civilizations and the earliest empires were Asiatic; doubtless, too, Europe has borrowed from the East many elements of social refinement

and intellectual culture: but these facts furnish no ground whatever for the inference that the European nations are of Oriental origin.

In the infancy of comparative philology, when Sanskrit was assumed to be the mother of all Aryan languages, the question of the origin of the peoples speaking these languages was easily and satisfactorily settled. Nothing could be more natural or more legitimate than to suppose that the children came from the land in which the parent was still living. This is one of the considerations which led Mr. Curzon to conclude that the Indo-Aryans are autochthones, and that from India, as a centre, an Aryan population was gradually distributed over all Europe. Very soon, however, the maternal claims of Sanskrit were set aside, and she was made to take her proper place as an elder sister. Also, the Indo-Aryans were no longer regarded as aborigines of the country they now inhabit and are known to have inhabited as early as the Vedic age, but their ancestors were seen through the philologist's telescope (an instrument which does for events in time what ordinary optic tubes do for objects in space), long before the dawn of history, migrating over the passes and across the snow-fields of the Himâlâya, descending into the sunny plains, subduing the inferior natives, and settling in the fertile valleys of the seven rivers.

In view of the positiveness with which the fact of such a great prehistoric movement is affirmed, and the topographical precision with which it has been traced, it is strange that the memoirs of the people whose ancestors are supposed to have effected it should not furnish the faintest evidence that any event of this kind ever occurred. Neither in the poetry, nor mythology, nor traditions, nor sacred legends, of the Indo-Aryans do we find a single reminiscence of a trans-Himalayan origin, or any distinct allusion to a former resi-

dence outside of India. They believed themselves to be indigenous to the region drained by the Indus and its tributaries, and coextensive with the Panjāb. The five mesopotamias, or interfluvial districts, formed by these streams were occupied by independent Aryan tribes, and it is highly probable that the five nations or settlements of which the authors of the Vedic hymns often make mention, and the scholiasts are unable to give any consistent or satisfactory explanation, refer to such communities or clans. Brahmanical commentators, naturally enough, interpreted these five tribal divisions as denoting the four castes and the pariahs, in order to give the sanction of remote antiquity to their priestly prerogatives. But there is no ground whatever for this assumption; the ethnographer might as well attempt to discover in them a divine revelation anticipating and confirming Blumenbach's classification of mankind into five races.

The distinguished Sanskritist, Dr. John Muir, suggests that, "in the references made to the Uttara (or northern) Kurus in the Indian books, there may be some reminiscence of an early connection with the countries to the north of the Himālaya." If this supposition be well founded, we should justly expect to find the most distinct and definite allusions to this people, and the clearest traces of such hypothetical prehistoric connection, in the oldest Indo-Aryan records and traditions. In the *Rig-Veda*, however, no mention is made of these Kurus, and no peculiar sacredness is attached to the north. It is in the ritualistic and legendary literature of a later period that the northern Kurus are first spoken of as dwellers beyond the Himālaya. All these vague and ambiguous allusions to a northern wonder-land can be easily explained without assuming it to have been the primitive home of the Indo-Aryans. The long range of mountain peaks, forming a bright and im-

passable barrier of snow and ice, like the palisades and parapets of the palaces of the gods, would naturally excite the imagination of a simple people, and originate marvelous stories of a region of inconceivable splendor and perpetual delight, inaccessible to mortals. This impression would be strengthened by the observation that the terrific thunderstorms which are peculiar to that country, and are portrayed by the poets as the battles of the gods, gather around the mountain summits, and that thence, too, flow the rivers, whose stolen waters the heroic Indra wrests from the envious clutch of the drought demon, and sets free to refresh and fertilize the arid plains.

Lassen published a learned essay to prove the existence of the Uttara Kurus as a real people. That the old Brahmans knew better is evident from a characteristic incident related in the *Aitareya Brāhmaṇa*. It is there stated that Atyarāti, having been anointed king by Sātyahavya, was enabled, by virtue of the horse sacrifice, to subdue the whole earth. Sātyahavya then demanded fit recompense for his sacerdotal services; but Atyarāti replied, "When I have conquered the Uttara Kurus, then shalt thou become lord of the earth, and I will be the leader of thy armies." The indignant priest exclaimed, "That is the realm of the gods, which no man can conquer; thou hast thought to defraud me." Thereupon he deprived the sovereign of his power and prestige, and caused him to be defeated and slain. Then comes the moral of the story; namely, that no king should try to trick a priest, unless he wishes to lose his kingdom and his life. The wily Brahman was not disposed to be put off with the prospect of taking tithes of the Uttara Kurus, or to accept a lien on Utopia in payment of his present dues.

The account of the deluge, contained in the *Satapatha Brāhmaṇa*, has also been adduced in support of the theory

that the Indo-Aryans, as descendants of Manu, had their origin in a country north of the Himâlaya. Manu, it is said, having embarked on the ship and attached his cable to the horn of the Brahmâ-fish, sped by this means beyond the northern mountain. Thus the Indo-Aryans are represented in the person of Manu, their father and federal head, as being forced out of their primeval abode by a cataclysm, and crossing the Himâlaya in a ship, — an hypothesis too absurd to be entertained for a moment.

From the occasional use of *hima* (winter), in the Rig-Veda, in the sense of year, it has been inferred that the Indo-Aryans once lived in a colder climate than that of Northern India. A closer examination of the passages in which the word occurs proves that too much stress has been laid upon this single circumstance, and that conclusions have been drawn from it and theories built upon it far more extensive and imposing than such a scant and shaky basis would justify or be able to sustain. *Hima*, in this signification, is used only about a dozen times in the Rig-Veda, and always in the same set phrase, *śatam himah*, or *śatahimah*, a hundred winters, for which period the singer entreates the gods that his life may be prolonged, and that he may be blessed with health and wealth and vigorous sons.

On the other hand, the word *śarad* (autumn) is employed more than thirty times in the Rig-Veda to denote "year," not in any stereotyped form of speech, but in a great variety of connections; nor is there the slightest ground for the assertion that this term is a later usage, introduced after the Indo-Aryans had settled in a more temperate region. On the contrary, the fact that the same relation holds between the corresponding terms in the Avesta, where *šaredha* is of much more frequent occurrence than *zima* as a poetical or synecdochical synonym of *yâre*, would indicate that both words had acquired this meaning

before the separation of the Indic and Iranic scions of the Aryan stock.

It is curious to note what momentous inferences scholars will often draw from meagre premises, in the absence of the facts requisite to establish a preconceived theory. Thus Wilson asserts that to live a hundred winters is "a boon not likely to have been desired by the natives of a warm climate." Why not? It would certainly be regarded as a boon in a warm rather than in a cold climate. In a country like Northern India, winter is the most delightful and desirable season of the year, and consequently the season with which the chief pleasures and intensest love of life would be most naturally associated, and in which man's vigor and vitality would be greatest and his energies and activities find their fullest scope. For a like reason, *śarad*, the time of maturing fruits and harvests, would not only strengthen the desire to live, but would also be intimately connected with the means of renewing and prolonging life.

At the risk of being tedious and seeming trivial, I have summarized all the indications and allusions which Indian literature and tradition furnish in favor of the trans-Himalayan origin of Indo-Aryans. There is absolutely nothing more to be drawn from these sources, so far as they have hitherto been discovered and disclosed. The reader will thus perceive how slight and flimsy are the threads by which it has been attempted to trace the Indo-Aryans from their present abode to an hypothetical homestead in a high northern latitude. If he seeks to follow them up, he will find them floating in the air, like the gossamer, which popular superstition believes to be filaments of the Madonna's shroud that caught on the bushes as she ascended into heaven, and remain there, for all time, as conclusive proof of her assumption. The evidence in each case possesses much of the same character and cogency.

On the other hand, the arguments adduced in support of the theory that the Indo-Aryans are aborigines of India are equally indecisive. Âryāvarta (the circuit of the Aryans) is geographically defined in the code of Manu as extending from sea to sea and comprising all Northern India. Within this province, between the rivers Sarasvati and Drishadvati, lies Brahmāvarta. A peculiar sanctity was attached to this region, owing to the fact that here Brahmanism was first organized and fully developed. It was revered as a "holy land," because it was the birth-place and stronghold of Indian sacerdotalism; not, as Mr. Curzon maintains, because it was the cradle of the Aryan race. One might as well infer that Christ and his apostles were born on the banks of the Tiber, because Rome is called the Holy See and has long been revered as the centre of Christendom. Indeed, the first appearance of the Indo-Aryans on the stage of history is as invaders of the land which afterwards became so sacred to them; they entered it and held it as a fair-complexioned race of conquerors, advancing from the northwest to the southeast and subjugating a dark-hued native population.

Again, Mr. Curzon asserts that the Aryans of Europe came from India at a time when the race "had attained an advanced state of civilization; when the Vedas had been composed, and a national system of religion established; when the Brahmanical hierarchy had been formed, the Aryan tongue cultivated, and codes of laws compiled." To say nothing of the fact that the European Aryans were already on the shores of the Baltic and the German Ocean when these events took place in India, it is impossible that a people, after having made so great acquisitions of intellectual culture and social refinement, and developed so highly organized civil and political institutions, should have not only lost them all by emigration, but

have also passed through such severe crises and terrible experiences without preserving the least vestige or faintest recollection of their trials and adventures. If the Vedas had been composed before the separation, some fragments of them, at least, would have lingered in the memory of the European Aryans, especially as these hymns were handed down for centuries, in India, by oral transmissions from generation to generation. If an institution so ineradicably tough and tenacious of life as Brahmanism had then grown up, some shoot of this hierarchical banyan would have taken root in European soil. One thing is certain: wherever may have been the original home of the Aryans, their supposed prehistoric migrations must have occurred when they were in a low, barbarous state, incapable of keeping records, or even of retaining impressions and communicating traditions of tribal events. For this reason, the descendants of such emigrant tribes would naturally regard themselves as indigenous to the country in which, so far as they remember, they have always dwelt, and in which they first came to what might be called their historical consciousness. Indeed, the belief in an autochthonous origin is common to all branches of the Aryan family except the Irano-Aryans, who have woven into their sacred books a vague legend of the early migrations of their ancestors.

In the first chapter of the *Vendidad* we are told that Ahuramazda created a delightful spot, called Airyana-Vaêjô, but that the death-dealing *Angro-Mainyush* spoiled this paradise by the counter-creation of winter. The good spirit then provided another dwelling-place for his worshipers, but the alert adversary again thwarted his beneficent designs by means of pestilence and murrain. Thus the contest between these rival powers was carried on, until sixteen countries had been successively created and destroyed. Nearly thirty years ago, this

portion of the Vendidad was translated and annotated by Haug, and incorporated by Bunsen in the third volume of his *Egypt's Place in Universal History*. Both scholars accepted it as an historical document containing an authentic account of the migrations of the primitive Aryans, and seem to have entertained no suspicion of its real character as a piece of mythical cosmology. Nine of the places enumerated have been identified with actual countries, but even in these cases we have only a later application of the names of heavenly regions to earthly cities or districts, as when the "four-cornered Varena" (that is, Varuna, Οὐρανός embracing the four points of the compass) is interpreted by the Pahlavi translator as referring to Kirmān with its four gates, and is supposed to survive in the modern village Verek. Besides, there is no orderly sequence in the positions of these countries, such as would indicate a route of any kind. They lie scattered about in opposite directions, as if the sole aim of Ahuramazda had been to perplex and outwit Anglo-Mainyush and put him off the track by springing hither and thither in the most eccentric manner, and leading the people to and fro in wearisome and vexatious zigzags.

Even admitting that this legend may have a certain historical value, it would be confined to the movements of the Iranians, and would not affect the question of the original home of the Aryan family. One might as well attempt to trace the prehistoric migrations of the Semitic race in the wanderings of Abraham from Haran to Machpelah. The only fact educible from this mass of tradition is that the primeval Iranians suffered from a sudden and excessive change of climate. Snow and ice covered the fruitful fields; avalanches filled up the pleasant valleys; the "good pasturage" was ruined, and the herds perished. Every people look back to a golden age in the remotest past. The

Iranians, like the Hebrews, loved to picture to themselves their primitive home as an Eden, a seat of unalloyed bliss. They therefore characterized it, in its original state, as an excellent creation, the first and best of all lands. But it was not easy to harmonize this ideal conception with the tradition of a country so frigid and inhospitable as to be quite uninhabitable, and from which their ancestors were forced to emigrate with the selectest of their kine, and grains, and their "red, blazing fires." The only means of explaining this contradiction was by the intervention of a *diabolus ex machina* in the person of Anglo-Mainyush, who, in his malevolence, sent frost and snow, the calamity of winter, represented as the monstrous meteorological serpent Azhi, into this realm of perfect bliss, and thus succeeded in driving mankind out of the happy abode. Possibly, in this record, we may have a reminiscence of the cosmical fact of the diminution of the earth's temperature, although this cooling process is described mythologically, rather than geologically, by being attributed to diabolical agencies. But even if this hypothesis were correct, it would furnish no clue to the geographical position of the devastated paradise; since at one time, vines and tropical flowers flourished in the latitude of Greenland, and at a later period glaciers overspread the plains of Southern Europe. Thus the imagination is given a wide range in which to locate the scene of such a catastrophe.

In extreme northern countries there are only two seasons, a period of light and a period of darkness, the changes from one to the other being so abrupt and so transient as to be unimportant and scarcely noteworthy. As one proceeds southward, the seasons acquire a more distinct and manifold character, and there is a tendency to recognize a greater number of them by making minuter divisions of the year. Thus

Tacitus was surprised to find that the Germans had names for winter, spring, and summer, but none for autumn, of which season they had no conception. This fact has also been seized upon and applied to solve the problem under discussion. In the Avesta, says a recent writer, mention is made of only two seasons, summer and winter; in the oldest parts of the Rig-Veda three are spoken of, autumn, winter, and spring; at a later period, the Indian year comprises six seasons, spring, summer, rain-time, autumn, winter, and frost-time. As a general statement this is doubtless correct, but it will not serve as a foundation upon which to build scientific theories. It is quite probable that the Indo-Aryans of the Veda designated the seasons with greater exactness than the Irano-Aryans of the Avesta; but there is no positive proof of it. In the oldest hymns of the Rig-Veda there is no mention of the seasons whatever. *Sarad* occurs frequently, but always in the sense of year, thus corresponding precisely to *šaredha* in the Avesta. It is only in the later hymns of the tenth book that *hemanta* is used once, *grīshma* once, and *vasanta* twice, in such a manner as to imply seasons; and at that time the Indo-Aryans had already reached the banks of the Ganges and the foot of the Vindhya mountains. Indeed, nicety in discriminating and denominating the seasons is quite as much a matter of culture as of climate; otherwise there is no reason why the Germans of to-day should have autumn in their calendar. It is evident that all appeals to such sources as means of determining the geographical position of the land in which the primitive Aryans dwelt must be futile. Troubadours, and minnesingers, and mediæval minstrels in general celebrate the beauties and pleasures of spring, and ignore every other season. The modern reader of their verses wearies of opening buds and vernal bloom and fresh green, and

longs for a leafless tree or a brown and barren field. But who would adduce this partial appreciation of nature as proof that summer, autumn, and winter were at that time unnamed and unknown? The poet himself might justly protest against the pressure thus put upon him by the philologist, and exclaim with Uncle Remus, "Now, den, honey, you're crowdin' me."

Another point regarded as showing "incontestably" that the Indo-Aryans came from Central Asia is the resemblance between *Rasâ* in the Rig-Veda and *Raŋha* in the Avesta, and the assumption that the latter is only a different name for the Yaxartes. Both words are derived from verbal roots signifying "to roar," and meant originally any rushing and resounding water-course. Afterwards they seem to have been applied exclusively to certain mythical streams, which were supposed to flow round the earth, but which it is impossible to identify with the Oxus or the Yaxartes, or any other real river. To infer from these names that the Indo-Aryans were emigrants from Bactria would be hardly less absurd than to compare the Tamasâ (a tributary of the Ganges) with the Thames, and thus trace them to the British Isles.

In his edition of Tacitus' *Germania*, published in 1851, and in a work on *The Native Races of the Russian Empire*, Mr. Latham first suggested that the primitive home of the Aryan family was probably between the Danube and the Dneiper, rather than on the banks of the Oxus and the Yaxartes. The botanist or zoölogist, he said, who should find a single species extending over a comparatively small area of Asia, but belonging to a genus which covered two thirds of Europe, would pronounce the genus to be European. There is no reason, he added, why the logic of the philologist, in treating of languages, should differ from that of the naturalist, in treating of flora and fauna. In his

Elements of Comparative Philology, Mr. Latham reiterated this statement, and declared that inasmuch as history is confessedly silent concerning the original seat of the Aryans, we can only consider *a priori* presumptions; and since these are in favor of deducing the smaller class or species from the area of the larger class or genus, the origin of the Aryans is to be sought in Europe, on the eastern or southeastern borders of Lithuania.

This view, so far as it was noticed at all, was generally ridiculed by British and Continental philologists. Victor Hehn, of Berlin, characterized it as "a conceit which popped into the head of an original in England, the land of eccentricities;" and the same writer had the assurance to denounce Theodore Benfey, of Göttingen, and Lazarus Geiger, of Frankfort, who accepted the theory in its essential features, as a "whimsical professor" and a "clever dilettante." But the honest opinion of an earnest scholar is not easily hooted and howled out of existence, nor can it be buried out of sight by heaping on it any amount of epithetic abuse. With the progress of philology, and especially of ethnology, the Asiatic hypothesis was found to be more and more inadequate to explain the constantly accumulating mass of facts. The geological evidence of the existence of man in Europe as early as the post-tertiary period would indicate a possibility that its later population was also indigenous, instead of being immigrants from Asia. We know that, in consequence of great physical changes, the river-drift man was superseded by the cave man; and why might not the Iberian and the Aryan have sprung up on the same soil, as products of environments favorable to the evolution of a higher human type? There is no proof that any of these races were exotic, although some of them may have extended from Siberia to Spain, wandering northward or retreating south-

ward in search of a suitable habitat, as the climate grew warmer or colder. If Europe has been the dwelling-place of man for two thousand centuries, why should we be forced to go to Asia for the origin of the last and noblest of the race?

Both branches of the Asiatic Aryans emerge from prehistoric obscurity as aliens in the lands they inhabit. The oldest legends of the Iranians represent them as having wandered far from their ancestral seat into un-Aryan countries, and in the Rig-Veda the authors of these hymns appear as foreign invaders and conquerors in conflict with Dasyus, a lower race of native barbarians, doomed to be exterminated or enslaved.

Our earliest tidings of the European Aryans are of much more recent date; we have no information concerning their place of abode or state of culture, at the time when the Avesta and the Veda were composed. However, in the first authentic accounts of them that have been preserved, they appear, not merely in their national traditions, but also in the actual conditions of their life, as aboriginal possessors of the soil, and show every evidence of having occupied it from time immemorial. During the three centuries that elapsed from the voyages of Pytheas to the campaigns of Cæsar, the Germans do not seem to have changed their geographical position to any considerable extent. They believed themselves to be "earth-born," and Tacitus indorsed this opinion, deeming it incredible that any one should go to such a wretched country, or even remain there, unless it were his fatherland. We do not see them entering Europe as invaders and displacing a previous population, as Indo-Aryans displaced Dasyus and Europeans displaced the red men of America. They appear to have superseded other peoples in the struggle for existence, by the operation of the natural law of development and the principle of the survival of the fittest working

through thousands of years, as the horse superseded the hipparion and the ox supplanted the urus. The Basks retreated into the Pyrenees and the Finns and Lapps into the frigid fastnesses of the north before the same kind of forces that drove the ibex and the chamois from the plains into the high Alps, and compelled the reindeer and the polar bear to find a home among arctic snows and ice-floes. It was not because they succumbed in combats with foes of superior strength, coming from another continent, that the palæolithic fauna became extinct or retired to a more congenial habitat, but because the agencies and conditions which produced and fostered the neolithic fauna proved fatal to them. It was in consequence of such a revolution that the cave men withdrew from France to Greenland, where they probably still survive as Eskimos. Changes of a less violent character, aided by lucky accidents in the chances of life, may have favored the indigenous development of the fair-skinned, broad-headed, large-framed Aryan at the expense of the olive-colored, narrow-headed, small-boned Iberian, without the necessity of assuming that the dominant race were immigrants from Asia.

The contents of the most ancient sepulchral mounds in Europe are Aryan remains, and tend to confirm the theory of the European origin of the Aryan race. The pile-dwellings of the Swiss lakes and of the morasses of Lombardy also indicate a state of civilization corresponding essentially to that of the primitive Aryans as reconstructed by linguistic palæontology. Their domestic animals and cultivated plants, food, clothing, weapons of chase and of war, and general mode of life were much the same. The transition from the stone age to the bronze age is clearly traceable in the refuse of these habitations, both in Switzerland and in the basin of the Po. But the tin necessary for the production of bronze could have been pro-

cured only in Europe, and was obtained probably from the mines of Cornwall.

The only metal with which the primitive Aryans seem to have been familiar was copper in its crude form. There is no evidence that they smelted or smithed it, or worked it up into utensils of any kind. It was used for ornament on account of its color, and its worth in this respect made it available as a circulating medium for commercial transactions. It is well known that at a much later period, when the art of manufacturing metals had attained considerable perfection, the treasures of heroes and princes consisted of personal ornaments, rings, bracelets, and gold bands, as described in Beowulf and the Edda. But the earliest standard of value was a cow, and this continued to be the most common one even in the time of Homer; among the Brahmans of to-day the compensation for the performance of a sacrifice or other religious rite is still computed in kine, although it may be paid in coin. Survivals of this rude and clumsy method of barter are found in all languages. The oldest Roman laws imposed fines and penalties in cattle and sheep. Afterwards, a lump of copper (*aes rude*) became the measure of values in traffic; hence our word "estimate," *aes-timare*, to determine the worth of anything in copper. Finally, the *aes rude* was superseded by the *aes signatum*, a rough-wrought coin of fixed fineness and weight, upon which was stamped the figure of a cow, a sheep, or a pig, destined to be succeeded, in due time, by the emblem of a tribe, the escutcheon of a city, or the head of an emperor. It is noteworthy, too, that *pecunia* (from *pecus*, a herd), although standing for property in general, should have always retained the specific signification of copper currency, in distinction from *aurum* and *argentum*. Thus is not only the evolution of money from cattle to coin clearly traceable in Roman legislation, but, what is more

pertinent to my present purposes, the Latin *aes* and the Gothic *aiz* have preserved the original meaning of copper, whereas *ayas* in the Rig-Veda and *ayañh* in the Avesta are used simply for metal, and specially for iron. These facts, so far as they may have any evidential force, would seem to indicate the greater primitiveness of Europeo-Aryan civilization.

In a paper read before the St. Gall Society of Natural History, Franz Misteli states that since, "on linguistic grounds, the home of the Aryans must be placed north of the Himâlaya, on the confines of India and Persia, therefore the Indo-Germans must have been acquainted with the tiger, inasmuch as the habitat of this beast of prey extends over these regions." A more perfect specimen of *circulus in demonstrando* it would be difficult to discover or construct. There are no "linguistic grounds" necessitating such a location of the Aryan home; and decidedly opposed to it is the absolute and radically irremediable divergence in the names for both tiger and lion in the Aryan languages of Asia and those of Europe. The only logical inference from the prehistoric existence of these animals in those regions would be that the home of the Aryans must be sought elsewhere.

A comparison of the names of many forest trees, particularly the beech, the birch, and the oak, seems to point to their habitat in Northern and Central Europe as the probable home of the European Aryans. Here, too, have always lived, and still live, the purest representatives of the blue-eyed, flax-haired, ruddy-complexioned Aryan type, from which the Asiatic Aryans show the widest deviation. This would hardly be the case if the race had its origin in Asia. In climate and general conformation, the region lying between the Baltic and the Black Sea was better fitted for the abode and development of a primitive people than the high table-

lands of Asia. The geographical positions of the various branches of the Aryan family in historical times can be most easily accounted for by assuming this region as their Airyana-Vaêjô, or prehistoric point of departure. Also, the earliest movements of Aryan peoples of which we have any record proceeded from this quarter towards the east and southeast: such were the migrations of the Phrygians, Thracians, Armenians, and the tribes to which Greece owed its Hellenic population. It was only at a later period, in consequence of the regression of the Kelts, that the Germans crossed the Rhine, the Slavs followed in their wake, and the westward "wandering of the nations" began. Professor Löher's assertion that primitive men would instinctively go towards the rising sun, "to see where it comes from," is too subjective and fanciful to deserve any consideration. Solar attraction, if it affected them at all, would naturally lead them to migrate with the course of the sun rather than in opposition to it. They would be quite as curious to see where it went to as where it came from. It has been observed that, owing to the unequal size and energy of the lobes of the brain, no person can walk a straight line in the dark or with closed eyes, but will invariably turn a little to the right. This peculiarity has suggested to an ingenious mind a physiological theory to account for the presence of Aryans in the Balkan Peninsula and on the Danube. Assuming that they were originally in Central Asia, and wished to move southward in search of a warmer climate, without a compass to guide them, it is natural to suppose that they would deviate constantly to the right, and thus actually go southwestward. It would be difficult to decide which of these two great discoveries, migration through solar attraction or through cerebral action, should take the prize as the more marvellous specimen of mare's-nest.

Professor Löher, whose paper on this subject, read before the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, is chiefly an archæological *oratio pro domo*, regards the important part which the dragon plays in old German sagas as a tradition of prehistoric combats of men with enormous reptiles, and finds in these legends a proof that the Aryans at that time inhabited the morassy districts of Germany, in which these crocodilian creatures lived. The dragon, however, is a monster of so protean mien as hardly to be serviceable as the basis of a scientific theory. Like the green serpent on which the Iranian hero, Keresásšpa, built a fire to cook his dinner, mistaking it for a grassy bank, it may suddenly slip from under the steaming pot and spill the savory porridge.¹ A dragon may represent extreme cold or torrid heat; the cloud that brings crushing masses of snow, as in the Vendidad, or the cloud that imprisons the rain and produces drought, as in the Veda. It may be, like Grendel, the fiend of the fens, a personification of malaria, "that dark pest of men" and "great bestrider of the mark," which seized the thanes while asleep and carried them off, until Beowulf slew the "venomous guest" and destroyed the loathsome brood by "purifying the waters of the moors;" or it may be, as Lippert suggests, the spirit of an ancient hero, guarding the treasures deposited in his tomb against degenerate and impecunious descendants, who would fain replenish their coffers by robbing the barrow of its hoard. All these theories are possible. Indeed, there is nothing dire that the dragon may not symbolize, nothing dreadful to encounter that has not been called by this name, from a megalosaurus to a mother-in-law.

Such are a few of the considerations that render the Asiatic origin of the

Aryans quite questionable, and point to Europe as the more probable home of the race. This theory also finds confirmation in the very marked and apparently prehistoric influence of Europeo-Aryan upon Finnic languages, whereas the traces of Semitic elements in the former are extremely slight, being confined to a few words, which may have been easily introduced through later commercial intercourse.

It must be remembered, however, that in the present state of our knowledge the whole discussion of this subject must be limited to a simple balancing of *pros* and *cons*, and a cautious statement of probabilities. We have to do with mere hypotheses, about which it is interesting to speculate, but absurd to dogmatize.

We must also rid ourselves of the notion, often unconsciously entertained, that the expression "Aryan homestead" implies a family-seat or cluster of build-ings, like a manor-house or a hamlet. All phrases, such as the "home of the primitive Aryans" and the "one roof" under which they are said to have lived, are nothing but figures of speech, and will prove fatally misleading, unless we bear in mind that the roof was the sky, and the home a habitation not made with hands, which may have looked eastward on the Oxus and westward on the Rhine. There is no reason, philological or ethnological, why the Iranians may not have been cradled on the steppes of the Aral Sea, and the Germans swaddled on the shores of the Baltic. This geographical extension would not impair their linguistic unity, nor produce greater physiological differences than actually exist. Vamberg says of the Turko-Tatars that, notwithstanding their wide diffusion from Corea to Northern Siberia and the Adriatic and a separation of fifteen centuries, their languages are only dialects, and a

¹ This adventure of Keresásšpa, related in the Avesta, is the original of the story of Sindbad. As Keresásšpa means the hero "with the lean horse,"

he might stand in ancient Aryan chivalry as the prototype of Don Quixote with his Rosinante.

Yakut on the Lena would understand an Anatolian Turk to-day better than a Swiss understands a Siebenbürgen Saxon. It has been estimated that pastoral and nomadic communities average less than ten persons to a square mile, and that hunting tribes require ten thousand times as much land for their sustenance as agriculturists: from these data one can infer what a vast territory must have been occupied by the primitive

Aryans, who lived from the products of the chase and their flocks. No discoveries, at least, which science has yet made concerning the origin and evolution of languages, or the development and differentiation of races, would render this immense aboriginal area of the Aryans inconsistent with their acknowledged relationship in speech, or their assumed ethnic affinities and ties of physical descent.

E. P. Evans.

LIFE BEYOND.

I.

THE wish behind the thought is the soul's star
 Of faith, and out of earth we build our heaven
 Life to each unschooled child of time has given
 A fairy wand, with which he thinks to unbar
 The dark gate to a region vast and far,
 Where all is gained at length for which he has striven,
 All loss requited, all offenses shriven,
 All toil o'erpassed, effaced each battle-scar.
 But ah, what heaven of rest could countervail
 The ever-widening thought, the endless stress
 Of action, whereinto the heart is born?
 What sphere so blessed it could over-bless
 With sweets the soul, when all such gifts must fail
 If from its chosen work that soul were torn?

II.

Not for a rapture unalloyed I ask;
 Not for a recompense for all I miss.
 A banquet of the gods in heavenly bliss,
 A realm in whose warm sunshine I may bask,
 Life without discipline or earnest task,
 Could ill repay the unfinished work of this;
 Nay, e'en to clasp some long-lost Beatrice
 In bowers of Paradise, the mortal mask
 Dropped from her face, now glorified and bright.
 But I would fain take up what here I left
 All crude and incomplete; would toil and strive
 To regain the power of which I am bereft
 By slow decay and death, with fuller light
 To aid the larger life that may survive.

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK THIRD.

XXIX.

THE boulevard was all alive, brilliant with illuminations, with the variety and gayety of the crowd; the dazzle of shops and cafés seen through uncovered fronts or immense lucid plates; the flamboyant porches of theatres and the flashing lamps of carriages; the far-spreading murmur of talkers and strollers, the uproar of pleasure and prosperity, the general magnificence of Paris on a perfect evening in June — the high-pitched, many-voiced Paris of the latter part of the Second Empire, the arbitress of Europe, the source of every sensation, wound up to a sort of sensual ecstasy and unconscious of her doom. Hyacinth had been walking about all day — he had walked from rising till bed-time every day of the week that had elapsed since his arrival — and now an extraordinary fatigue, which, however, was not without its delight (there was a kind of richness, a sweet satiety, in it), a tremendous lassitude, had fallen upon him, and he settled himself in a chair beside a little table in front of Tortoni's, not so much to rest from it as to enjoy it. He had seen so much, felt so much, learned so much, thrilled and throbbed and laughed and sighed so much, during the past several days, that he was conscious at last of the danger of becoming incoherent to himself, of the need of balancing his accounts.

To-night he came to a full stop; he simply sat at the door of the most dandified café in Paris, and felt his pulse and took stock of his impressions. He had been intending to visit the Variétés theatre, which blazed through intermediate lights and through the thin foliage of trees not favored by the asphalt, on

the other side of the great avenue. But the impression of Schneider — he relinquished that, for the present; it added to the luxury of his situation to reflect that he should still have plenty of time to see the Grande Duchesse. The same effect proceeded from his determination to order a *marquise*, when the waiter, whose superior shirt-front and whisker emerged from the long white cylinder of an apron, came to take his commands. He knew the decoction was expensive — he had learnt as much at the moment he happened to overhear, for the first time, a mention of it; which had been the night before, in his place in a stall, during an *entr'acte*, at the Comédie Française. A gentleman beside him, a young man in evening-dress, conversing with an acquaintance in the row behind, recommended the latter to refresh himself with the article in question after the play: there was nothing like it, the speaker remarked, of a hot evening, in the open air, when one was thirsty. The waiter brought Hyacinth a tall glass of champagne, in which a pineapple ice was in solution, and our hero felt that he had hoped for a sensation no less delicate when he looked for an empty table on Tortoni's terrace. Very few tables were empty, and it was his belief that the others were occupied by high celebrities; at any rate, they were just the types he had had a prevision of and had wanted most to meet, when the extraordinary opportunity to come abroad with his pocket full of money (it was more extraordinary, even, than his original meeting with the Princess) became real to him in Lomax Place. He knew about Tortoni's from his study of the French novel, and as he sat there he had a vague sense of fraternizing

with Balzac and Alfred de Musset; there were echoes and reminiscences of their works in the air, confounding themselves with the indefinable exhalations, the strange composite odor, half agreeable, half impure, of the boulevard. "Splendid Paris, charming Paris" — that refrain, the fragment of an invocation, a beginning without an end, hummed itself perpetually in Hyacinth's ears; the only articulate words that got themselves uttered in the hymn of praise which his imagination had been offering to the French capital from the first hour of his stay. He recognized, he greeted, with a thousand palpitations, the seat of his maternal ancestors, and he was proud to be associated with so much splendor, so many proofs of a civilization that had no visible rough spots. He had his perplexities, and he had even now and then a revulsion for which he had made no allowance, as when it came over him that the most brilliant city in the world was also the most blood-stained; but the great sense that he understood and sympathized was preponderant, and his comprehension gave him wings — appeared to transport him to still wider fields of knowledge, still higher sensations.

In other days, in London, he had thought again and again of his mother's father, the revolutionary watch-maker, who had known the ecstasy of the barricade and had paid for it with his life, and his reveries had not been sensibly chilled by the fact that he knew next to nothing about him. He figured him in his mind, had a conviction that he was very short, like himself, and had curly hair, an immense talent for his work, and an extraordinary natural eloquence, together with many of the most attractive qualities of the French character. But he was reckless and a little cracked, and probably immoral; he had difficulties and debts and irrepressible passions; his life had been an incurable fever, and its tragic termination was a matter of course. None the less, it

would have been a charm to hear him talk, to feel the influence of a gayety which even political madness could never quench; for his grandson had a theory that he spoke the French tongue of an earlier time, delightful and sociable in accent and phrase, exempt from the commonness of modern slang. This vague yet vivid personage became Hyacinth's constant companion, from the day of his arrival: he roamed about with Florentine's boy, hand in hand; sat opposite to him at dinner, at the little table in the restaurant; finished the bottle with him; made the bill a little longer; and treated him to innumerable revelations and counsels. He knew the lad's secret without being told, and looked at him across the diminutive tablecloth, when the great tube of bread, pushed aside a little, left room for his elbows (it puzzled Hyacinth that the people of Paris should ever have had the fierceness of hunger when the loaves were so big), gazed at him with eyes of deep, kind, glowing comprehension, and with lips which seemed to murmur that when one was to die to-morrow one was wise to eat and drink to-day. There was nothing venerable, no constraint of importance or disapproval, in this edifying and impalpable presence; the young man considered that Hyacinthe Vivier was of his own time of life, and could enter into his pleasures as well as his pains. Wondering, repeatedly, where the barricade on which his grandfather fell had been erected, he at last satisfied himself (but I am unable to trace the process of the induction) that it had bristled across the Rue Saint-Honoré, very near to the church of Saint-Roch. The pair had now roamed together through all the museums and gardens, through the principal churches (the republican martyr was very good-natured about this), through the passages and arcades, up and down the great avenues, across all the bridges, and above all, again and again, along the river, where

the quays were an endless entertainment to Hyacinth, who lingered by the half hour beside the boxes of old books on the parapets, stuffing his pockets with odd five-penny volumes, while the bright industries of the Seine flashed and glittered beneath him, and, on the other bank, the glorious Louvre stretched either way for a league. Our young man took almost the same sort of satisfaction in the Louvre as if he had invented it; he haunted the museum during all the first days, and could not look enough at certain pictures, nor sufficiently admire the high polish of the great floors, in which the golden, frescoed ceilings reflected themselves. All Paris struck him as tremendously artistic and decorative; he felt as if, hitherto, he had lived in a dusky, frowzy, Philistine world, in which the taste was the taste of Little Peddlington, and the idea of beautiful arrangement had never had an influence. In his ancestral city it had been active from the first, and that was why his quick sensibility responded; and he murmured again his constant refrain, when the fairness of the great monuments arrested him, in the pearly, silvery light, or he saw them take gray-blue, delicate tones at the end of stately vistas. It seemed to him that Paris expressed herself, and did it in the grand style, while London remained vague and blurred, inarticulate, blunt, and dim.

Eustache Poupin had given him letters to three or four democratic friends, ardent votaries of the social question, who had by a miracle escaped the hard fate of exile, and, in spite of imperial *mouchards* and the periodical swoops of despotism, kept alive the sacred spark which would some day become a consuming flame. Hyacinth, however, had not had the thought of delivering these introductions; he had accepted them because Poupin had had such a solemn glee in writing them, and also because he had not the courage to let the couple in Lisson Grove know that since that

terrible night at Hoffendahl's a change had come over the spirit of his dream. He had not grown more concentrated; he had grown more relaxed, and it was inconsistent with relaxation that he should rummage out Poupin's friends — one of whom lived in the Batignolles, and the others in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine — and pretend that he cared for what they cared for in the same way as they cared for it. What was supreme in his mind to-day was not the idea of how the society that surrounded him should be destroyed; it was, much more, the sense of the wonderful, precious things it had produced, of the brilliant, impressive fabric it had erected. That destruction was waiting for it there was forcible evidence, known to himself and others, to show; but since this truth had risen before him, in its magnitude, he had become conscious of a transfer, partial if not complete, of his sympathies; the same revulsion of which he had given a sign to the Princess in saying that now he pitied the rich, those that were regarded as happy. While the evening passed, therefore, as he kept his place at Tortoni's, the emotion that was last to visit him was a compunction for not having put himself in relation with poor Poupin's friends, for having neglected to make the acquaintance of earnest people.

Who in the world, if one should come to that, was as earnest as he himself, or had given such signal even though secret proofs of it? He could lay that unction to his soul in spite of his having amused himself cynically, spent all his time in theatres, galleries, walks of pleasure. The feeling had not failed him with which he accepted Mr. Vetch's furtherance — the sense that since he was destined to perish in his flower he was right to make a dash at the beautiful, horrible world. That reflection had been natural enough, but what was strange was the fiddler's own impulse, his desire to do something pleasant for

him, to beguile him and ship him off. What had been most odd in that was the way Mr. Vetch appeared to overlook the fact that his young friend had already had, that year, such an episode of dissipation as was surely rare in the experience of London artisans. This was one of the many things Hyacinth thought of; he thought of the others in turn and out of turn; it was almost the first time he had sat still long enough (except at the theatre) to collect himself. A hundred confused reverberations of the recent past crowded upon him, and he saw that he had lived more intensely in the previous six months than in all the rest of his existence. The succession of events finally straightened itself, and he tasted some of the rarest, strangest moments over again. His last week at Medley, in especial, had already become a kind of fable, the echo of a song; he could read it over like a story, gaze at it as he would have gazed at some exquisite picture. His visit there had been perfect to the end; and even the three days that Captain Sholto's sojourn lasted had not broken the spell, for the three more that had elapsed before his own departure (the Princess herself had given him the signal) were the most important of all. It was then the Princess had made it clear to him that she was in earnest, was prepared for the last sacrifice. She was now his standard of comparison, his authority, his measure, his perpetual reference; and in taking possession of his mind to this extent she had completely renewed it. She was altogether a new term, and now that he was in a foreign country he observed how much her conversation, itself so foreign, had prepared him to understand it. In Paris he saw, of course, a great many women, and he noticed almost all of them, especially the actresses; confronting, mentally, their movement, their speech, their manner of dressing, with that of his extraordinary friend. He

judged that she was beyond them in every respect, though there were one or two actresses who had the air of trying to copy her.

The recollection of the last days he had spent with her affected him now like the touch of a tear-washed cheek. She had shed tears for him, and it was his suspicion that her secret idea was to frustrate the redemption of his vow to Hoffendahl, to the immeasurable body that Hoffendahl represented. She pretended to have accepted it, and what she said was simply that when he should have played his part she would engage to save him—to fling a cloud about him, as the goddess-mother of the Trojan hero used, in Virgil's poem, to *escamoter* Æneas. What she meant was, in his view, to prevent him from playing his part at all. She was earnest for herself, but not for him. The main result of his concentrated intimacy with her had been to make him feel that he was good enough for anything. When he had asked her, the last day, if he might write to her, she had said, Yes, but not for two or three weeks. He had written after Pinnie's death, and again just before coming abroad, and in doing so had taken account of something else she had said in regard to their correspondence—that she did not wish vague phrases, protestations, or compliments; she wanted the realities of his life, the smallest, most personal details. Therefore he had treated her to the whole business of the break-up in Lomax Place, including the sale of the rickety furniture. He had told her what that transaction brought—a beggarly sum, but sufficient to help a little to pay debts; and he had informed her furthermore that one of the ways Mr. Vetch had taken to hurry him off to Paris was to offer him a present of thirty pounds out of his curious little hoard, to add to the sum already inherited from Pinnie—which, in a manner that none of Hyacinth's friends, of course, could possibly

regard as frugal, or even as respectable, was now consecrated to a mere excursion. He even mentioned that he had ended by accepting the thirty pounds, adding that he feared there was something demoralizing in his peculiar situation (she would know what he meant by that): it disposed one to take what one could get, made one at least very tolerant of whims that happened to be munificent.

What he did not mention to the Princess was the manner in which he had been received by Paul Muniment and by Millicent Henning, on his return from Medley. Millicent's reception had been the queerest; it had been quite unexpectedly mild. She made him no scene of violence, and appeared to have given up the line of throwing a blur of recrimination over her own nefarious doings. She treated him as if she liked him for having got in with the swells; she had an appreciation of success which would lead her to handle him more tenderly now that he was really successful. She tried to make him describe the style of life that was led in a house where people were invited to stay like that, without having to pay, and she surprised him almost as much as she gratified him by not indulging in any of her former digs at the Princess. She was lavish of ejaculations when he answered certain of her questions — ejaculations that savored of Pimlico, "Oh, I say!" and "Oh, my stars!" — and he was more than ever struck with her detestable habit of saying, "Aye, that's where it is," when he had made some remark to which she wished to give an intelligent and sympathetic assent. But she did n't jeer at the Princess's private character; she stayed her satire, in a case where there was such an opening for it. Hyacinth reflected that this was lucky for her: he could n't have stood it (nervous and anxious as he was about Pinnie), if she had had the bad taste, at such a time as that, to be profane and insulting. In

that case he would have broken with her completely — he would have been too disgusted. She displeased him enough, as it was, by her vulgar tricks of speech. There were two or three little recurrent irregularities that aggravated him to a degree quite out of proportion to their importance, as when she said "full up" for full, "sold out" for sold, or remarked to him that she supposed he was now going to chuck up his work at old Crookenden's. These phrases had fallen upon his ear many a time before, but now they seemed almost unpardonable enough to quarrel about. Not that he had any wish to quarrel, for if the question had been pushed he would have admitted that to-day his intimacy with the Princess had caused any rights he might have had upon Millicent to lapse. Millicent did not push it, however; she only, it was evident, wished to convey to him that it was better for both parties they should respect each other's liberty. A genial understanding on this subject was what Miss Henning desired, and Hyacinth forbade himself to inquire what use she proposed to make of her freedom. During the month that elapsed between Pinnie's death and his visit to Paris he had seen her several times, for the respect for each other's freedom had somehow not implied cessation of intercourse, and it was only natural she should have been soft to him in his bereaved condition. Hyacinth's sentiment about Pinnie was deep, and Millicent was clever enough to guess it; the consequence of which was that on these occasions she was very soft indeed. She talked to him almost as if she had been his mother and he a convalescent child; called him her dear, and a young rascal, and her old boy; moralized a good deal; abstained from beer (till she learned he had inherited a fortune); and when he remarked, once (moralizing a little, too), that after the death of a person we have loved we are haunted by the memory of our failures of kindness,

of generosity, rejoined, with a dignity that made the words almost a contribution to philosophy, "Yes, that's where it is!"

Something in her behavior at this period had even made Hyacinth wonder whether there were not some mystical sign in his appearance, some subtle betrayal in the very expression of his face, of the predicament in which he had been placed by Diedrich Hoffendahl; he began to suspect afresh the operation of that "beastly *attendrissement*" he had detected of old in people who had the benefit of Miss Pynsent's innuendoes. The compassion Millicent felt for him had never been one of the reasons why he liked her; it had fortunately been corrected, moreover, by his power to make her furious. This evening, on the boulevard, as he watched the interminable successions, one of the ideas that came to him was that it was odd he should like her even yet; for Heaven knew he liked the Princess better, and he had hitherto supposed that when a sentiment of this kind had the energy of a possession it made a clean sweep of all minor predilections. But it was clear to him that Millicent still existed for him; that he could n't feel he had quite done with her, or she with him; and that, in spite of his having now so many other things to admire, there was still a comfort in the recollection of her robust beauty and her primitive passions. Hyacinth thought of her as some clever young barbarian who in ancient days should have made a pilgrimage to Rome might have thought of a Dacian or Iberian mistress awaiting his return on the rough provincial shore. If Millicent considered his visit at a country-house a proof of the sort of success that awaited him (and how he reconciled this with the supposition that she perceived, as a ghostly irradiation, intermingled with his curly hair, the aureola of martyrdom, he would have had some difficulty in explaining), if Miss Henning considered,

on his return from Medley, that he had taken his place on the winning side, it was only consistent of her to borrow a grandeur from his further excursion; and, indeed, by the time he was ready to start she spoke of the plan as if she had invented it herself, and even contributed materially to the funds required. It had been her theory, from the first, that she only liked people of spirit; and Hyacinth certainly had never had so much spirit as when he launched himself into Continental adventures. He could say to himself, quite without bitterness, that of course she would profit by his absence to put her relations with Sholto on a comfortable footing; yet, somehow, at this moment, as her face came back to him, amid the crowd of faces about him, it had not that gentleman's picturesque shadow across it. It was the brilliancy of Paris, perhaps, that made him see things rosy; at any rate, he remembered with kindness something that she had said to him the last time he saw her, and that had touched him exceedingly at the moment. He had happened to observe to her, in a friendly way, that now Miss Pynsent had gone she was, with the exception of Mr. Vetch, the person in his whole circle who had known him longest. To this Millicent had replied that Mr. Vetch would n't live forever, and then she should have the satisfaction of being his very oldest friend. "Oh, well, I sha'n't live forever, either," said Hyacinth; which led her to inquire whether by chance he had a weakness of the chest. "Not that I know of, but I might get killed in a row;" and when she broke out into scorn of his silly notion of turning everything up (as if any one wanted to know what a costermonger would like, or any of that low sort at the East End!), he amused himself with asking her if she were satisfied with the condition of society, and thought nothing ought to be done for people who, at the end of a lifetime of starvation wages, had only the reward

of the hideous workhouse and a pauper's grave.

"I shouldn't be satisfied with anything, if ever you were to slip up," Millicent answered, simply, looking at him with her beautiful boldness. Then she added, "There's one thing I can tell *you*, Mr. Robinson: that if ever any one was to do you a turn" — And she paused again, tossing back the head she carried as if it were surmounted by a tiara, while Hyacinth inquired what would occur in that contingency. "Well, there'd be *one* left behind who would take it up!" she announced; and in the tone of the declaration there was something brave and genuine. It struck Hyacinth as a strange fate — though not stranger, after all, than his native circumstances — that one's memory should come to be represented by a shop-girl overladen with bracelets of imitation silver; but he was reminded that Millicent was a fine specimen of a woman of a type opposed to the whining, and that in her free temperament many disparities were reconciled.

XXX.

On the other hand, the brilliancy of Paris had not much power to transfigure the impression made upon him by such intercourse with Paul Muniment as he had enjoyed during the weeks that followed Pinnie's death — an impression considerably more severe than any idea of renunciation or oblivion that could connect itself with Millicent. Why it should have had the taste of sadness was not altogether clear, for Muniment's voice was as distinct as any in the chorus of approbation excited by the news that Hyacinth was about to cultivate the most characteristic of the pleasures of gentility — a sympathetic unanimity, of which the effect was to place his journey to Paris in a light almost ridiculous. What had got into

them all, and did they think he was good for nothing but to amuse himself? Mr. Vetch had been the most zealous, but the others clapped him on the back in almost exactly the same manner as he had seen his mates in Soho bring their palms down on one of their number when it was disclosed to them that his "missus" had made him yet once again a father. That had been Poupin's tone, and his wife's as well; and even poor Schinkel, with his everlasting bandage, whom he had met in Lisson Grove, appeared to think it necessary to remark that a little run across the Rhine, while he was about it, would open his eyes to a great many wonders. The Poupins shed tears of joy, and the letters which have already been mentioned, and which lay, day after day, on the mantel-shelf of the little room our hero occupied in a *hôtel garni*, tremendously tall and somewhat lopsided, in the Rue Jacob (that recommendation proceeded also from Lisson Grove, the *garni* being kept by a second cousin of Madame Eustache) — these valuable documents had been prepared by the obliging exile many days before his young friend was ready to start. It was almost refreshing to Hyacinth when old Crookenden, the sole outspoken dissident, told him he was a blockhead to waste his money on the bloody French. This worthy employer of labor was evidently disgusted at such an innovation; if he wanted a little recreation, why could n't he take it as it had been taken in Soho from the beginning of time, in the shape of a trip to Hampton Court or two or three days of alcoholic torpor? Old Crookenden was right. Hyacinth conceded freely that he was a blockhead, and was only a little uncomfortable that he could n't explain why he did n't pretend not to be and had a kind of right to that compensatory luxury.

Paul guessed why, of course, and smiled approval with a candor which

gave Hyacinth a strange, inexpressible heartache. He already knew that his friend's view of him was that he was ornamental and adapted to the lighter kinds of socialistic utility — constituted to show that the revolution was not necessarily brutal nor illiterate; but in the light of the cheerful stoicism with which Muniment regarded the sacrifice our hero was committed to, the latter had found it necessary to remodel a good deal his original conception of the young chemist's nature. The result of this process was not that he admired it less, but that he felt almost awe-stricken in the presence of it. There had been an element of that sort in his appreciation of Muniment from the first, but it had been infinitely deepened by the spectacle of his sublime consistency. Hyacinth felt that he himself could never have risen to that point. He was competent to make the promise to Hoffendahl, and he was equally competent to keep it; but he could not have had the same fortitude for another, could not have detached himself from personal prejudice so effectually as to put forward, in that way, for the terrible "job," a little chap he liked. That Muniment liked him it never occurred to Hyacinth to doubt, and certainly he had all the manner of it to-day: he had never been more good-humored, more placidly talkative; he was like an elder brother who knew that the "youngster" was clever, and was rather proud of it even when there was no one there to see. That air of suspending their partnership for the moment, which had usually marked him at the Sun and Moon, was never visible in other places; in Audley Court he only chaffed Hyacinth occasionally for taking him too seriously. To-day his young friend hardly knew just how to take him; the episode of which Hoffendahl was the central figure had, as far as one could see, made so little change in his life. As a conspirator he was so extraordinarily candid, and bit-

terness and denunciation so rarely sat on his lips. It was as if he had been ashamed to complain; and indeed, for himself, as the months went on, he had nothing particular to complain of. He had had a rise, at the chemical works, and a plan of getting a larger room for Rosy was under serious consideration. On behalf of others he never sounded the pathetic note — he thought that sort of thing unbusiness-like; and the most that he did in the way of expatiation on the wrongs of humanity was occasionally to mention certain statistics, certain "returns," in regard to the remuneration of industries, applications for employment, and the discharge of hands. In such matters as these he was deeply versed, and he moved in a dry statistical and scientific air in which it cost Hyacinth an effort of respiration to accompany him. Simple and kindly as he was, and thoughtful of the woes of beasts, attentive and merciful to small insects, and addicted even to kissing dirty babies in Audley Court, he sometimes emitted a short satiric gleam which showed that his esteem for the poor was small, and that if he had no illusions about the people who had got everything into their hands he had as few about those who had egregiously failed to do so. He was tremendously reasonable, which was largely why Hyacinth admired him, having a desire to be so himself, but finding it terribly difficult.

Muniment's absence of passion, his fresh-colored coolness, his easy, exact knowledge, the way he kept himself clean (except for the chemical stains on his hands) in circumstances of foul contact, constituted a group of qualities that had always appeared to Hyacinth singularly enviable. Most enviable of all was the force that enabled him to sink personal sentiment where a great public good was to be attempted, and yet keep up the form of caring for that minor interest. It seemed to Hyacinth that if *he* had introduced a young fellow

to Hoffendahl for his purposes, and Hoffendahl had accepted him on such a recommendation, and everything had been settled, he would have preferred never to look at the young fellow again. That was his weakness, and Muniment carried it off far otherwise. It must be added that he had never made an allusion to their visit to Hoffendahl; so that Hyacinth also, out of pride, held his tongue on the subject. If his friend did n't wish to express any sympathy for him, he was not going to beg for it (especially as he did n't want it) by restless references. It had originally been a surprise to him that Muniment should be willing to countenance a possible assassination; but, after all, none of his ideas were narrow (Hyacinth had a sense that they ripened all the while), and if a pistol-shot would do any good he was not the man to raise pedantic objections. It is true that, as regards his quiet acceptance of the predicament in which Hyacinth might be placed by it, our young man had given him the benefit of a certain amount of doubt; it had occurred to him that perhaps Muniment had his own reasons for believing that the summons from Hoffendahl would never really arrive, so that he might be only treating himself to the entertainment of judging of a little bookbinder's nerve. But in this case, why did he take an interest in the little bookbinder's going to Paris? That was a thing he would not have cared for, if he had held that in fact there was nothing to fear. He despised the sight of idleness, and in spite of the indulgence he had more than once been good enough to express on the subject of Hyacinth's epicurean tendencies, what he would have been most likely to say at present was, "Go to Paris? Go to the dickens! Have n't you been out at grass long enough for one while, did n't you lark enough in the country there with the noble lady, and had n't you better take up your tools again, before

you forget how to handle them?" Rosy had said something of that sort, in her free, familiar way (whatever her intention, she had been, in effect, only a little less sarcastic than old Crookenden): that Mr. Robinson was going in for a life of leisure, a life of luxury, like herself; she must congratulate him on having the means and the time. Oh, the time — that was the great thing! She could speak with knowledge, having always enjoyed these advantages herself. And she intimated — or was she mistaken? — that his good fortune emulated hers also in the matter of his having a high-born and beneficent friend (such a blessing, now he had lost dear Miss Pynsent), who covered him with little attentions. Rose Muniment, in short, had been more exasperating than ever.

The boulevard became even more brilliant as the evening went on, and Hyacinth wondered whether he had a right to occupy the same table for so many hours. The theatre on the other side discharged its multitude; the crowd thickened on the wide asphalt, on the terrace of the café; gentlemen, accompanied by ladies of whom he knew already how to characterize the type — *des femmes très-chic* — passed into the portals of Torton. The nightly emanations of Paris seemed to rise more richly, to float and hang in the air, to mingle with the far-striking light and sound, to resolve itself into a thousand solicitations and opportunities, addressed, however, mainly to those in whose pockets the chink of a little loose gold might respond. Hyacinth's retrospections had not made him drowsy, but quite the reverse; he grew restless and excited, and a kind of pleasant terror of the place and hour entered into his blood. But it was nearly midnight, and he got up to walk home, taking the line of the boulevard toward the Madeleine. He passed down the Rue Royale, where comparative stillness reigned; and when he reached the Place de la Concorde, to

cross the bridge which faces the Corps Législatif, he found himself almost isolated. He had left the human swarm and the obstructed pavements behind, and the wide spaces of the splendid square lay quiet under the summer stars. The splash of the great fountains was audible, and he could almost hear the wind-stirred murmur of the little wood of the Tuileries on one side, and of the vague expanse of the Champs Elysées on the other. The place itself—the Place Louis Quinze, the Place de la Révolution—had given him a sensible emotion, from the day of his arrival; he had recognized so quickly its tremendously historic character. He had seen, in a rapid vision, the guillotine in the middle, on the site of the inscrutable obelisk, and the tumbrils, with waiting victims, were stationed round the circle now made by the majestic monuments of the cities of France. The great legend of the French Revolution, sanguinary and heroic, was more real to him here than anywhere else; and, strangely, what was most present was not its turpitude and horror, but its magnificent energy, the spirit of life that had been in it, not the spirit of death. That shadow was effaced by the modern fairness of fountain and statue, the stately perspective and composition; and as he lingered, before crossing the Seine, a sudden sense overtook him, making his heart sink with a kind of desolation—a sense of everything that might hold one to the world, of the sweetness of not dying, the fascination of great cities, the charm of travel and discovery, the generosity of admiration. The tears rose to his eyes, as they had done more than once in the past six months, and a question, low but poignant, broke from his lips, ending in nothing: “How could he—how *could* he”—It may be explained that “he” was a reference to Paul Muniment; for Hyacinth had dreamed of the religion of friendship.

Three weeks after this he found him-

self in Venice, whence he addressed to the Princess Casamassima a letter, of which I reproduce the principal passages:—

“This is probably the last time I shall write to you before I return to London. Of course you have been in this place, and you will easily understand why here, especially here, the spirit should move me. Dear Princess, what an enchanted city, what ineffable impressions, what a revelation of the exquisite! I have a room in a little *campo* opposite to a small old church, which has cracked marble slabs let into the front, and in the cracks grow little wild, delicate flowers, of which I don’t know the name. Over the door of the church hangs an old battered leather curtain, polished and tawny, as thick as a mattress, and with buttons in it, like a sofa; and it flops to and fro, laboriously, as women and girls, with shawls on their heads and their feet in little wooden shoes which have nothing but toes, pass in and out. In the middle of the *campo* is a fountain, which looks still older than the church; it has a primitive, barbaric air, and I have an idea it was put there by the first settlers—those who came to Venice from the mainland, from Aquileia. Observe how much historical information I have already absorbed; it won’t surprise you, however, for you never wondered at anything after you discovered I knew something of Schopenhauer. I assure you, I don’t think of that musty misogynist in the least to-day, for I bend a genial glance on the women and girls I just spoke of, as they glide, with a small clatter, and with their old copper water-jars, to the fountain. The Venetian girl-face is wonderfully sweet, and the effect is charming when its pale, sad oval (they all look underfed) is framed in the old faded shawl. They also have very fascinating hair, which never has done curling, and they slip along together, in couples or threes, interlinked by the arms, and never meeting one’s eye (so that its geniality

does n't matter), dressed in thin, cheap cotton gowns, whose limp folds make the same delightful line that everything else in Italy makes. The weather is splendid, and I roast — but I like it; apparently, I was made to be spitted and 'done,' and I discover that I have been cold all my life, even when I thought I was warm. I have seen none of the beautiful patricians who sat for the great painters — the gorgeous beings whose golden hair was intertwined with pearls; but I am studying Italian in order to talk with the shuffling, clicking maidens who work in the bead-factories — I am determined to make one or two of them look at me. When they have filled their old water-pots at the fountain, it is jolly to see them perch them on their heads and patter away over the polished Venetian stones. It's a charm to be in a country where the women don't wear the hideous British bonnet. Even in my own class (excuse the expression — I remember it used to offend you), I have never known a young female, in London, to put her nose out of the door without it: and if you had frequented such young females as much as I have you would have learned of what degradation that dreary necessity is the source. The floor of my room is composed of little brick tiles, and to freshen the air, in this temperature, one sprinkles it, as you no doubt know, with water. Before long, if I keep on sprinkling, I shall be able to swim about; the green shutters are closed, and the place makes a very good tank. Through the chinks the hot light of the campo comes in. I smoke cigarettes, and in the pauses of this composition recline on a faded magenta divan in the corner. Convenient to my hand, in that attitude, are the works of Leopardi and a second-hand dictionary. I am very happy — happier than I have ever been in my life save at Medley — and I don't care for anything but the present hour. It won't last long, for I am spending all my money. When I have fin-

ished this, I shall go forth and wander about in the splendid Venetian afternoon; and I shall spend the evening in that enchanted square of St. Mark's, which resembles an immense open-air drawing-room, listening to music, and feeling the sea-breeze blow in between those two strange old columns, in the piazzetta, which seem to make a portal for it. I can scarcely believe that it's of myself that I am telling these fine things; I say to myself a dozen times a day that Hyacinth Robinson is not in it, and pinch my leg, to see if I'm not dreaming. But a short time hence, when I have resumed the exercise of my profession, in sweet Soho, I shall have proof enough that it has been my very self: I shall know that by the terrible grind I shall feel my work to be.

"That will mean, no doubt, that I'm profoundly demoralized. It won't be for you, however, in this case, to cast the stone at me; for my demoralization began from the moment I first approached you. Dear Princess, I may have done you good, but you have n't done me much. I trust you will understand what I mean by that speech, and not think it flippant or impertinent. I may have helped you to understand and enter into the misery of the people (though, I protest, I don't know much about it), but you have led my imagination into quite another train. However, I don't mean to pretend that it's all your fault, if I have lost sight of the sacred cause almost altogether in my recent adventures. It is not that it has not been there to see, for that, perhaps, is the clearest result of extending one's horizon — the sense, increasing as we go, that want and toil and suffering are the constant lot of the immense majority of the human race. I have found them everywhere, but I have n't minded them. Excuse the cynical confession. What has struck me is the great achievements of which man has been capable in spite of them — the splendid

accumulations of the happier few, to which, doubtless, the miserable many have also in their degree contributed. The face of Europe appears to be covered with them, and they have had much the greater part of my attention. They seem to me inestimably precious and beautiful, and I have become conscious, more than ever before, of how little I understand what, in the great rectification, you and Poupin propose to do with them. Dear Princess, there are things which I shall be sorry to see you touch, even you with your hands divine; and — shall I tell you *le fond de ma pensée*, as you used to say? — I feel myself capable of fighting for them. You can't call me a traitor, for you know the obligation that I recognize. The monuments and treasures of art, the great palaces and properties, the conquests of learning and taste, the general fabric of civilization as we know it, based, if you will, upon all the despotisms, the cruelties, the exclusions, the monopolies, and the rapacities of the past, but thanks to which, all the same, the world is less impracticable and life more tolerable — our friend Hoffendahl seems to me to hold them too cheap, and to wish to substitute for them something in which I can't, somehow, believe as I do in things with which the aspirations and the tears of generations have been mixed. You know how extraordinary I think our Hoffendahl (to speak only of him); but if there is one thing that is more clear about him than another, it is that he would n't have the least feeling for this incomparable, abominable old Venice. He would cut up the ceilings of the Veronese into strips, so that every one might have a little piece. I don't want every one to have a little piece of anything, and I have a great horror of that kind of invidious jealousy which is at the bottom of the idea of a redistribution. You will say that I talk of it at my ease, while, in a delicious capital, I smoke cigarettes on a

magenta divan; and I give you leave to scoff at me if it turns out that, when I come back to London without a penny in my pocket, I don't hold the same language. I don't know what it comes from, but during the last three months there has crept over me a deep mistrust of that same grudging attitude — the intolerance of positions and fortunes that are higher and brighter than one's own; a fear, moreover, that I may, in the past, have been actuated by such motives, and a devout hope that if I am to pass away while I am yet young it may not be with that odious stain upon my soul."

XXXI.

Hyacinth spent three days, after his return to London, in a process which he supposed to be the quest of a lodging; but in reality he was pulling himself together for the business of his livelihood — an effort he found by no means easy or agreeable. As he had told the Princess, he was demoralized, and the perspective of Mr. Crookenden's dirty staircase had never seemed so steep. He lingered on the brink, before he plunged again into Soho; he wished not to go back to the shop till he should be settled, and he delayed to get settled in order not to go back to the shop. He saw no one during this interval, not even Mr. Vetch; he waited to call upon the fiddler till he should have the appearance of not coming as a beggar or a borrower — have recovered his employment and be able to give an address, as he had heard Captain Sholto say. He went to South Street — not meaning to go in at once, but wishing to look at the house — and there he had the surprise of perceiving a bill of sale in the window of the Princess's late residence. He had not expected to find her in town (he had heard from her the last time three weeks before, and then she said nothing about her prospects), but he was puzzled by this

indication that she had moved away altogether. There was something in this, however, which he felt that, at bottom, he had looked for; it appeared a proof of the justice of a certain suspicious, uneasy sentiment from which one could never be quite free, in one's intercourse with the Princess — a vague apprehension that one might suddenly stretch out one's hand and miss her altogether from one's side. Hyacinth decided to ring at the door and ask for news of her; but there was no response to his summons: the stillness of an August afternoon (the year had come round again from his first visit) hung over the place, the blinds were down, and the care-taker appeared to be absent. Under these circumstances Hyacinth was much at a loss; unless, indeed, he should address a letter to his wonderful friend at Medley. It would doubtless be forwarded, though her short lease of the country-house had terminated, as he knew, several weeks before. Captain Sholto was of course a possible medium of communication: but nothing would have induced Hyacinth to ask such a service of him.

He turned away from South Street with a curious sinking of the heart; his state of ignorance struck inward, as it were — had the force of a vague, disquieting portent. He went to old Crookenden's only when he had arrived at his last penny. This, however, was very promptly the case. He had disembarked at London Bridge with only seventeen pence in his pocket, and he had lived on that sum for three days. The old fiddler in Lomax Place was having a chop before he went to the theatre, and he invited Hyacinth to share his repast, sending out at the same time for another pot of beer. He took the youth with him to the play, where, as at that season there were very few spectators, he had no difficulty in finding him a place. He seemed to wish to keep hold of him, and looked at him, strangely, over his spectacles (Mr. Vetch wore the

homely double glass, in these latter years), when he learned that Hyacinth had taken a lodging, not in their old, familiar quarter, but in the unexplored portions of Westminster. What had determined our young man was the fact that from this part of the town the journey was comparatively a short one to South Lambeth; he had suffered so much, before Pinnie's death, from being separated by such a distance from his best friends. There was a pang in his heart connected with the image of Paul Muniment, but, none the less, the prospect of an evening hour in Audley Court, from time to time, appeared one of his most definite sources of satisfaction in the future. He could have gone straight to South Lambeth to live, but that would carry him too far from the scene of his daily labor; and in Westminster he was much nearer to old Crookenden's than he had been in Lomax Place. He said to Mr. Vetch that if it would give him pleasure he would abandon his lodging, and take another in Pentonville. But the old man replied, after a moment, that he should be sorry to put that constraint upon him; if he were to make such an exaction, Hyacinth would think he wanted to watch him.

"How do you mean, to watch me?"

Mr. Vetch had begun to tune his fiddle, and he scraped it a little before answering. "I mean it as I have always meant it. Surely you know that in Lomax Place I had my eyes on you. I watched you as a child on the edge of a pond watches the little boat he has constructed and set afloat."

"You could n't discover much. You saw, after all, very little of me," Hyacinth said.

"I made what I could of that little; it was better than nothing."

Hyacinth laid his hand gently on the old man's arm; he had never felt so kindly to him, not even when he accepted the thirty pounds, before going abroad,

as at this moment. "Certainly I will come and see you."

"I was much obliged to you for your letters," Mr. Vetch remarked, without heeding these words, and continuing to scrape. He had always, even into the shabbiness of his old age, kept that mark of English good-breeding (which is composed of some such odd elements), that there was a shyness, an aversion to possible phrase-making, in his manner of expressing gratitude for favors, and that in spite of this cursory tone his acknowledgment had ever the accent of sincerity.

Hyacinth took but little interest in the play, which was an inanimate revival; he had been at the Théâtre Français, and the tradition of that house was still sufficiently present to him to make any other style of interpretation appear of the clumsiest. He sat in one of the front stalls, close to the orchestra; and while the piece went forward—or backward, ever backward, as it seemed to him—his thoughts wandered far from the shabby scene and the dusty boards, revolving round a question which had come up immensely during the last few hours. The Princess was a *capricciosa*—that, at least, was Madame Grandoni's account of her; and was that blank, expressionless house in South Street a sign that an end had come to the particular caprice in which he had happened to be involved? He had returned to London with an ache of eagerness to be with her again on the same terms as at Medley, a throbbing sense that unless she had been abominably dishonest he might count upon her. This state of mind was by no means complete security, but it was so sweet that it mattered little whether it were sound. Circumstances had favored in an extraordinary degree his visit to her, and it was by no means clear that they would again be so accommodating, or that what had been possible for a few days should be possible with continuity, in the midst of the

ceremonies and complications of London. Hyacinth felt poorer than he had ever felt before, inasmuch as he had had money and spent it, whereas in previous times he had never had it to spend. He never for an instant regretted his squandered fortune, for he said to himself that he had made a good bargain, and become master of a precious equivalent. The equivalent was a rich experience—an experience which would become richer still, as he should talk it over, in a low chair, close to hers, with the all-comprehending, all-suggesting lady of his life. His poverty would be no obstacle to their intercourse, as long as he should have a pair of legs to carry him to her door; for she liked him better shabby than when he was furbished up, and she had given him too many pledges, they had taken together too many appointments, worked out too many programmes, to be disconcerted (on either side) by obstacles that were merely a part of the general conventionality. He was to go with her into the slums, to introduce her to the worst that London contained (he should have, precisely, to make acquaintance with it first), to show her the reality of the horrors of which she dreamed that the world might be purged. He had ceased, himself, to care for the slums, and had reasons for not wishing to spend his remnant in the contemplation of foul things; but he would go through with his part of the engagement. He might be perfunctory, but any dreariness would have a gilding that should involve an association with her. What if she should have changed, and ceased to care? What if, from a kind of royal insolence which he suspected to lurk somewhere in the side scenes of her nature, though he had really not once seen it peep out, she should toss back her perfect head with a movement signifying that he was too basely literal, and that she knew him no more? Hyacinth's imagination represented her this evening in places where a barrier of

dazzling light shut her out from access, or even from any appeal. He saw her with other people, in splendid rooms, where "the dukes" had possession of her, smiling, satisfied, surrounded, covered with jewels. When this vision grew intense he found a reassurance in reflecting that after all she would be unlikely to throw him, personally, over so long as she should remain mixed up with what was being planned in the dark, and that it would not be easy for her to liberate herself from that entanglement. She had told him more, of course, at Medley of the manner in which she had already committed herself, and he remembered, with a strange, perverse elation, that she had gone very far indeed.

In the intervals of the foolish play, Mr. Vetch, who lingered in his place in the orchestra while his mates descended into the little hole under the stage, leaned over the rail and asked his young friend occasional questions, carrying his eyes at the same time up about the dingy house, at whose smoky ceiling and tarnished galleries he had been staring for so many a year. He came back to Hyacinth's letters, and said, "Of course you know they were clever; they entertained me immensely. But as I read them I thought of poor Pinnie: I wished she could have listened to them; they would have made her so happy."

"Yes, poor Pinnie," Hyacinth murmured, while Mr. Vetch went on:—

"I was in Paris in 1840; I stayed at a small hotel in the Rue Mogador. I judge everything is changed, from your letters. Does the Rue Mogador still exist? Yes, everything is changed. I dare say it's all much finer, but I liked it very much as it was then. At all events, I am right in supposing—am I not?—that it cheered you up considerably, made you really happy."

"Why should I have wanted any cheering? I was happy enough," Hyacinth replied.

The fiddler turned his old white face upon him; it had the unhealthy smoothness which denotes a sedentary occupation, thirty years spent in a close crowd, amid the smoke of lamps and the odor of stage-paint. "I thought you were sad about Pinnie," he remarked.

"When I jumped, with that avidity, at your proposal that I should take a tour? Poor old Pinnie!" Hyacinth added.

"Well, I hope you think a little better of the world. We must n't make up our mind too early in life."

"Oh, I have made up mine: it's an awfully jolly place."

"Awfully jolly, no; but I like it as I like an old pair of shoes—I like so much less the idea of putting on the new ones."

"Why should I complain?" Hyacinth asked. "What have I known but kindness? People have done such a lot for me."

"Oh, well, of course they've liked you. But that's all right," murmured Mr. Vetch, beginning to scrape again. What remained in Hyacinth's mind from this conversation was the fact that the old man, whom he regarded, distinctly, as cultivated, had thought his letters clever. He only wished that he had made them cleverer still; he had no doubt of his ability to have done so.

It may be imagined whether the first hours he spent at old Crookenden's, after he took up work again, were altogether to his taste, and what was the nature of the reception given him by his former comrades, whom he found in exactly the same attitudes and the same clothes (he knew and hated every article they wore), and with the same primitive pleasantries on their lips. Our young man's feelings were mingled; the place and the people appeared to him loathsome, but there was something delightful in handling his tools. He gave a little private groan of relief when he discovered that he still liked his

work, and that the pleasant swarm of his ideas (in the matter of sides and backs) returned to him. They came in still brighter, more suggestive form, and he had the satisfaction of feeling that his taste had improved, that it had been purified by experience, and that the covers of a book might be made to express an astonishing number of high conceptions. Strange enough it was, and a proof, surely, of our little hero's being a genuine artist, that the impressions he had accumulated during the last few months appeared to mingle and confound themselves with the very sources of his craft, and to be susceptible of technical representation. He had quite determined, by this time, to carry on his life as if nothing were hanging over him, and he had no intention of remaining a little bookbinder to the end of his days; for that medium, after all, would translate only some of his conceptions. Yet his trade was a resource, an undiminished resource, for the present, and he had a particular as well as a general motive in attempting new flights—the prevision of the exquisite work that he was to do, during the coming year, for the Princess, and that it was very definite to him he owed her. When that debt should have been paid and his other arrears made up, he proposed to himself to write something. He was far from having decided, as yet, what it should be; the only point settled was that it should be very remarkable, and should not, at least on the face of it, have anything to do with a fresh deal of the social pack. That was to be his transition—into literature; to bind the book, charming as the process might be, was after all much less fundamental than to write it. It had occurred to Hyacinth more than once that it would be a fine thing to produce a brilliant death-song.

It is not surprising that among such reveries as this he should have been conscious of a narrow range in the tone

of his old work-fellows. They had only one idea: that he had come into a thousand pounds, and had gone to spend them, in France, with a regular high one. He was aware, in advance, of the diffusion of this legend, and did his best to allow for it, taking the simplest course, which was not to contradict it, but to catch the ball as it came and toss it still farther, enlarging and embroidering, humorously, until Grugan and Roker and Hotchkin and all the rest, who struck him as not having washed since he left them, seemed really to begin to understand how it was he could have spent such a rare sum in so short a time. The impressiveness of this achievement helped him greatly to slip into his place; he could see that, though the treatment it received was superficially irreverent, the sense that he was very sharp and that the springs of his sharpness were somehow secret gained a good deal of strength from it. Hyacinth was not incapable of being rather pleased that it *should* be supposed, even by Grugan, Roker, and Hotchkin, that he could get rid of a thousand pounds in less than five months, especially as to his own conscience the fact had altogether yet to be proved. He got off, on the whole, easily enough to feel a little ashamed, and he reflected that the men at Crookenden's, at any rate, showed no symptoms of the social jealousy lying at the bottom of the desire for a fresh deal. This was doubtless an accident, and not inherent in the fact that they were highly skilled workmen (old Crookenden had no others), and therefore sure of constant employment; for it was impossible to be more skilled, in one's own line, than Paul Muniment was, and yet he (though not out of jealousy, of course) went in for the great restitution. What struck him most, after he had got used again to the sense of his apron and bent his back a while over his battered table, was the simple, synthetic patience of the others, who had bent *their* backs

and felt the rub of that dirty drapery all the while he was lounging in the halls of Medley, dawdling through boulevards and museums, and admiring the purity of the Venetian girl-face. With Poupin, to be sure, his relations were special; but the explanations that he owed the sensitive Frenchman were not such as could make him very unhappy, once he had determined to resist as much as possible the friction of his remaining days. There was, moreover, more sorrow than anger in Poupin's face when he learned that his young friend and pupil had failed to cultivate, in Paris, the rich opportunities he had offered him. "You are cooling off, my child; there is something about you! Have you the weakness to flatter yourself that anything has been done, or that humanity suffers a particle less? *Enfin*, it's between you and your conscience."

"Do you think I want to get out of it?" Hyacinth asked, smiling; Eustache Poupin's phrases about humanity, which used to thrill him so, having grown of late strangely hollow and *rococo*.

"You owe me no explanations; the conscience of the individual is absolute, except, of course, in those classes in which, from the very nature of the infamies on which they are founded, no conscience can exist. Speak to me, however, of my Paris; *she* is always divine," Poupin went on; but he showed signs of irritation when Hyacinth began to praise to him the magnificent creations of the arch-fiend of December. In the presence of this picture he was in a terrible dilemma: he was gratified as a Parisian and a patriot, but he was disconcerted as a lover of liberty; it cost him a pang to admit that anything in the sacred city was defective, yet he saw still less his way to concede that it could owe any charm to the despotism which had driven him into exile. "Ah, yes, it's very fine, no doubt," he remarked at last, "but it will be finer

still when it's ours!" — a speech which caused Hyacinth to turn back to his work with a slight feeling of sickness. Everywhere, everywhere, he saw the ulcer of envy — the passion of a party which hung together for the purpose of despoiling another to its advantage. In old Eustace, one of the "pure," this was particularly sad.

XXXII.

The landing at the top of the stairs in Audley Court was always dark; but it seemed darker than ever to Hyacinth while he fumbled for the door-latch, after he had heard Rose Muniment's penetrating voice bid him come in. During that instant his ear caught the sound — if it could trust itself — of another voice, which prepared him, a little, for the spectacle that offered itself as soon as the door (his attempt to reach the handle, in his sudden agitation, proving fruitless) was opened to him by Paul. His friend stood there, tall and hospitable, saying something loud and jovial, which he did n't distinguish. His eyes had crossed the threshold in a flash, but his step faltered a moment, only to obey, however, the vigor of Muniment's outstretched hand. Hyacinth's glance had gone straight, and though with four persons in it Rosy's little apartment looked crowded, he saw no one but the object of his quick preconception — no one but the Princess Casamassima, seated beside the low sofa (the grand feature, introduced during his absence from London), on which, arrayed in the famous pink dressing-gown, Miss Muniment now received her visitors. He wondered afterwards why he should have been so startled; for he had said, often enough, both to himself and to the Princess, that so far as she was concerned he was proof against astonishment; it was so evident that, in her behavior, the unexpected was the only thing to be looked

for. In fact, now that he perceived she had made her way to South Lambeth without his assistance, the feeling that took possession of him was a kind of embarrassment; he blushed a little as he entered the circle, the fourth member of which was, inevitably, Lady Aurora Langrish. Was it that his intimacy with the Princess gave him a certain sense of responsibility for her conduct, in respect to people who knew her, as yet, but a little, and that there was something that required explanation in the confidence with which she had practiced a descent upon them? It is true that it came over our young man that by this time, perhaps, they knew her a good deal; and, moreover, a woman's conduct spoke for itself when she could sit looking in that fashion, like a radiant angel, dressed in a simple bonnet and mantle, and immensely interested in an appealing corner of the earth. It took Hyacinth but an instant to perceive that her character was in a different phase from any that had yet been exhibited to him. There had been a brilliant mildness about her the night he made her acquaintance, and she had never ceased, at any moment since, to strike him as an exquisitely human, sentient, pitying organization; unless it might be, indeed, in relation to her husband, against whom — for reasons, after all, doubtless, very sufficient — her heart appeared absolutely steeled. But now her face looked at him through a sort of glorious charity. She had put off her splendor, but her beauty was unquenchably bright; she had made herself humble for her pious excursion; she had, beside Rosy (who, in the pink dressing-gown, looked much the more luxurious of the two), almost the attitude of a hospital nurse; and it was easy to see, from the meagre line of her garments, that she was tremendously in earnest. If Hyacinth was flurried, her own countenance expressed no confusion; for her, evidently, this queer little chamber of poverty and

pain was a place in which it was perfectly natural that *he* should turn up. The sweet, still greeting her eyes offered him might almost have conveyed to him that she had been waiting for him, that she knew he would come, and that there had been a tacit appointment for that very moment. They said other things beside, in their beautiful friendliness: they said, "Don't notice me too much, or make any kind of scene. I have an immense deal to say to you, but remember that I have the rest of our life before me to say it in. Consider only what will be easiest and kindest to these people, these delightful people, whom I find enchanting (why did n't you ever tell me more — I mean really more — about them?); that it won't be particularly complimentary to them if you have the air of seeing a miracle in my presence here. I am very glad of your return. The quavering, fidgety 'ladyship' is as fascinating as the others."

Hyacinth's reception at the hands of his old friends was cordial enough quite to obliterate the element of irony that had lurked, three months before, in their godspeed; their welcome was not boisterous, but it seemed to express the idea that the occasion was already so rare and agreeable that his arrival was all that was needed to make it perfect. By the time he had been three minutes in the room he was able to measure the impression produced by the Princess, who, it was clear, had thrown a spell of adoration over the little company. This was in the air, in the face of each, in their excited, smiling eyes and heightened color; even Rosy's wan grimace, which was at all times screwed up to ecstasy, emitted a supererogatory ray. Lady Aurora looked more than ever disheveled with interest and wonder; the long strands of her silky hair floated like gossamer, as, in her extraordinary, religious attention (her hands were clasped in her lap, as if she were pray-

ing), her respiration rose and fell. She had never seen any one like the Princess; but Hyacinth's apprehension, of some months before, had been groundless — she evidently did n't think her vulgar. She thought her divine, and a revelation of beauty and benignity; and the illuminated, amplified room could contain no dissentient opinion. It was her beauty, primarily, that "fetched" them, Hyacinth could easily see, and it was not hidden from him that the sensation was as active in Paul Muniment as in his companions. It was not in Paul's nature to be jerkily demonstrative, and he had not lost his head on the present occasion; but he had already appreciated the difference between one's preconception of a meretricious, factitious fine lady and the actual influence of such a personage. She was gentler, fairer, wiser, than a chemist's assistant could have guessed in advance. In short, she held the trio in her hand (she had reduced Lady Aurora to exactly the same simplicity as the others), and she performed, admirably, artistically, for their benefit. Almost before Hyacinth had had time to wonder how she had found the Muniments out (he had no recollection of giving her specific directions), she mentioned that Captain Sholto had been so good as to introduce her; doing so as if she owed him that explanation, and were a woman who would be scrupulous in such a case. It was rather a blow to him to hear that she had been accepting the captain's mediation, and this was not softened by her saying that she was too impatient to wait for his own return; he was apparently so happy on the Continent that one could n't be sure it would ever take place. The Princess might at least have been sure that to see her again very soon was still more necessary to his happiness than anything the Continent could offer.

It came out in the conversation he had with her, to which the others lis-

tened with respectful curiosity, that Captain Sholto had brought her a week before, but then she had seen only Miss Muniment. "I took the liberty of coming again, by myself, to-day, because I wanted to see the whole family," the Princess remarked, looking from Paul to Lady Aurora, with a friendly gayety in her face which purified the observation (as regarded her ladyship) of impertinence. The Princess added, frankly, that she had now been careful to arrive at an hour when she thought Mr. Muniment might be at home. "When I come to see gentlemen, I like at least to find them," she continued, and she was so great a lady that there was no small diffidence in her attitude; it was a simple matter for her to call on a chemist's assistant, if she had a reason. Hyacinth could see that the reason had already been brought forward — her immense interest in questions that Mr. Muniment had completely mastered, and in particular their common acquaintance with the extraordinary man whose mission it was to solve them. Hyacinth learned later that she had pronounced the name of Hoffendahl. A part of the lustre in Rosy's eye came, no doubt, from the explanation she had inevitably been moved to make in respect to any sympathy with wicked theories that might be imputed to *her*; and of course the effect of this intensely individual little protest (such was always its effect), emanating from the sofa and the pink dressing-gown, was to render the Muniment interior still more quaint and original. In that spot Paul always gave the go-by, humorously, to any attempt to draw out his views, and you would have thought, to hear him, that he allowed himself the reputation of having them only in order to get a "rise" out of his sister, and let their visitors see with what wit and spirit she could repudiate them. This, however, would only be a reason the more for the Princess's following up her scent. She would doubtless not expect

to get at the bottom of his ideas in Audley Court; the opportunity would occur, rather, in case of his having the civility (on which surely she might count) to come and talk them over with her in her own house.

Hyacinth mentioned to her the disappointment he had had in South Street, and she replied, "Oh, I have given up that house, and taken quite a different one." But she did n't say where it was, and in spite of her having given him so much the right to expect she would communicate to him a matter so nearly touching them both as a change of address, he felt a great shyness about asking.

Their companions watched them, as if they considered that something rather brilliant, now, would be likely to come off between them; but Hyacinth was too full of regard to the Princess's tacit notification to him that they must not appear too thick, which was after all more flattering than the most pressing inquiries or the most liberal announcements about herself could have been. She never asked him when he had come back; and indeed it was not long before Rose Muniment took that business upon herself. Hyacinth, however, ventured to assure himself whether Madame Grandoni were still with the Princess, and even to remark (when she had replied, "Oh yes, still, still. The great refusal, as Dante calls it, has not yet come off"), "You ought to bring her to see Miss Rosy. She is a person Miss Rosy would particularly appreciate."

"I am sure I should be most happy to receive any friend of the Princess Casamassima," said this young lady, from the sofa; and when the Princess answered that she certainly would not fail to produce Madame Grandoni some day, Hyacinth (though he doubted whether the presentation would really take place) guessed how much she wished her old friend might have heard the strange, bedizened little invalid make that speech.

There were only three other seats, for the introduction of the sofa (a question so profoundly studied in advance) had rendered necessary the elimination of certain articles; so that Muniment, on his feet, hovered round the little circle, with his hands in his pockets, laughing freely and sociably, but not looking at the Princess; though, as Hyacinth was sure, he was none the less agitated by her presence.

"You ought to tell us about foreign parts and the grand things you have seen; except that, doubtless, our distinguished visitor knows all about them," Muniment said to Hyacinth. Then he added, "Surely, at any rate, you have seen nothing more worthy of your respect than South Lambeth."

"Is this the worst part?" the Princess asked, looking up with her noble, interested face.

"The worst, madam? What grand ideas you must have! We admire South Lambeth immensely."

"It's my brother's ideas that are grand!" cried Rose Muniment, betraying him conscientiously. "He does want everything changed, no less than you, Princess; though he is more cunning than you, and won't give one a handle where one can take him up. He thinks all this part most objectionable (as if dirty people won't always make everything dirty where they live!). I dare say he thinks there ought to be no dirty people, and it may be so; only, if every one was clean, where would be the merit? You would get no credit for keeping yourself tidy. At any rate, if it's a question of soap and water, every one can begin by himself. My brother thinks the whole place ought to be as handsome as Brompton."

"Ah, yes, that's where the artists and literary people live, isn't it?" asked the Princess, attentively.

"I have never seen it, but it's very well laid out," Rosy rejoined, with her competent air.

"Oh, I like South Lambeth better than that," said Muniment, hilariously.

The Princess turned to Lady Aurora, and with the air of appealing to her for her opinion gave her a glance which traveled in a flash from the topmost bow of her large, misfitting hat to the crumpled points of her substantial shoes. "I must get *you* to tell me the truth," she murmured. "I want so much to know London—the real London. It seems so difficult!"

Lady Aurora looked a little frightened, but at the same time gratified, and after a moment she responded, "I believe a great many artists live in St. John's Wood."

"I don't care about the artists!" the Princess exclaimed, shaking her head, slowly, with the sad smile which sometimes made her beauty so inexpressibly touching.

"Not when they have painted you such beautiful pictures?" Rosy demanded. "We know about your pictures—we have admired them so much. Mr. Hyacinth has described to us your precious possessions."

The Princess transferred her smile to Rosy, and rested it on that young lady's shrunken countenance with the same ineffable head-shake. "You do me too much honor. I have no possessions."

"Gracious! was it all a make-believe?" Rosy cried, flashing at Hyacinth an eye that was never so eloquent as when it demanded an explanation.

"I have nothing in the world—nothing but the clothes on my back!" the Princess repeated, very gravely, without looking at the young man.

The words struck him as an admonition, so that, though he was much puzzled, he made no attempt, for the moment, to reconcile the contradictions. He only replied, "I meant the things in the house. Of course I did n't know whom they belonged to."

"There are no things in my house now," the Princess went on; and there

was a touch of pure, high resignation in the words.

"Laws, I should n't like that!" Rose Muniment declared, glancing, with complacency, over her own decorated walls. "Everything here belongs to me."

"I shall bring Madame Grandoni to see you," said the Princess, irrelevantly, but kindly.

"Do you think it's not right to have a lot of things about?" Lady Aurora, with sudden courage, questioned of her distinguished companion, pointing her chin at her, but looking into the upper angle of the room.

"I suppose one must always settle that for one's self. I don't like to be surrounded with objects I don't care for; and I can care only for one thing—that is, for one class of things—at a time. Dear lady," the Princess went on, "I fear I must confess to you that my heart is not in *bibelots*. When thousands and tens of thousands have n't bread to put in their mouths, I can dispense with tapestry and old china." And her fair face, bent charmingly, conciliatingly, on Lady Aurora, appeared to argue that if she was narrow, at least she was candid.

Hyacinth wondered, rather vulgarly, what strange turn she had taken, and whether this singular picture of her denuded personality were not one of her famous caprices, a whimsical joke, a nervous perversity. Meanwhile, he heard Lady Aurora urge, anxiously, "But don't you think we ought to make the world more beautiful?"

"Does n't the Princess make it so by the mere fact of her existence?" Hyacinth demanded; his perplexity escaping, in a harmless manner, through this graceful hyperbole. He had observed that, though the lady in question could dispense with old china and tapestry, she could not dispense with a pair of immaculate gloves which fitted her like a charm.

"My people have a mass of things,

you know, but I have really nothing myself," said Lady Aurora, as if she owed this assurance to such a representative of suffering humanity.

"The world will be beautiful enough when it becomes good enough," the Princess resumed. "Is there anything so ugly as unjust distinctions, as the privileges of the few contrasted with the degradation of the many? When we want to beautify, we must begin at the right end."

"Surely there are none of us but what have our privileges!" Rose Muniment exclaimed, with eagerness. "What do you say to mine, lying here between two members of the aristocracy, and with Mr. Hyacinth thrown in?"

"You are certainly lucky — with Lady Aurora Langrish. I wish she would come and see *me*," the Princess murmured, getting up.

"Do go, my lady, and tell me if it's so poor!" Rosy went on, gayly.

"I think there can't be too many pictures and statues and works of art," Hyacinth broke out. "The more the better, whether people are hungry or not. In the way of ameliorating influences, are not those the most definite?"

"A piece of bread and butter is more to the purpose, if your stomach's empty," the Princess declared.

"Robinson has been corrupted by foreign influences," Paul Muniment suggested. "He does n't care for bread and butter now; he likes French cookery."

"Yes, but I don't get it. And have you sent away the little man, the Italian, with the white cap and apron?" Hyacinth asked of the Princess.

She hesitated a moment, and then she replied, laughing, and not in the least offended at his question, though it was an attempt to put her in the wrong from which Hyacinth had not been able to refrain, in his astonishment at these ascetic pretensions, "I have sent him away many times."

Lady Aurora had also got up: she

stood there gazing at her beautiful fellow-visitor with a timidity which made her wonder only more apparent. "Your servants must be awfully fond of you," she said.

"Oh, my servants!" murmured the Princess, as if it were only by a stretch of the meaning of the word that she could be said to enjoy the ministrations of menials. Her manner seemed to imply that she had a char-woman for an hour a day. Hyacinth caught the tone, and determined that since she was going, as it appeared, he would break off his own visit and accompany her. He had flattered himself, at the end of three weeks of Medley, that he knew her in every phase, but here was a field of freshness. She turned to Paul Muniment and put out her hand to him, and while he took it in his own his face was visited by the most beautiful eyes that had ever rested there. "Will you come and see me, one of these days?" she asked, with a voice as sweet and clear as her glance.

Hyacinth waited for Paul's answer with an emotion that could only be accounted for by his affectionate sympathy, the manner in which he had spoken of him to the Princess and which he wished him to justify, the interest he had in his appearing, completely, the fine fellow he believed him. Muniment neither stammered nor blushed; he held himself straight, and looked back at his interlocutress with an eye almost as admirable as her own. Then, by way of answer, he inquired, "Well, madam, pray what good will it do me?" And the tone of the words was so humorous and kindly, and so instinct with a plain, manly sense, that, though they were not gallant, Hyacinth was not ashamed for him. At the same moment he observed that Lady Aurora was watching their friend, as if she had at least an equal stake in what he might say.

"Ah, none; only me, perhaps, a little." With this rejoinder, and with a wonderful sweet, indulgent dignity, in

which there was none of the stiffness of pride or of resentment, the Princess quitted him and approached Lady Aurora. She asked her if *she* would n't do her the kindness to come. She should like so much to know her, and she had an idea there was a great deal they might talk about. Lady Aurora said she should be delighted, and the Princess took one of her cards out of her pocket and gave it to the noble spinster. After she had done so, she stood a moment, holding her hand, and remarked, "It has really been such a happiness to me to meet you. Please don't think it's very clumsy if I say I *do* like you so!" Lady Aurora was evidently exceedingly moved and impressed; but Rosy, when the Princess took farewell of her, and the irrepressible invalid had assured her of the pleasure with which she should receive her again, admonished her that in spite of this she could never conscientiously enter into such theories.

"If every one was equal," she asked, "where would be the gratification I feel in getting a visit from a grandee? That's what I have often said to her ladyship, and I consider that I've kept her in her place a little. No, no; no equality while *I*'m about the place!"

The company appeared to comprehend that there was a natural fitness in Hyacinth's seeing the great lady on her way, and accordingly no effort was made to detain him. He guided her, with the help of an attendant illumination from Muniment, down the dusky staircase, and at the door of the house there was a renewed brief leave-taking with the young chemist, who, however, showed no signs of relenting or recanting in respect to the Princess's invitation. The warm evening had by this time grown thick, and the population of Audley Court appeared to be passing it, for the most part, in the open air. As Hyacinth assisted his companion to thread her way through groups of

sprawling, chattering children, gossiping women with bare heads and babies at the breast, and heavily-planted men smoking very bad pipes, it seemed to him that their project of exploring the slums was already in the way of execution. He said nothing till they had gained the outer street, and then, pausing a moment, he inquired how she would be conveyed. Had she a carriage somewhere, or should he try and get a cab?

"A carriage, my dear fellow? For what do you take me? I won't trouble you about a cab: I walk everywhere now."

"But if I had not been here?"

"I should have gone alone," said the Princess, smiling at him through the turbid twilight of South Lambeth.

"And where, please gracious Heaven? I may at least have the honor of accompanying you."

"Certainly, if you can walk so far."

"So far as what, dear Princess?"

"As Madeira Crescent, Paddington."

"Madeira Crescent, Paddington?"

Hyacinth stared.

"That's what I call it when I'm with people with whom I wish to be fine, like you. I have taken a small house there."

"Then it's really true that you have given up your beautiful things?"

"I have sold them all, to give to the poor."

"Ah, Princess!" the young man almost moaned; for the memory of some of her treasures was vivid within him.

She became very grave, even stern, and with an accent of reproach that seemed to show she had been wounded where she was most sensitive, she demanded, "When I said I was willing to make the last sacrifice, did you then believe I was lying?"

"Have n't you kept *anything*?" Hyacinth went on, without heeding this challenge.

She looked at him a moment. "I have kept *you*!" Then she took his

arm, and they moved forward. He saw what she had done; she was living in a little ugly, bare, middle-class house and wearing simple gowns; and the energy and good faith of her behavior, with the abruptness of the transformation, took away his breath. "I thought I should please you so much," she added, after

they had gone a few steps. And before he had time to reply, as they came to a part of the street where there were small shops, those of butchers, green-grocers, and pork-pie men, with open fronts, flaring lamps, and humble purchasers, she broke out, joyously, "Ah, this is the way I like to see London!"

Henry James.

TO ZEUXIS.

PAINT me the murmur of the brook,
 The breath that summer knows,
 The sea-like whispering of the pines,
 The odor of the rose;
 The vanished voice, the finished song
 That held our hearts a while, —
 And then, and not till then, perhaps
 You'll paint me Lesbia's smile.

Ah, no! The auroral gleam that plays
 About my Lesbia's face,
 The beaming eyes, the quivering lips,
 The lights that o'er it race,
 The joy, the innocent sweet glow
 That springs from out the heart
 And flushes o'er her happy face,
 Defy the snares of art.

No! Zeuxis, Nature mocks at Art:
 Her breathing life and charm
 Flee from his grasp, and only leave
 Her cold and lifeless form.
 Shy beauty lures her lover on,
 Content his hope to tease,
 But at his touch the fitful sprite
 Smiles, nods, and vanishes.

She vanishes, but leaves behind
 A promise in the air,
 A sweet enticement, a fond hope,
 That charms away despair.
 She whispers to him in his dreams,
 She will not set him free,
 And in her bondage dear he owns
 Life's best felicity.

W. W. Story.

IN THE CLOUDS.

XI.

THE morning dawned with a radiant disdain of mists. The wind was buoyant, elated. The yellow sunshine, in its vivid perfection, might realize to the imagination the light that first shone upon the world when God saw that it was good. The air was no insipid fluid, breathed unconsciously. It asserted its fragrance and freshness in every respiration. It stirred the pulses like some rare wine; it seemed, indeed, the subtle distillation of all the fruitage of the year, enriched with the bouquet of the summer, and reminiscent of the delicate languors of the spring. The sky had lifted itself to empyreal heights, luminously blue, with occasional faint fleckings of fleecy vapors. The white summits of the mountains were imposed against it with a distinctness that nullified distance; even down their slopes, beyond the limits of the snowfall, the polychromatic vestiges of autumn were visible, with no crudity of color in these sharp contrasts, but with a soft blending of effect. Within the court-house great blocks of sunshine fell upon the floor through the dirty panes. Several of the sashes were thrown up to admit the air. The rusty stove stood cold and empty. Many a day had passed since the spiderwebs that hung from the corners of the ceiling and draped the bare windows of the great room had been disturbed. They might suggest to the contemplative mind analogies to the labyrinthine snares of the law, where the intrusive flies perish miserably, and the spiders batten. On one of the window-panes a blue-bottle climbed the glass, intent on some unimagined achievement; always slipping when near the top, and falling buzzing drearily to the bottom, to recommence his laborious ascent in the sunshine.

Sometimes he would fly away, droning in melancholy disgust, presently returning and renewing his futile efforts. He was a fine moral example of perverted powers, and might well be commended to the notice of human malcontents, — by nature fitted to soar, but sighing for feats of pedestrianism. In contrast with the day in its alertness, its intense brilliancy, yesterday was blurred, dim, like some distorted dream hardly worth crediting as a portent. It might need as attestation of its reality the jury which it had brought forth. They were all early in their places, having been sequestered in charge of the sheriff, and having slept as it were under the wing of the law. The privilege accorded by law, in phrase of munificent bestowal, — to be tried by a jury of one's peers, — seems at times a gigantic practical joke, perpetrated by justice on simple humanity. They were indeed Mink's peers so far as ignorance, station, — for most of them were mountaineers, — poverty, and prejudice might serve. Few were so intelligent, and none were so lawless. Most of them were serving under protest, indifferent to the dignity of the great engine of justice which they represented. The two or three who showed willingness were suspected, either by the defense or the prosecution, of occult motives. All looked unkempt, stolid, dogged, even surlily stupid, as they sat in two rows, chewing as with one gesture. Gradually, however, they visibly brightened under the bland courtesy of Mr. Kenbigh, the attorney of the State, who took early occasion to say — and he paraphrased the remark more than once in the course of the day — that he had never had the pleasure of trying a case before so intelligent a jury, or one to whom the sacred interests of justice could be so safely entrusted. Harshaw, too, de-

ported himself toward them with a mollifying suavity which, to judge from his ordinary manner, would have seemed impossible. He had a very pretty wit, of a rough and extravagant style, that greatly commended him to them and relieved the irksomeness of their duress. Mink had evidently been tutored in regard to his demeanor toward them. He forbore to scowl at Pete Rood with the fierce dismay his face had worn when he saw his enemy sworn on the preceding night. But his dissembling was limited. He simply would not look at Rood at all. There was an unaffected confidence, almost indifference, upon his handsome face that occasioned much comment. It had already been rumored among the bar, thence percolating through the town at large, that the defense had discovered important testimony at the last moment, but that for some reason Harshaw had desired to apply for a continuance. The prisoner, it was said, had protested, and refused downright, declaring that by nightfall, by to-morrow at farthest, he would be on his way to his home in Hazel Valley. This rumor gave an added interest to the moment when the witnesses were brought in to be sworn and put under the rule. The crowd scanned each with a fruitless conjecture as to which possessed the potent and significant knowledge on which the defense relied. Several of them were women, demure as nuns in their straight skirts and short waists and long, tunnel-like sunbonnets. The mountain men strode in, and stared about them freely, and were very bold in contrast to these decorous associates, with their grave, downcast eyes and pale, passionless faces. The book was held toward the witnesses, two or three were instructed to put their hands upon it, and then the clerk, in a voice that might have proceeded from an automaton, so wooden was the tone and elocution, recited the oath with a swiftness that seemed profane. The group stood half in the slanting sunbeams, half

in the brown shadow, close about the clerk's desk. Among the tall, muscular figures of the mountaineers and the pallid, attenuated elder women was Alethea, looking like some fine illusion of the dusky shadow and gilded sunshine, with her golden hair and her brown homespun dress. How shining golden her hair, how exquisitely fresh and pure her face, how deep and luminous and serious her brown eyes, showed as never before. Somehow she was embellished by the incongruity of the sordid surroundings of the court-room, the great, haggard, unkempt place, and the crude ugliness of its frequenters. Her face was fully revealed, for she had pushed back her bonnet that she might kiss the book. As she took it from the clerk's hand and pressed her lips to it, Mink's heart stirred with a thrill it had never before known. He was entering as a discoverer upon a new realm of feeling. He experienced a subtle astonishment at the turbulence, the fierceness, of his own emotion.

The judge was looking at her!

Gwinnan's hand still held his pen. His head was still bent over the paper on which he wrote. The casual side-glance of those discerning gray eyes was prolonged into a steady gaze of surprise. He did not finish the word he was writing. He laid the pen down presently. He watched her openly, unconsciously, as she gave back the book, and as she walked with the other witnesses into the adjoining room to await the calling of her name.

Mink could hardly analyze this strange emotional capacity, this new endowment, that had come to him, so amazed was he by its unwonted presence. He had not known that he could feel jealousy. He could not identify it when it fell upon him. He had been so supreme in Alethea's heart, so arrogantly sure of its possession, that he had not cared for Ben Doaks's hopeless worship from afar; it did not even add to her consequence in

his eyes. But that this stranger of high degree — he would not have phrased it thus, for he had been reared in ignorance of the distinction of caste, yet he instinctively recognized it in the judge's power, his isolated official prominence, his utter removal from all the conditions of the mountaineer's world — that *this* man should look at her with that long, wondering gaze, should lay down his pen, forgetting the word he was to write!

Mink felt a terrible pang of isolation. For the first time Alethea was in his mind as an independent identity, subject to influences he could scarcely gauge, perhaps harboring thoughts in which he had no share. Her love for him had hitherto served for him as an expression of her whole nature. He had never recognized other possibilities. Even her continual pleas that he should take heed of the error of his ways he had esteemed as evidence of her absorption in him, her eager, earnest aspiration for his best good; she would endure his displeasure rather than forego aught that might inure to his welfare. He had felt no gratitude that she had come to rescue him, as she had often done, never so sorely needed as now; it had seemed to him natural that she should bestir herself, since she loved him so. The first doubt of the permanence and pervasiveness of this paramount affection stirred within him. He wondered if she had noticed the man's look, if she were flattered by it. He sought to reassure himself. "Lethe jes' bogues along, though, seein' nuthin', studyin' 'bout suthin' else; mebber she never noticed. But ef Mis' Purvine hed been hyar, or Mis' Sayles, I be bound, they'd hev seen it, an' tole her, too, else they ain't the wimmin I take 'em fur." He marveled whether Gwinnan had thought she was pretty. He himself had always accounted her a fairly "good-lookin' gal," but no better favored than Elvira Crosby.

He had had no fear of the result of

the case since he had known of Alethea's strange glimpse of Tad; he was, too, in a moral sense, infinitely relieved by the circumstance. Otherwise he might not have been able to entertain a train of thought so irrelevant to the testimony which was being given by the witnesses for the State. He heard it only casually, though he now and then languidly joined the general smile that rewarded some happy hit of Harshaw's. These pleasantries were chiefly elicited in cross-examining the witnesses for the State, and in wrangles with the attorney-general as to the admissibility of evidence. Kenbigh, with a determination of purple wrath to his bald head, would in his stentorian roar call aloud upon his authorities with a reverent faith as if they were calendared saints. More than once the court ruled against him, when it seemed appropriate in his next remark to drop his voice to a rumbling basso profundo. He maintained due respect for the judge and showed a positive affection for the jury, but the very sight of Harshaw would excite him to an almost bovine expression of rage, — the florid counsel being like a red rag to a bull. At first the only point which Harshaw seemed desirous to make was that none of the witnesses had attached any importance to Mink's threats, the afternoon of the shooting match, to "bust down the mill," until they heard of the disaster. He tried, too, to induce them to admit that Mink was a good fellow in the main. The tragic results, however, of his late mischief had given a new and serious interpretation to all his previous pranks, and the witnesses were more likely to furnish supplemental instances of freakish malice and the mischievous ingenuity of his intentional reprisals than to palliate his jocose capers. One old man, a bystander at the shooting match, was especially emphatic, even venomous. Harshaw involved him in a sketch of what he considered a young man should be. When asked where he had ever known

such a man he naively confessed, — himself, “whenst I war young.”

Nevertheless, Harshaw found it much safer to take the aggressive. He played upon the alternating fears which Mink’s comrades entertained of the revenuers and the moonshiners. He seemed to question rather *pro forma* than with the expectation of eliciting serious results, and to amuse himself with the involutions and contradictions in which he contrived to enmesh them, in replying to his questions as to their sobriety that night in the woods, what they had to drink, how much it required to make them drunk. To the witness it was not a reassuring playfulness. Harshaw looked very formidable as he sat, his chair tilted back on its hind legs, both hands clasping the lapels of his coat. Whenever he made a point he smacked his confident red lips.

“You were perfectly sober that night?”

The witness virtuously assented.

“And why should n’t you be,” said the crafty Harshaw, “when we all know there is no still but the God-fearing bonded still in the whole country! Look at the jury, and tell them that you were not drinking that night.”

The unfortunate witness, meeting the eyes of Peter Rood and Jerry Price, so intimately associated with the recollection of that roistering orgy, faltered that he *had* been drinking some.

“You had!” exclaimed Harshaw, with the accents of surprise. “And yet you say, on oath, that you were sober. Now what do you call sober? We must inquire into this. What do you take? I wish I could put that question as it should be between gentlemen, but” — he waved his fat hand — “some other day.”

The witness stared dumbly at him, and the crowd grinned.

“Let me put the question in another form. How much of the reverend stuff is enough to settle you? A pint?”

The witness gallantly declared that he could stand a pint.

“A jugful?”

“Oh, naw, sir,” — meaning a jugful would not be necessary.

In the staccato of affected amaze, “*Barrelful!*”

The badgered witness protested and explained, and Harshaw asked, lowering his voice, as if it were exceedingly important, “Now, did that whiskey taste like *brush* whiskey?”

As the quaking, shock-headed country lout replied, the facetious counsel recoiled.

“What! you tell this honorable court, and this intelligent jury, and this upright and learned and teetotaling attorney for the State, that you don’t know the difference in the taste between the illicit corn juice of the mountains and the highly honorable, pure, rectified liquor, taxed and stamped, made and drunk, under the auspices of this great, good, and glorious government!”

The judge, who had watched Harshaw with a dilated, gleaming gray eye and a quivering nostril, spoke abruptly.

“The court will not longer tolerate this buffoonery,” he drawled. “Counsel may cross-examine witness, and if he has *nothing* to say he may be silent.”

Harshaw flushed deeply. He had always enjoyed certain privileges as a wit. Judge Averill, who loved a joke for its own gladsome sake, had often permitted him to transcend decorum. He had no idea, however, of figuring as the butt of his own ridicule. He was a quick fellow, and took what advantage was possible of the situation. “If it please your Honor,” he said, rising to address the judge, and with an air of great courtesy, “I will waive the right of cross-examination, since my methods fail in satisfying the court.”

Gwinnan looked at him with thinly veiled antagonism. Harshaw relapsed into his tilted chair, still lightly holding his lapels, that favorite posture of rural

gentlemen, listening with an air of polite but incidental attention to the attorney-general's examination of the next witness, and declining with a wave of his fat hand to cross-examine.

A stir of excitement pervaded the bar; great interest was aroused in the audience. An old farmer, sitting on one of the benches, holding one treasured knee in both hands, put his foot on the floor to take care of itself, and leaned forward in breathless eagerness to lose no word. Others, who had been less attentive, were nudging one another, and asking what had been said. Again and again, as the successive witnesses were turned over to the defense for cross-examination, and the lawyer waved his pudgy hand, there was a suppressed sensation. His freak of silence had the effect of greatly expediting matters, and the attorney-general announced before the adjournment for dinner that he had no more witnesses to call.

In conducting the examination of the defendant's witnesses Harshaw was extremely grave. He had an excited gleam in his eye, a flurried, precipitate manner, as he went on. Now and then he nodded his head, and tossed back his mane of yellow hair as if it were heavy and harassed him. He still sat in the big, important posture he liked to assume, but every glance was full of an acute anxiety.

Mink strove again to fix his mind on the testimony. Over and over it wandered. He only knew vaguely that his best friends were assuring the jury that his escapades were all in mirth and naught in malice, and instancing as indications of his deeper nature all the good turns he had ever done. He was a loose-handed fellow. He had no thrifty instincts, and perhaps because he valued lightly he gave freely. But the habit, such as it might be, was displayed to the jury under the guise of generosity.

The sunlight now slanting upon the

walls had turned to a deep golden-red hue, for the early sunset was close at hand. Through a western window one might see the great vermilion sphere, begirt with a horizontal band of gray cloud, and sinking down into the dun-colored uncertainties about the horizon. The yellow hickory-tree beside the window showed through its thinning leaves the graceful symmetry of its black boughs. The room was dropping into a mellow duskiness, hardly obscurity, for as yet the soft light was sufficient to make all objects distinct in the midst of the gathering shadow,—the lawyers, the prisoner, the tousled heads of the audience, the attentive jury, the unwearied judge. Harshaw could even read his own handwriting as he looked at the list he held, and said, "Mr. Sheriff, call Alethea Sayles."

"Alethea Sayles!" roared Mr. Sheriff at the door, as if Alethea Sayles were "beyond the seas" and hard of hearing besides, instead of waiting expectantly in the adjoining room, ten steps away.

As she came in, Mink was quick to notice the alert interest on Gwinnan's face,—a sort of grave curiosity without any element of disrespect. She had a look in her eyes which Mink had often seen before, and which at once rebuked and angered him,—an expression of spiritual earnestness, of luminous purity; he had sneered at it as "trying to look pious." She sat down in the witness-chair, and pushed back from her forehead her long bonnet; her golden hair showed under its brown rim in lustrous waves. Her saffron kerchief was knotted under her round chin. Her face was slightly flushed with the excitement of the moment, but she was neither flurried, nor embarrassed, nor restless, nor uncouth, as many of her predecessors had been. Her deliberate, serious manner gave her an air of great value, and as she began to reply to the questions, her clear-voiced, soft drawl pervaded the court-room, singularly si-

lent now, and there was a growing impression that hers was the important testimony for which all had been waiting. Harshaw's manner served to confirm this. He was repressed, grave; only the quick, nervous glance of his opaque blue eye indicated his excitement; his questions were framed with the greatest care, and some of these were strange enough to excite comment. He asked her first to tell all that she knew about the party in the woods that night, — whether they were drinking and had access to any ample supply of liquor. She recited her adventure at Boke's barn, and detailed the subsequent interview with the moonshiner and her refusal to keep his secret, throughout scarcely suppressed excitement in the court-room, for every man knew that with the words she courted martyrdom and took her life in her hands. Harshaw seemed to prize this attestation of her courage and her high sense of the sacred obligations of her oath, and dextrously contrived it so that the judge and the jury should be fully impressed with the crystalline purity of her moral sense, with her immovable determination to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He persevered in the examination of this point with great pertinacity, despite many stormy wrangles with the attorney for the State as to the pertinence and admissibility of the evidence, and the occasional ruling of the judge against him. Enough was secured, however, to prove that despite the limitations of the bonded still, Mink had had the opportunity to get drunk if he chose, and his habits were not those of a teetotaler.

{ The lawyer's questions then became more inexplicable.

"When you discovered that you could give some testimony in this case, what did you do?"

Alethea pushed back her bonnet still further, and stared at him.

"Why, you-uns know," she said.

"Tell the jury."

Like many rural witnesses, she persisted in addressing the judge. She would fix her serious brown eyes on the stolid wooden faces in the jury-box, then lift them to the judge and answer.

"I kem down ter the jail ter see Reuben, an' tell him."

"And did you see him?"

She looked at Harshaw, with a deep humiliation and resentment intensifying the flush on her delicate cheek to a burning crimson. His gravity, the respect of his manner, reassured her. She replied with her deliberate dignity, —

"You-uns know mighty well he would n't see me."

"Then what did you do?"

She seemed for a moment doubtful if she would answer.

"I dunno how ye hev forgot," she said, slowly. "*I hain't.*"

"I want you to tell the jury," he explained.

"I tried to make you listen."

"And what did I do?"

Once more she pushed her brown bonnet further from her golden head, and looked at him silently.

The pause was so long that the attorney-general remarked that really he could not see the pertinence of the examination.

The judge spoke presently: "Counsel would do well not to harass the witness with unnecessary questions."

What new life was in the man's tones! He had forgotten to drawl. There had been many a badgered witness on the stand to-day whom he had not interfered to protect. Mink eyed him narrowly through the closing dusk. He was leaning forward upon the desk. He was listening with no impartial judicial interest. A personal concern was expressed in his face.

The sympathetic cadence in his voice struck on other ears than Mink's. It was like an open sesame to Alethea's heart. The pent-up indignation burst

forth. She was all at once eager to tell the affronts she could not resent. "He wouldn't listen ter me, jedge!" she cried. "He ran from me, — actually ran down the street. An' I did n't know what ter do. An' nobody knowed 'bout 'n it but me. An' I dassent tell nobody 'ceptin' the lawyer. An' Jerry Price, — him ez air on the jury, — he 'lowed ef I knowed suthin' I wanted ter tell in court, he 'd *make* the lawyer listen, an' so he did. An' I tole him."

"When was that?" asked Harshaw.

"Yestiddy mornin'."

"So that was the reason you did n't tell it before?"

"I war feared ter tell ennybody but the lawyer, kase Reuben's enemies mought fix it somehows so 'twouldn't be no 'count."

"Well, what was this you wanted to tell?"

Her face was growing dim among the glooms. The dusky figures within the bar, the shadowy judge, the indistinct mass of the crowd, the great windows, — indefinite gray squares, — seemed for a moment the darker because of a dull suffusion of yellow light in the halls, falling through the doorways, and heralding the coming of the lamps.

"I wanted to tell that I seen Tad one week arter they 'lowed he war drowned."

There was absolute silence for a moment; then, wild commotion. Men were talking loudly to each other in the crowd. The lights came in with a flare. Several of the jury requested to have the answer repeated. The attorney-general began to ask a question, left off, and bent his head to his notes. A sudden shrill, quaking voice pierced the tumult.

"I know it air a true word!" cried the old miller, clasping his hands. "God would not deliver my soul ter hell. I fund him in my youth, but my age air the age o' the backslider. He would not desert me, though! An' I hev been

gin ter do my good works o' faith anew. I'll find my boy. I'll make amends. I'll" —

The sheriff's insistence, "Silence in court!" had no coercion for him. He began to sob and cry aloud, and to call the idiot's name, and was finally taken by the deputy and led out of the courtroom, the officer promising to come and let him know as soon as Alethea had disclosed the boy's whereabouts.

Mink glanced around him in triumph. His lip curved. A brilliant elation shone in his eyes. He tossed back, with an arrogant gesture, his long, red, curling hair, gilded by the lamplight to a brighter hue. He joyed to see the discomfiture of his detractors, who had given their testimony with all the gusto that appertains to stamping on a man, literally and metaphorically, who is already down. He noted, too, the surprise and pleasure in Ben Doaks's eyes, in Jerry Price's freckled, ugly face, and, strangely enough, Peter Rood looked transfigured. His surly scowl was gone, as if it had never existed. His swarthy face was irradiated by his great excited eyes. A flush dyed his cheek. His breath came in quick gasps. He seemed inordinately relieved, delighted. What! because the forlorn little idiot was not dead? Mink could not understand it. He stared with suddenly renewed gravity at his old enemy on the jury, with not even a surmise to explain the demonstration.

As soon as order was restored, Harshaw resumed his questions: —

"Tell the jury when and where you saw him, and how you are sure it was one week after he was reputed to be drowned."

"Kase 't war on the Sat'day o' the camp-meetin' in Eskaquia Cove, an' that war one week percisely from the night the mill war busted down," said Alethea.

She detailed the scene at the little school-house in her uncouth phrasings, every syllable carrying conviction to her

hearers. Her bonnet had fallen quite back on her shoulders. Her face was delicately ethereal in the lamplight, — so much of the sincerities of her nature it expressed, so fine and true an intelligence that, beautiful as it was, it was still more spiritual. The strange story she had told was improbable. Looking upon her face, it was impossible to doubt it.

“That night, what did you do?”

“I let Buck an’ the rest o’ the fambly go by ter aunt Dely’s house, an’ whenst they war out o’ sight I called Tad, but he would n’t answer. An’ then I climbed over the fence, an’ sarched an’ sarched fur him. But I could n’t find him, — not in the house, nor under it, nare one. Then I went on ter aunt Dely’s, — Mis’ Purvine’s,” she added, decorously, remembering that her relative was a stickler for etiquette, and might not relish the familiar appellation of kinship in a public assembly. “I never tole nobody, kase I war feared ez whoever hed Tad a-hidin’ of him fur spite agin Reuben would hear ’bout’n it, an’ take him so fur away ez we could n’t never ketch him agin. I went back ter the school-house over an’ over, a-sarchin’ fur him, hopin’ he’d take a notion ter kem thar agin. An’ at last I ’lowed I’d tell the lawyer.”

It had become very plain to the listeners why Harshaw had, in the interests of his client, permitted his own rude conduct to be made public. The prosecution could not now reasonably demand why a hue and cry had not been raised, and why the boy was not brought into court, as it was very evident that because of the witness’s mistaken secrecy and the lawyer’s purblind folly the facts had not become known to the defense until the preceding day, when it was futile to search a place where the fugitive had been glimpsed three months before.

The attorney-general, about to cross-examine the witness, cleared his throat several times on a low key. He began with a deliberation and caution which

indicated that he considered her formidable to the interests of the State. He sat with his side to the table, — the rural lawyer seldom rises save to address the court, — with one elbow upon it, and the other hand twirling his heavy gold watch-chain that festooned his ample stomach. More than once he desisted in this operation, and passed his hand soothingly over his bald head, as if he were encouraging his ideas. He at once sought to show an interested motive in the testimony.

Was she a relation of the prisoner? Was she not interested in him? Was he not her lover? Ah, he had been! And he was not now? And why?

Alethea’s simple and modest decorum in answering these questions abashed the ridicule that the mere mention of the tender passion always excites in a rural crowd. She only threw added light upon her character when she replied: —

“Reuben did n’t like folks ter argufy with him. I useter beg him not ter play kyerds, an’ be so powerful gamesome, an’ drink whiskey, an’ git in sech a many scrapes. An’ he ’lowed ’t warn’t my business. An’ I reckon ’t war n’t. But it never ’peared-like ter me ez sech go-in’s-on war right, an’ I could n’t help sayin’ so. An’ so he ’lowed ez me an’ him could n’t agree, an’ thar war no use a-tryin’.”

Mink glanced up at Gwinnan to note the impression of this plain statement. The judge was looking at *him*.

The attorney-general went on, hoping to find a discrepancy in her testimony, yet hardly knowing how he had best approach it. The court-room had relapsed into absolute silence. One could hear in the pauses the slight movement of the branches of the trees without as the light wind stirred. They were distinctly visible beside the windows, for the night was fair. All the long upper sashes gave upon a sky of a fine, pure azure, seeming more delicate for the dull yellow lamplight flooding the room.

A moon with an escort of clouds was riding splendidly up the sky; now and then they closed jealously about her, and again through their parting ranks she looked out radiantly and royally on her realms below. The frost touched the panes here and there with a crystalline sparkle. The attorney-general fixed his eyes upon the moon as he pondered; then, his fingers drumming lightly upon the table, he asked, "It was at the little school-house on the road to Bethel camp-ground?"

"Yes, sir," said Alethea.

"Were you ever there before?"

"A many a time," said Alethea. "The folkses in Eskaquia Cove goes thar ter preachin'."

He glanced again absently at the moon, his fingers still drumming on the table.

"It's a church-house, then," he said, adopting the vernacular, "as well as a school-house?"

"Yes, sir," assented the witness.

"Well, is this fence by which you were standing the fence around the play-yard?"

"Naw, sir," said Alethea, amazed at the idea of this civilized provision for youthful sports. "The palin's air round three sides o' the house, leavin' out the side whar the door be, ter pectect the graves."

The drumming fingers of the attorney-general were suddenly still. "It is a graveyard, then?" he said, in a sepulchral undertone, overmastered himself by the surprise.

"Yes, sir. Folks air buried thar. It's a graveyard."

There was a pause.

"There's no place more appropriate for a boy in poor Tad's predicament to be!" cried the lawyer. "Look here," squaring himself before the table and placing his elbows upon it, "do you believe in ghosts?"

Harshaw had changed color; he had been fiercely biting his red lips and strok-

ing his yellow beard throughout these interrogatories, seeing their drift more clearly, perhaps, than the prosecuting officer did. Now he sprang to his feet, and insisted that the attorney for the State should not be permitted to play upon the superstition of the witness. She had seen no ghost. The court would not, he hoped, permit the questions to take the form of an attempt to persuade a witness — of great native intelligence, indeed, and of the highest moral worth, but densely ignorant, and doubtless saturated with the ridiculous superstitions of the uneducated — that in seeing this fugitive lad she had beheld a supernatural manifestation. "In one moment, sir," he interpolated, addressing Peter Rood, who sat in the back row of the jury, and who had suddenly bent forward, pointing a long finger at the witness, as if he were about to ask a question. "The boy doubtless swam out of the river, and being a maltreated little drudge ran away, and is now somewhere held in hiding by persons inimical to the prisoner. The witness had a glimpse of him. There is no man here ignorant enough to believe that she saw a ghost, — least of all the learned and astute counsel for the State."

"I don't believe she saw a ghost," said the attorney-general, still seated, cocking up his eyes at his vehement opponent. "I do believe, however, most firmly, that the witness had an illusion, hallucination."

There was an audible stir in the audience and the jury as he uttered these big words. They seemed to represent something more vaguely formidable than a ghost.

"Counsel must conduct the examination on a reasonable basis," remarked the judge.

"I will do so, your Honor," in the basso profundo of deep respect.

Mink, agitated, trembling with the sudden shock, leaned forward and looked at Alethea with burning eyes. How

was she discrediting the testimony she had given for him? How was she jeopardizing his fate?

She was almost overcome for a moment. Her nerves were shaken; she was appalled by the sudden revolution her simple disclosure had wrought. Her lips trembled, her eyes filled, but she made a gallant struggle for self-control, and answered in a steady voice the attorney-general's next question.

"Did the boy wear a hat, or was he bare-headed?"

There was suppressed excitement in the audience, for Tad's hat and coat, recovered from the river, had been shown to the jury while she was in the ante-room with the other witnesses.

"I did n't notice,— 't war so suddint."

"How was he dressed?"

"I did n't see," faltered Alethea.

"What *did* you see?"

"I seen his face, ez clear ez I see yourn this minit."

"How did he look,— hearty?"

"Naw, sir; he looked mighty peaked. His face war bleached,"—a thrill ran through the crowd,— "an' I reckon he war skeered ez he seen me, fur he 'peared plumb tarrified."

"How long did you see his face?"

"A minit, mebbe; the fog passed 'twixt us."

"Ah, there was fog!"

The attorney-general cast a triumphant sidelong glance at the jury.

He paused abruptly, and turned toward them.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, addressing Peter Rood. "I had quite forgotten you wanted to ask a question."

It did not strike him as odd till a moment later that the man was still in the same position,—in the shadow, leaning forward, supported on the back of the chair of the jurymen in front of him, and still pointing at the witness with a long finger.

The judge took note of the lapse of

time. "Mr. Sheriff," he said, irritably, "wake that juror up. The man 's asleep."

There was a stir in the jury-box among the attentive eleven men. The juror on whose chair the immovable figure leaned turned his head, and met the fixed gaze of the eyes so close to his own.

He sprang up with a loud cry.

"The man is dead!" he shrieked.

XII.

The finger of the dead man still pointed at Alethea. His ghastly eyes were fixed upon her. The chair of the jurymen in front of him had sustained his weight in the same position in which he had fallen when the first shock of the idea that the witness had seen a spectre instead of the boy, alive and well, had thrilled through the room.

For a few moments it was a scene of strange confusion. The crowd rose from their seats, and surged up to the bar. New-comers were rushing in from the halls. Some one was calling aloud the name of the principal physician of the place. Many were clamoring to know what had happened. The judge's voice sounded suddenly. "Look out for your prisoner, Mr. Sheriff!" he exclaimed sharply; for the officer still stood as if transfixed beside the dead man, on whose shoulder he had laid hold. No hand, however heavy, could rouse him from the slumber into which he had fallen.

The sheriff turned toward the prisoner. The proud mountaineer, keenly sensitive to an indignity, burst out angry and aggrieved. "I hain't budged a paig!" he cried. And indeed he had not moved. "It's jes' kase you-uns set thar in jedgmint, an' I hev ter set hyar an' be tried, ez ye kin say sech ez that ter me!"

Harshaw had vehemently clutched

his client's arm as a warning to be silent. To his relief, he perceived that Gwinnan had not heard. He was absorbed in directing a physician to be called, and formally adjourned court until nine o'clock the following morning. The reluctant jurymen, quivering with excitement and consumed with curiosity as to the subsequent proceedings, were led off from the scene in charge of an officer, — himself a martyr to duty, — with many an eager backward glance and thought. The crowd hung around outside with an unabated curiosity. Often it effected an entrance and surged through the doors, to be turned out again by the directions of the physicians. Many climbed on the window-ledges to look through. The lower branches of the hickory-trees swarmed with the figures of nimble boys. The wind now was high. The boughs swayed back and forth with a monotonous clashing. Leaves continually fell from them like the noiseless flight of birds. The moon showed the pale, passionless sky; a planet swung above the distant mountains, burning with the steadfast purity of vestal fires; the inequalities of the hills and dales on which the rugged little town was built — very dark beneath the delicately illumined heavens — showed in the undulating lines of lighted windows, glimmering points stretching out into the gloom. Constantly the weighted gate clanged as men trooped into the court-house yard. The shadows seemed to multiply the number of the crowd.

Suddenly there was a cry: "He's comin'! They're bringin' him! He's comin'!"

The expectation had been so strong that the physician would pronounce it some transient paroxysm of the heart to which he was known to be subject, that the crowd was stricken into a shocked silence to recognize the undertaker among the men coming out and bearing a litter on which the motionless figure was stretched. One glance at it, and there

seemed nothing so inanimate in all nature. The moon, the trees, even the invisible wind, were endowed with redundant life, with identity, with all the affirmations of speculation, of imagination, in comparison with the terrible nullity of this thing that once was Peter Rood. It expressed only a spare finality.

It was strange to think he could not hear the wind blow, straight from the mountains, the dull thud of the many feet that followed him through the gate and down the street; could not see the moon which shone with a ghastly gleam upon his stark, upturned face. He was dead!

He was so dead that already his world was going on with a full acceptance of the idea. He had no longer an individuality as Peter Rood; he was only considered as a dead man. Considered as a dead man, he furnished the judge with a puzzle which irritated him. Gwinnan could not remember any case in which a man had died upon a jury, and he debated within himself whether this instance came under the statute leaving it to the discretion of the court, in the case of a sick juror, to discharge the jury and order a new one to be impaneled, or to excuse the juror and summon another in his place from the bystanders. He went into one of the lawyers' offices, and turned over a few books in search of precedent.

The attorney-general utilized the respite. He had lingered at the scene for a time, animated by curiosity. But when one of the physicians who had been summoned to the court-house returned to his office, after the vain efforts to resuscitate the man, he found the attorney for the State seated before the wood fire, his hands clasped behind his head, his feet stretched out upon the hearth, his chair tilted back upon its hind legs, waiting for him in comfortable patience.

There was no carpet on the floor. The small windows were lighted by tiny panes of glass. The hearth was broken

in many places, but painted a bright red with a neat home-made varnish of powdered bricks mixed with milk, commonly used in the country. There were several splint-bottomed chairs, an easy-chair, and one or two tables; book-cases covered the walls from the floor to the ceiling. It was the doctor's professional opinion that tobacco was the ruin of the country; on the high mantelpiece were ranged several varieties of pipe, from the plebeian cob and brier-root to the meer-schaum presented by a grateful patient, all bearing evidences of much use.

Kenbigh looked up quietly as the owner of the appropriated quarters walked in. Dr. Lloyd was a tall, spare man of sixty odd, with a back that never bent, dressed punctiliously in black broadcloth and the most immaculate linen of an old-fashioned style. His thick hair was white. He wore a stiff mustache; his shaven chin was square and resolute; his features were singularly straight. His gray eye expressed great cleverness and goodness, but there was a refined sarcasm in the curl of his lips, and he affected a blunt indifference of manner, not to say brusqueness.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, doctor, — nothing with my vitals, or I would n't have trusted myself near you. The instinct of self-preservation is strong. I have come for some information."

"An aching void in the regions of your brain, eh? Well, at your time of life that's incurable."

"I want you," said the lawyer, his eyes roaming around the medical library ranged upon the wall with a gloating, gluttonous gleam at the idea of the feast of information within the covers of the volumes, "to lecture me, doctor."

"Where's your Medical Jurisprudence?"

"It does n't teach me all I want to know about ghosts."

Surprise was something Dr. Lloyd was never known to express or imply. He

sat looking at the visitor with his calm professional eye, as if it were the most habitual thing in the world for sane lawyers to come into his office of nights wanting to know about ghosts.

"I want to know all about absurd illusions, — in people of undoubted sanity."

"Subject of some scope," dryly remarked the doctor.

"I want to know all that *you* know about hallucinations, visions. I want an elaborate exposition of the visual apparatus as connected with the brain, and of the derangement of its nervous functions."

"Upon my word, you're a pretty fellow!"

"And then I want you to lend me *all* your books." And once more he gazed around on the coveted treasures of the shelves.

One of the great logs had burned in two, the chunks falling forward upon the other blazing sticks. The doctor had made a move toward the tongs, but the lawyer arose, and with a sort of cumbrous agility kicked first one and then the other into the space between the dogs. Dr. Lloyd watched this proceeding with silent disapproval. Far be it from him to put his dapper old-fashioned foot-gear to any such purpose.

The warmth of the fire was grateful, for it had grown much colder without. The wind surged down the street like the passing of many feet, some tumultuous human rush. The fir-tree beside the door was filled with voices, sibilant whisperings, sighs. Clouds were scudding through the sky; Kenbigh could see them from where he sat listening to the doctor's monologue. The moonlight lay on the old-fashioned garden without, all pillaged by the autumn winds, — the rose-bushes but leafless wands; the arbors naked trellises; the walks, laid off with rectangular precision, showing what the symmetry of its summer guise had been, as a skeleton might suggest the

perfection of the human form. The lights in the two-story frame house beyond — for the doctor's office was in the yard of his dwelling and the garden lay a little to the rear — were extinguished one by one. A dog close by barked for a time, with echoes from the hills and depressions and then fell to howling mournfully. The doctor talked on, now and then taking down the books to illustrate; marking the passages with a neat strip of paper in lieu of turning down a leaf, as Kenbigh seemed disposed to do. He piled the volumes beside his apt pupil on the candle-stand, and as the lawyer fell to at them he himself read for a time, as a light recreation, from a history in some twelve volumes. It might have been considered a formidable undertaking except by a country gentleman of ample leisure and bookish habit, but to such an inveterate and insatiate reader it was but as a mouthful.

Dr. Lloyd rose at last, knocked the ashes out of his pipe upon the head of one of the fire-dogs, glanced at the absorbed lawyer, and remarked, "You'll come over to my house to go to bed after a little more, won't you?"

"Reckon so," responded Kenbigh, without lifting his head.

The fire flared up the chimney in great white flames; they emanated from a lustrous, restless, pulsing red heart. The sparks flew. The faint and joyous sounds from the logs were like some fine fairy minstrelsy which one is hardly sure one hears. A sylvan fragrance came from the pile of wood in the jamb, the basket of chips, the pine knots.

The doctor left the room, opened the door and looked back.

"Don't you burn up these books," he said, with the first touch of feeling in his tones that night.

The results of the attorney-general's vigil were abundantly manifest in his speech to the jury the following day. For that body was recruited by summoning another talesman in Rood's

place, and the trial perforce began anew; Gwinnan apparently thinking this alternative served better the ends of justice than to risk the delays and vicissitudes of again securing a competent jury. This decision encouraged Mink, who had been tortured by the fear that by some disaster the case would be continued to the next term. He was not now greatly perturbed by the strange turn which the attorney-general had contrived to give to Alethea's testimony. Since Harshaw had found that any one claimed to have seen Tad after the report of the boy's death he had felt confident of an acquittal, laying much stress on the necessity of proving the *corpus delicti*, as he phrased it; and Mink accepted his lawyer's opinion and relied upon it. He had not been greatly affected by Rood's death, so absorbed was he by his own interests; but it was a moment of tense excitement when the testimony again reached the juncture at which, on the preceding day, the dead man had leaned forward and pointed at the witness, as if to fix the fact. Nothing further was elicited from Alethea except that she did believe in ghosts, but that she was sure she had seen Tad alive, albeit he had stood among the graves with a blanched face, disappearing in a moment, lost in the mist.

The whole testimony of the case occupied much less time than on the previous day, and as the afternoon progressed it began to be apparent that the case would go to the jury before the court adjourned.

The surprise of the day was the speech of the attorney-general. It opened simply enough. He sought to show that it was impossible for Tad to be alive. The poor boy was doubtless at the bottom of the Tennessee River. How could it be otherwise? Assume, as his learned opponent would have them believe, that he had swum ashore. Where was he now? The suggestion that he was in the custody of some enemy of the prisoner,

who sought by concealing him to effect the incarceration of Reuben Lorey in the penitentiary for a long term, was so absurd that he hesitated to argue such a foolish position before so intelligent a body of men as the jury whom he had the pleasure of addressing. Who would, for revenge, encounter the hazards of such a scheme? The boy was as well known throughout the section as Pioningo Bald. Any chance glimpse of him by a casual visitor would fling the conspirators themselves into the clutches of the law, that would be loath to lightly loose its hold on such rascals. Who would voluntarily burden themselves with the support of an idiot boy? If anybody had found Tad, he would have been mighty quick to carry the boy back to old man Griff. Say that no one had detained him,—what then? He was an idiot, incapable of taking care of himself. If he were wandering at large, starving, half clad, would not some one have seen him besides Alethea Sayles, in all these weeks, gentlemen, in all these months? It was a remarkable story that the witness had told,—a remarkable story. (The counsel seemed to find fit expression of his sense of its solemnity by sinking his basso profundo to a thunderous mutter.) No one could for a moment doubt the sanity of that witness. She was evidently a girl of fine common sense; an excellent girl, too,—no one could for a moment doubt the truth of any word she uttered. The fact was, Alethea Sayles saw a strange thing that night. She thought she saw Tad. It was only his image, not himself. “The forlorn boy is dead, gentlemen,” he continued. “She saw the fantasy of her own anxious, overwrought brain. He was in her mind. She had pondered long upon him, and upon the plight of her lover, who had killed him. What wonder, then, that in the mist, and the flickering moonlight, and the lonely midnight, she should fancy that she saw him!”

He told the gaping and amazed jury that this was not an isolated instance. He mentioned other victims of hallucination; he detailed the strange experiences of Nicolai, of Spinoza, of Dr. Bostock, of Lord Londonderry, of Baron de Géramb, of Leuret, of Lord Brougham.

Harshaw, who had sat listening, with his hands in his pockets and his legs crossed, a smile of ostentatious derision upon his face, grew grave upon the mention of the last name. He had never heard of the others, but to attempt to bolster a theory of spectral apparition by this name, revered in the profession, was, he felt, a juridical sacrilege that should cause the attorney-general to be at the very least stricken from the rolls. Nevertheless, Lord Brougham's reputation was wilted thenceforth in his estimation.

As Kenbigh went on, expounding the relative and interdependent functions of the brain and eye, the fine and subtle theories of spiritual and physical life, its vague boundaries, its unmeasured capabilities,—the deductions, the keen analysis of science, all reduced to the vernacular in the mouth of a man trained by years of practice to speak to the people,—Harshaw sat in blank dismay. He had never heard of any spiritual manifestation but the vulgar graveyard ghost, usually headless, stalking in its shroud to accomplish missions of vengeance upon the very ignorant in the deep midnight. But Kenbigh's account of sundry ethereal-minded and mild-mannered spectres, with a preference for high company, singing, appearing at dinner-tables, conversing agreeably, arrayed in conventional garb, as decorous and reasonable and as mindful of etiquette as if still bound by all the restraints of the world, the flesh, and the devil, disappearing as uselessly as they had come, with no appreciable result of the visit,—it shocked every sense of precedent within him. He was country-bred and

did not know that when ghosts are fashionable they conduct themselves as fashionable people do. He noted keenly the discrepancies in the scientific explanations. Always despite its show of learning, its systems; its terminology, its physiology, its psychology, and its persistent reference of supernatural appearances to natural causes, Reason retires from the spectral exhibition with some admission of occult influences, not fully understood,—in effect making a bow to the ghost in question, “Saving your presence.” He noticed, too, that the jury were listening with that intentness and eager interest which characterize every mind, even the most ignorant, in considering things of the other world, manifestations of hidden agencies. When he rose to reply he felt at a loss. The sound, however, of his own hearty voice ringing against the walls, instead of the sepulchral basso profundo of the attorney for the State, his own stalwart arm sawing the air,—for he was in the habit of impressing his views with a good deal of muscular exertion,—had an invigorating effect upon him, and brought him back to his normal state of confidence and bluster. He found words for his ready scorn. He sought to discredit the attorney-general’s phantoms. He did not know where the counsel got these old women’s tales; they were an insult to the intelligence of the jury. The learned counsel knew mighty well he was n’t going to be called upon for his authorities, and medical books can’t be produced as evidence in a court of justice,—much less ghost stories, “Raw-head and Bloody-bones”! For his own poor part, he did n’t believe a word of them. A fact is a thing that can be proved. The law requires authentication. “Henry Brougham, Lord Chancellor, saw visions, did he? And may be Lord Coke dreamed dreams,” he sneered indignantly. “And Lord Mansfield perchance walked in his sleep. And who knows they did? And what driv-
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is this! Gentlemen, *we* live in the nineteenth century!”

The downfall of Lord Brougham in his estimation was very bitter to him. He was a man of few enthusiasms, and such hero-worship as was possible to him had been expended upon the great lights of his profession whose acquaintance he had formed in his early reading of law, some twenty years ago. He so dwelt upon this point that the jury received the valuable impression that Henry Brougham was a chancellor and a “valley man,” hailing from Knoxville, perhaps, and was held in high esteem by the lawyers in Shaftesville, and that Harshaw seemed to think the attorney-general had slandered him. He wrenched himself from this phase of the subject with some difficulty. “Gentlemen,” he said sarcastically, “the attorney-general is a mighty smart man. He’s got a heap of learning lately about visions.” He glanced down obliquely at his opponent; he would have given a good deal to know how the counsel for the State came by his information. He could have sworn that it was not indigenous. “But there are plenty of folks in this town could have told him just as much and more. He’s mighty particular to show the difference between *il*-lusion and *de*-lusion, and hallucination and mania. Visions! That ain’t what *we* call ’em, gentlemen. Down here in the flat woods we call ’em—‘snakes’!” The hit told, and he went on, encouraged. “Right over yonder in Tim Beeker’s saloon they keep every assortment of vision. Men have seen green rabbits there, and black dogs, and snakes, and whole menageries of hallucinations. Is anybody going to believe Alethea Sayles had the jim-jams that night, coming from camp-meeting? She had no call to see visions! This girl had her head in her hands; she was leaning on the fence; she felt some one touch her; she looked up, and saw the boy before her. Mighty few of the ghosts that we have

heard of had such consistency of entity as to make their presence perceived by the sense of touch; on the contrary, it is thus that their unreality is often demonstrated in these same fables. A lady passes her fan through one immaterial image. A man thrusts his knife vainly into the misty heart of another. And why does this instance differ? Because, gentlemen, there was no phantom. It was Tad Simpkins in flesh and blood. The fugitive boy sees Alethea Sayles, whom he knows well; he is about to appeal to her; he lays his hand on her hand. She lifts her head, and at the unexpected apparition—sight, she screams, and the foolish boy is frightened, and flees!”

He went on to say that he would impose upon the patience of this court and jury only for a few moments longer. He wanted to contradict the statements of the attorney-general that no one would voluntarily burden himself with the support of a useless member of society. “How many yaller dogs at your houses, gentlemen? I’d be afraid to count how many at mine. How many of your wife’s relations? No, gentlemen, none of us are so rich in this world’s goods as we deserve to be, but we ain’t got down to dividing bread and meat that close yet. As to the reckless crime of keeping the boy in hiding in order to put Mink Lorey in the penitentiary for involuntary manslaughter,—why, gentlemen, if there were not just such reckless people continually committing crimes, the consequences of which they cannot escape, the attorney-general and I would have nothing to do. We’d have to suck our paws for a living, like a bear in the winter, and look at one another,—a profitless entertainment, gentlemen.”

He sat down, his pink smile enlivening his countenance, well satisfied with his efforts and with the prospects of the case.

The attorney-general, who had the

last word, was very brief in saying it. The judge charged the jury, and he, too, was brief. The long slant of sunshine falling athwart the room was reddening when the jury were led out by the officer to their deliberations, noisily ascending the stairs to the jury-room above, assigned to their use.

XIII.

They slouched into their lair, looking more like offenders detained against their will than the free and enlightened citizens of a great country in the exercise of the precious privilege of serving on the jury. They were all tired. They had undergone much excitement. They felt the mental strain of the arguments and counter-arguments to which they had listened.

“It hev fairly gin me a mis’ry in my hade ter hev ter hear ter them red-mouthed lawyers jaw an’ jaw, like they done!” exclaimed one old codger, flinging himself in a chair, and putting his feet up against the round sides of the stove, which was cold and fireless, the day, like its predecessor, being warm and genial. The windows were open, the sunlight streaming over the dusty floor and chairs and benches. Two or three of the jurymen, looking out, laughing, and making signs to the people in the streets, were smartly remonstrated with by the officer in charge.

His objections had the effect of congregating them in the middle of the room, where the discussion began, many of them lighting their pipes, and tilting their chairs on the hind legs. Two or three lifted their feet to the giddy eminence of the backs of other chairs; several stretched themselves at lank, ungainly length upon the benches. They were mostly young or middle-aged men; the senior of the party being a farmer of fifty, with a pointed, shaven chin, newly sprouting with a bristly beard, over

which he often passed his hand with a meditative gesture. His eyes were down-cast; he leaned his elbows on his knees; his mien was depressed, not to say afflicted. "I ain't hearn ten words together," he remarked. "I never knowed when they lef' off, sca'cely, bein' so all-fired oneasy an' beset 'bout them cattle o' mine." He turned to explain to the new juror whom they had taken on that morning. "Ben Doaks hed my cattle a-summerin' of 'em up on Piomingo Bald, an' when the cattle war rounded up I went thar ter pick out mine, an' I druv 'em down an' got ez far ez Shaftesville, an' I let 'em go on with Bob, my son, 'bout fifteen year old. An' I stopped hyar ter git a drink an' hear a leetle news. An' durned ef they did n't ketch me on the jury! An' Bob dunno what's kem o' me, an' I dunno what's kem o' Bob an' the cattle, nor how fur they hed traveled along the road 'fore they fund out I war n't comin' arter."

"Waal, I reckon they be all right," said the new man, a hunter from the mountains, just come into town with peltry and game to sell.

"Lord knows! I don't!" said the old fellow, sighing over the futility of speculation. "Ef Bob war ter draw the idee ez I got hurt, or robbed, or scrimmagin' in them town grog-shops,—I hev always been tellin' him a all-fired pack o' lies 'bout the dangers in sech places, bein' ez I war n't willin' ter let him go whar I'd go myself,—he'd leave them cattle a-standin' thar in the road, an' kem back ter town ter s'arch fur me. He hain't got much 'speriunce, an' he ain't ekal ter keerin' fur them cattle. They 'll stray, an' I 'll never see 'em agin."

"I reckon they hev strayed back ter the mountings by this time; must be wilder 'n bucks, ef they hev been out all summer," suggested a broad-faced, twinkling-eyed young fellow, with a jocose wink at the others.

"Bob dozes, too; sorter sleepy-headed, ye know," said the old man, taking note of all the contingencies. "I hev seen him snooze in the saddle, ef the cattle war slow. He's growin', an' runs mighty hard, an' ef he sets still he falls off. Ef he got tired, he's apt ter lie down in a fence-corner ter rest; an' he mought go ter sleep thar, an' somebody mought toll the cattle off. Or else he mought ax somebody ter keer fur the cattle till he could kem back an' find me. Lord A'mighty, thar's no yearthly tellin' what Bob mought do."

"Then, agin, he *mought n't*," said Jerry Price. "Ye hev jes' got ter gin up yer hold on worldly things when ye air on a jury, like ye war dead."

"Yes, but when ye air dead ye ain't able ter be pestered by studyin' 'bout what yer administrator air a-doin' with yer yearthly chattles an' cattle."

"How d' ye know?" demanded Price. "Arter all we hearn ter-day, a body mought b'lieve a real likely harnt air ekal ter ennything in motion an' looks, an' ye dunno *what* they air studyin' 'bout. But time's a-wastin'. 'Less we air wantin' ter bide hyar all night agin, we hed better be talkin' 'bout our verdict on Mink Lorey. The jedge's waitin', an' from all I hev seen o' him he ain't a man ez air handy at patience."

"Waal, sir," said the man with his feet on the stove, who was the foreman of the jury, taking his pipe from his mouth, "I ain't settin' much store on Gwinnan. I don't b'lieve he acted right an' 'cordin' ter law about this jury. Thar's thirteen men on this jury!"

They all sat motionless, staring at him.

"Yes, sir," he declared, reinserting his pipe between his teeth, and speaking with them closed upon it. "I know the law! My uncle war a jestic o' the peace fur six year, 'bout ten year ago. An' he hed a Code o' Tennessee! An' I read in it! Some mighty interestin' readin' in the Code o' Tennessee. Sure's

ye born, thar is! The law say the juror, ef he be aillin', kin be excused, an' another summonsed. But Peter Rood war n't excused, nor discharged nuther. He's on this jury yit."

"Waal, fur Gawd's sake, don't git ter jawin' 'bout Peter Rood!" cried Bylor, the man on whose chair the dead juror had fallen, and who had turned his face to the close encounter of the stare of death in his glassy eyes. Bylor's nerves were still unstrung. He looked as ill as a broad-shouldered, sunburned, brawny fellow could look. "I never slep' a wink las' night; an' that thar cussed 'torney-gineral a-tellin' them awful tales 'bout harnts all day, an' that thar solemn Lethe Sayles purtendin' she hed seen that drowned idjit, — I felt ez ef I'd fall down in a fit ef they did n't quit it."

"I don't b'lieve she seen Tad's harnt," said Ben Doaks, instinctively adopting her view.

"Then what war it in the *graveyard* fur?" demanded the nephew of the ex-justice conclusively.

There was momentary silence. The sunshine was dying out on the floor; the dim tracery of the boughs of the hickory-tree was the only manifestation of its presence. The rural sound of the lowing of cattle came in on the soft air, — the village kine were returning from their pastures. The voices of men in the rooms below rose and fell fitfully; they were trying another case, in the interim of waiting for the verdict.

"An' how kem nobody hev seen him sence, 'ceptin' Lethe Sayles?" he supplemented his question.

"The jedge hinted ez much ez we-uns oughter be powerful keerful o' not convictin' a man fur killin', when a witness claimed ter hev seen the dead one sence," argued Jerry Price, ambiguously.

"She never seen nuthin' but his ghost," said the nephew of the ex-justice.

"Ben, how 'd that leetle red cow o'

mine git her hawn bruk?" interpolated the bereaved cattle-owner, meditating on the vicissitudes experienced by his herds in their summer vacation.

"Gawd A'mighty, man, quit talkin' 'bout yer cattle, interruptin' we-uns jes' ez we war a-gittin' ter the p'int!" exclaimed the foreman.

"I'd heap ruther hear Mr. Beames talk 'bout his cattle'n hear 'bout harnts, an' sech," said Bylor, as he lay on the bench. He was still feeling far from well. He got up presently, and went to the officer, who was at the door, and petitioned for something to drink. But that worthy, determined upon the literal performance of duty, withstood his every persuasion, even when he declared he was "plumb sick;" and the rest of the jury, alarmed lest he should be excused, another juror summoned, and the whole performance of the trial begin anew, the agony of their detention thus lengthening indefinitely, pleaded for him. The officer's devotion to what he considered his duty did not save him from some abuse.

"'T would sarve ye right ef we war ter lay a-holt o' ye an' fling ye outer this winder," said Ben Doaks.

"Ye mis'able leetle green gourd, ye dunno nuthin' 'bout nuthin'," declared the foreman, the much informed because of the Code.

"Waal, ye kin say what ye wanten," retorted the official. He was a young man; he had a resolute eye and a shock head. "But ye ain't goin' ter git outer here till ye find yer verdict." He withdrew his tousled head suddenly, and shut the door on them.

Rebellion availing nothing, they resorted to faction.

"Ye need n't be so powerful techy 'bout harnts; ye ain't seen none ez I knows on," said the foreman, turning upon the sick juror.

"Naw, an' I don't wanten hear 'bout none o' 'em till my stommick feels stronger."

"Shucks! that air nuthin' oncommon, seein' harnts an' sech. Plenty o' folks hev seen the same one. Thar's ever so many o' them herders on Thunderhead hev seen the harnt ez herds up thar. Rob Carrick seen him. I hev hearn him tell 'bout'n it arter he got his mind back. Hain't you, Ben?"

The moon was at the eastern windows. The white lustre poured in. The great room seemed lonely and deserted, despite the group of deliberating jurymen, and the colorless double with which each had been furnished, to ape his gesture, and caricature his size, and dog his every step. An owl was hooting in some distant tree. The voices from the street were faint.

"Ain't that thar weasel of a constable goin' ter hev no lamps brung hyar ter-night?" exclaimed Bylor.

But the lamps, which came in almost immediately, were inadequate to contend with the solemn, ethereal, white pervasion of the night that still hung in the window, and lay upon the floor, and showed the gaunt bare tree outside. They only gave a yellow cast to the circle in which the party sat, and made their faces seem less pallid and unnatural.

"Yes, I hev hearn Carrick tell it a many a time. He used ter herd with Josh Nixon in life." Ben Doaks paused a moment. "I seen the Herder wunst myse'f, though I never felt right sure about it till ter-night. I 'lowed I mought jes' hev fancied it."

"What made ye sure 'bout it ter-night?" demanded Bylor, starting up from the bench.

"'Count o' what the 'torney-gineral said 'bout *hellucination*. I know now ez 't war a vision sent from hell, an' I reckon that air one reason I hev fund it air so hard ter git religion. My mind hev got too much in league with Satan."

"Waal, Carrick 'lowed ez Josh Nixon kem back from hell ter herd on Thun-

derhead kase all his bones war n't buried tergether," said the foreman.

"Law, Ben," broke out the owner of cattle, "I wonder ef them beef bones we seen on the top o' Piomingo Bald war n't the bones o' that thar leetle black heifer o' mine ez could n't be fund, an' ye 'lowed mus' hev been eat by a wolf."

"I knocked off the vally o' that thar heifer in our settlin' up, an' I hed hoped ter hear no mo' o' her in this mortal life!" cried Ben Doaks, lifting his voice from the bated undertone in which he had discussed the spectral phenomena to an indignant worldly resonance. "I did n't know ez ye branded yer beastis on her bones," sarcastically; "the las' time I seen her she war too fat ter show 'em. I never looked fur yer mark on them bones on the bald."

"Waal," said a slow, measured voice, with that unnatural tone one has in talking to one's self, "Tad hev got no call ter kem back."

"Who air ye a-talkin' ter?" cried Bylor, starting up, his nerves quivering at the slightest provocation.

"Somebody told me just then 't war Tad's harnt," said Price, rousing himself with an effort.

"They never!" cried Bylor. "Old man Beames hain't got done moanin' 'bout his cattle, like they war the or-nymints o' the nation. Nobody never opened thar mouths ter ye. Ye jes' answered ter nuthin'."

"Harshaw never b'lieved Lethe Sayles seen no harnt," declared one.

"He *hed* ter say that," observed the foreman, who was of spectral tendencies, "no matter what he believed. The 'torney-gin'al war powerful sure she seen a harnt."

"He 'lowed it war a *hellucination*," protested Bylor, being extremely averse to any theory involving an apparition.

"Waal," argued the logical Price, "he 'lowed ez a *hellucination* war suth-in' ez looks like a person, but 'tain't him. Now ain't that a harnt? Ain't

Tad's harnt suthin' that looks like Tad, an' ain't Tad?"

"Oh," cried Bylor, springing from the bench, "I feel obligated ter git away from sech talk! I jes' look ter see Peter Rood a-stalkin' round hyar direc'ly, with that awful stare in his eyes when he war stone dead fur ever so long, with his face so close ter mine. I can't abide it no longer! Let's toss up. Heads, acquit! Tails, convict!" He produced a coin from his pocket.

"Naw, ye won't," said the foreman quickly. "Naw! We'll delib'rate on this hyar question, an' decide it like a jury oughter."

Bylor cast a glance at the windows, each with its great white image upon the floor below; at the dim faces about him; at the lamps, dull and yellow, making the moonlight seem more pallid and vaguely blue. He threw himself upon the bench, and for a time was silent.

"Look hyar," said Jerry Price, "it hev jes' got down ter this,—harnt or no harnt. Ef Lethe Sayles seen *Tad*, Mink never killed him, an' hev ter be acquitted. Ef Lethe Sayles seen Tad's harnt, Mink killed him whilst doin' a unlawful act, an' he hev ter go ter the pen'tiary fur involuntary manslaughter, ez the judge 'lows sech be a felony."

The wrangle over the question, which bristled with difficulties enough, began anew. They were even more illogical and irritable than before. They were utterly unused to debate, to reason. The mental strain of laboriously applying their attention to each detail, striving to master circumstance and argument, throughout the two days during which the case had been tried twice before them, had resulted in a certain degree of prostration of their faculties. The singular surprise in the evidence and the sudden death of one of their number had unnerved them all, more or less. Being ignorant men, untrained to discriminate and differentiate, while they

could accept the strange occurrences which the attorney-general had brought to their knowledge, they were not able to perceive and apply the scientific explanations. And in fact many of these were lame and inadequate. They had heard these seemingly supernatural instances from a man of education and acumen, and it had fallen to their lot to probe the probabilities and possibilities, and decide an important question based upon them. They were no nearer a conclusion when Ben Doaks, who had been sitting with his arms folded, silently meditating for a time, broke out abruptly, "That's it! Tad's harnt kem back 'kase *his* bones ain't buried."

Bylor once more started up. "Who tole ye that? Who said it fust?"

"I dunno," replied Ben Doaks quietly. "Some o' them boys."

"They never!" cried Bylor. "I hev been listening ter every one. Some o' ye answers the words o' a man who never speaks aloud! Thar's a harnt on this jury! I know it! I feel it!" He stood up at his full height, trembling like a leaf. He was in a nervous panic. "Gentlemen, we hev got"—he faltered at the name,—"*him* with us yet. Thar's thirteen men on this jury. For Gawd's sake, let's go down an' tell the judge we can't agree. I'll see Rood d'rec'ly, an' ye will too."

"Laws-a-massy!" cried old Beames, interested for the first time in aught save his cattle. "I'll make a break an' run"—he did not say where, the obdurate officer being on the other side of the door. He too rose, agitated, his toothless jaw shaking. "I could n't abide ter see him, like he looked las' night!"

"Thar's thirteen men on the jury. Thar's no use denyin' it," said the foreman, "whether Pete Rood's sperit's in the panel or no."

A great shadow suddenly flapped awkwardly across the floor. Every man of them started. But it was only the

owl they had heard in the distance now flying past the window. It was not more cheerful when the ill-omened bird settled itself on the branch of the hickory-tree, and shrilled its nerve-thrilling cry and convulsively chuckled aloud.

The foreman rose, too. "Thar's no use a-tryin'," he said: "we can't agree, an' we hev got a right ter disagree. Le's go down an' tell the jedge, an' git discharged. I ain't easy shook, but this hyar whole case hev been mighty cur'us, an' I hev mighty nigh petered out."

"Look hyar, ought n't we ter hold on a while longer? Fur Mink Lorey will hev ter stay in jail fur four months more, till he kin git tried at the next term," suggested Jerry Price.

"I'm willin'," said Ben Doaks reluctantly. He looked doubtfully over his shoulder as he spoke. "Eh?" he said, as he turned his head back again.

"Nobody never said nuthin'," declared the foreman.

"I 'lowed I hearn somebody call my name."

"I'll be bound ye did!" cried Bylor. "But nobody called it ez we kin see—yit."

He rushed to the door and summoned the officer. The court was notified, and the twelve men were conducted down the stairs, each conscious of the presence of the unseen thirteenth.

It was like a transition from the conditions of delirium to the serene atmosphere of right reason. The windows were all flaring with lights, as if the court-room were some factory that ran all night. The lawyers looked fagged and worn out; they had the air of working by momentum aggregated during the day rather than by immediate exertion. It was a contrast to Averill's leisurely procedure, and they regarded the innovation with exasperation and the judge with some personal animosity. He had his pen still in his hand; there was a moment's silent waiting while he finished the line he was writing. Mink

had been brought out from jail. He sat waiting, feverishly impatient and bright-eyed.

Harshaw and the attorney-general turned expectant and interested faces toward them.

The judge laid down his pen and looked kindly at them. He viewed them as a bit of completed work. He had a great respect for completed work.

When they were asked if they had agreed upon their verdict, the foreman answered that they could not agree.

The prisoner's countenance changed instantly. It had upon it an expression of blank amaze, then of sharp distress. Harshaw's face fell. The attorney-general pricked up his ears. The judge looked grave, concerned.

"Do you desire any further instructions,—any point of difficulty explained?"

The foreman interpreted this formula as a general inquiry into the nature of the trouble. He began precipitately, the quaking men behind him feeling all the despair of being the members of a responsible corporate body of which he was the mouth-piece.

"Ye see, jedge, we-uns can't but feel thar's thirteen men on this jury."

They felt the judge's quick gray eye counting them. Perhaps at that moment they were all indifferent to the terrors of their spectral associate, so much more substantial a source of terror being presented to them.

The man who had read the Code went on: "Pete Rood—him ez died las' night—war neither excused nor discharged, so thar's thirteen men on this jury; an' we hearn him talkin' up-stairs along o' the rest o' the jurors, sometimes interruptin' us, an' we-uns can't agree 'count o' thar bein' a harnt on the jury."

Even he faltered before the look in the face of the judge, whose decisions were thus frankly criticised. There was something terrible in the fury that his

eyes expressed. He sat motionless, with an air of great calmness and dignity. His face, however, crimsoned to the roots of his hair. The veins in his forehead stood out swollen and blue. There was an intense silence for a moment. Then his voice, as always, singularly low and inexpressive, broke the pause.

"Mr. Sheriff," he said, "conduct those thirteen — those twelve men to the county jail, and keep them there for contempt of court until ten o'clock to-morrow morning, permitting no communication with others."

He directed that a fine of ten dollars should be entered against each, and forthwith adjourned the court.

This high-handed proceeding had no parallel in the annals of the circuit. Harshaw, swelling with rage, found knots of men eagerly discussing it, as he pushed his way out into the hall. Some one was advancing the opinion that a jury in-jail was no longer a jury, but merely twelve culprits. Another found a hearty laugh in the reflection that they would not probably discover so many harnts in jail as in the jury-room. A third demanded of Harshaw, "Why did n't he discharge the jury, and imprison them as men?"

"Too afraid of the S'preme Court," Harshaw hissed between his teeth. "Wish he had! On appeal a prema-

ture discharge would operate as an acquittal of the prisoner."

He regarded the action of the judge as an outrage, and he did not hesitate to express this opinion. He had expended much time and force upon his case, and looked for no compensation but the satisfaction of success. He had that excellent quality in a lawyer, the faculty of making his client's cause his own. He felt the hardship of this extension of the prisoner's jeopardy scarcely less deeply than Mink himself. A little remonstrance with the ignorant men, a little pocketing of personal and judicial pride, a few coaxing, explanatory words, might have sent them back refreshed and invigorated to their deliberations, with a good hope of agreement. Now, there was no prophesying what effect these strong measures would have upon them. He believed that Gwinnan had transcended all the authority of his office. "By God," he cried, "if he keeps on like he's started he'll get impeached some day! And if I could see my way to it, I swear I'd introduce the resolution in the House myself!"

He walked off, his head swimming a little. He had said this rash thing before a motley crowd, and at any time it might be repeated to Gwinnan, who was himself a politician in some sort, and a man of great force.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

ABOUT THE PACIFIC.

PERHAPS the ancients never appear to us so intellectually limited as when we look upon those curious maps, resembling turtles or elephants, of the world as it was known to them. Popular knowledge in our own enlightened age, however, is in some respects not unlike the geographical science of Homer and Pliny in its real misconceptions

of the earth and its inhabitants. To them the horizon of their fathers' fields was the Mediterranean; to our ancestors it was the Atlantic, and to us, to a considerable degree, it still is. In dignity and romance the figure of Columbus towers above all other voyagers so much, and his find of America was so far the most impressive, that the imagi-

nation naturally looks upon our ocean as the theatre of sea-discovery; yet for the lonely island peak that greeted his eyes ten thousand have arisen from the Pacific to salute the adventurer. The name of Cook, it is true, has rendered the idea of lands beyond the capes not strange; but beside the Genoese, the Englishman lacks distinction, and his cocked hat and buttons are too near us to allow of any historic enchantment in the view. As one calls to mind the other great sailors, however, he sees that the world is round in fact, and that the fields of discovery were on the other side of it, the water side; and as he reads, after leaving the common schools, he learns that the Pacific is the place, *par excellence*, of surprises. At the antipodes it is not the head and feet of men alone that are beheld reversed; generally speaking, most things are upside down, and if the reader will coast the Pacific in our cockle-shell of a leaf or two, he may conclude that all mundane affairs, like the earth itself, have properly no top or bottom at all.

In consequence of this easy transposition of all things, it is fitting that the jumping-off place should be our starting-point. It is Alaska, where the point of the compass known as the northwest ends. To ourselves we confess there was some surprise in finding that Alaska had a history; like Rip van Winkle, we rubbed our eyes, and this country of yesterday aged some centuries, and approached us with seven hundred and fifty pages well filled with annals, in which there was the usual assortment of successive eras of conquest and bloodshed, of trade, vice, and crime, which belongs to all well-regulated members of the family of nations. The indefatigable author of this account, in whose works it makes the thirty-third volume, has conferred a great gift on his country by his researches; and it is a pleasure to turn aside from our narrative at once, and thank Mr. Bancroft for that long

labor which will cause him to be remembered as the Muratori of the Pacific coast. In the present case he had to collect his materials from St. Petersburg, Washington, San Francisco, and those Alaskans who have memories, — names which represent a dispersion, a Babel of tongues, and a reluctance of Nature herself to the undertaking which would seem insuperable. The results digested in this bulky volume,¹ deficient only in the period of exploration, include all else of Alaskan history proper that is worth knowing upon any pretext. It is not our purpose — it would be impossible — to do more than advert to some of the more striking points. One of these, which, we risk nothing in saying, comes to correct the common notion that the Golden Gate opens into the western sun, is the statement that Alaska bears the stars and stripes as much farther beyond San Francisco into the sunset as that city is beyond Washington. After that no remarks respecting the size of our national fur-farm awake the least astonishment. Probably the popular error in regard to the real extent of the north shores of the Pacific is mostly due to that peculiar effect of what is known as Mercator's projection, in consequence of which those regions are diminished to the eye of childhood on the map as known to the moderns, and remain diminished ever after. Science may tell us that Kamchatka is of the shape and size of Italy, but the imagination will never credit it. To pass this, however, — for we knew we were a great country in a vague way, and millions of acres more cannot perceptibly add to our realization of our bigness, — let us notice a few of the other particulars that had dropped out of our memory.

Among these is the fact that Russia was a great colonizing power. Spain, and England, and Portugal, and Holland,

¹ *The Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft.* Vol. XXXIII. History of Alaska, 1730-1885. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1886.

and France were the modern Phœnicians; but Russia also was not untouched with the general desire of appropriating the paternal acres of other races. As her expeditions were in the antipodes, the voyage was made by land, of course, and the direction of migration was east. In the seventeenth century, and later, the Czar's power was thus extended over Northern Asia, and his monster prison-house secured, large enough, as it proves, to accommodate a nation of revolutionists. The motive of this conquest is sufficiently intelligible. It is always interesting to know for what prize men are ready to lay down their lives, especially when the founding of an empire is the last result. In this case it was the skin of the little sable. In search of this the Cossacks conquered Siberia; and in fact they were doing exactly as the Spaniards in Mexico, for since furs were the currency of Russia, the sable was the gold of the steppes. Thus, in course of years, they came to that Arctic Italy, Kamchatka. With men of that time, to see the sea was to cross it. Over they went, in such ships as they could build, Behring at their head; and they found land, and Behring died and was buried there. This age of the discovery was a true Viking era, the last of all. Behring himself was a Dane. The story is the same as ever,—provisions short, scurvy, shipwreck, wintering, savages scared by firearms yet able to massacre, and in the spring the return on the rebuilt boat. The author expresses some wonder at the continuation of these voyages by the same sailors; but it is another popular fallacy to believe that life is held dear by men once accustomed to the idea of losing it, and when the choice lay between existence in Kamchatka and a warm grave in the waters of the Pacific Gulf Stream, the balances were not very uneven. The story, nevertheless, is one of heroism, of the savage fight with nature; and if the race was not noble, the conflict was.

In time—for we have not seven hundred and fifty pages to spare—the islands and mainland submitted to the settlement of a few trading-posts, the natives were subdued, or terrorized, or made drunk, and the Russian Fur Company held delegated empire over all the region, for it was still fur, and not science, that the brave men were after; and then there came a man to the land, Baranof. The name of this extraordinary person the reader may recall out of Irving's delightful narratives of the settlement of the northwest, in which he figures picturesquely, and by his antics is made to appear as the human, and scarcely human, embodiment of the traditional Russian bear. In Bancroft's work the lines of his character are more complexly laid down, and a different judgment passed on him. Baranof is indeed the hero of the volume. He was a Siberian fur-trader, verging on middle life, when Shelikof, who was the planner of the great corporation, selected him to be the executor of his ideas, and sent him to begin his autocratic rule in Alaska under the imperial ukase. For thirty years he remained in charge: he located posts, built ships, guided trade, made war and peace, settled disputes, and never failed to remit those dividends to the royal and noble stockholders on whose smile his tenure depended, and for whose luxury the Aleut hunters starved and slaved. He extended his commercial relations so far as to trade with "the Boston men" and Astor, and to attempt an opening of the Japanese ports and the annexation of the Sandwich Islands. The wider plans to found a Russian sea-empire in the North Pacific failed; but within the proper limits of the fur country Baranof was completely successful, a great and honest administrator, the real lord of the world in that part. This practical success has impressed Mr. Bancroft, and led him into a kind of pæan over the man who achieved it. There is another side to

the picture; nor was Irving in error when he caught and set down its grotesque traits. The anomalies of Russian character are better known to us now, and cause less bewilderment; but perhaps nowhere in Russian biography do the sharp contrasts and hard limits of the Slav nature stand out in such miserable irony of Western ideals of character, and nowhere in Russian fiction does the desolation of barrenness, both human and natural, so occupy the whole mental field, as in Baranof's Alaskan career, of which glimpses are here seen. It would require more space than can be given to indicate even in faint outlines the wretched existence of this man, undoubtedly of great powers: the prey, alternately, of fits of deep melancholy and frenzies of the wildest intoxication; now driving his own women, even, out into a snow-storm, with blows and curses, and now extraordinarily kind, charitable, generous; so used to endurance that Rezanof found him living in a miserable, rain-soaking hut, in which his bed floated in the water, and was told in answer to his question, "It is only the old leak." The revels held there were more like diabolical than human orgies. Morals, of the Occidental variety, were unknown. Baranof and his officers were the fathers of their adopted country in a quite literal sense, and the so-called "creoles," who were their children, were provided for and educated at the company's expense, after the approved fashion in Plato's state. We leave it to the reader's fancy to project this social condition upon the background of the Alaskan solitudes. Nothing of Tourgénéief's suggests such mean and sordid reality, such debauched animalism of daily life, such poverty of the spirit; and in the centre of the scene this small, imp-like man, with his bald head ringed with a circle of reddish hair, seems by no means heroic, though for astuteness, fertility, and

hardiness he may be reckoned great. In his seventy-second year he was relieved, on his return voyage he died, and the fishes of the Straits of Sunda made an end of him.

After Baranof's disappearance the narrative loses interest, and it is needless to follow further the continued activity of the company until its charter finally lapsed, and in the course of time the imperial government made over its rights to the United States. The concluding pages of the volume summarize the resources and state of the Territory, and are less satisfactory in proportion and treatment than the earlier part. The neglect of the government to provide for law and order and the misconduct of the military during their occupation are reprehensible enough; but the merits of the present Alaska Company might have been profitably less dwelt upon in favor of the voyages of exploration and discovery by others than Russians. The country seems, from the showing here made, to be a valuable acquisition, and one likely to increase in worth very greatly with time, especially to the States of the Coast. The condition of the natives is certainly not worse than under the Russians, and as public attention is more given to this distant dependency, as one may call it, schools and the other machinery for the reclamation or extinction of the primitive races are sure to do their work. The fishing and mining interests will come more to the front and share the fortune of the fur interest, which is now the principal resource. In the end it is not improbable that Mr. Seward will prove to be right in his prediction that the purchase of Alaska was his most memorable public act.

Lieutenant Schwatka's narrative¹ of exploration along the Yukon River, a stream of above two thousand miles in length, reads like a mere brief episode of Alaskan history, after Bancroft's conquest Territory, and in the Territory of Alaska. By FREDERICK SCHWATKA. New York: Cassell & Co. 1885.

¹ *Along Alaska's Great River.* A popular account of the travels of the Alaska Exploring Expedition of 1883 along the great Yukon River, from its source to its mouth, in the British North-

pilation. An official account is hereafter to be printed by the government, and this one is little more than an itinerary of a rather monotonous voyage on a raft down an unexplored and mostly uninhabited stream. Adventures were few, and the attention of the reader is mainly directed to the sad and dreary scenery, the state of the weather and the virulence of the mosquitoes, the rapids, the fish, the confluence of the tributaries, the naming of prominences in the landscape after eminent persons of all nations, the sparse and degraded natives in their miserable villages, and the scanty game upon the banks. It is to be considered, however, that the expedition departed with such secrecy that it may be said to have stolen away almost unknown to the authorities, and was imperfectly provided. Its geographical results seem to have been very considerable, and will modify the map of the interior and diversify its emptiness with an addition of printed names. The lieutenant's report of the resources of the valley of the Yukon is not likely to tempt emigration in that direction, as practically only miners can utilize the region, and the find of ore must be of a high grade to pay for work at such a distance from the base of all living supplies except fish.

From Alaska to Japan is a natural course, although against the current which so often bears the Japanese wrecks to the continent, by a mode of involuntary transport in which some writers find the original cause of the inhospitancy of our country in prehistoric times. Since Rezanof was so unceremoniously treated in his attempt to open the ports of Japan to the Russian Fur Company is not a long while; but so great has been the change in the character of Japanese hospitality that Professor Morse begins his volume¹ by urging

Western writers to take down the traits of Japanese civilization before its outward aspects perish through the impact of our own ideas and institutions. He himself sets the example by giving us a treatise mainly on Japanese carpentry, on how they build their houses; and by diagrams and very clear explanations he succeeds in affording even the unprofessional mind a conception of the art and its products. Now a Japanese house is not similar to an American one, as we are told with wearisome repetition. Professor Morse apparently regards it as a better thing, and his work is devoted almost as much to downright denunciation of our own carpenters and furnishers as to praise of their far-off cousins in the craft. It seems that from structures of "chips, paper, and straw," as one not inconsiderable class of these edifices is lucidly described, the architecture of the Japanese rises to much greater things, and sometimes achieves a shadow of a three-story dwelling. The absence of mantel and fireplace, of tables, chairs, and windows, and similar familiar objects is amply made up for by the presence of refinement, taste, and flower-pots, the convenience of its being possible to take out the sides of the house and the partitions, and the delights of little gardens in the rear, in which dwarf trees, oddly shaped stones, flowers, and streams are artistically treated. The treatise, as a whole, is too professional for the ordinary reader, and is rather to be recommended to the curious architect. After a serious attempt to see the extraordinary advantages of Japanese house-building over that of the Occidental nations, we confess that they do not seem sufficient to justify the crusade which Professor Morse preaches. The things which delight him are due to elements of simplicity, decoration, and climatic conditions which our complexity of wants, tastes, and natural necessities would not allow of. He seems to think that it would be as easy a matter

¹ *Japanese Homes and their Surroundings*. By EDWARD S. MORSE. With illustrations by the author. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

to borrow from the Japanese as it was for our ancestors to appropriate classical architecture. In its own country, it is clear, the old methods and arrangements are yielding in the houses of the upper classes to the influence of the Europeans. It may be that our race is lacking in fineness, subtlety, and in that softness of touch which is looked upon in these pages as a test of essential culture; but, in the main, it is the color-sense which distinguishes the Japanese, and if we are to learn from them at all it should be indirectly by the reaction of their color-art upon our eyes; any other appropriation of their work would be a slavish imitation. The superiority of the Japanese to the English, even in the matter of house-carpentry, is, we still think, something to be proved. In our finish there is, of course, room for improvement, and in our common furnishing; but ideals of workmanship and the refinement of a simple and severe taste are not so far off from us as the antipodes, and perhaps a more disciplined historic sense of the life of Occidental nations both in crafts and in fine art might have made the author's wholesale depreciation of his own race more temperate.

But if Professor Morse had a surprise in store for us for which we were, so to speak, unprepared, there is nothing of such doubtful entertainment in Mr. Lowell's volume,¹ on the neighboring country of Korea. Here is *terra incognita*. That Professor Morse, whose acquaintance with things in the Orient is so exhaustive, is obliged to refer to this work as his sole source of information in respect to the Korean house is a striking mark of its novelty. So little of the accessible world remains undescribed, and the difficulties and dangers of penetrating into unknown regions are usually so great, that Mr. Lowell is to be congratulated on his good fortune in

finding a new land of such interest, in the capacity of a guest of the state, to whom observation was made easy. Instead of the ordinary fatigues and anxieties, he had apparently nothing worse to endure than dinner-parties, and there were no foes to resist except the *geishas*, with the soft blandishments of their broken Japanese. At the very beginning of his narrative one notices that something besides the land and the people is unusual, namely, the narrator himself; and as one reads on he discovers in his author a rare combination of qualities, a threefold strain, poetic, scientific, and human, running at the will of an exceptionally active intelligence. The work is not a diary, or a view of externals, into one or the other of which descriptions most books of travel fall. It is constructed not without care as a whole; and, to begin with, an atmosphere is first diffused over the plains and mountains, and what in literary criticism is called its sentiment is given at once, quite simply and effectively. A desolate, sad, and lonely land it was, and yet with the color which invests Oriental things like a spell: and this landscape touch is essential to the effect of the whole, for it emboldens at once that leading and significant trait of the Eastern peoples, in whose spirits nature takes the place of humanity as the object of contemplation; and the ever-present sense of this distinction between them and us is necessary, if one would have any sympathetic understanding of their art or thought. In the same way, though more obviously, the author continues, in unfolding his narrative, to emphasize the differentiating general principles which underlie Eastern civilization, and account for those oddities in detail which make antipodal life appear, as he says, "like a photographic negative of our own civilization." We are told, of course, of the familiar reversals of our

¹ *Chosŏn*. The Land of the Morning Calm. A Sketch of Korea. By PERCIVAL LOWELL. Illus-

trated from photographs by the author. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

habits and customs: how, for example, blind men only are allowed out after dark, and the teacups are put under the saucers instead of on them, and so through the long catalogue of opposites. But the main thing which is aimed at is not the piecemeal information involved in these or any similar congeries of fact incorporated into the text. The author wishes to know, most of all, the reason and binding principles of these things, and desires that his reader should have this knowledge, too, so far as he can enlighten him. This is the scientific spirit to which we have referred, showing itself not merely in the explanation of physical phenomena of climate or in the technical interest exhibited in Korean mathematics, but thoroughly and, so to speak, structurally in the volume. The result is a philosophy as well as a description of Korean life, in the course of which ethnological and linguistic problems rise to the surface, but without interrupting the flow of a vivid and entertaining narrative, of which the changefulness is perhaps the most striking characteristic.

It goes without saying that in acquainting the reader, both by word and plentiful photographic views, with a country and city that have practically never been seen and written of by any of English race before, Mr. Lowell has novelties to record. A certain general resemblance with institutions and habits Chinese or Japanese was to be expected, but Korea has much that is its own; and this, even when most strange to the European mind, has been closely apprehended and put upon these pages with the touch of life. The artistic sensibility by virtue of which the visible garb of nature and humanity has been depicted in both its glow and its earthly stain, and the poetic sentiment which has interpreted this sight of the far East to the feeling of a Westerner, lend charm to the study as a whole, and the ever speculating and reasoning mind that

lies behind the eye gives a certain intellectual weight to it; but its humanity, the last quality which we mentioned as distinguishing this volume, is its most agreeable feature. It is not merely that the natives and their queer ways are tolerated by their visitor; there is evidently a sympathy, a real perception and acknowledgment of the pervasive human bond, which is a mood of mind rarely to be observed in a cultivated man actually in contact with an alien race. This temper, the sign of a true assimilation and conversion of knowledge into the energy of life, makes the volume peculiarly pleasurable, while it partly accounts for the author's success as an observer.

But enough has been said to show our appreciation of the spirit and workmanship of a book, of which the blemishes are due only to the excess of individuality; its value, both in the way of information and entertainment, does not need any *imprimatur*.

It is with some hesitation that we have decided to admit Mr. Froude's work¹ among our geographical tales; but if he is more the politician than the traveler in his journey, he marks the end of an era in the Pacific. He takes us to the Southern Ocean, to Australia and New Zealand; and his thoughts are principally concerned with a new stage of civic development there. The age of the discoveries is over, and that of the settlement in the south, at least, is far on its course; now Mr. Froude appears on the scene to urge a beginning of the last and crowning work, — the confederation of the islands under England's primacy, and the consequent strengthening of the vast and scattered empire which English trade and enterprise have called into being. Mr. Froude seems to have taken the voyage to help on this movement and he was mainly

¹ *Oceana; or, England and her Colonies.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

interested in interviewing the colonists on their feeling in regard to it. He found the usual loyalty to the home-country coupled with the equally omnipresent desire not to be interfered with by the authorities in Downing Street. This branch of the subject, the future of the great Pacific islands, is too large and vague to be treated in these paragraphs; and it may be left to those who are more directly interested in it. The state of society in Australia and New Zealand is all that concerns us, and unfortunately the volume gives us practically no light on this point. Seldom, indeed, has it been our fortune to meet with a book by a man of reputation which, judged by itself alone, displays more incompetency either to see, or to take pains, or to be accurate, in matters of fact. The author serves as a very perfect type of the British traveler of the old style, not yet extinct. His superiority to the colonists — which cannot be said to be assumed, for it is unconscious — is a superb exhibition of that sort of insolence which offends the Irish at the Castle and all non-Anglicans in every part of the world. It reduces all things colonial below the level of that scrutinizing eyeglass in the most amusing impartiality; it reaches its climax of absurdity, perhaps, in the assumption, made in a chance and entirely offhand manner, that brains for the colonists must come from London. Mr. Froude has occasion, from time to time, to note the existence of a man of capacity there, but he does this with a touch of surprise, and he draws sad auguries for the next age, when the home-bred stock — that is, the colonists born in England — shall be dead, and those who saw the light in the country itself come to be the majority. He saw for the most part only official and high life, and was as well taken care of as an Eastern capitalist on an inspection tour over the West. One searches his pages in vain for anything except the plea for

federation (which on the whole he unintentionally makes ridiculous before he gets through with it) and the philippic, after the Carlyle receipt, against all modern ideas, and in particular popular liberty in politics and the right of private judgment in religion. The chapters are much more melancholy than were Carlyle's, and the bull-dog growl of the master seems to degenerate at times into a sort of second-hand whine from the disciple. Such characteristics one might pass by unmentioned, were it not for the unabashed arrogance with which Mr. Froude announces his views and what he is pleased to accept as facts, as if his opinion were the final consummation of all things. In not a few instances his statements are ridiculously ignorant, and his flings at men and things petulant with the triviality of old age. It is needless to attend to his rampant old Toryism at this late date; but if any one is curious, perhaps the pages on California, and the inferences made from the Palace Hotel and kindred phenomena in regard to the morals of the coast, will be as interesting reading as an American can find in the book. But we, desiring not to exceed our limits of the Pacific, will take space only to acquaint our readers with a curious fact from the central portion of that ocean, which may be regarded as a sign of hope for the future of that vast new world. Mr. Froude reports, on the authority of an Englishman who has lived long in Samoa and translated the Bible into the native language, that "the natives had bought thirty thousand copies at two dollars apiece, with gilt edges. . . . Fifteen hundred pounds he had been able to remit annually from this source to the parent society." This fact is our last surprise. It seems that the missionary cause in Samoa is actually a source of income to London; in the end — who knows? — the selling of Bibles to savages may be more profitable to the British than the old trade in rum!

WALDSTEIN'S ART OF PHEIDIAS.

It is rare that a book upon a subject so remote as archæology has an interest for any other than special students, and this is notably the case when, like Dr. Waldstein's volume,¹ it is substantially made up of monographs upon particular problems. These essays aim to define more closely the science of archæology, to free it from other allied branches, and particularly from classical literature, and to unfold its methods; and the body of the work consists of practical illustrations of the operation of one of these methods, namely, the comparative study of style. To illustrate from a better known region of investigation, this method is similar to that by which English literary students attempt to name the authorship of Elizabethan plays, or to tell in any single play what portion is by Shakespeare, what by Greene, or Peele, or Fletcher; in applying it to the sculpture of the Greeks, both the technique and the spirit of the different schools must be discriminated and attended to. Dr. Waldstein's most striking successes, as shown here, are his discovery of a Lapith head in the Louvre, and his exact ascription of it to a metope in the Elgin marbles, fortunately one of the best in the collection; his identifying three terra-cotta plaques (of which the antiquity must be regarded as doubtful) as either "first-states," or copies of the central portion of the Parthenon frieze; and his proof that the so-called Apollo of the Omphalos is an athlete, and probably after Pythagoras of Rhegium. But other conclusions and arguments throughout his work, though less in the seeming, are in reality quite as excellent illustrations of the justice and usefulness of his mode of approaching the very treacher-

ous subject of the Greek monuments. To appreciate these labors, and perhaps to be interested in them at all, requires some previous knowledge of the Parthenon and the other lesser and more various remains in sculpture, vases, and coins; but if in any one's culture Greek art stands, as Shakespeare does, one of the permanent and unchangeable elements, unremoved as a mountain height, though not always gazed upon or ascended, then these essays are as notable as any event that is prominent in a year's intellectual life. To such readers, none too many, the volume is indispensable; and to the others, with whom we are concerned, there are elements of interest in its pages, one or two of which will be alluded to, because Dr. Waldstein is much more than an archæologist, being in truth a thinker of penetration, grasp, and power. No one, however, who is not accustomed to deal with ideas as respectfully as with facts will find him a congenial companion even for the few minutes of this passing notice.

One does not read far before he is impressed with the extraordinary closeness with which Dr. Waldstein distinguishes the traits wherein Greek civilization differed from our own, and the justness with which he accents such of those differences as fall within his scope. Naturally he is most careful at the start to dwell upon the plastic nature of the Greeks, using the adjective in a German sense, foreign to our language, to indicate the mental habit of a reliance upon images in thought rather than upon verbal formulas, as we do in our more abstract culture. The distinction may be expressed in more general terms by saying that our culture as a people rests upon literature, on the printed word,

¹ *Essays on the Art of Pheidias.* By CHARLES WALDSTEIN, M. A., Ph. D. Cambridge: Univer-

sity Press. New York: The Century Company. 1885.

while that of the Greeks based itself rather upon observation, on the thing seen. The divergence of intellectual mood thus induced between ancient and modern is profound, and affects the whole of thought life. In reflecting upon this classical trait, however, something is to be guarded against. It is well known that at the present time the illiterate, generally speaking, think in images, and that this power or habit of visualization, sometimes thought to be characteristic of the poet, be it observed, usually falls into disuse in proportion to the increase and continuity of exclusively literary culture in the individual, until the point is reached at which a man thinks without having a single image definitely projected upon the mind's eye; his mental processes are, in fact, as colorless and formless as algebraic calculations. Mr. Galton's experiments in this matter are still fresh in our memories. Now it is not to be inferred that this was always the case, nor indeed that the intellect of highest development may not in the past, at least, have habitually thought in images, as the unlettered do to-day; and in Greece it appears that the picture language of the mind, as one may call it, held a place more important than with us, and perhaps equivalent to our own idea language. The Greek, as every one knows, peopled the earth with presiding geniuses, of more or less exalted rank, from Oread and Naiad to the great Zeus of Olympus. These forms we call imaginary, and to our thought they are always tenuous; the point to be remembered is that, when the Greek spoke of Athene, an image came before his mind, and one not hypothetical and consciously symbolical, like Liberty with her cap, but definite, real, and awful, like the statue on the pediment or in the temple. The Greek mind leant on these images as our mind does on the alphabet in all mental life; hence the poetry and the art of the age had a certain ease and naturalness, an intimacy with the

spirit of the race, not equaled in the work of later times, except possibly in Italy. Dr. Waldstein points out — and we believe he is the first to do so — that the most striking expression of this intellectual necessity, inherent in Greek culture, is the doctrine of Platonic ideas. To the moderns, however tolerant we may be, there seems always a childishness, a grotesque quality, when seen in relation to Plato's splendid and rich endowment, in the continual insistence in his philosophy on the "ideas" of the table and the flute, — the table without any definite number of legs, the flute without any particular quality of sound; and the case is not much helped, although one perceives, as Schopenhauer shows, that the doctrine is essentially accurate in truth, and wholly intelligible, since it is merely the modern statement of the subjectivity of time and space put conversely. Notwithstanding these admissions, our minds still find the Platonic ideas awkward to deal with. But that Plato, at the end of his abstrusest speculations, and at the threshold of one of the greatest generalizations of the human intellect, fell back upon the image-forming faculty, and insisted on particularizing the universal by means of a mystery or fiction of thought, is a crowning proof of the pervasiveness and inner mastery of the plastic spirit in the culture of his civilization.

This trait of the Greeks has been dwelt on, in the present instance, less for itself than for its bearing on the idealism of the art of Pheidias, of which the marbles of the Parthenon are the great examples. Of course Dr. Waldstein, who knows the value of this supreme achievement of the idealistic temperament in man, is himself an idealist, and when he has occasion to analyze the monuments treats at more or less length of the theory of idealism. He distinguishes at once the two kinds of physical representation, the portrait and the type, and affirms an analogous dif-

ference in representations of the spirit that animates the stone, the man as he is and the man as he ought to be. He observes, too, that the Greeks were fortunately supplied with subjects of sculpture in which both the physical and spiritual perfection of man were proper elements, and, indeed, requisite; namely, the heroes and the gods. The higher life was the theme of their art in its greatest excellence, not as a possible but as an actual existence. This of itself was a valuable help to them, for centres of imagination were thus determined for them and given a certain external validity; whereas among the moderns art is felt to be in its essence a mode of subjective creation, having no reality except in thought. The resulting sense of uncertainty, the weakened faith in such emanations of man's brain, almost inevitable for the contemporary poet or artist, is one cause of the recoil of our imagination from the ideal, and of the attraction of realism for our writers, and perhaps of our content with a literature and art that will have fact for its province. "Let us have facts," is the cry; "of truth — that is, the relation of facts — who can be certain? Let us represent men as they are; of men as they ought to be who has any observation?" And even within these limits of the new school it is said, furthermore, that attention is to be paid to the individual; not to man as he is, but to this man, Tom, Dick, or Harry, as he is. The type is too general to be depicted, too far removed from actual seeing, too much an abstraction of the mind. It is plain that at the root of the difficulty felt by the realists who theorize in this way lies the conviction that the further the literary or any other representative art gets from the special fact, trait, or passion in its particular manifestation, the more vague, doubtful, pale, rubbed-out, — in a word, the more generalized, — it becomes, and hence loses sharpness, vigor, and illusiveness. One

thinks that to represent a temperate man typically would be nowadays as tame as to describe an allegoric figure and name it Temperance. But with the Greek the case was clearly quite otherwise. There was no loss of individualization in the type, whether of physical or of spiritual perfection. This Theseus or that Hermes is ideal; both are generalized from men, but they suffer no loss of vitality thereby. The idealism of Athens did not fade out in abstraction, but embodied the permanent elements of harmonious beauty in body and spirit, in forms "more real than living man." The habit of thinking in images, or with fixed associations of images, with general notions, was one reason for this success, undoubtedly; but before we conclude that the literary and rationalizing culture of our day forbids us to hope for a similar blending of the type with individuality, let us remember that as with Pheidias, so with Shakespeare: Hamlet is at once the type and the man. The poet born cannot turn aside, on this hand, into science, as the realists do; nor, on that hand, into philosophy, as the allegorists do. To him that ideal art alone is possible in which the two are united in the expression of permanent and universal truth through selected facts.

Nevertheless, it may be urged, the Greeks passed rapidly from the idealistic to the realistic stage. And in connection with this one observes the happiness with which Dr. Waldstein identifies the elements of likeness between the Greeks and the moderns, just as he opposes their differences to each other. The most admirable example of his skill in this is in one of the essays which are removed to the appendix, apparently only because they are not upon Pheidias. It is an inquiry into the æsthetic qualities of the Hermes of Praxiteles, and in the course of it he delineates the characteristics of the age of Praxiteles, and parallels them with the traits of the time just subsequent to the French

Revolution. In doing this he incidentally describes the common spirit in Shelley, De Musset, and other representatives of an art, not of the noblest, but not of the worst either, of the interval after the great age, yet before the marked decadence. It may be said that the English never had an age of the Pheidian kind; in European culture that is to be sought, if at all, in mediæval art. The Praxitelean age, however, was reproduced in essence in the first generation of our romantic period. Dr. Waldstein's passage is too long to quote, and fewer words will not be sufficient to set the matter forth clearly. A certain pathos, felt in view both of the world and of one's self, is perhaps its dominant quality, and with it goes a sophistication, a self-consciousness, a reflectiveness, a slight yet not complete abstraction of the spirit from the object before it, illustrated by the expression of the head of Hermes in relation to the infant Dionysus on his arm. It is the mood of one whose spontaneous joy has been disturbed forever by thought. In such work one sees that the objective character of art, as it was in Pheidias, is yielding to a new impulse; that the hold of the imagination on the divine and the eternal is slowly relaxing. At last, idealism went out in Greece, and, either in the shape of the portrait statues, or of such sculptures as those of Pergamon, realism came in to be the be-all and also the end-all of art.

Why was it, one asks, that the plastic nature of the Greeks did not preserve them, if the image-making faculty did in fact count so much in their development? How did they come to lose the ideal forms that sprang to the mind of Pheidias when he thought of beauty and virtue? One cannot say that idealism failed, for its triumph in the Parthenon marbles marks the highest point ever reached by the human imagination in embodying its vision. It died out, and one says in explanation that the atten-

tion given to technique at last led to a disregard of the idea; or that the mere ability to reproduce details exactly was a temptation to apply art to deceptive imitation of the seen instead of to an illusive expression of the unseen; or that the age had lost the great ideas themselves, the perception of beauty and virtue, the belief in them and honor for them, and hence necessarily declined upon the things of this world, — that is, upon what is seen by the bodily eye rather than in the realm of thought and spiritual insight: and of these explanations perhaps one is as true as another, for they are all descriptions, from different standpoints, of what actually occurred. It is impossible, however, that in view of this history, and of the similar course in the development of mediæval painting, one should not ask himself whether the rise and defense of realism among us means that literature is to follow in the same track, and die, as sculpture and painting died, until a new age shall set the wheel turning again; for if the history of the arts teaches anything, it is that the ages of idealism are the ages of power, and those of realism the premonition and stiffening of death.

The space at our disposal does not allow any longer examination of this or many other kindred matters, of intellectual or æsthetic concern, which are suggested by Dr. Waldstein's pages. Most interesting, for example, is his discussion of the peculiarities of the Greeks which made polychromy in their sculpture, and the use of ivory and gold for their most prized works, endurable to their senses, highly refined as they unquestionably were, while to us it is most likely that such methods and materials would be at first, if not finally, distasteful.

There are other passages on equally general problems; but it is incumbent on us to warn the reader once more that the volume is primarily scientific and

technical, and assumes a very considerable acquaintance with several departments of archæology and a cultivated interest in special problems, such as the

composition of the pedimental groups and the names of the figures in them, or the subject of the centre of the Parthenon frieze.

LONGFELLOW.

THE qualities which render Longfellow's art delightful have passed over into the popular conception of his personality; and it is a great satisfaction to find, now that his letters and diaries have been published, how truthful and generally accurate this popular conception has been. Mr. Samuel Longfellow, in editing his brother's life,¹ has wisely chosen to restrict his labor for the most part to the selection of illustrative passages from the diary which the poet kept and the letters which passed between him and his most constant correspondents. We have no reason to suppose that this selection has been made upon any other principle than that of presenting the most interesting and most characteristic features of a long and varied career; it would scarcely have been possible, in the range of this material, to conceal any marked trait of the poet, and therefore we have a right to believe that in these two abundant volumes we have a faithful and adequate portrait of Longfellow.

We repeat that it is a satisfaction to find this record tally so well with the popular apprehension of the poet's life. There are no rude contradictions, no ugly disclosures; those traits which we knew, whether personally acquainted with him or not, are presented in deeper, more abiding lines; some fresh and happy revelations are made, in harmony with the general conception, but not before so distinctly asserted; occasional

commentaries on his work offer themselves. But on the whole we may say that we know Longfellow better and more intimately; not that we know a different man from what we had imagined, or that we are obliged to reconstruct and modify the image already clearly formed.

It is singular, when one stops to consider, how entirely the popular conception of Longfellow has sprung from his art, and how little it owes to external testimony. He shrank from publicity, and though he was the recipient of numberless visitors, and accepted with patience the burdens which his fame imposed upon him, there was a charmed circle within which he dwelt, and beyond whose line none passed except the very few who would be the last to disclose any of the knowledge which they thus obtained. The occasions on which he took part in any public exercises were so rare as to intensify his privacy; and this retirement was a note of his character, not the result of any deliberate choice or policy. "Was to have gone to the Franklin birthday banquet in the Port," he writes in his diary; "but sent the carriage away, hearing that I was expected to reply to a toast in honor of 'the poets of Cambridge.'" But no one who was present can forget the occasion of his little speech in Sanders Theatre, in Cambridge. The hall was filled with an audience of school-children, and such of their elders as

¹ *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence.*

Edited by SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

could find admittance, met to celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Cambridge. The chair made from the spreading chestnut-tree, which the children had given him, stood upon the platform, as a pleasant, silent response from the poet. He himself was among the guests grouped about the speakers of the day. Suddenly there was a hush of expectation. The governor was to have spoken, but was not present. The mayor, who was presiding, leaned over and spoke to Mr. Longfellow, and rose to say that the poet had consented to speak to the children. The quiet voice with which, standing where he had been sitting, he uttered the few graceful sentences that rose to his lips was the expression of a nature acting spontaneously and naturally, undisturbed by circumstance, yet moved by a force of sentiment which was set in motion by the spectacle before him.

There are but slight witnesses to the external course of his life to be found in Longfellow's prose or verse. In one of his letters to Mr. Greene, when *Hyperion* had just been printed, he says, "The *feelings* of the book are true; the events of the story mostly fictitious. The heroine, of course, bears a resemblance to the lady, without being an exact portrait. There is no betrayal of confidence, *no real scene* described. *Hyperion* is the name of the book, not of the hero. It merely indicates that here is the life of one who in his feelings and purposes is a 'son of Heaven and Earth,' and who, though obscured by clouds, yet 'moves on high.' Further than this the name has nothing to do with the book, and in fact is mentioned only once in the course of it. I expect to be mightily abused. People will say that I am the hero of my own romance, and compare myself to the sun, to *Hyperion Apollo*. This is not so. I wish only to embody certain feelings which are mine, not to magnify myself." It is common enough for readers to in-

sist upon a close correspondence between a poet's impersonations and his personal experiences, and in the case of Longfellow they have refused to accept any but the most literal rendering of *Hyperion* and of a few of his poems. Nor is it impossible to trace the lines of his life, now and then, in his verse; especially is it easy to recognize his companionship. Still, the revelation which Longfellow's poetry makes is of that inner experience more important to understand than any mere external circumstance, and it is because of the freedom and fullness of this revelation that we are able to say, we knew the poet from his poetry before we were able, from these volumes, to see how perfectly this inner life was in harmony with the outer shell in which it was formed.

Here may be observed a difference between Longfellow and Hawthorne. Both were men of seclusion; both were instinctively artists. The evidence concerning both may be said to be all in; we have their works, their private journals, and we have external testimony regarding them. But Hawthorne has been brought very much closer to men, in his personal relations, through the publication of his life; there have been laid open almost unknown tracts of his nature. His books, for all their apparently confidential air, never really told very much of the man. Longfellow, on the other hand, concealed himself behind a veil so thin that while it was a perfect protection to his own consciousness it was a transparent medium for the public. His journals and letters make this clear, and only translate into the language of fact what we may already be said to have read in the language of symbol.

It belonged to both of these men to be intimate chiefly with themselves. But Hawthorne cultivated this intimacy, and by long habit made his journals hold a very important place in his mental and spiritual life. Longfellow, less

of a recluse, was surrounded by other intimate friends than himself, and his diary, while apparently regular, was by no means so necessary a confidante as was the case with Hawthorne. It was less the record of his spiritual life, though often interesting in this view, and more the transcript of his thoughts about his occupation, and the memorandum book of literary and personal judgment. The short, frequent entries attest the method of his life, and indicate also the large absorption in work and friends which forbade too close an attention to his own moods. His letters reflect his intimate thought less directly; they are free, generous gifts of himself. They do not spring, as some letters of literary men do, from a naive interest in his own performances; they always suppose the recipient, and show how gracefully and unaffectedly the writer entered into the life of others.

The value of these memoirs as a commentary upon the genius of Longfellow is chiefly, as has been intimated, in the opportunity they afford for a view of the poet's career, *ab intra* rather than *ab extra*. There is only a slight display of the impression made upon the world of the successive works, hardly any sign of the enthusiasm which they created beyond the inner circle of the poet's friends, and even less indication of the rebound upon his own consciousness. What we are permitted to see is something of the spirit in which he worked, the methods which he used, and above all, the relation of his art to his daily life. By means of the jottings in his diary and the letters to his friends, we are able to watch from a favored position the steady unfolding of his genius.

In this way we become possessed of an important clue. The student of his works has easily perceived that there was a harmonious development of Longfellow's nature from the outset, that the artistic power manifested in his maturity

was present in elementary form in his earlier poems; but only now do we discover that Longfellow was one of those rare natures that perceive their destiny with perfect distinctness from the time when consciousness makes them distinct persons. He knew as well in the last year of his college life that he was meant for literature as he did in the last year of his worldly life. He saw with clearness of poetic vision the meaning of his endowment, and with that fine confidence in his destiny which is faith in the unseen he steered for port. Mr. Greene, in his well-known dedicatory letter, prefixed to his life of General Greene, and quoted in these volumes, records the impression made upon him when Longfellow, at twenty-one years of age, unfolded his plans of life, and showed the deep cisterns from which he had already learned to draw. One wishes that the friend had kept for the world a *précis* of that conversation. But we get a glimpse of the determining spirit when we read the letters which Longfellow wrote to his father from Brunswick, in his eighteenth year.

"The fact is," he writes, after detailing his immediate plans, — "and I will not disguise it in the least, for I think I ought not, — the fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it. There may be something visionary in this, but I flatter myself that I have prudence enough to keep my enthusiasm from defeating its own object by too great haste. Surely, there never was a better opportunity offered for the exertion of literary talent in our own country than is now offered. To be sure, most of our literary men thus far have not been professedly so, until they have studied and entered the practice of theology, law, or medicine. But this is evidently lost time. I do believe that we ought to pay more attention to the opinion of philosophers, that 'noth-

ing but Nature can qualify a man for knowledge.' Whether Nature has given me any capacity for knowledge or not, she has, at any rate, given me a very strong predilection for literary pursuits; and I am almost confident in believing that, if I can ever rise in the world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature. With such a belief, I must say that I am unwilling to engage in the study of the law. Here, then, seems to be the starting-point; and I think it best for me to float out into the world upon that tide and in that channel which will the soonest bring me to my destined port, and not to struggle against both wind and tide, and by attempting what is impossible lose everything. . . . Let me reside one year at Cambridge; let me study *belles-lettres*; and after that time it will not require a spirit of prophecy to predict with some degree of certainty what kind of a figure I could make in the literary world."

This was the eager outlook of a young man who uses some of the conventional phrases of youth, but there is an unmistakably genuine ring to the expression of faith in his calling, and the resolution which he showed in the next few years, when he was qualifying himself ostensibly for the post of professor, but quite consciously for the larger field of literature, disclosed a strong nature, not afflicted by petty doubts. The spirit which the young man displayed, when the college authorities at Bowdoin showed a disposition to recede from the promises which they had made him, brings out an interesting side of his character, and surprises one a little by its early indication of that consciousness of dignity which in later life found other forms of expression.

In one of his letters, written when leaving college, he intimates that if his father insists upon his adopting a profession, he may accept the law. "I can be a lawyer," he says; "this will support my real existence, literature an

ideal one." As it turned out, he was able to earn his living by a pursuit which was more directly akin to literature. For about twenty-five years he was bound by the exacting duties of a professorship, first at Bowdoin, afterward at Harvard. We are a little surprised that the editor has not more distinctly marked the period when the professor laid aside his gown. Longfellow himself makes this entry in his diary:—

"September 12, 1854. Yesterday I got from President Walker a note, with copy of the vote of the corporation, accepting my resignation, and expressing regrets at my retirement. I am now free! But there is a good deal of sadness in the feeling of separating one's self from one's former life."

To be sure, this was the formal separation only. The real cessation of college work had taken place a few months earlier. But in the diary of the closing years of his connection with the college there are many signs of a growing weariness and a desire to be relieved of irksome duties, and we think it would be possible to make from the record of this quarter century an interesting study of the relation which Longfellow's academic life bore to his art. In a rough way, his function as a professor seems always to have been subordinate in his own consciousness, but never to have been slighted. More than that, his literary faculty distinctly reinforced his professorial power. He apparently brought to his work in the college no special love of teaching, nor, so far as we can see, any special gift of exegesis; he brought something, however, that was rare in his position and of great value, — a deep love of literature, namely, and that unacademic attitude toward his work which was a liberalizing power.

Nor, on the other hand, can we say that his work in the college was of serious disadvantage to him as a man of letters. It is probable that he found in poetry a relief from the routine of his

life, and that the business which compelled him gave a certain stability to his course, making it possible for him to keep poetry always like a pure flame leading him forward. At any rate, it is to be observed that during these twenty-five years, naturally the most fruitful in a poet's life, he wrote the poems which fixed his place on Parnassus. It was just at the turning-point that he wrote *Hiawatha*, but he had already written *Evangeline*, and those poems of hope and confidence which he called to himself psalms, though he used that title finally for only one of them.

It was during this quarter century, also, that he formed those friendships which give a beauty and nobility to the record of his social life. Most of the men who were nearest to him died before him, — Felton, Sumner, Hawthorne, Agassiz, — and he embalmed their memories in translucent verse. Yet we are ready to say that we would give up the lines on Sumner, if we had to choose between them and the glowing, impassioned words in diary and letters in which he speaks of and to his friend. It is by these passages that one looks deep into Longfellow's heart. They help us to perceive the still depths of his convictions on great moral themes, and the strong hold which national life had upon his thought. One might see this, indeed, in the closing lines of the *Building of the Ship*, but it is good to have the inspiration of a poet confirmed by the same poet's unguarded prose.

In speaking of his academic life we have been drawn forward to the period of his fuller development. The preparation which he made for that life by travel and study was also a very distinct preparation for his literary career, and has, in this regard, the stronger claim upon our notice. The resolution and self-knowledge which determined him in the choice of a career were evident also in the use he made of the opportunities given him in Europe. He

laid then the foundation of that familiar acquaintance with the localities of legend and song and literary art which gave to all his work, so far as it was allusive of art, a lightness of touch, a confidence and an affectionateness of handling. It is to be observed that his letters during both his earlier journeys have a directness and freedom not always apparent in the two volumes *Outre-Mer* and *Hyperion*, which contained the first results of his study and experience. The young man's hand grew firmer as he went deeper into European life, and his letters, especially to his younger correspondents, are fresh, joyous, and unaffected. The style is indeed better than in his formal prose. There is a distinct literary air in *Hyperion* which is agreeably absent from the letters, although the diaries contain occasional tropes which read like tentative experiments in literary form. The slight sketches which are given might well have been left out. They are not numerous enough to serve as real illustrations, and they do not indicate any special faculty. We must also express some regret that the editor did not, when selecting passages from the diary, suppress some of the more private and intimate confessions of the sixteenth chapter. At a later period the poet writes in his diary: "How brief this chronicle is, even of my outward life! — and of my inner life, not a word. If one were only sure that one's journal would never be seen by any one, and never get into print, how different the case would be! But death picks the locks of all portfolios, and throws the contents into the street for the public to scramble after." The reserve which Mr. Longfellow showed in all his later life was broken into in the peculiarly trying time of his journey in Switzerland and the Tyrol. He seems to have found it hard to write then to friends, but to have unburdened his mind in his journal; and although one cannot but be interested in the reve-

lation which it makes of his agitated mind, one instinctively shrinks from so intimate a knowledge. How wisely the editor has treated the great calamity which overtook the poet in 1861, stating the facts simply and swiftly! Then, the diary and letters, though alluding to the event, leave it uncommented on. This was the mood of the older man, but it was the mood also in which we think he would have wished the record of his earlier grief preserved.

That Longfellow was charged with sentiment is illustrated in a hundred incidental ways throughout these volumes, but it is equally clear that he shrank from making it the conduit of his personal experience. Dramatically, he used sentiment freely; personally, he was chary of displaying it. It is interesting to note how he insisted upon it as a quality in religion. He was a steady church-goer, and his comments in his diary upon the sermons which he heard are frequently to the effect that if a sermon was mainly logical, and lacked unction, it failed of excellence. "Chandler Robbins preaches: a good discourse on the gospel and with unction, without which a sermon is not a sermon." It is when one reads the strong expression of his feeling for Sumner, and sees the unfading impression which the tragedy of his own life made upon him, that one discovers how far below this surface of sentiment flowed the deep current of his emotional nature.

The record of Longfellow's European life is filled with marks of his studiousness and of his sense of a literary vocation. Equally interesting in this regard is the narrative of his life in the Craigie house as it flows forth in verse and prose, and is set before the reader in its daily lines through the medium of the diary. Apparently the editor has selected the most interesting and salient passages from the regular journal of the poet, rather than taken certain portions from specific entries. At any rate,

the impression given is of a somewhat faithfully kept diary, in which the incidents of each day are briefly noted. We are able to see pretty clearly how the poet passed his time, what books he read, what company he kept, how he set about his poems, what his plans were. Occasionally there is a shrewd bit of criticism or comment, but for the most part the entries are simple memoranda.

How full of interest is this stretch of twenty years! One is aware of a fine, fit temperature in which the poet works: his domestic life serene and yet stimulating, for his wife's companionship was intellectual as well as affectionate; his converse with friends full of the best wine; his fame growing with steady advance; the world coming to him with its homage, as he sits in his study looking westward, or paces his broad piazzas. Under these conditions the poet sends forth his songs, rejoicing in them, steadfast to his ideal, and unvexed by the anxieties which fret so many artists. We are told that he disliked everything violent, and that this hatred of noise was a trait of his character from earliest days. It is easy to believe it, for it is impossible to read these volumes without being made aware of an atmosphere created by the poet himself. There was no mere avoidance of disturbing elements, nor was his serenity the result of favoring conditions; his nature asserted itself in a resolute compulsion of conditions, —

"Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade."

His methods of composition are not very fully declared, yet what can be told of a poet's ways of work? One may be curious to know whether he uses scraps of paper, or is particular as to his stationery; whether he cons his lines until they are perfected, and then sets them down, or fishes them, with frequent blots, out of his inkstand; whether he works methodically, or by fits and starts; whether his rule is *nulla*

dies sine linea, or *stans in uno pede*; whether he works in his garden or in his study. But after all, though one sees the alchemist surrounded by his vials and retorts, one misses the exact moment when the base metal is transmuted into gold. We see enough of Longfellow's modes to know that he worked with swiftness, and felt in some of his shorter lyrics the glow which runs through the veins as a molten thought flows into rich and beauteous form. The fac-simile of the manuscript of *Excelsior* offers an admirable opportunity for studying the poet's mood as he wrote that famous poem, and it discloses that interesting combination of poetic fire and scholarly thought so characteristic of Longfellow. The fire burned steadily and did not go out, though he wrote and rewrote, erased, studied, and finished. The little sentence at the close of the first draft, "Half past three o'clock, morning. Now to bed," is a curious disclosure of the poet's triumphant, excited, and half-exhausted frame, at the end of his poetic vigil.

The sensitiveness to varying phases of nature which appears in Longfellow's poems recurs to one as he reads the frequent notes, in diary and letters, of the welcome which the poet gave the spring, the spirit with which he encountered the winter. It was his custom to walk before sunrise. "Resumed my morning walks," he says one 9th of January, "after the long snow blockade. Was out by half past six, the moon shining; in the east just an explosion of light through broken clouds." And again: "A vigorous, cold day. Ah, how cold it is! My walk before sunrise I keep up very conscientiously, and because I really enjoy the fresh air. But to-day the wind scourged my ears sharply. These extremes of climate make me feel melancholy. Even when not cold myself, I cannot help thinking how many others are so." In another place he writes, "I get very tired of the rou-

tine of this life. The bright autumn weather draws me away from study, and the brown branches of the leafless trees are more beautiful than books. We lead but one life here on earth. We must make that beautiful. And to do this, health and elasticity of mind are needful; and whatever endangers or impedes these must be avoided." This last entry lets a little light into the poet's temperament. That calm sweetness of spirit which is so apparent in Longfellow was an acquisition as well as an endowment. He deliberately chose and refrained according to a law in his members, and took clear cognizance of his nature and its tendencies.

In a word, he was a sane man. There was a notable sanity about all his mode of life, and his attitude toward books and nature and men. It was the positive which attracted him, the achievement in literature, the large, seasonable gifts of the outer world, the men and women themselves who were behind the deeds and words which made them known. The books which he read, as noted in his journals, were the generous books; he wanted the best wine of thought, and he avoided criticism. "What is the use," he exclaims, "of writing books about books! — excepting so far as to give information to those who cannot get the books themselves." He basked in sunshine; he watched the sky, and was alive to the great sights and sounds and to all the tender influences of the seasons. "June is our month," he writes; "oh, perfect days, after the dreary, restless rain! The lilacs perfume the air. The horse-chestnuts light the landscape with their great taper-like blossoms." "A delicious day. Sat all the morning on a promontory covered with wild roses, looking seaward, with F. What a delightful morning!" In his intercourse with men this sanity appeared in the power which he showed of preserving his own individuality in the midst of constant pres-

sure from all sides ; he gave of himself freely to his intimate friends, as these volumes disclose, but he dwelt, nevertheless, in a charmed circle, beyond the lines of which men could not penetrate. Praise did not make him arrogant or vain ; criticism, though it sometimes wounded him, did not deflect him from his course. It is rare that one in our time has been the centre of so much admiration, and still rarer that one has preserved in the midst of it all that integrity of nature which knows only the voice within. Yet we are touched quite as much by that patience and charity which the poet displayed when paying the penalty of his fame in receiving and answering the countless demands made by bores of all kinds. Mr. Norton says, "One day I ventured to remonstrate with him on his endurance of the persecutions of one of the worst of the class, who to lack of modesty added lack of honesty, — a wretched creature ; and when I had done, he looked at me with an amused expression, and half deprecatingly replied, 'But, Charles, who would be kind to him if I were not?'" As early as 1856 he mentions in his diary that he has lying on his table more than sixty requests for autographs, and with his methodical habits this was probably not a long accumulation. Occasionally he bursts out with impatience at the imposition. "I am plagued to death," he writes, "with letters from all sorts of people, — of course about their own affairs ; no hesitation, no reserve, no consideration or delicacy. What people !" And his consternation takes a humorous turn as he considers the massive impertinence of a certain count who had been introduced to him : —

"15th. I was weak enough to ask the count to dine with us ; and he came, and stayed all the afternoon, and to tea, and did not go away till eleven at night. We all feel as if a huge garden-roller had gone over us. He has a fifty-ogre power of devouring time. Woe worth

the day when Felton introduced him to me !

"16th. 'The terrible count' called this morning before sunrise to leave a note on an unimportant subject, signed 'The homeless G.' I was breakfasting by candle-light. Luckily, he did not demand admission.

"18th. Before I was dressed, this morning, a ring at the door-bell. It was the count again, come to know if I had received his note. The aspect of things grows serious. These early hours are precious. If they too are invaded, what will become of me ?

"26th. After dinner *il terribile conte* came in ; and the smokers turned my study into a village tavern with cigars and politics, much to my annoyance. The count stayed till ten o'clock, and expatiated amply on the corruption of European society, — like an old rake who has lost all faith in virtue."

The humor which constantly peeps out of the brief entries in his diary was a delightful element in the poet's nature ; an additional mark, if one needed it, of that sanity which seems to us the deepest note of this large nature. A sanity which could stand prosperity and not give way under the severest attack of adversity, — this was the poet's sure foundation, and the art built upon it lasts because of this property which has thoroughly possessed it.

It would seem as if the editor, moving leisurely through the years, was overtaken when he had reached 1868 by the discovery that he had reached the proper mechanical limit of his work. The reader, who has sauntered with a delightful sense of ease up to this point, is suddenly hurried forward through the remaining years. It is true, undoubtedly, that the records and correspondence are less abundant during the closing fifteen years, yet one is somewhat disturbed by the violent lack of proportion. Nothing is said of certain half-editorial work which the poet undertook in those years,

and scarcely a glimpse is given of that beautiful old age which made Longfellow's presence a benediction to the world about him.

Of the mechanical execution of the work, high praise can be given, except that the index is exceedingly defective. A full index, where there is such a mass of fragmentary matter, is very desirable, and it is a pity that there should not have been added a chronological bibliography.

The work, however, is so great a gift to literature and literary history that we cannot spend much time in pointing out these obvious defects. It is too early to make a full survey of the immense importance to American literature of the work done by half a dozen great men in the middle of this century. This body

of prose and verse is constituting the solid foundation upon which other structures are to rise; the humanity which it holds is entering into the life of the country, and no material invention, or scientific discovery, or institutional prosperity, or accumulation of wealth, will so powerfully affect the spiritual well-being of the nation for generations to come. The reason lies deep in the lives of the men who have wrought, independently, at laying this foundation; and the rich record of one of these lives, now so fully made the possession of the people, is of inestimable value. To the young man of letters it will be an inspiration and a star of hope; to the rank and file of readers it will give new dignity to the literary calling and a loftier conception of literature itself.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

"Up to forty," says the adage, "a man seeks pleasure; after forty he shuns pain." However this may be as to exact ages, there can be no doubt that, as we get on in life, we come to value things not merely as they promise some increment of positive enjoyment, but as they fortify the spirit against positive suffering. In one's relations to literature, for instance, certain books acquire a greater and greater value in that they provide a harbor of refuge when the mind's barometer begins to fall, and one's moods are overcast and threatening.

There really are three pretty distinct classes of books having this peculiar value; and it becomes, at times, a nice question of spiritual practice which of the three sorts of remedy is to be, as the old doctors used to say, "exhibited."

To begin with, there is a class of writings that are good for nothing else but *pour passer le temps*. For this pur-

pose, however (and it may happen to be, in certain crises, the most important purpose in the world to us), they are invaluable. They have precisely the opposite effect to that which the author of *Friends in Council* attributes to tobacco. The lighted pipe, he says, serves to arrest and make tangible the passing moment. It applies the air-brake to the wheels of Time, and enables us to discern the distinct outlines of that Present which otherwise — so rapidly and incessantly does it rush from being Future to having become Past — can scarcely be said to exist for us at all. It does that which the Autocrat used to imagine as being done to the whizzing mind-machinery, — sticks a lever in among the cogs, and brings them, for once, to a stand-still. Now the kind of literature of which I speak has, I say, the precisely opposite effect. It so quickens the flight of time as to obliterate the pres-

ent moment, with all its "gain-giving," its remorse, its too acute memory of personal mortification, its thickening Brocken shadow of one's own unprofitableness, of whatever sort. Such books, as if to help us make doubly sure of escaping the clutches of Faust's evil one, go to the other extreme from the utterance that was to signal his diabolic seizure, "Stay, fleeting moment, thou art so fair!" and say, instead, "Fly, lagging moments, ye are so foul!" Perhaps no one is so constantly merry as not to need, on occasion, such pass-the-times. Each will have his own volumes for such a purpose, according to temperament and taste. To one, the book of travel will be the most effective. To another, the chain of a plot interest is necessary to hold the mind away from its own infelicities; and the novel of adventure, like Reade's, or Black's, or Clarke Russell's, or the novel of caricature, like Dickens's, will be best. To another, it will be some volume of the old ballads or romances, or Chaucer, or the lighter plays of Shakespeare. To still another, the very best distraction will be some work of natural science, potent to draw the mind away not only from its own cares and moods, but from the whole region of human complexities, into the colorless air of material things, that "toil not, neither do they spin;" that "neither marry, nor are given in marriage;" that are as remote from the pain of excessive joy as from that of excessive woe. But perhaps the best resource for the average man is to be found in the light literature of the French; especially if one does not know the tongue so perfectly as to destroy the additional interest that always comes from making one's way in a foreign language, where a little excitement of conjecture attends the accurate valuation of here and there a word. The novels of the elder Dumas, for example,—how lightly they fillip the slow-jogging hours of a dull evening, and with what aban-

don one may *lie back*, so to speak, on the virile author's secure mastery of the planetary and cometary orbits of his always impossible but never improbable characters! The Elizabethan dramatists are great for this purpose of rescuing a man from himself. It is but to take five steps to the bookcase, to single out and open a volume, and *presto, change!* We are in a world that has this, among its other great advantages over our own: that the reader cannot possibly encounter himself as one of its habitants. There are times, after some exhausting mental effort, for instance,—as the writing of three pages beyond our proper stent, or the delivery of a lecture in a hall where one could not be heard back of about the third row of benches, or the reception of a call from some Intellectual Young Person who became paralytically fastened to the door-knob,—when one is left very much in the condition of Grandfather Smallweed after his discharge of the pillow at his fireside companion. At such times, all that one requires is to be shaken up and taken out of himself for a change of view; it hardly matters in what direction. Then Shakespeare is one's most priceless friend.

A second species of books of refuge is that sort which fortify us against our "bad quarter-hours," by bracing up our own moral tone, or our philosophical heroism. They are not so much remedies for the present attack, perhaps, as preventives of such in the future. They are the books which make a man ashamed of caring too much whether he be happy or not; which present anew the higher aims and better estimates of life. Such are the ruminations of the old Stoics, and Sartor Resartus, and the Conduct of Life, and Wordsworth, and the later poetry of Longfellow, and the great autobiographies.

But there is still a third class, in some respects the most valuable of all. I mean the books that by their mere largeness

of scope make all our own haps and mishaps, and states of mind or of fortune, dwindle to insignificance. Their voice appeals every case from *die kleine* to *die grosse welt*. Their motives and judgments are no longer those of our *lehrjahre*, but those of our *wanderjahre*. If, in French literature, Dumas represents the pass-the-time species, George Sand may be taken as representative of this self-obliterating species. Such also is Turgenieff, and such is Goethe. Of our English writers, George Eliot belongs to this class, and Landor, and the great historians, and Browning, and, again, Shakespeare in his deeper dramas. For all these are writers who see the world so large, and feel life so deep and full, that from their plane we watch only the rolling globe, and see not at all our own little diminished speck of a personality.

—We hear of people's seeking by public advertisement for a suitable partner in marriage, but who ever heard of any one's advertising for a friend? Yet why not? Every one, it is likely, has in mind some more or less vague ideal of the absolutely perfect comrade. May he not be supposed to exist somewhere, and to be in the habit of reading a daily newspaper or a monthly magazine? Go to! let us seek him, then, by appropriate advertisement. Something in this wise would it run? "WANTED, a Friend! The undersigned, having existed in comparative solitude long enough to experience a pretty keen desire for 'some one to whom to say, "How sweet is solitude!"' and having as yet met no one who exactly satisfies his idea, would beg hereby to announce his need. The applicant must be rather old, in order to be fitted to give advice—a limited amount of it—wisely; and at the same time rather young, in order to receive it in liberal quantity and in a meek frame of mind. He must be of medium height, intellectually, and in the enjoyment of robust spiritual health. A written guar-

antee must be given of freedom from all contagious defects of character. He must be a thoroughly disillusioned and 'advanced' person, and yet be able to sympathize with any little illusions or superstitions of the subscriber. His heart must be full of love for men in the abstract, but entirely devoid, as yet, of affection for any particular one of them. He should, however, be able to exhibit satisfactory scars of early love-affairs, and a more or less scorched aspect of spirit from some previous period of *welt-schmerz*. Thus he will be ready to shed furtive tears at any pathetic fragments of autobiography the subscriber may mingle in his conversation. He will also be expected to look unutterable things when his own past in general is alluded to, but never to mention any of it in tiresome detail. His memory must be enriched with portions of the subscriber's writings, which he will quote on frequent occasions with a happy spontaneity; and he must hold the unbiased opinion that his friend is the greatest violin amateur, marine painter, poet, polo player, and master of English prose style of our own or any other time. He must be on similar intimate terms with several other equally, or almost equally, important personages, whose private affairs he will communicate, and whom he will backbite to the subscriber in an entertaining manner. The applicant must undertake that, when they dine together at restaurants, he will never order the viands, in return for which concession he will from time to time be permitted to pay the bill. In walking on public streets, the applicant will carry his face well turned round and his ears pricked up toward the subscriber, so as to hear him easily without forcing him to deviate from the fixed carriage of his own head, so necessary to his conception of himself as a masterful and positive character. The same rule will be adhered to in conversing together in the cars, especially when the subscriber

chooses to keep his own face turned away toward the window, and still to continue speaking in his ordinary low and dignified tone of voice. The applicant must have inherited or acquired a fondness for hearing manuscript read, and will never commit the indiscretion of attempting to read any of his own. For this and other good reasons, — N. B., — no person of the literary class need apply."

— We know very well why we like a blush rose with the dew on it, or a new moon in a yellow sky, but who can sit down and say in precise terms why he likes one sonnet, and not another? I do not speak of the matter of Italian form, of responsive rhymes, major and minor divisions, and such like externals; but comparing two sonnets that may be equally correct, and both of them possessed of beauty and interesting ideas, why do we find one a delight, and the other (not to be euphuistic) a bore? I have an accomplished friend who writes a very pretty sonnet, — at least, it looks so when held off just beyond the limit of clear vision for the given size of type: there is a handsome architectural solidity about the square set-in spaces to the left, terminating below in the double three-step staircase outline of the *sestette*; and to the right the lines end along a piquant bastion zigzag of salient and reëntrant angles. But when I undertake to read through one of these elegant productions, I notice that I never know at the end what it was all about at the beginning. Another accomplished friend of mine occasionally writes a sonnet, and it makes my heart beat. A year afterward, or ten years, it is as if I had heard a cry in a lonely place at night.

The Love Sonnets of Proteus (by Wilfrid Blunt, it appears) have for some of us this charm of which I speak. It has even seemed to me that in some evasive way they are like the sonnets of Shakespeare; and I set myself the other

day to discover, if possible, the secret of this vague impression. It certainly does not lie wholly in their form, though there is in some cases a similarity in this respect. No one will need to be reminded that the verse form with which "Shakespeare unlocked his heart" is not allowed by the purists to be a sonnet form, strictly so called, at all; consisting, as it does, of three alternately rhyming quatrains followed by a couplet, or letting a letter represent each new rhyme, *abab, edcd, efef, gg*. Some of the Proteus sonnets have this structure, except that they approach one step nearer the strict sonnet form in having the first two quatrains linked together by a common rhyme, thus: *abab bebc dede ff*. The following is an example: —

LAUGHTER AND DEATH.

"There is no laughter in the natural world
Of beast, or fish, or bird, though no sad doubt
Of their futurity to them unfurled
Has dared to check the mirth-compelling shout.
The lion roars his solemn thunder out
To the sleeping woods. The eagle screams her
cry.
Even the lark must strain a serious throat
To hurl his blest defiance at the sky.
Fear, anger, jealousy, have found a voice.
Love's pain or rapture the brute bosoms swell.
Nature has symbols for her nobler joys,
Her nobler sorrows. Who had dared foretell
That only man, by some sad mockery,
Should learn to laugh who learns that he must
die?"

Sometimes the first two quatrains are doubly interwoven by making both rhymes common, as in the following example, where the feminine rhyme of the third quatrain helps to give a Shakespearean flavor of form: —

TO JULIET.

"Do you remember how I laughed at you
In the Beaulieu woods, and how I made my
peace?
It was your thirtieth birthday, and you threw
Stones like a schoolgirl at the chestnut-trees.
The heavens were light above us, and the breeze.
Your Corydon and all the merry crew
Had wandered to a distance, — busier bees
Than we, who cared not where the hazels grew.
We were alone at last. I had been teasing
You with the burden of years left behind.
You were too fair to find my wit displeasing,

And I too tender to be less than kind.
Your pebbles struck me. 'Wretch!' I cried.
The word
Entered our hearts that instant like a sword."

And since I do not quote these examples merely, or even chiefly, for the sake of remarking on their structure, let me give the next sonnet, which is in continuation:—

"Thrice happy fools! What wisdom shall we learn
In this world or the next, if next there be,
More deep, more full, more worthy our concern,
Than that first word of folly taught us? We
Had suddenly grown silent. I could see
Your cheek had lost a little of its hue,
And your lips trembled, and beseechingly
Your blue eyes turned to mine, and well I knew
Your woman's instinct had divined my speech,
The meaning of a word so lightly spoken.
The word was a confession, clear to each,
A pledge as plain and as distinct a token
As that of Peter at his Master's knees,
'Thou knowest that I love thee more than these.'"

Frequently a more orthodox sonnet structure is employed, as in the following, where the *octave* has but two rhymes, and the *sestette* three:—

TO JULIET, WHO WOULD COMFORT HIM.

"I did not ask your pity, dear. Your zeal
I know. It cannot cure me of my woes.
And you, in your sweet happiness, who knows,
Deserve it rather I should pity feel
For what the coming years from you conceal.
I did but cry, thou dear Samaritan,
Out of my bitterness of soul. Each man
Hath his own sorrow treading on his heel,
Ready to strike him, and must keep his shield
To his own back. Fate's arrows thickly fly,
And, if they strike not now, will strike at even.
And so I ask no pity. On life's field
The wounded crawl together, but their cry
Is not to one another, but to Heaven."

To One on her Waste of Time has the Shakespearean form (except for the linking of two quatrains) and also a Shakespearean *motif*. It begins,—

"Why practice, love, this small economy
Of your heart's favors?"
and ends,—

"Alas, what matter, when our heads are gray,
Whether we loved or did not love to-day?"

In trying to explain the charm of these sonnets, as well as their indefinable suggestion of the elder poet's lyrical

work, a certain number of obvious qualities come to mind at once. Like Shakespeare, Proteus seems to possess a very complete and vivid vision. He knows at every instant—and therefore the reader knows—just what he is talking about. He sees—and therefore the reader sees—with perfect distinctness every form, color, quality of any sort, of which he speaks. There is no going out and searching for effective words; the effective *things* are there, and force themselves upon sight and utterance.

Again, these poems are not only definitely *of* something, but they are definitely *to* some one. They are nearly all personal, and uttered as if standing face to face with their object, either in memory or in actual presence. The poet sees his mistress as, years before, she

"stood listening to me thus
With heaving bosom. There a rose lay curled.
It was the reddest rose in all the world."

Or he addresses to her what one feels is a veritable letter, that might have postmark and precise date:—

TO ONE WHO WOULD REMAIN FRIENDS.

"What is this prate of friendship? Kings dis-
crowned
Go forth, not citizens, but outlawed men.
If love has ceased to give a loyal sound,
Let there at least be silence. . . .
As I have lived in love I still will live,
Or die, if needs must, and without reprieve,
Your lover yet, and kingdom less a king."

Seldom are these sonnets made up of monologue, and never of vague ejaculation. The other party to the dialogue, if she is silent, is always present.

Furthermore, as in the case of the master poet, this mono-dialogue is carried on in a kind of public privacy, or oblivion of all listeners. Not a word seems said for the sake of being overheard by the third (or three thousandth) person. It recalls the true Elizabethan view of a copy of verses as a thing to pass only from the poet to his mistress, or "among his private friends."

And again, the dialogue is between

persons who are not friends by virtue of any superficial relations. These poems are all what François Coppée would call *intimités*. They pass between persons who have no longer any illusions with regard to each other, or whose illusions have taken that profound secondary form of fancying themselves no longer to exist. As may easily happen between two such intimates, apart from listeners, the confessions and recollections are in both poets extremely frank. But there is no vestige of that mere brutality masquerading as frankness which marks the pseudo-realistic school of writers.

Both these series of sonnets, again, have the dry light of maturity upon them. Life has written between the lines. The poems of experience and the poems of inexperience, — what a gulf is dug by that distinction between the books we like to keep and the books we yearn to give away!

But is not the chief charm, after all, in the sonnets that most delight us, their richness in ideas, — ideas, too, that have demanded expression, and not been sought for the sake of expression? In reading the ordinary casual sonnet of our prolific day, one often gets the impression that the whole fourteen lines were laboriously constructed about some slender nucleus, found with joy after long groping in emptiness for the wherewithal to produce a poem. Sometimes we see a tolerably prosperous sonnet, whose whole matter Shakespeare would have tossed into any three words in the middle of a line. There comes to mind, in point, a neat sonnet of Charles (Tennyson) Turner's, worth quoting besides for its picturesque lightness: —

THE SPARROW AND THE DEWDROP.

"When to the birds their morning meal I threw,
Beside one perky candidate for bread
There flashed and winked a tiny drop of dew.
But while I gazed I lost them, — both had fled;
His careless tread had struck the blade-hung
tear,
And all its silent beauty fell away,

And left, sole relic of the twinkling sphere,
A sparrow's dabbled foot upon a spray.
Bold bird! that didst efface a lovely thing
Before a poet's eyes! I've half a mind,
Could I but single thee from out thy kind,
To mulct thee in a crumb; a crumb to thee
Is not more sweet than that fair drop to me.
Fie on thy little foot and thrumming wing!"

All very pretty, but is there more than a good line's worth of matter in it? The poet might have thrown it off somewhere in a simile: —

As when a bird-wing blots a dewy star;
or, —

As when a sparrow's wing-tip suddenly
Jostles, and spills, a dewdrop's pulsing star.

When some friend is quietly improvising at the piano, of a summer evening, we all know very well the moment when the idea ceases to lead the fingers, and the fingers begin to lead the idea. The same point in the evolution of a sonnet is always recognizable, when it occurs; and it occurs not unfrequently somewhere about the middle of the second or third line! If in society every one waited till he had something interesting to say before saying anything, I suppose it might make painful lulls in conversation; but in the field of sonneteering, would it not be, on the whole, a mercy?

— We were much interested a while ago in reading the articles in *The Atlantic* by Mr. White and Mr. Proctor on the *h* malady. We have observed the symptoms of this disease with attention ever since the day of our first landing in England, when the old pew-opener, who was showing us the Crusader monuments in a certain chapel, remarked sadly, "The present Lady H'Oglander 'as no heirs" (hairs), and we were left a moment in bewildered wonder as to why the esteemed lady did not wear a wig, down to the last thrilling tale of our London landlord, which was sure to be about "my master, Sir 'Arry H'Orr, or my wife's mistress, Lady 'Arriet H'Elton." In proper names it seems almost impossible for the true cockney to hit the right

pronunciation of the *h*. We remember a certain H'Emma 'Ursey, who always spoke of her brothers 'Enry, H'Albert, and H'Arthur. Indeed, each member of this unfortunate family was endowed with a Christian name beginning with a vowel or the letter *h*.

It is quite true, as Mr. White asserts, that an Englishman does not notice the dropping of the *h*. A lady, whose name is in the Peerage, once said to us, "No one who could be called a lady drops her *h*'s," while at that very time, and for the three previous months, an Englishwoman had sat opposite us at table whose *h*'s were often lost, and whom our friend could not have helped admitting was a lady.

One day, in a village school, in the south of England, we were asked to hear the children read. One of the party praised the performance, but regretted that the children misused the *h*. "Now, children, 'ave a care to your *h*'s," began the mistress. "Read again. You, 'Enry, begin. ' 'Is 'orse 'ad hurt 'imself badly." It was useless to correct the children in the face of this example, and it seemed impossible for them to detect the difference between 'orse and horse.

Once when we were dining with a London gentleman of no mean literary reputation, a linguist and philologist, some absurd blunder of the butler's *h*'s left us all laughing, and brought up the subject of the absence of this fault in America. We asked our host what his opinion was as to the rise and growth of this malady. He replied without hesitation that he believed it to have been introduced by the Huguenots, who took refuge in England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This theory we have never seen advanced in print, but it is not unreasonable. Most

of the Huguenots were silk weavers, or adopted some such trade, to which certain privileges had been granted by Queen Elizabeth. They settled in market-towns, as in Canterbury, where they were allowed to set up their looms in the crypt of the cathedral, and where their church still exists. From these centres the uncertainty of the pronunciation of the *h* radiated slowly, and among the trading classes with whom the French would be most closely thrown. Thus the greater part of the early emigrants to America had already crossed the ocean before the malady became general. Gradually, country cousins, visiting in the market-towns where it was spreading, took it, with the newest modes and fashions, to their homes. All agree that the malady never spread much in the northern counties, nor into Cornwall, but is found most pronounced in the counties bordering on the Channel, where, naturally, the French emigrants would easiest find footing.

That the Huguenots were uncertain in their *h*'s can hardly be doubted when one considers the host of words in French having the *h* mute where it is sounded in English, such as *habit*, *harpe*, *hérésie*, *hésitation*, *histoire*, *honnête*, and the like.

There has lately come under our notice what might be called a sporadic case of the *h* malady, which we wish some one would satisfactorily explain. In the southern valleys of the Tyrol, the natives, when speaking German, add an *h* where none exists, as in *h'Erzbischof*, *h'Ofen*, etc. The common speech in this neighborhood is Frenchified Italian. Is it possible that this dates no further back than the time of Napoleon I., who drew large numbers of conscripts from these valleys?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Biography. Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century, studies from the lives of Livingstone, Gordon, and Patteson, by the author of *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta family*. (S. P. C. K., London; Youngs, New York.) Mrs. Charles sees in these heroes an answer to the faint-hearted cry that England has lost or is losing her Christian faith, and accordingly has undertaken to tell their stories in brief form for the encouragement of those who wish to believe that there is an undying power in Christianity. — Leslie Stephen's admirable *Dictionary of National Biography* (Macmillan & Co.) has reached Volume V., which brings the work down to Bottisham. The biographies in this volume are more compactly written than those of the previous issues, and do not exceed the limits of just proportion. It is to be hoped that the editor will live to complete his vast undertaking — and the reviewer to review it. — Amiel's *Journal*, with an Introduction and Notes by Mrs. Humphrey Ward (Macmillan & Co.), is an admirable translation of a notable book. For an interesting account of Henri-Frédéric Amiel and a notice of the *Journal Intime*, see *The Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1884. — If Mr. Ropes gave us a rose-colored portrait in his *Napoleon the First*, Professor Seeley in his *The First Napoleon* (Roberts Brothers) offers us a silhouette as black as printer's ink could make it. Each work has its limitations: together they form a very valuable addition to the large library of books dealing with the career of the great enigma. — Macmillan & Co. are issuing a neat uniform edition of John Morley's writings in eight volumes, the first three of which give us *Voltaire* and *Rousseau*. — A new number of the *Famous Women* series (Roberts) is *Rachel*, by Nina H. Kennard. It is a sympathetic sketch, and Mrs. Kennard was fortunate in being able to draw from several lively French reminiscences as well as from Rachel's own letters. — *Lives of Greek Statesmen*, second series, *Ephialtes-Hermokrates*, by the Rev. Sir Geo. W. Cox. (Harpers.) A third volume is still to appear, the present covering the period from the close of the struggle with Persia to the catastrophe of the Athenian armament at Syracuse. Grecian history resolves itself so easily into the deeds of leaders that the biographic method is a very happy one. — A new number of *English Worthies* (Appleton) is *Marlborough*, by George Saintsbury. Mr. Saintsbury does not make himself a partisan, but attempts to deal out even-handed justice to a character that excites great repugnance in the minds of most who know his career. In doing this, he berates the age soundly, and his plea is in effect that Marlborough was no worse than his contemporaries.

History. McClellan's Last Service to the Republic, together with a tribute to his memory, by George Ticknor Curtis. (Appleton.) A republication of articles contributed to the *North American Review*, in which Mr. Curtis undertakes to

set forth in brief, vigorous form that dramatic part of McClellan's career which culminated at Antietam. He has added a personal tribute which he wrote just after McClellan's death. The little book is valuable as affording a starting-point for students in what will always be an intensely interesting historical problem. — *The Story of the Jews*, by James K. Hosmer (Putnams), is a most interesting narrative, which is very far removed from a paraphrase of the Old Testament, since most of the volume is given to a sketch of the Jewish people from the fall of Jerusalem to the present day. Mr. Hosmer has been stirred by his subject to something very like eloquence, and fortunately has not concerned himself to ask the age of his audience. — Bishop Robertson, of Missouri, has contributed to the papers of the American Historical Association a somewhat meagre one on *The Louisiana Purchase* in its influence upon the American system. (Putnams.) The treatment is somewhat sketchy, and not as suggestive of lines of historic research as we could wish. — A further number of the same series is *Lucy M. Salmon's History of the Appointing Power of the President*, a carefully studied work, of interest chiefly to students in political science. — *A History of Modern Europe* from the capture of Constantinople by the Turks to the treaty of Berlin, 1878, by Richard Lodge (Harpers), one of *The Student's* series of history. A volume of nearly eight hundred pages of small type, well indexed; a full chronological table precedes the work. — In *Epochs of Ancient History* (Scribners) the latest volume is *The Spartan and Theban Supremacies*, by Charles Sankey. The period covered is the transition from the glories of the Athenian empire to the degradation of the Macedonian conquest; and the story is told with vigor and spirit. — *The German Soldier in the Wars of the United States* is an address by J. G. Rosengarten (Lippincott), which traces the subject in a sketchy way from the old French war through the war for the Union. — *The Olden Time* series is the title given to a collection of gleanings chiefly from old newspapers of Boston and Salem, selected and arranged, with brief comments, by Henry M. Brooks. (Ticknor.) The first number is devoted to curiosities of the Old Lottery. A modest beginning of what may prove to be an entertaining and instructive series. The compiler does not obtrude his own views, but performs the very useful function of making a good scrap-book. — *The Fight for Missouri*, from the election of Lincoln to the death of Lyon, by Thomas L. Snead. (Scribners.) A curious book, since it is the work of an ex-Confederate who yet seems in his conclusions to lean to the side of his adversaries, as if what they fought for was best worth fighting for. It is generous in its estimates of the leaders on both sides, and is written with spirit and power. — *The Story of Chaldea* from the earliest times to the rise of Assyria, by Zénaïde A. Ragozin, is the latest in the series of *The*

Story of the Nations. (Putnams.) An introduction occupying about a third of the volume treats of the archaeological researches upon which the history is based, and the history itself is in effect a general introduction to the study of ancient history.

Fiction. The Rise and Fall of César Birotteau forms the third volume of Roberts Brothers' admirable series of translations from Balzac's novels. Among the Scènes de la Vie Parisienne there are few things more powerful and pathetic than the story of César Birotteau. It is, to our thinking, Balzac's masterpiece. The typography and binding of these books are exceptionally neat. — The Mill Mystery, by Anna Katharine Green. (Putnams.) A blood-curdling little story; the curdling begins in the first chapter. The reader who knows what kind of a book he has got hold of stows away in his mind the letter which is mentioned in the second sentence, and says to himself, Be sure you don't forget that letter, and is rewarded when two thirds through the book. — A Conventional Bohemian, by Edmund Pendleton. (Appleton.) A novel of American society on the European plan. — Zeph, a posthumous story, by Helen Jackson. (Roberts.) This unfinished tale is more in the manner of Mrs. Jackson's earlier fiction than of Ramona. — Jacob Schuyler's Millions. (Appleton.) A tale of a somewhat old-fashioned sort, not very close to nature, but told with a certain skill and force. — For Maimies [sic] Sake, by Grant Allen. (Appleton.) Mr. Allen makes a desperate effort to imagine a state of society in which morals have only a historical interest. He seems to have said to himself, Let me see; how would a girl act who had been brought up entirely without the limits of Christian training, but within the limits of modern society? He reaches certain momentous conclusions, but he never, from first to last, forgets that she puts up her mouth to be kissed. This she does at every possible opportunity. The book is a foolish piece of work, and Mr. Allen ought to have known it when he finished writing. As a satire upon a possible agnostic society it is worthless, and as anything else it is weak and tawdry as well. — The Boss Girl, a Christmas story, and other sketches, by James Whitcomb Riley. (The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.) A volume of short sketches and poems, drawn from life, by a writer who has been well charged with Dickens. There is a certain freedom about the writing which commends the book, but it is a rather unformed piece of work. — Domesticus, a tale of the Imperial city, by William Allen Butler. (Scribners.) An allegory of New York life, with reference to social and domestic circumstance. It is hard to see how one is likely to take the trouble to be edified, when he must also take a great deal of trouble to be amused. — Two College Girls, by Helen Dawes Brown. (Ticknor.) Vassar is responsible for this book, and one may by means of it get a glimpse into the interior of a girls' college. The book is written with feminine delicacy, and if not especially strong is at any rate honest and wholesome. — The Pomfret Mystery, a novel of incident, by Arthur Dudley Vinton. (J. S. Ogilvie

& Co., New York.) A detective story. — Donovan, a modern Englishman, by Edna Lyall. (Appleton.) A somewhat feminine view of masculine difficulties. — In the Golden Days, by Edna Lyall. (Harpers.) An attempt at making a picture of England two hundred years ago, with Algernon Sydney as one of the characters. We do not quite see how the book differs from a historical novel, although the writer disclaims that title. — A Cardinal Sin, by Hugh Conway, and The History of a Week, by L. B. Walford, are recent numbers of the Leisure Hour series. (Holt.) — Inquiendo Island, by Hudor Genone (Putnams), is a semi-satirical novel of confessedly impossible scenes. It is a little hard to see what the satirist is girding at, and he is not very entertaining by the way. — Snow-Bound at Eagle's, by Bret Harte (Houghton), contains one of those gravely improbable situations which give Mr. Harte opportunity for strong contrasts. — The Aliens, by Henry F. Keenan (Appleton), has its time before the telegraph, and its general locality the United States before it came under Irish rule. There is plenty of go about the book, and the author is nearly as excited as his characters. — We Two, by Edna Lyall (Appleton), is a reprint of an English novel, in which current phases of faith come under discussion. — Recent numbers of Harper's Handy series are: A Man of Honor, by J. S. Winter; Stories of Provence, from the French of Alphonse Daudet, by S. L. Lee; Fortune's Wheel, by Alex. Innes Shand; Mauleverer's Millions, by T. Wemyss Reid; The Last of the Macallisters, by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, a book which we think ought to have had a chance in more permanent form; Cavalry Life, or sketches and stories in barracks and out, by J. S. Winter. — Roberts Brothers have begun the publication of a handsome uniform edition of George Meredith's novels, to be complete in nine volumes. The series opens with The Ordeal of Richard Feverel. — The Bostonians, by Henry James (Macmillan), and Mr. Howells's Indian Summer (Ticknor) are the two notable novels of the month. — Tolstoy's Anna Karénina, translated by Mr. N. H. Dole (Crowell & Co.), is certain to meet with warm welcome from the lovers of Russian fiction. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library contain Mrs. Oliphant's A Country Gentleman, already known to readers of The Atlantic; War and Peace, a historical novel, by Count Léon Tolstoy; A Girtton Girl, by Mrs. Annie Edwards; Aunt Parker, by B. L. Farjeon; Until the Day Breaks, by Emily Spender; Griselda, by the author of The Garden of Eden.

Literature and Literary Criticism. Autobiography of the Best Abused Man in the World, by M. B. (Griffith, Farran & Co., London.) An unnecessary brochure of twenty pages or so, in which the writer attempts to set forth Byron's personal history as if in his own words. — The Glasse of Time, in the first age, divinely handled by Thomas Peyton, of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. (J. B. Alden, New York.) This reprint of a curious work, which is held to be one of the suggesters of Paradise Lost, is due to the interest taken in the matter by one of the Peytons of Virginia. The poem itself

is interesting as showing the difference, when compared with *Paradise Lost*, between clay and porcelain, between homely, pious literary labor and the transforming power of genius. If Milton found this brick, he left it marble.—The Correspondent, by James Wood Davidson (Appleton), is a capital little book, intended to correct slovenly habits in regard to the forms of letters. It does not concern itself with the matter of the letter or note, but with the address, signature, etc. Herein one may know how he ought to address a duke, a mayor, a minister, or other dignitary, and how he ought to sign himself. It is odd how many questions are answered by such a book. The compiler shows good judgment and good taste in his decisions.—The Life and Genius of Goethe (Ticknor) is a collection of the lectures given last summer at the Concord School of Philosophy. It is edited by F. B. Sanborn.—Edge Tools of Speech, selected and arranged by Maturin M. Ballou. (Ticknor.) A volume of quotations arranged topically. The quotations are short and often epigrammatic.—Iconoclasm and Whitewash, and other papers, by Irving Browne. (James Osborne Wright, New York.) An entertaining collection of essays, by a lover of books and humorist. The titles of the other papers are Bibliomania, Shakespearean Criticism, and Gravestones, æsthetically and ethically considered. In the Shakespearean article there is an amusing recovery of Mr. Curdle's paper on the deceased husband of Juliet's nurse.—Poetry as a Representative Art, by George Lansing Raymond. (Putnam's.) Professor Raymond is a deep-sea explorer, who scrapes the bottom of the ocean and determines the contour lines which are beyond sight. It is not certain, however, that his reader will get a comprehensive or even clear notion of the ocean itself. In truth, there is a great deal of minute, formal, and circumlocutory discussion of the poetic art, which wearies without helping one to any real insight. At the same time, a study undertaken with so thorough an intention can scarcely fail to yield much that is interesting and profitable.—A History of German Literature, by W. Scherer, translated from the third German edition by Mrs. F. C. Conybeare, edited by F. Max Müller, in two volumes. (Scribners.) About half of the work is taken up with Herder, Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller. The treatment is that of a scholar who is yet thoroughly interested in the subject matter of the literature of which he is relating the history, and this work is likely to be long the standard one.—Cassell & Co., of London and New York, have begun the issue of Cassell's National Library, edited by Professor Henry Morley. The books thus far published are standard works already well known to the public; they are brought out in paper form at ten cents each upon cheap paper, with small type, ill-printed. The excellence of the selection and the cheapness of the price are cardinal virtues, and it is a pity that the other virtues cannot also be cultivated, but perhaps that is asking too much. The series appears as a weekly, and at this date seven numbers have been published, and we have seen Silvio Pellico's *My Ten Years' Imprisonment*, Byron's *Childe Harold*, Franklin's

Autobiography, Walton's *Complete Angler*, Sheridan's *The Rivals* and *School for Scandal*, and Bishop Latimer's *Sermons on the Card*.—The *Choice of Books and Other Literary Pieces*, by Frederic Harrison (Macmillan & Co.), is a *recueil* of papers originally contributed to English and American periodicals. The most notable of these essays, which are chiefly critical, is one on the *Histories of the French Revolution*; the least satisfactory is that which gives the collection its title. Mr. Harrison's scorn of lovers of rare and curious editions unfits him for adequately treating a certain part of his subject. In our choice of books we should skip Mr. Harrison's present volume.—*Letters to Dead Authors*, by Andrew Lang (Scribners), is a collection of familiar epistles that will probably remain unanswered, except by the critics. Mr. Lang's wit and scholarship show to advantage in the working out of his ingenious idea.—Mrs. Leicester's School, and other writings in prose and verse, by Charles Lamb, with introduction and notes by Alfred Ainger (Armstrong & Son), contains a number of papers originally collected by the late J. E. Babson, to whom the English editor handsomely acknowledges his obligations.

Public Affairs and Political Science. Ericsson's *Destroyer and Submarine Gun* is the title of the thirty-first number of *Questions of the Day* (Putnam's), in which Lieut. W. H. Jaques, of the navy, considers the value of these contributions to naval warfare, and illustrates the subject by many incidental references to submarine artillery in general.—*Popular Government*, by Sir Henry Sumner Maine. (Holt.) Four essays which treat of the Prospects of Popular Government, The Nature of Democracy, The Age of Progress, and The Constitution of the United States. The attitude of the author is that of a critic, and he points out very clearly certain historical positions. At the same time we suspect he is influenced by the air which he breathes. One bred in the atmosphere of the United States might, on the other hand, be equally in danger of a too hopeful view. Sir Henry says that no one but an Englishman can understand the American Constitution, but he might have added, what his readers are likely to, that even all Englishmen do not understand it as a practical instrument. It seems to us that Dicey sees the subject more clearly than Maine.—The *History of Bimetallism in the United States*, by J. Laurence Laughlin (Appleton), is what its title declares it to be, an historical account, and not an argument; but the history itself, by its facts, resolves itself into an argument.—The *Economic Fact-Book and Free-Traders' Guide*, edited by R. R. Bowker (The New York Free Trade Club, New York), is a sort of American Almanac for Free Traders. Here they have the facts read in the light of their favorite doctrine.—In *Three Years of Arctic Service* (Scribners), Lieutenant Greeley gives us one of the most interesting records of Northern explorations ever written. We shall hereafter examine the narrative in detail. The work is published by subscription.

Theology and Philosophy. Lectures upon the Doctrines of the New Church, by Rev. John Wor-

chester. (Massachusetts New-Church Union, Boston.) These lectures are designed to interpret Swedenborg to minds trained in the habits of thought of to-day. The author is probably not aware how his interpretation itself is expressed in a form which will be unintelligible to many minds. — Under this head may perhaps be placed *A Troubled Heart*, and how it was comforted at last. (Joseph A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind.) No author's name is given, but the writer has literary skill of a certain sort, and in the autobiographical form discloses the process by which he was transformed from a traditional Protestant to a devout Roman Catholic. Certainly his early nurture was not very helpful to an emotional nature, and not very strengthening to the rational side which seems to have needed strengthening. The passage finally from a sensuous admiration to an unquestioning reception of whatever he was asked to believe was complete. But then a kind of questioning which insists upon an honest and reasonable answer never seems to have been a habit of the convert's mind; a troubled heart he may have had, but not a specially troubled mind. We have no disposition to cavil at such an experience, but there is a robustness of faith which is of greater value in this hard-pushed world. This author, apparently, was looking for a place in which to hide; most men need to know how they can keep their footing where they are. — *Die Religion der Moral* is a translation into German from a work by William Mackintire Salter, of Chicago. It is published in Leipzig and Berlin, but may also be had of Koelling, Klappenbach, and Kenkel, of Chicago. The author is a leader in the Society for Ethical Culture, and may be placed, we think, with Dr. Felix Adler. — *Every Day Religion*, by James Freeman Clarke. (Ticknor.) A volume of twenty-nine sermons without texts, presented in the plain, forcible, and often pungent style in which this author is wont to express himself on moral and religious themes. — *Tulloch's Movements of Religious Thought in Britain during the Nineteenth Century*, already referred to, appears in Harper's Handy series. — *Outlines of Psychology*, dictated portions of the lectures of Hermann Lotze, translated and edited by George T. Ladd. (Ginn.) One of a series of outlines which form a welcome addition to the student's library. "It is not likely," says Professor Ladd, "that any other compend of truths touching the science of mind, at once so brief and so comprehensive, is to be found in all the literature of the subject." — *Evolution versus Involution*, a popular exposition of the doctrine of true evolution, a refutation of the theories of Herbert Spencer, and a vindication of theism, by Arze Z. Redd. (James Pott & Co., New York.) The writer, who apparently uses an anagram of his name, is a physician, and undertakes to turn the weapons of evolution against a materialistic interpretation of the doctrine. — *God's Revelations of Himself to Men*, as successively made in the Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian Dispensations, and in the Messianic Kingdom, by Samuel J. Andrews. (Scribners.) A thoughtful and devout study of the Bible with reference

to the development of the central idea of incarnation of deity. Mr. Andrews's careful Life of our Lord predisposes one to find in him a cautious and logical exegete. — *The Doctrine of Endless Punishment*, by W. G. T. Shedd. (Scribners.) Professor Shedd had already discussed the rational argument in support of this doctrine, in the *North American Review*; he now adds the biblical argument and a history of the doctrine. It is the misfortune of a discussion like this that it seems to narrow the conception of God. It is not, perhaps, Professor Shedd's fault but his misfortune that the only presentation of the Divine Being in his book appears to be that of a remorseless judge. — *Scientific Theism*, by Francis Ellingwood Abbot. (Little, Brown & Co.) The expansion of a lecture given in the Concord School of Philosophy. "For a quarter of a century," Dr. Abbot says, "it has been my growing conviction that the solution of all the problems named [of Theism, Atheism, and Pantheism] can only be accomplished by the principle of the Objectivity of Relations together with its correlative and derivative principle of the Perceptive Understanding." — *Mechanics and Faith, a Study of Spiritual Truth in Nature*, by Charles Talbot Porter. (Putnams.) The author, believing in the adaptation of mechanical science to meet the fallacies of materialism, sets himself the task of showing the essential unity of truth in mechanical terms and truth in spiritual terms.

Religious and Devotional. *The Women Friends of Jesus*, a course of popular lectures based upon the lives and characters of the holy women of gospel history, by Henry C. McCook, D. D. (Fords.) In rendering the Scripture narratives into familiar, colloquial form, Dr. McCook has allowed himself to make use also of tradition, and has endeavored to make the lessons apply to present conditions of society. The book is rather wordy, but perhaps that is due to the form which was adopted.

Sociology. *A Directory of the Charitable and Beneficent Organizations of Boston*, together with legal suggestions, etc., prepared for the Associated Charities. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) A useful hand-book, well indexed. It is a good deal to get Want and Help classified; one is really amazed at the amount of organization which this book intimates, and struck with the variety of incidental information concerning the interior life of Boston. — *Letters from a Chimney-Corner*, a plea for pure homes and sincere relations between men and women. (Fergus Printing Company, Chicago.) The thoughtful words of a woman, which start questions rather than answer them. Still, such contributions indicate the knowledge of evil and the determination to cure it. — *Class Interests*, their relations to each other and to government. A study of wrongs and remedies, to ascertain what the people should do for themselves. (Appleton.) The writer has a generous sympathy with the unorganized many, and clearly perceives that the stirring questions of the day are not to be answered in the terms of a scientific political economy. His words are worth attention.

MAY, 1886

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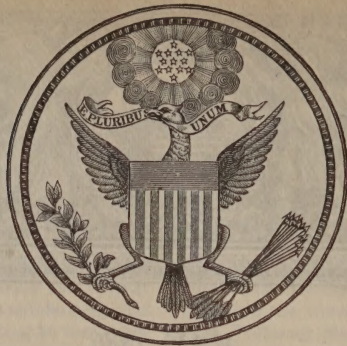
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minister a little while and read one of these bright little sermons, and our word for it it will fall like a charm on the children's ears, and peace will come to the troubled circle, and minister and audience will both feel that they have received a blessing.

The Algonquin Legends of New England.

The London *Spectator* of July 25th contained an extended notice of Mr. Leland's curiously interesting book. It says:—

This work contains a collection of the myths, legends, and folk-lore of the Algonquin Indians. . . . Regarded merely as a story-book, his volume will serve to pass an idle hour very pleasantly; and as a contribution to folk-lore, it has the solid worth which all such collections have when made by competent hands. The final chapter,

which deals with Indian magic, is particularly interesting. . . . The legends and myths which Mr. Leland has here reproduced were well worth reproducing, though we are quite unable to say how much of their merit and interest may be due to the singularly graceful English into which he has chosen to render them.

The Growth of the Mind.

The aim of this book, by Rev. Sampson Reed, which has just been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is well stated by *Every Other Saturday*, as follows:—

The object of Mr. Reed's work was to show *how the mind grows*. After discussing the essential character of the mind and its power of acquiring and retaining truth, he proceeds to a statement of the actual development required, and the effect of the sciences, of poetry and music, of the actual condition of the word of God, and so forth. All this in a style which is really marvelous for its purity and strength, and with a richness of illustration and a profusion of metaphors which are as original as they are striking and emphatic. Of this work Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote to James Freeman Clarke in 1834: "Have you read Sampson Reed's 'Growth of the Mind' ? I rejoice to be contemporary with that man, and cannot wholly despair of

the society in which he lives." Subsequently Carlyle wrote: "Hitherto I have known nearly nothing of Swedenborg, — or, indeed, I might say, less than nothing, having been wont to picture him as an amiable but insane visionary, with affections quite out of proportion to his insight, from whom nothing at all was to be learned. It is so we judge of extraordinary men. But I have been rebuked already. A little book, 'Growth of the Mind,' by one Sampson Reed, of Boston, in New England, which some friend sent hither, taught me that a Swedenborgian might have thoughts of the calmest kind on the deepest things; that, in short, I did not know Swedenborg, and ought to be ready to know him."

Judge Holmes's Authorship of Shakespeare.

Judge Holmes, it will be remembered, is a firm believer in the theory that Lord Bacon wrote the plays which bear Shakespeare's name. His work on the subject is unquestionably the fullest and most worthy of attention of all the books ever written to prove this thesis. Judge Holmes has just made a very considerable addition to the work, so that it appears in two volumes, which should be read by all who are interested in the Bacon-Shakespeare question.

Thoreau in England.

The writings of Thoreau were a long time in winning the attention of English readers, but are now welcomed by a constantly growing circle of admirers who enjoy him as well as his many American readers. Of his book "Summer" the London *Times* remarks: —

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sistent love story in childish breasts. The fulfillment of this natural desire is now attempted by the author of "My Lady Pokahontas," who, by the mouth of Anas Todkill, describes the whole progress of the love of Smith for the little savage princess of thirteen years, of her bitter grief for his reported death, reluctant assent to the wooing of Rolfe, repentance of her marriage upon the return of the Captain, and early succeeding death. These fabulous and unaccredited additions to the story are weighted by veracious statements in regard to the settlement of Jamestown, interesting facts derived from genuine chronicles.

Paradise Found.

Dr. Warren's remarkable book, which proves, or certainly seems to prove, that the original Eden was at the North Pole, continues to attract the interest of the most intelligent readers. In a recent number of *The Independent*, Dr. Howard Crosby, the distinguished scholar and clergyman, pronounces the book "a treasure house of cosmological lore," and adds:—

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and with large learning, to appreciate which one must read these interesting pages. The author's views regarding the cosmology of the ancients (Homer and Hesiod) are undoubtedly correct. They give clearness and satisfaction where all before was confusion worse confounded. I feel confident that Dr. Warren (be he right or wrong in his Polar Paradise) has laid the whole world under obligations by his masterly treatment of ancient cosmology.

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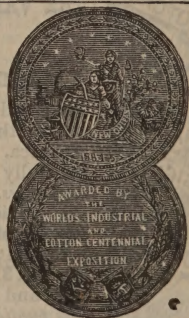
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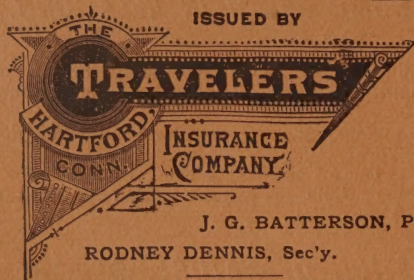
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VOLUME LVII.—NUMBER 344

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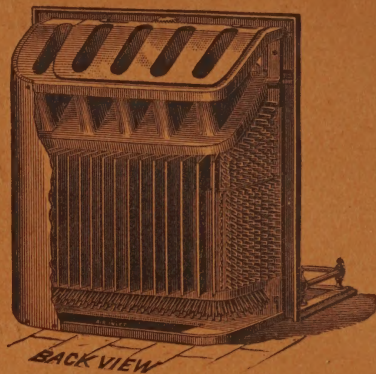
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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LVII. — JUNE, 1886. — No. CCCXLIV.

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

III.

MRS. VAREMBERG.

DAVID LANE'S house was spacious and comfortable, but, with its tower and ornamentation in the capricious style of irregularity that too often marks the early American striving after architectural effect, it could hardly be accounted anything more. It dated from a period long before his going abroad; now he would have done much better, but he had not thought it worth while to build again. He had only added, at the entrance to the grounds, a tall, handsome, wrought-iron gateway, like that of some foreign château. A row of conservatories flanked the house on the right hand, and clumps of shrubbery on the left.

The interior, on the contrary, was in excellent taste; here everything accorded with an intelligent and experienced luxury. As Paul Barclay waited in one of the drawing-rooms, while his name was taken above, his eyes rested upon a warm and harmonious coloring, — upon tapestries, pictures, and carvings, the trophies of travel and exceptional position that would naturally become such a family as this.

Mrs. Varemberg rustled down to him presently in a prepossessing toilette, that seemed to stand a trifle too much in relief, however, as if the frail figure

of its wearer had somewhat shrunk away from it. She was completing the clasping on her wrist of a bracelet of curious pattern, from which depended small tinkling golden ornaments.

"Is it indeed you? Is it actually Paul Barclay?" she asked, with much animation.

"Yes, I think there can be little doubt of it. There must be a certain solidity of effect about me, even now."

There was no lack of it in the strong, manly pressure of the hand he gave hers, which she held out to him in welcome.

"You have grown stouter," she said, beginning with the merest pleasant commonplaces.

"It is the result of long journeys and close confinement; I shall have to train down again. And you" —

"Oh, do not look at me at all! I forbid it. I am a mere bundle of aches and pains."

She was tall, for a woman, — not very far below Barclay's own height. Large, dark, softly lustrous eyes, with long lashes, illuminated most expressively a comely countenance, full of intelligence. A piquant nose and mobile, lovable mouth, seemingly meant for happier things, were contradicted by a pervading air of sadness. The corners of the mouth tended too fixedly downward, and there appeared upon the face sombre shadows of care and illness, which were

not wholly thrown off even under such vivacity of manner as she now chose to assume. Upon her slender and graceful neck turned a head of peculiar distinction, the excellent shape of which an arrangement of her plentiful dark-brown hair in a simple knot at the back well became. Her voice, in speaking, was charmingly sweet,—the voice of Florence Lane of old, modified now by tones of deeper meaning, derived from an eventful experience.

She had at times a harassing little cough, that awakened the concern of the beholder. There was a latent pathos in her smile, an elusiveness in her glance. The languor of weakness appeared in her movements, and an impaired vitality in the touch of her beautiful white hand. Her manner was refinement itself, without a trace of stiffness.

"Fading, distinctly fading," said the visitor to himself; "at this age, and she is five years younger than I. These are time's revenges. Ah, but I did not wish to be revenged."

"Let me see," pursued the lady, reflectively: "about the last I distinctly saw of you, you stopped one day at our chateau of Varemberg, not very long after my marriage." She slightly hesitated on the last word, and Barclay also winced. "Always impatient, full of the true American uneasiness! The place itself was rambling and curious enough to have detained you a little longer; but, no, nothing could make you stay over more than one train. Since then, I fear I have scarcely even known whether you were living or dead."

"And might one suppose that you have cared the merest trifle?"

"Why, yes, I will frankly admit that I have. I suppose you have been practicing one of your learned professions,—I remember you were accomplished in more than one,—and have forgotten all about us in the mean time. When did you leave New York?"

"I have left Jerusalem, Calcutta,

Cape Town, Tamatave, the isles of the sea, everywhere but New York."

"I do not quite understand."

"I have been making a tour of the world for the past four years, and am only now on my way home."

"You must have seen everything that is rare and curious, in that time?"

"I have been at some few out-of-the-way places,—sometimes so far from civilization as to know very little of its goings-on. I cannot profess even now a very exhaustive acquaintance with them."

There was some hidden meaning in this, but she did not yet know what it was.

"And this formidable air of man of the world, with which you have come back,—do I like it, or don't I?" she said, putting her head playfully a trifle on one side, in a critical way. "Yes, I don't know but I do. Do you mind my saying that?"

"Not if you think you can conscientiously be so flattering."

"Oh, I can for once in a way."

"This is the second time I have been referred to as a man of the world to-day. I must do something to get back my native air of modesty, my natural look of student and recluse. These false pretenses will not do."

"You will never get that look back again. And you had more of it than you may think, for all your scoffing. It was a charming look, too. Yes, you have changed."

"Yes, I have changed," he admitted, and smiled with a certain pleasure in the effectiveness of his new panoply.

"Who was the other that called you a man of the world?"

"A little Miss DeBow, whom I met on the steamer."

"Ah, you came on the steamer, then?"

"Did you not know it?"

"How should I have known it?"

"It was in the papers," he said simply.

"I do not always even read the papers; I live so quietly."

No further mention was made of the accident, and it was not till later that she knew of it and its real significance. She was thinking, too, of other things in his regard, and yielded to the momentary inadvertence of a mind that, though perfectly courteous in intent, has been a little strained and wearied.

"Miss Justine DeBow is one of our local beauties of the younger generation, whom I observe from afar off," she next said. "I believe she holds herself on quite a high and peculiar pedestal of her own."

"On what does her unusual claim to distinction rest, if one might inquire?"

"Ah, that is it,—she holds herself so, that is all. When one makes claims of that kind, persistently enough, he generally ends by overcoming the resistance. She has her little ambitions. Did she not treat you very graciously? She is by no means gracious to all, I am told."

"I suppose I can hardly complain of my treatment."

"You are one of the kind she would naturally like. Did you lose your heart to her? You will be made much of by all the Keewaydin belles, and notables of every kind, if you will stay. Learned travelers and *dilettanti* are by no means common among us — But I forget: probably there is a Mrs. Barclay, by this time?"

"There is no Mrs. Barclay."

The visitor mentally accused her of a lack of fineness. This was not her natural manner, as he had known it; she seemed to have borrowed another for the occasion, from some source lower down. It was well to skim over the surface of things, to pretend that nothing of unusual moment had ever taken place between them, and treat the past as irrevocably settled; that was what he had meant to do, that was what he was doing himself. But need she have gone

far out of her way, as it seemed, to put her finger on a wound which, for aught she knew, might still be open and bleeding? She was not to be supposed to know that it had entirely healed.

"Then you *will* stay?" she rattled on. "I assure you, as a resident, that our small city will feel flattered to be added to your collection of rarities. May I ask how it already answers to your expectations?"

"It could hardly have surpassed them; the exceptional charms of Mrs. Varemberg had given me too high an ideal of it for that," he replied, with one of those courtly satirical bows used in this kind of parley. "You may remember, in the old times, that I always wanted to see it. I have relatives here, the Thornbrooks, — absent, by the way, just now, — and my father died here. But it is a matter of business that brings me at present. I shall have to be off again to Eau Claire and Marathon County, tomorrow. I may stop a few days, on my return, but even that is uncertain."

"It was doubly good of you to come and find me, under the circumstances. But tell me, lost so long in the wilds and jungles of the antipodes as you were, how did you know where I was? How had you heard anything about me?"

"I have to confess that I really knew very much less than you may suppose. I followed your name up the river, on the revenue cutter, and the young girl I have mentioned began to talk of Mrs. Varemberg."

"And then you went over the list of V's, and said, 'Dear me! it seems as if I do remember knowing a person of that name once.'"

"Yes, all that is, naturally, what one would say."

Again the forced note, the slight jarring upon his sensibilities. Was it bravado, was it defiance, lest he should gloat over her sufferings? For that she had suffered, mentally and physically,

no one could look at her and deny. Far, indeed, was it from him to think of gloating over her. He was grieved beyond measure at her invalid aspect and the hint of her misfortunes he had heard. He would once have given his life to spare her uneasiness; and nothing that had happened, or could ever happen, could set aside the fundamental regard he had entertained for her, or replace it by small personal pique.

He was facing his past, the central episode of his existence, the woman who had disrupted his life, like one of those cataclysms in nature that leave nothing behind them as it had previously stood. He had said long since, "It is for the best. Everything that is is right;" and he was half tempted to add to it now, "We would never have done for each other. It is very clear."

When something terrible has happened to a man, in this world of ours, he does not necessarily go about rending his garments and crying it at the top of his voice. He need not do this even at the time of its occurrence; still less when he has wholly recovered, and feels himself reconciled to his fate. It was not that Barclay had been formally jilted. He had not proposed and been rejected in so many words; pride, diffidence, a multitude of circumstances, had prevented that. But he had loved and lost the Florence Lane whom he had described to Justine DeBow. He had had to see her become the wife of another, when she must have known of his own absorbing devotion and desire to offer her his hand. His remote visit to the château referred to had been an attempt to harden himself to the sight of her new happiness, a desperate remedy which he could not endure. He had fled from it, and, unsettled in all his habits, views, and plans, had begun a desultory course of wandering over the face of the earth, which had lasted till now.

He had long considered himself cured.

He felt quite callous to his pain, and cynically disposed to make light of it as a small matter, — something very commonly happening to young men, and no doubt wisely intended to give their sentimental economics a proper exercise. It was probably better than not for him to have gone through this experience.

He had been uncertain, even, which hemisphere contained her when he found her here. He said to himself that, in this brief visit, he wanted only to see how she looked; what she had become; how she, on her side, had stood all these years and her altered fate. There was pathos, it is true, in the fragment of her story he had heard, and he was moved by it, but, apart from this, he believed himself stirred by no warmer motive than a calm, retrospective interest. The interview was going to have a kind of pensive luxury for him; he was going to conjure up a faint, sweet spectre of his buried hopes. It would be like tracing the path of some imminent danger he had escaped, or walking, convalescent, on a battle-field where he had been left for dead.

He had both a better opinion of himself than formerly, and a worse. He put down his slight feeling of irritation, and said to her in effect, if not in so many words, —

"It was by no means a person to be regretted that you have missed. I have had ample experience of him in the mean time, and can speak with full authority."

They began to chat of many common reminiscences of their life abroad. A listener must have gathered that they had once been on most excellent terms.

"Do you remember," Mrs. Varemberg asked, "our rides in the forest of Saint Germain? We used to go out in our habits, dine at the Pavillon Henri Quatre, and return on top of the train."

"And do you remember," her companion rejoined, "our evening at the *fête foraine*, on the exterior boulevards?"

"Yes; you had dined with us at the Legation, and you made us go, on the pretext that it was 'local color' and characteristic foreign life. My poor aunt, Mrs. Clinton, nearly caught her death of cold, with your local color, and your tombolas, and the 'Four Horrible Tortures' " —

"And the 'Bird Lottery,' and the 'Torpedo Girl' " —

"And the 'Man of Fire.' 'Entrez, Mesdames et Messieurs! Moi, je suis l'Homme du Feu,' " she said, quoting.

"Pas dix sous, pas huit sous " —

"Pas six sous, — not even five sous, only four miserable sous, — to come in and see the most wonderful, the most incredible, phenomenon in the world," added Barclay, promptly completing the jargon.

"You were forever trying to drag us about to some crumbly old ruin or other, or some impossible rookery with a lot of queer people in it."

"I must do you the justice to say you did not always come."

"Of course I did not. I remember you always picked out even your hotel by its picture, and would rather have one that had been a mediæval donjon than another with the *cuisine* of a Vatel or Blot."

"You speak with the proper American contempt of such things."

"Still, I shall never quite know how much you had to do with influencing my destiny, by inspiring in me the same sort of unprofitable fancies."

She laughed, but her laugh was broken by the harassing cough.

Influencing her destiny? Had he, then, ever influenced it in the slightest degree? Ah, if she could but know how she had influenced his! As he sat there, it gave him an involuntary thrill to look back upon such an absolute waste and devastation.

"And now that you have returned to your native land, no doubt you have some extraordinary avocation in view?"

"None of the ordinary avocations greatly attract me, to tell the truth. I do not seem to care much for the honors they have to give, and I have money enough for my moderate wants."

"Naturally, with your many opportunities for enjoyment, you will avail yourself of them, and be a man of leisure," Mrs. Varemberg amended, as in polite deference to his probable intention.

"Why, no. I had thought of taking up some form of business."

"Now it is *you* that are American, — the greed for gain, after all, 'the ruling passion strong in death.' "

"Who was that celebrity," asked Barclay, acknowledging this only by a smile of indulgence, "who said that but for his cursed thirst for glory, how contented he could be in private life?"

"It was not I, — perhaps it was Frederick the Great."

"Well, I am something like him; I have an ambition."

"Ah, he has an ambition," she repeated after him in soft raillery.

"I wish to put in a stroke for the good of humanity."

"That is an ambition, indeed."

"Yes. How does something in the way of a manufacturing enterprise strike you?"

"Like Alice in Wonderland, I'm afraid I don't quite understand. Do you mean to manufacture some article of such exceeding use that the whole level of human comfort will be raised? Let me see, — it will hardly be pianos; perhaps it will be a good waffle-iron, for which I am told there is a popular demand."

"You are a scoffer; the bears will probably come out of the woods and eat you up. The fact is that I have a certain interest in the working classes."

"Really!"

"I fell in, on my travels, with a philosopher, who interested me in this class of questions." He went on to give some

account of a man, part dreamer, part thinker, of keen and original opinions, whom he had met, retired amid the orange groves of Southern California. He had already written a treatise that had made a wide stir in the world; and Barclay had been admitted to his confidence while he was at work on another. "He finds that poverty keeps pace with progress, and is even promoted by it. Competition is forcing even the prudent and industrious to take the bread out of one another's mouths. And, on the surface, it all seems to be nobody's fault; only the slow, grinding effect of natural laws."

"Your sage tells nothing we have not heard before, it seems to me."

"No, but the difference is that *he* is *hopeful* about it; he thinks something can be done."

"I supposed it was a kind of dispensation of Providence; that is the usual way of talking."

"I had rather not think so meanly of Providence. I prefer to lay it to the greed and indifference of men."

"And you are going to put this remedy you speak of into operation?"

"Hardly that, though at first I believe I was almost a convert to his theory. It seemed, however, rather too simple and straightforward to be true. It proposes a state ownership of the land, and that sort of thing. My conservatism got the upper hand of me. I conclude only to be a fellow investigator, and devote myself to finding out the conditions of the problem,—the great problem of our age and the immediate future."

"There are too many *people*. I have heard it proved at my father's dinner-table."

"There are *not* too many people, and there never will be till all the waste places of the earth are made to blossom as the rose. Is there not created with every mouth a pair of hands to feed it?"

"Why, yes, it would seem reasonable to suppose so."

"Every man's labor ought to add a value to every other man's. Under a proper state of things, we ought to look upon one another, even in the most swarming crowds, with a friendly warmth, and consider that we directly benefit one another's existence. We should hear no more of the profane vulgar and keeping them at a distance."

Nobody could have had a more pleasing modesty than he in the statement of his views. There was not a trace of the prig or egotist about him. At the least sign of wearying the attention or appearing to make high-flown pretensions, he was ready to stop, turn aside, and laugh, even at himself.

"It sounds beautifully," said Mrs. Varemberg. "And all this you propose to accomplish in your manufactory?"

"In an establishment of one's own, you know, he could study the character, habits, needs, and possibilities of his working people at first-hand; he need no longer hear them from demagogues or task-masters. Some sort of political career might be the best way of putting his information in practice. Why should I not take a little different career from others, if I choose? Am I not one of the kind that can afford it?" he asked, as if defending himself.

"What will you do for *me* in your millennium?" his companion broke in.

"Anything that is possible. What shall it be?"

"Ah, that is hard to say, unless it be to recommend me a new doctor. Everybody recommends me a new doctor; it is really quite remiss in you not to have done so already."

"Ah, you are not well!" exclaimed Barclay, with deep sympathy. "Let us talk no more of these vagaries. Tell me of yourself! What is the meaning of this distressing cough?"

"It is only a cold I took, at the theatre at Brussels, and I do not seem to

quite shake it off. It may have touched some pulmonary organ a little. But it is not an interesting subject."

"You must be cured; this will not do."

"Then there is need of the physician who can 'minister to a mind diseased.'"

It was the first reference to her troubles.

"I feel awkwardly in speaking of it," said Barclay, hesitating, "but may I say how pained and shocked I have been to hear of the unfortunate circumstance, of the — the — termination of" —

"Oh, do not think I complain," she rejoined hastily. "Having chosen one kind of life, why should I find fault because it is not another?"

"I find it hard to understand. You seemed so adapted to each other, — you seemed so content with him."

"He lost his money, and I left him," said Mrs. Varemberg, looking at her visitor fixedly.

"What!" he cried, incredulous.

"He promised to endow me with all his worldly goods, and if he lost them, instead, or had none in the beginning, why should I stay with him?"

This was clearly perversity. No really mercenary nature would accuse itself thus openly of its baseness. But was there, too, an atom of truth in it? Had she become mainly hard and flip-pant, taken all the worse instead of the better turnings, and succumbed to a thorough-going worldliness, concerning which, he remembered, he had once entertained misgivings? Or was this but the pathetic bravado of one who would not display her sufferings before witnesses? He was puzzled, and could not determine.

"You have changed, too," he sighed.

"How?" she asked, prepared to receive a serious answer.

But he thought best to turn it all aside lightly with, —

"Oh, in your liking for personal ornaments. 'Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,' " he quoted. "Once

your taste was simplicity itself; jewelry was your pet aversion."

"It is my poor attempt to conceal the ravages of time," she replied, clasping again at the bangle with its tinkling ornaments. She had seized it in a nervous way, at the last moment, as she came down. "The years are passing, my friend."

They had risen, and made a few steps towards the door, when a noise drew Mrs. Varemberg's attention to the library, adjoining.

"Papa," she called, awaiting the answer in a listening attitude, "this is Mr. Barclay. Will you not come and see him?"

She went to the handsome *portière* which separated the rooms, and drew it aside.

David Lane was there, stock still, but he now moved a little towards them. He looked old and broken; his face was phenomenally seamed with wrinkles. He almost glared at Barclay, and breathed in stertorous fashion.

"You are quite well, I trust?" he said, in a stiff, formal way. "It is many years since we last met you."

He had risen but now from his meditations over the evening paper. The journal still lay as it had fallen from his hand on a richly-draped table, by which stood his chair, protected from draughts by a high, folding screen.

There was also present an elderly lady, Mrs. Clinton, David Lane's sister and the manager of his household. She was dressed in some sort of durable black bombazine stuff, after her most usual custom. She had a figure in very good case, a peculiarly florid complexion, and a good deal of "manner," as the saying is. She would beam suddenly in her greeting, as if overjoyed to see the visitor, but the next moment this rapture was apt to die out and leave a certain blankness, as if she had already forgotten his existence. She was a mistress of all the arts of routine, a person of

good judgment in the more ordinary affairs of life, but without any marked individuality, and she remained as she began, a figure of minor importance in these affairs.

How well Barclay remembered the last meeting with David Lane at Paris! His brief retrospect took somewhat the following form:—

"I went to him for counsel, in my distracted state. I had met his daughter in the heyday of her youth and beauty. She had a prestige in two hemispheres. Suitors of title and fortune had offered themselves. The great Bradbrook himself, reputed for his eccentricity and his millions, had come over expressly from New York in his own yacht to win her, and been rejected. She gave me her friendship, — happy that I was! — and next, I aspired to nothing less than herself, dazzling though her prospects were. I was then self-critical, self-torturing, full of scruples, squeamishness, and an unpractical reverence. I saw in her every excellent quality of head and heart, and her beauty possessed me with a perfect madness. How well and strong, how lithe and round and fine at every point, she was! How her white teeth sparkled! What a fascinating malice in her smile, innocent, nevertheless, of conscious guile! The siren had sung to me, and my bones were bound to bleach on the shores of her island as sure as that I was alive. I harrowed my soul with devices for testing her favor. Now I said, 'She loves me.' Now, 'She loves me not.' In despair, I flew at last to her father, and asked him for his good offices.

"'Do not for one moment think of it!' he replied. 'You will but incur the pain of a certain refusal. I can now speak only vaguely, but she is not free. Other views are entertained for her, and I beg you, as a gentleman, to do nothing to embarrass a course that is in accord both with her own inclinations and her best good and happiness.'

"These 'other views' must have been Varemberg. I had no idea that he had already made such headway in her affections and the general favor. He was of brilliant parts, a handsome presence, and at home in all the usages of society. He seemed to amuse her. She had met him with her father in their travels, and been entertained by him at his quaint, time-honored château. They had met, also, at the court of Berlin, a sister of his, married to a chief lord in waiting; and this proud dame, an associate of all the Radziwills, the Hatzfelds, the Trachenbergs, and the princes of Thurn and Taxis, had, no doubt, contributed to the bedazzlement. This match was pushed rapidly forward. As in a kind of paralysis, I stood and saw it go on. Surely she must have known my feelings towards her, and must have heard from her father what I had said to him."

"Mr. Barclay has magnificent ideas," explained Mrs. Varemberg to the others; "he is going to reform the universe."

"There is so much questioning now of all that custom had considered settled," sighed her aunt drearily.

"Perhaps some divine rights of custom will have to go, like the divine right of kings," rejoined the new humanitarian.

"I'm afraid you are rather dangerous," commented the aunt, casting at him a look of certain suspicion.

This good lady herself did not indulge in drollery, and comprehended only the most conventional aspect of things.

"Oh, he *is* dangerous," insisted Mrs. Varemberg: "he thinks there ought to be charities to keep people out of the gutter, instead of lifting them when they are in it. And the worst of it is he has all but brought me around to the same way of thinking."

"My brother," said Mrs. Clinton, "has done a good deal in that way, by

means of his public library, industrial schools, and the like."

David Lane had taken but small part in the conversation; he appeared preoccupied, and watched the young man in a keen, nervous way, apart. With a final civil commonplace or two to the visitor, he withdrew, and Mrs. Clinton, summoned by some household care, soon followed him.

"I never quite get over the impression that your father does not like me," said Barclay.

"Why should he not?"

"How can I tell? I have felt this adverse influence when near him, and yet he has done me many favors when at a distance. It puzzles me."

"He has the best heart in the world. Allow us our little eccentricities."

There stood a large geographical globe in the room. Placing a hand upon it, Mrs. Varemberg revolved it, nonchalantly, and said, —

"Show me where you have been!"

Barclay pointed out a few of the places of his more remote expeditions. He said he had at one time thought of mining in South Africa; and again, of planting coffee in Mexico; and again, of planting in the Sandwich Islands.

"But you came back, after all?"

"Why, yes, I came back. This is the field for new experiments, this is the country of the future."

"I do not quite understand your interest in the working classes. Why should a young man of fortune bother his head about the working classes?"

Barclay could not tell her his true motive. It was not in order; it would now, probably, never be in order. He could not say to her that the pain she had made him suffer had softened, not hardened, his heart, and turned him upon observing the miseries of others. If he had formulated his motto, it might have been, "Taught by misfortune, I pity the unhappy."

The interview was now at an end.

Barclay's imagination sighed over this lost love of his more than he had deemed possible. It was all just as he had expected, but he had not meant his philosophy to be so much disturbed. He wished he had not to go away and leave her thus suffering; then he should have been much easier in his mind.

"Good-by," he said.

"Good-by," echoed Mrs. Varemberg. "You have drawn me out of myself; you have been a distraction to me. Sometimes I scarcely see a living soul from one month's end to another. Now I shall return to my medicine-bottles with a new zest."

And she rounded out with a smile of latent pathos a poor fiction, as if her illness were really one of the most agreeable things in the world.

David Lane, meanwhile, had gone to his chamber, and sat down, in deep melancholy, by a window that commanded a view of the *Golden Justice* afar. Even at night some wandering gleams of radiance sought her out, and it was rare that she was not visible.

"She does not forget," he muttered; "she is still waiting for me."

"What fatal portent is it that brings this young man here?" he said, again.

Some hours later, when the house was dark and presumably sunk in slumber, he made his way along the wide halls, and knocked at the door of his daughter's chamber.

"Are you well? Are you warm enough?" he asked. "I was afraid the furnace was not working as it should."

Receiving replies in the affirmative, he added, as if by the way, in turning to depart, —

"Will this young Mr. — Barclay stay long in the place?"

"Oh, no, he is only passing through; he goes to-morrow."

With this, he went back, easier in his mind, to his own apartment, to seek the repose that had fled from his pillow.

IV.

A TRUER PICTURE OF MRS. VAREMBERG.

Paul Barclay departed, next day, on his journey to the upper part of the State, as he had proposed. On his return, he found himself detained at Kee-waydin rather longer than he had expected to be. The scheme of establishing a colony on his lands in Marathon County had much taken his fancy; he closed with an offer made him, and was obliged to wait for and confer more or less with the leading parties to the transaction. Then there were new adjustments to make in regard to his city property, now that he had taken the management of it into his own hands; and there was Maxwell. Maxwell, half forgotten meantime, but by no means himself forgetful, had prepared a written statement, carefully carried out in detailed figures, displaying the condition and prospects of the Stamped-Ware Works, and had been several times to his hotel to seek him, in his absence. The rescued manufacturer talked a great deal, with a warm enthusiasm natural to him, and finally induced Barclay to go down to the factory and look at it for himself.

"It needs only a little more money," he said, "to set all these wheels going again to their utmost capacity. Supposing, merely for the sake of the argument," he suggested in fine, "that you should feel disposed to join us, and put in the mortgage you hold on the concern as your share of the capital: why, that alone would float us, and a most profitable future would be insured."

Curiously enough, Barclay was rather impressed, in the sequel, with the representations made him, and thought good to advise upon this, together with some other of his affairs, with his relative Thornbrook, who had been an excellent and conservative man of business in his day.

"It looks well, — in some aspects very well," said Thornbrook. "If you were one who could stay here and look after such an enterprise, or personally take a hand in it, I should see no objection to it at all; but to go away, and leave it behind you as a mere investment in the charge of another person, is a very different matter, and that I should by no means recommend."

The unforeseen duration of Barclay's stay in the place made it incumbent on him, or at least furnished him an excellent reason, to renew his visits to Mrs. Varemberg. With his limited acquaintanceship, and the but slight demands on his time in the hours when he was not engaged in his business matters, it would have been strange indeed if he had not gone to inquire again after her health; he assured himself that it would not have been even civil not to do so.

Mrs. Varemberg welcomed him in pleasant surprise, and showed a friendly interest in all his recent doings. Her father, she said, was absent at the East; he had been called away on business, and would not return for a month.

Under her encouragement, Barclay described his journey at full length. All his knocking about the world and his trying experiences had not yet spoiled a receptive and impressionable nature, nor made him a *blasé* traveler. He had still a large fund of freshness remaining, and could be depended on to find almost everywhere — even in places that would have seemed the most unpromising — some entertaining or picturesque feature or novel matter for reflection. On the present occasion, he went on to speak of the high, healthy farming region he had traversed; of the bold, thriving inhabitants; of villages of polyglot foreigners, Germans, Scandinavians, Dutch, Poles, and Swiss, keeping up their own manners and customs and languages; of the sturdy lumbermen, rafting their logs down the swift Chippewa and Wisconsin to the Mississippi; and of the un-

broken forests of his own remote domain. He had come upon a pretty spot that had once been picked out by an eccentric Prince Paul of Württemberg to be the retreat of his old age; and, again, an Indian reservation, where the wrinkled old chief, Yellow Thunder, squatted and sunned himself at his wigwam cabin door, like some archaic image in bronze.

All this he told her, with a certain enthusiasm and a vivid way he had of making the most of small details when he chose to exercise it; but he did not tell her how much she had filled his thoughts in the mean time. Some notion of offering himself to be a medium in effecting a reconciliation between her and her husband had even floated vaguely through his brain. For his part, he recollected Varemberg as a very pleasant fellow. Varemberg had endeavored, in those old times, to be particularly civil to him; and though he could not accept these overtures, it was a date when he had been easily touched by kindness, and he cherished a grateful remembrance of them. He knew that these domestic ruptures are too often but the result of some wretched misunderstanding, trivial in the beginning, and widened to a tragic gulf by willfulness and lack of judgment on both one side and the other. There were such cases, at least, whether this were one of them or not, and a sympathetic mediator, acting with prudence, might do a great deal towards repairing them.

He made his first suggestions, however, in regard to her health. Some remedies that had proved beneficial in cases rather like hers occurred to him, and he ventured to recommend them to her. He recommended also exercise; he was a great believer in it on his own account, had always much to say in its favor, and was inclined to regard active motion as the sovereign panacea.

"If you only keep moving actively enough," said he, "the reaper Death, who goes but a hobbling gait with his

scythe, will have a long chase, and hard work to catch up with you at last."

No doubt he was rather unpractical in some of his ideas. Mrs. Varemberg smiled at some of the propositions offered by one of his own robust physique to one of hers, but she conceded somewhat to his theory by saying with a certain bravado, —

"Illness, after all, is the only real misfortune."

Barclay showed a considerable bent towards taking charge of things, and had the limited period of his proposed stay permitted he would perhaps have endeavored to take charge of her, in this particular direction.

When he came to trench, delicately, on the subject of her domestic unhappiness, she adhered to the tone of audacious flippancy she had adopted at first; she seemed to take a perverse pleasure in trying to put herself before him in the worst possible light.

"By your own showing," said he lightly, availing himself of the license she thus gave him, "we must admit you have treated Varemberg rather badly."

"Of course I have treated him badly. Has it taken you all this time to arrive at that brilliant conclusion?"

She was certainly amusing in this mood, if it were taken entirely from the worldly point of view, but Barclay went away from these interviews with doubt and sadness in his heart. It was the devastation of an exceptional character, the searing over, as with a hot iron, of the tender sensibilities, in the loss of which no fine and delicate moral touch was possible, that he seemed to witness.

But he was shortly to be undeceived. He sat on one of the cushioned sofas in the lobby of his hotel, where a business acquaintance had just left him, and was occupied with a paper, when he heard himself hailed in a hearty way. Looking up, he saw an old acquaintance.

It was Ives Wilson, the chief editor of the Index.

Barclay had found the cards of this gentleman left for him on two successive occasions. Ives Wilson bustled out from a little group standing by the elevator shaft, and shook hands with him in a vigorous, pump-handle fashion, still keeping hold of the arm of a third party, whom he dragged forward with him, and introduced, as if he did not consider it fair to abandon one friend without giving him the advantage of the acquaintance of another. This was Lieutenant Gregg, and it seemed that he was a regular boarder at this same hotel when he was ashore. Lieutenant Gregg was a somewhat awkward, diffident man, not fluent in conversation. He had come up from a low origin, made his own very good position entirely for himself, and was not as fully at home in all the minor social observances as he would no doubt finally become. He stayed but a few moments, withdrawing after the exchange of some sentences about the tug-boat explosion.

"You had a close call, that day," said he admiringly.

"It would have suited me much better to make my *début* like an ordinary private citizen," responded Barclay.

"Well," began Ives Wilson, when Gregg had gone, "I had about given you up; I never expected to find you." Then, seating himself comfortably, "A little different this from old Andover days, eh? *You* have n't changed much, though. Here you are, as large as life and twice as natural."

They had been schoolmates, in the remote past, at one of the large preparatory schools of New England, and might have met once or twice since, yet Ives Wilson inclined to presume upon this as if it had been friendship of the most intimate sort.

He seemed a person so permeated with the zeal of his profession that it showed all over him; left tangible signs upon him, as it were, just as the shoemaker has a particular stoop, the hod-

carrier one shoulder higher than the other, and the baker his hands calloused in a certain way. It was perhaps the great nervous energy by which he was characterized that had left so little flesh on his bones. He was dressed neither well nor very ill. When he took off his easy felt hat you might have seen his hair bristling and awry. From the apex of his head waved back a particularly rebellious lock of it, which had served as a sort of oriflamme in many a political convention and the like. In other respects, when you came to know about him, language seemed to be for him only an ingenious medium to juggle with; the severest allegations had for him no real and lasting significance, but only served his temporary purpose. All, or nearly all, with him, was professional; the individual, or private, aspect of his life but a very small fraction. He was regarded in some quarters, whither his interference and powers of invective had been particularly directed, as a monster of ferocity; but in reality, his professional point of view admitted, nobody was less ferocious than he. He would have shaken hands the next moment with the most roundly abused of his opponents, had the human nature of others in the community been enough like his own to afford him opportunity to do so. In strictly private life he did many amiable things, for which he did not always get the credit that was his due.

Paul Barclay had the standing interest in human nature that made him, up to a certain point, well within the limits of boredom, an excellent listener. Added to this, perhaps unconsciously, was the quest for the unexpected, the possible novel revelation, from some unforeseen quarter, that might have a fortunate bearing on his own destiny. He was rather fond of letting people exhibit themselves. It was no hardship for him, therefore, to let Ives Wilson go on, as the latter was disposed to do,

at considerable length, with an account of his migration to the West, his various struggles and successes, and his rise to his present exalted position. The history included the late establishment of an evening edition of the Index. "We had to give the papers away at first, and then go into the streets and buy them ourselves," said he; "but now they go off like hot cakes."

He laid down as in a nutshell the rules he had adopted for the guidance of his own paper, and advanced these *ex cathedra*, as if setting forth the immutable, everlasting laws of journalism.

"Always have somebody to abuse; hit hard and all the time," said he; "have at least one new sensation every day. You, for instance, were a godsend to us, the day you were all but blown up by the tug. Never back down; support the paradox, or the unexpected side, — people are sure to come round to it in time; and claim to be infallible," he concluded.

"If you are going in for infallibility, why not earn it by avoiding the errors instead of glorying in them?" suggested Barclay. "And then, all this bragging, — is it strictly necessary? It sometimes seems as if a newspaper expected to flourish on about everything a gentleman would want nothing to do with."

"Good!" exclaimed Ives Wilson. "There's material in that for a first-page paragraph. But it's clear you don't speak from practical experience. Readers expect a journal to have a proper respect for itself; and there is nothing so weakening to it as backing down. Readers don't want it; readers don't understand it; they won't have it. No, sir, the Index has stood more than one libel suit rather than back down, and it proposes to stand plenty more."

No one, apparently, could have been less offended by an onslaught on his favorite views than Ives Wilson; on the contrary, he welcomed it with jovial cheerfulness, and made a hasty note of

the opinions, as above, for use in his paper.

"If any of our men could have found you in time, the day of your arrival here, we should have had at least a half column more about the accident, — an interview, you know, and that sort of thing."

"Oh, I assure you, I am quite as well content."

"You may, or may not, have noticed how well that report was done," continued the editor, airing a technical pride; "how spreadingly, if I may coin a word, and how fully, for an afternoon paper. A few more little things like that will put the evening edition where we want it. It was a big 'scoop' even on the morning papers. The full reprint we gave of all the particulars connected with your father's death left them hardly anything to say. All they could do was copy from us. It gave me a chance, too, to put in a good word for a man that I always like to oblige when it comes in my way, — David Lane. He showed up well in that affair, trying to work the bridge, and so on, and I guess he was glad to have us remember it. They say the Index is hard on its enemies; well, it's good to its friends, also, whenever they give it an opportunity."

"David Lane is fortunate, as a politician, to stand so well with the press," said Barclay tentatively.

"Oh, if I had money, I'd have a reputation from here to Timbuctoo. I'd just lay out a little sum annually on the papers, — liberal advertising, special articles, and that sort of thing, — and they'd look after me; see? It needn't cost a great deal, either. But this is not a case in point. Lane is not in politics now; he's had the best of everything, and there is n't anything else that could tempt him. Besides, he has a genuine record, that doesn't need any puffing; he was one of the best officials ever known in these parts."

"And it is on his own merits you praise him?"

"Yes, that, and because he gave me a lift when I was starting in the management of the paper. I don't mind telling you that he took stock in my name, so I could control the leading interest. Oh, yes, the Index stands by David Lane, every time."

The editor discoursed further of his patron, touched lightly on the business matters with which he occupied himself now that he was out of public life, and finally of Mrs. Varemberg. Barclay had felt, with inward agitation, that this topic was approaching.

"Here is a man," he had reflected, "who, with the least encouragement in the world, will speak freely of her. It is his business to be a repository of information, and he will know all that has been said and all that can be known about her."

Up to this time he had learned no more of her affairs than he knew on the first day of his arrival; he had asked no one about her, sought no information, but, on the contrary, scrupulously refrained from it. He shrank from discussing her sorrows with an outsider almost as a species of desecration, and how much more so when it promised but to make a certainty of the vague, disagreeable imputations she had cast upon herself! His way of thinking had not changed, but now, as in a sort of spell, he sat and listened to the comments of this indifferent person, who nonchalantly volunteered them without a word of invitation from himself, and even against an effort he made to turn the conversation aside.

"His daughter, Mrs. Varemberg, is a mighty fine woman, a lovely woman; she is one that was born to shine," said Ives Wilson. "It's a pity all this trouble of hers seems to keep her from taking the place that rightfully belongs to her."

Upon a word or two further, the early

reluctance of the listener was turned to an eager thirst for enlightenment. It proved to be no tale of cynical heartlessness he was called upon to hear, but one that had imposed a tone of sympathy and respect even upon the careless tongue of public gossip.

"Her husband was one of the greatest villains unhung," said Ives Wilson.

"Lane told me a little about it, at the time, but it was naturally a subject on which he would n't want to talk much."

"And Varemberg treated her badly?"

"He did pretty much everything but kill her outright."

"That polished, entertaining Varemberg?" muttered Barclay, in wonderment; but the other went on, not heeding him.

"He had such a devilish disposition as you would n't find in a million times. He had made a very plausible show in the beginning, it seems, but he soon dropped that, and went from bad to worse, till there was no living with him."

"I had a vague impression, from some source, that — that the difficulty was of a financial sort."

"Varemberg never had any money to speak of; he was tangled up in every direction, and relied upon what he got with her to straighten him out a little. When he had made away with that, he took to reckless courses that got him into trouble, — put other people's signatures to paper, and that sort of thing, — and finally had to leave his country for his country's good. He dropped out of sight entirely, and at one time they thought he was dead; but he turns up again every once in a while, for their sins, and whenever they hear of him it is in some new deviltry."

"He does not dare come here?" And the questioner's eye flashed fire.

"Oh, no, that would be a little too brazen; he would hardly try that, I think, where she is so well protected. Added to which, he has nothing to gain by it."

"It was not she who left him, then?"

"Very far from it. As I have said, he ran away; he left her behind him, the prey of his angry creditors, in a gloomy old rookery of a château. She was moping herself to death, when her father came and took her away. She was ashamed of her situation, and tried to conceal it, and it was more by accident than her own disclosure that it got out. I happened to see her when she first got home; you would hardly have expected her to live a month."

"I suppose there are divorce proceedings pending?" threw out Paul Barclay in a nonchalant way.

"Why, no, not at all; and it's singular, too, when you come to think about it. They say she does n't believe in it; they say she'd stand almost anything rather than resort to that."

"Oh!"

"Bah! life is too short not to take advantage of all the opportunities it affords. I wish it were my say whether a divorce should be got or not,—that's all," concluded the editor vigorously.

In the course of this talk, Ives Wilson asked Barclay questions, in a casual way, on a variety of subjects, to which replies were as easily returned. All was grist that came to the journalistic mill, and most of this appeared in next day's Index, in the form of the conventional "interview." It was meant to be, and no doubt was, a considerable tribute to Barclay's importance. It was written in the form of question and answer. He was represented as a world-wide traveler and Eastern capitalist, temporarily sojourning at the Telson House. His views of Keewaydin and the State were given. He was made to speak in a very eulogistic way of Keewaydin, and to foresee a grand future for it. And finally—this thrown in quite gratuitously—he was said to favor the Index's candidate for governor.

Barclay next brought up the name of

Mrs. Varemberg before his relatives the Thornbrooks, and led them, as discreetly as possible, to speak of her. With beating heart he listened to what they could recall of her history. They spoke in a sedate and measured way, with the cool pulses of their age, and their feeling, as far as they understood the case, was wholly in her favor.

It happened that there came in, the same evening, still another person, who added emphatic testimony of the same kind. This was Mrs. Miltimore, the principal of the seat of learning locally esteemed of quite an august character, the Keewaydin Female Institute. Old Mr. Thornbrook, it appeared, was the president of its board of trustees.

"Florence Varemberg, or Florence Lane," said this lady, turning to Barclay, when she learned the object of his interest, with a certain stiff manner of her calling, "was our favorite pupil and a great credit to us, in her time. She was a lovely character,—as lovely in mind as in person; and no matter what may happen, I never have believed, and never shall believe, anything ill of her."

"The separation, then, is not to be regarded as her own fault?"

"Her own fault? If there ever was a cruelly wronged woman in the world, it is Florence Varemberg."

With how different a feeling did Barclay now hasten back to the object of these inquiries! How callow and besotted must he be, how prone to bad motives himself, since he was so ready to credit them in others! He had been all but persuaded of the truth of her assumed venality and heartlessness. He looked at her with new eyes, but carefully refrained from any change in his manner that should betray to her the new light of which he was in possession.

They made two or three brief excursions together, about the town and environs. Mrs. Varemberg drove him in

her own handsome, quiet conveyance, assuming a duty of hospitality.

"You are the stranger within our gates," said she, "and, in my father's absence, I must see that you are not neglected. You must be shown the points of view on which Keewaydin rests her lofty preëminence."

She had a pair of large, well-broken horses, christened Castor and Pollux, in whom she took a friendly interest, as she incidentally seemed to do in pets of almost any kind. Castor and Pollux were fortunate enough to have a personal visit from her sometimes in their stable, and she had them brought to her nearly every day, and daintily fed them on lumps of sugar, from the porch, with her own hand.

She drove Barclay first to a little park, or grassy esplanade, on the margin of the more fashionable residence part of the town, with steep, neatly turfed bank extending down to the water's edge. It afforded a most charming prospect, with a great sense of openness and light, over the wide expanse of Lake Michigan. Keewaydin was seen, hence, to spread out thickly along the central shore of a great bay, curved like a not too tautly bent bow. There were the two long breakwater piers, with their small light-houses on the ends. High on the bluff, far to the northward, was a larger light-house, and behind it the great green slope of a reservoir, which resembled the glacis of some fortification. Southward, the most prominent feature, amid thick-clustering roofs, was the shining tin spires of the Polish church of St. Stanislaus. Then, details fading into indefiniteness, and long lines of black smoke drifting seaward from the blast-furnaces of the suburb of Bay View.

"It is magnificent, magnificent!" pronounced the young man, drawing a deep breath of satisfaction at the sight. "Here is a place to exclaim, like the Greeks of old Xenophon, when they

came to the sea again, '*Thalatta! thalatta!*' It is very like the sea, your lake."

"But more cruel and treacherous, somehow; we live by it, but never seem to get very well acquainted with it. A man could be chilled to death, in its cold waters, even in midsummer."

"Are you not going to astonish me with some statements about the place where we now stand having lately been a howling wilderness? I have been led to suppose that was the Western custom, and I miss it."

"The place where we now stand was all simple bluff, and forest, and tamarack swamp, say thirty or forty years ago. A hardy French trapper, of the *voyageur* kind, came along and built a block-house here, to trade peltries with the Indians, and — behold Keewaydin as it stands!"

"And he married the Indian princess, of course, the last of her race. Where do I get a vague impression of that kind?"

"Why, no, the engagement must have been broken off. Princess Pearl Feather made a very unromantic figure about the streets of Keewaydin, in her last days; she took to drink, in fact, and, it seems to me, died in the county poor-house."

"Alas, our fond illusions! But I don't quite believe this is real, you know," he went on; "it may give us the slip. To one accustomed to the Eastern way, a city like this, solidly built as it appears, is suspiciously like Jonah's gourd. At the East it takes the procession a couple of hundred years to pass a given point, as it were, and then, as you might say, it does n't reach it."

"Will you believe there were once such fierce jealousies between the different divisions of the town that the West Side cut down the only bridge uniting it with the East Side, and planted a cannon to prevent its being rebuilt?"

"I will try and do so, for this once,

if you will tell me further what it was all about."

"They thought there never could be settlers enough for both sides of the river, and, as the boat from Buffalo landed on their side, they wanted to keep a monopoly of the new arrivals."

But now the thriving city stretched for long miles on either side of its petty dividing stream, which seemed a mere canal. The once envious West Side climbed, in long lines of compact streets, to a considerable rising ground. Our friends mounted thither, and looked back from those heights at the spires of the section they had left,—the dome of the city hall, with its figure, most prominent among them,—cut out in a strongly serrated edge against the lake, which gleamed behind them like a strip of silver. On their return, they came to the city hall, set in its quiet, grassy square.

"Here is our Plaza, — Place d'Armes, — Piazza, — the focus of the civic life of a people with a mighty past of thirty-five years," said Mrs. Varemberg, in lively travesty of this kind of description as applied to the picturesque foreign market-places.

"I know it already, as a locality; my Thornbrooks live over there," said Barclay. He indicated, with a gesture, a large, comfortable-looking house, with a considerable space of door-yard before it. "But as to traditions, associations, isn't it really heart-breaking, now, that the central square of a populace of more than one hundred thousand souls, should be utterly without them, — absolutely unworthy of interest?"

"It is true that no counts Egmont and Horn have been beheaded here, nor any Mark Antonys, Rienzis, or Van Arteveldes aroused sedition by their stirring harangues," replied his companion, in the same lively vein; "but our best people have crossed the square from time immemorial. The most influential ladies of the Seventh Ward traverse it to their shopping, and our most eminent

store-keepers bustle across it to and from their dinners in the middle of the day. What would you have worthier, more thoroughly American, than that?"

"Are we to decide that an interest in tradition is a form of entertainment entirely gone out, and to look for something else to take the place of it? Perhaps something in the way of ornamental effects, buildings, and so on, finer than any that have yet been seen, will ultimately be substituted. The worst of it is that we not only have no traditions, but are not even in process of forming them. Day after day passes over this grassy square, and what does it add, in that respect? Not an iota, not a hair's breadth, of romance. If there were only some weird, remarkable story, even of modern date, hanging about, — that would be something to be thankful for."

"A weird, remarkable story hanging about an American city hall? That would be rather too much to expect."

"Come, there might be a worse scene for something romantic even than this," maintained Barclay. Their conveyance was now proceeding very slowly. "That Mexican-looking cathedral, over there, isn't so bad, as an accessory, and trees and shrubbery are always good; and then the city hall itself has its good points, — first among which *I* am inclined to put the Golden Justice, up there on her dome. Do you know, I have taken quite a fancy to the Golden Justice."

"Have you, indeed? You would little guess whose head she has on her shoulders, whose likeness she is supposed to present."

"The French trapper," he replied, promptly.

"Nonsense."

"Pearl Feather, then."

She looked at him reproachfully, and affected to move her own profile this way and that, as if to throw it into greater relief, for his inspection.

"It is so far off — Surely not you?" said he, looking inquiringly from the fair model, who thus offered herself to view, up to the image, glinting resplendent and yellow in the soft, hazy autumn atmosphere, and then looking back again. The *Golden Justice* appeared like some visitant from a celestial sphere, new lighted on the heaven-kissing dome.

"I suppose it might be called a distant resemblance, from here, but it was meant for me, nevertheless."

"It dazzles me so, — but that is the more like the original. I shall verify it at the first opportunity with a field-glass. And so it was modeled after you?"

"It is a long story."

"The longer the better, since you are to tell it."

"Oh, if you take it in that amiable way, I will cut it very short."

They had come to a stand-still for a few moments, and now drove on again.

"The *Golden Justice*," she began, "was a prolific source of discord in its early stages. It was like the wooden horse of Troy. Dissensions commenced over her that have scarcely died out even yet."

"And how could that have been?"

"The contest in the first place was as to what the subject of the statue should be. The early pioneer, the French trapper, was proposed. With his rifle and hatchet and his costume of fringed deer-skin, you see, he would have done very well."

"Ah, I was not as stupid as it appeared."

"But other pioneers had claims also. The question of race came up, and it was held, by zealous partisans of each, that the first German, Irish, and purely American pioneers had as good a right to the place as he. Still another party supported Pearl Feather."

"Why, I was divination itself!" protested Barclay.

The narrator smiled, indulgently. "This party threw a romantic light

around Pearl Feather. It was chiefly a committee of ladies, with Mrs. Rantoul, our leading strong-minded agitator, at their head. They thought it would be an additional step towards vindicating the true position of woman, to have a feminine statue. Bear in mind, also, that there was a South Side party, that wanted no statue at all, because it could not be well seen from that part of the town; and lastly, a party of economy, that begrudged the expense."

"I begin to see," said Barclay.

"Oh, no; you may think so, but you don't half begin to see yet. The question of nationality came up in connection with the choice of the sculptor, or designer, of the figure, and then of those who were to have the contracts for casting and setting up the work. The local residence of these persons and the relative advantage to be gained by the different sections were next considered. The South Side would have had the casting sent abroad, to be done at Munich, because it had no proper foundry for the work, itself; but the West Side had one, and secured it. You must get my father to tell you about the effect in the elections, and the like."

"It is more like the history of a *Bel-lona*, goddess of strife, than of a peaceful *Justice*."

"The *Justice* was a compromise. There are law-courts in the building, so it is appropriate. And it is conventional and safe. Just then a young sculptor happened to arrive from abroad, on a visit. You may remember him, — Schwartzmann. He used to come to our house, sometimes, in Paris."

"Schwartzmann? I remember him very well. I have been at his studio in the Rue d'Enfer. He has done some first-rate work."

"Well, he did this. He was looked upon as a product of home manufacture, and got the order. My father had helped him to go abroad and prosecute his studies, and out of gratitude he want-

ed to make a bust of my humble self. Of course I was only too delighted. At that age—for you remember that this was at an early date—a provincial young woman, who had seen little or nothing of the fine arts of any sort, would naturally be taken by the idea of having her poor features cast in monumental form.”

Barclay recollected a winning unconsciousness of her own loveliness, even in its brightest day, as one of her greatest charms.

“But this Schwartzmann was an original sort of person,” she continued.

“I recollect him, myself, in connection with various cranky doings.”

“He prepared for us a surprise, which he intended as an extraordinary compliment. What do you think it was? From the study he had made of my head he modeled that of his statue, and added more or less of my figure. He let no one know till it was complete and set in its place, and then triumphantly called upon us to observe the distinguished honor he had paid me in raising me thus aloft, six times as large as life, a couple of hundred feet above the pavement. Neither my father nor any others had made the discovery; most people are very unobservant about such things, unless their attention is especially called to them.”

“I, for one, feel greatly obliged to your original sculptor for his pretty idea.”

“My father did not by any means take it so amiably. He was angry at Schwartzmann for not having consulted him, and would have nothing to do with him for a good while afterwards. I was not quite sure, myself, that I liked being exalted so conspicuously before high heaven; but when I came to see how little attention was paid to the matter of the likeness by anybody else, I became reconciled, and duly appreciative of the honor.”

“My interest in the Golden Justice is at last intelligible,” said Barclay.

“I suppose you are going to gallantly pretend that you knew this all the time?”

“Not at all, but I assure you there has been a certain *rapport* between us from the first.”

The statue with its surroundings was by this time well behind them. They followed the sylvan upper reaches of the Keewaydin River, favored of swimmers and the light skiffs of merry-makers in the pleasant summer time; thence, by a winding road, through the rich autumn woods, full of the pensiveness of the season; and struck the lake again, a considerable distance above the city, at a charming cove and fishing-station known as the White-Fish Bay. They stopped a little at this place, to watch the fishermen drawing their nets. The water was placid and silvery, and the fish leaped in it, as the seines shoaled under them, and turned their pink and silver sides to the light.

The air was impregnated with a peculiar smokiness and fragrant smell of burning said to come from distant forest fires. Indeed, in that season there had been great fires to the northward, which had destroyed a populous town, and burned many of its inhabitants to death while standing up to their chins in the river, to which they had fled for refuge. The road homeward lay along the line of the bluffs. In the fields was encamped the corn, bivouacked in its russet sheaves, while at the door of every tent, like a goblin sentinel, squatted a yellow pumpkin. On the other side stretched out the lake, azure blue and boundless as the ocean, veiled only by scattering, thin-stemmed trees, with foliage exquisitely dyed.

“In one particular you are not in the least like the Golden Justice,” said Barclay, returning again to this subject.

“So much the worse for her, then; statues should resemble models, not models statues.”

“Why are you, who serve as emblem

of justice to others, so unjust to yourself?"

"It was not I who assumed the post of emblem; remember; it was an accident. No one who knew would ever have chosen me."

"Ah, no, you are better than that. I knew it, I knew it; I did not believe it," he protested strongly. "I have at last heard the other side of your story."

"What do you mean? What have you heard?" she demanded, turning towards him, startled and flushed.

"That you have suffered innocently, with a heroic fortitude; that your career has been a cruel martyrdom."

"Let me hear no praises, no compliments, on that score, I beg of you. I scarcely knew what it was. It has all passed, like a troubled dream. But you speak of your discovery as something recent; is it possible that you did not know of this — of all this before?"

"Only in the vaguest mention, on the first day of my arrival. Nor do I now know any of the details. I did not wish to talk with others about you; it seemed an irreverence, a kind of profanation. And then, you had almost made me afraid to ask. You had almost made me think — Why did you delight to so misrepresent yourself?"

"It is a way we women of the world have of talking," she replied, with a hollow gayety.

"Was it quite fair?" he urged, gently. "We were friends once; you might have trusted me a little more. Instead of sympathy, you tried to excite" —

"Do I want sympathy? No, I will not have it," she interrupted, almost

fiercely. "Do you suppose I am not ashamed to think of what is passing about all this in the minds of those who used to know me? And I thought you knew; I thought I had been the gossip of two hemispheres." Then, in a sudden revulsion of softer feeling, with tears starting to her eyes, which she vainly turned away to hide, "Ah, what a life! what a life! And I who had expected so much from it!"

They were again in the streets of the town. Barclay saw that, with the best intentions in the world, he had struck some sort of false note. They remained silent a while, then spoke of indifferent things, and were presently at her own door.

So far from being an absolute recluse, Barclay found that Mrs. Varemberg showed in many ways a feverish activity. She drove about on charitable errands, visited her father's industrial schools, took a certain oversight of his public library, and the like. At parting, on this day, she said she had taken charge of preparing a somewhat better exhibit than usual for the "art department" of a state fair, which was about to hold its annual session on its own grounds in the western outskirts of the city.

"I am to go there to-morrow," she said. "Would it interest you to accompany me, and see what a state fair is like?"

"Nothing would interest me more than to go with you, and see what a state fair is like," he responded.

So a new appointment was made between them for an early hour the next afternoon.

William Henry Bishop

A ROMAN GENTLEMAN UNDER THE EMPIRE.

EVERY traveler who has left Italy by the St. Gothard railway must remember that visionary view at the head of Lake Como, which seems to resume, in one swift and shining tableau, all the multi-form aspects of loveliness and grandeur, the graces of nature and the glories of art, which constitute the rich dowry of the queenly country to which he is bidding a reluctant farewell. For one supreme instant, he has all Italy in view: infinite breadth of deep blue water and infinite translucence of caressing air; a bright little town, with arched piazza and climbing *loggie*, cathedral dome and clustering *campanili*, set like a jewel at the meeting of the lake's encircling arms; majestic mountain outlines floating away upon either hand, a silvery gleam of snow upon the topmost peaks, if the season be yet early; fortress towers and airy belfries and penciled spires of the cypress crowning every outlying spur, and leading the eye down through shimmering olive orchards and smiling vineyard rows, to where modest hamlets dip their feet in the lapping water, and stately villas gleam out from amid their ilex and laurel shrubbery, far down the vanishing shores. "Te, Larie, maxume!" are the words that spring unbidden to the lips of Italy's parting guest, as he gazes, with an eye twice dazzled, it may be, by the consummate beauty of this great transformation scene and the sudden dimness of his own vision; and other words of the Mantuan come sighing through his memory, and he thinks of that piteous company of the shades, flinging out their wan arms toward life itself as it receded from them, *ripæ ulterioris amore*.

One moment more, and it is all snatched away. The tunnel has engulfed him, as the shadow of the dark valley may close over a man who has received his death-warrant at a banquet, and Italy is hidden from the eye of sense.

Fortunately, the frontier station at Chiasso, on the other side of the mountain, is not, after all, an "unreturning bourne," and one may die to Italy many times in the course of a natural life. The last time that the present writer did so was on the Tuesday of Easter week, 1885, after having passed the better part of Sunday and Monday in and about the singularly rich and quaint cathedral of Como, which has been so little *exploité* by artists and travelers, in comparison with most, that one revels in its negligent splendor with something very like the delight of discovery.

Up the singular façade on either side the deeply sculptured portal rise, one above another, a long line of niches, and as we explore them in their order, trying to identify by his or her symbol the mitred or palm-bearing occupant of each, we come upon two figures which display no Christian insignia whatever, but sit there, nevertheless, with all the tranquil dignity of antecedent right, simply robed in the sculpturesque folds of the senatorial toga. Long since made happily at home among the invading saints, the two Plinies, uncle and nephew, father and son by adoption and by devotion, look benignly down upon their beautiful and beloved native place,¹ the Novum Comum of later Roman history. Nay, these two gifted sons of the elder world, and especially the delightful and communicative junior, through

¹ Though identified by long residence with Verona, it seems almost certain that the elder no less than the younger Pliny was born at Como, on

some one of the ancestral estates on the border of the Larian lake.

whom almost alone the other is personally known to us, are far more deeply associated with the long life of the little town and the ideal beauty of the region than any of those others, with the solemn name upon their foreheads, who declare so plainly, by all we know of their doings, that they ever sought, while here, another and an unearthly country.

"What is doing at Como?" writes the younger Pliny to his friend Caninius Rufus, in one of the earliest of his first series of letters. "What of that delightful country-seat of yours, with the unfading greenery of its cloister, its impenetrable plane-trees, the grassy banks, flower-studded, of its little canal, the lake lying beneath you, subservient to all your needs?" And then there is the merry epistle in which he thanks his friend Romanus for affording him a precedent for his own extravagance:—

"You write that you are engaged in building. I am enchanted. Now I can cite you as an example, for of course it is reasonable to do what you are doing! The only difference is that you build by the Bay of Baïæ, and I by the Larian lake." And then he goes on to say that, amid the rather extensive property which he holds along the lovely shores of Como, there are two places for which he has a special predilection, the villas which he has named Tragedy and Comedy: because the former is, as it were, set up on buskins, while the latter dawdles in socks. Tragedy stands high, on the dorsal ridge of a steep promontory, with a wide outlook over two bays. Comedy nestles on the water-side, in the shore's encircling arms.

And again he writes to Caninius, in whimsical impatience of the toils — *nay, the chains* — which happen, just then, to bind him to his busy life in Rome: "Are you studying, or fishing, or hunting, or all three? They may all be managed at once beside our dear Como. For the lake gives you fish, and the surrounding

forest game, and the deep quietude invites to study. . . . Ah me, I envy you! It exasperates me to think that I cannot have what I long for as sick men long for wine and baths and running water."

The most casual allusion to Como is enough to make the younger Pliny's diction thrill, and to inform it thoroughly with life and color. No matter if the story be a sad one which he has to tell, the warm touch of his own loving pride in a most fair birthplace is never absent. "What a difference it makes *who* does a thing!" he says on one occasion, beginning a letter to Marcus, at once abruptly and reflectively. "I was sailing the other day on *our Larian lake*, when an old friend pointed out to me a villa, with a chamber projecting over the water." From the window of this room, Pliny is told that a husband and wife, bound fast together, had lately leaped into the waves and perished. The wife, when she found that her husband was attacked by a cruel and incurable malady, had encouraged him to the deed, offering to go with him and show him the way to death. "I do not see," muses Pliny, "that there is any difference between this action and that famous one of Arria, the wife of Pætus (*Pæte, non dolet*), except that Arria was a great lady, whereas the other was a comparatively obscure person, of whom one never would have heard but for my old fellow-townsmen."

It was all, as we know, in accordance with the highest morality of the time, and we shall see hereafter how strongly Pliny was all his life swayed by his intimate connection with that illustrious family of confessors and martyrs for freedom, the descendants of the first Arria and of Cæcina Pætus. At present we are concerned only to picture to ourselves the scene of the quiet tragedy in question, and to note the softening of the Comensian's voice as he describes it. Fate had ordained that the

varied action of his own crowded life should pass in scenes which were almost all of them conspicuous for natural beauty : with his uncle at Verona, in which Ruskin long since taught us to see one of the three cities in all the world most beautiful for situation ; on the pleasant foot-hills of the Apennines, near the sources of the Tiber ; by the matchless Gulf of Baia ; and among the haunted shades and rosemary-wreathed avenues of that property of the Chigi which we call Castel Fusano. But whatever degree of truth there may be in the popular persuasion that the men of the old world in general cared little for landscape beauty (and we fancy there is not much), here, at least, was one who enjoyed scenery exactly as we enjoy it ; who was never quite happy unless nature turned a fair countenance upon him, and he could feel, or fancy, himself in sympathy with earth and sea and sky ; on whom we have abundant evidence to show that his rare privileges of "location" were by no means thrown away.

Caius Cæcilius, who was later on to receive through adoption by his already famous uncle the name of Plinius Secundus, was born at Novum Comum, A. D. 62. His gentile name Cæcilius, though not among the most *élite* of all the Roman patronymics, was yet an old and excellent one, and he displays an amiable and not unbecoming touch of family pride in the letter to the grandfather of his second wife, Calpurnia, in which he laments the disappointment of his first hope of issue by her ; but he presses his confidence (not justified, by the way) that there will yet be a family to transmit his name, and to whom he will be able to leave his *non subitas imagines*,—as who should say, "Our family portraits were not painted yesterday."

His own father, also a Caius Cæcilius, died while he was a mere lad. They were not, apparently a physically vigor-

ous or long-lived race. He had a very distinguished guardian, the general Verginius Rufus, who also held estates on the Lake of Como, and who was absent with the army in Spain when the elder Caius died, A. D. 71. The boy's maternal uncle, the elder Pliny, by whom he was now adopted, was something over forty years of age, and a man of irregular but extraordinarily varied capacity and achievement. Soldier, sailor, statesman, and courtier, beside being the author of seventy-five books of natural history and political and military memoirs, many of which have come down to us, he was at this period in the full prime of his laborious life. A highly distinguished man, yet what we know of the sensitive and affectionate nature of his adoptive son makes us particularly glad of the assurance that the boy's mother went with him to his new home in her brother's house. The younger Pliny always writes of his uncle with loyal reverence for his imposing character, and humble and unfeigned admiration of his tireless energy in study and the encyclopædic nature of his attainments, while he has left us a thrilling narrative of his tragical end. But there is nowhere the glow of filial fondness, the touch of tearful enthusiasm, with which he writes of those other great friends of his family and guardians of his youth, Verginius and Corellius Rufus. It is hardly possible, in fact, not to infer a something of at least outward asperity and sternness in the elder Pliny, an almost fierce preoccupation with his own affairs, and a rather ostentatious disdain of the ordinary weaknesses of humanity. There must have been drawbacks to the pleasure of visiting a man, however illustrious, who insisted upon always having loud reading during dinner, and who once, when a guest begged the reader to repeat a passage which he had pronounced hurriedly, turned sharply upon the gentleman, and asked if he had not understood

the words. The latter admitted that he had. "Why did you interrupt the reading, then? We might have had ten verses more in the time it took!" In that house, indeed, education must have been conducted as by steam-power. But the boy from Como proved an apt pupil. At the age of fourteen, or about four years after his adoption, he produced a Greek tragedy. "What sort of a thing was it, do you ask?" he says to the friend to whom he has just laughingly cited this proof of his precocity. "Ah, that I don't know! They called it a tragedy."

In the lurid light of the next scene in which he is brought vividly before us, we see our young gentleman almost unnaturally preoccupied with his books. For he was not yet eighteen, when, on a certain sultry noontide late in the summer of the year 79, anxiety was excited in the seaside villa at Misenum, where the elder Pliny was then commanding the Roman fleet, by a singular spectacle, visible on the further side of the lovely bay. The high lands of the opposite shore were, in those days, barely distinguishable one from another. The fatal cone, with its gracefully sloping sides and the delicate amethystine tints the æsthete loves, was not there, and all the fair hills alike were occupied and tilled to their summits and bright with vines and corn. From one of these, however, which proved only too soon to be Vesuvius, a dense column of smoke was now discerned, spinning upward, and spreading itself abroad when high in heaven, into the semblance of a gigantic parasol-pine. The four-oared galley, which served the admiral as a species of light cutter, was ordered to be manned at once, and the enthusiast set forth, tablets in hand, to investigate and take notes of so unparalleled a phenomenon. He gave his nephew permission to accompany him, but the youth declined, on the score of some writing which he had to finish.

There is no need of repeating here for the thousandth time, in all its ghastly particulars, the tale of what followed. The elder Pliny went to his death, as the world knows well; and "the mood," to quote his nephew, "of mere philosophic curiosity in which that voyage was undertaken gave place to one of sublime self-devotion." He pressed on, though the very shore appeared to shudder and recede as he drew near it, intent upon reaching the point from which all others were flying, and on carrying encouragement, and if possible aid, to friends whose frightful danger became every instant more and more apparent. He effected a landing, with difficulty, not far from *Herculaneum*; and, if we detect a touch of stoical affectation in the elaborate dinner toilette which he made in the quaking villa of his friend *Pomponianus*, and in the assumed cheerfulness of his behavior during the evening, there can have been none, it would appear, about the profound slumber into which he afterwards fell, and from which the awe-stricken servants dared not arouse him until the court into which his bed-chamber opened was so filled by the horrible ashen snow, which had now been falling for hours, that his escape seemed doubtful. He might almost as well have been left to die in his first heavy sleep. He quitted the house along with its other occupants, all having first tied pillows over their heads to protect them from the continually dropping pumice-stones. Their hope was that they might yet be able to reach the boats, and put off from the wreck-laden shore; but the fragile philosopher sank down, at no great distance, suffocated, apparently, by a sudden burst of sulphurous vapor from the now flaming mountain side, and the slaves who were supporting him fled in terror. Two days later, when the horrible darkness which had engulfed the devoted region was beginning to clear, his body was found, undisfigured, lying as if out-

stretched for peaceful slumber, and the suspense of those whom he had left so lightly was at an end.

The great author Tacitus, writing years afterward, in the interests of his history, to the younger Pliny for the particulars of his uncle's death, was so moved by the letter in which these details are given that he replied begging for an equally minute account of what befell the mother and son at home in the villa. No wonder Pliny prefaces his answer with the "*Quanquam animus meminisse horret*" of Æneas at the court of Dido. But having done so, he proceeds to bring before our eyes with startling distinctness the scene at Misenum. The pupil, too, bitten, as was quite natural by the same stoical mania as the master, made a feint, at first, of despising the awful peril, and although unable to sleep through the first night, for the incessant earthquake shocks, he sat himself down, early on the livid morning of August 25th (*dubius et quasi languidus dies*), in the court between the villa and the sea, and called for his books. "Was it courage or mere *braggadocio*?" he says. "I was only seventeen. I told them to bring me a volume of Livy, which I proceeded to read with the utmost coolness, and even to make extracts, according to a plan which I was following." His mother came and sat beside him, with the speechless patience of a brave woman in extremity; but the average reader will doubtless feel more sympathy with the indignation of the "gentleman from Spain," who was visiting at the villa, and who did his best to dissipate both the apathetic resignation of the lady and the insensate security of the boy.

The earthquake shocks were now increasing in violence every moment; the shore upon which they looked began to broaden out, from the awful recession of the whole body of water, and deep-sea fishes were seen sprawling upon the sands, while a wall of dense blackness,

incessantly riven by blades of tortuous flame, "like lightnings, only greater," and revealing a background of active fire, moved slowly toward them from the further side of the bay. "Then that friend from Spain said sharply and with authority, 'If your brother, lady, and your uncle, boy, is yet living' (he was dead, as we know, hours before), 'he certainly desires you to be saved. If he is dead, his last hope was that you would survive him. Why, then, do you not quit this place?' And we answered that we could not, we dared not, take measures for our own safety, while still in doubt about his." The Spaniard appears to have washed his hands of them at this point, and made off for a place of possible shelter, and the mother and son were soon fain to follow. The darkness was close upon them now, and the sea seemed yawning. Capri was already hidden, and the projecting point of Misenum. "Then my mother began to entreat, to command, me to save myself. I was young, and could fly. She was too old, she said, too unwieldy. She would die happy if she had not to think that she had caused my death as well. But I answered that I desired not safety apart from her, and I flung my arm around her, and compelled her to hasten her steps. She yielded, but sadly accusing herself, all the while, of being a drag upon me. Ashes had been falling for some time, but not very thickly. Now, however, on looking behind, I saw that impenetrable blackness close upon us, pouring over the land like a deluge. 'Let us turn aside,' I cried, 'while we can still see, lest we stumble and be trampled under foot by the great crowd of fugitives!' And we had scarcely sat down when darkness swallowed us up; not the dark of a cloudy and moonless night, but that of a tight room when the lamp has just been extinguished. We could hear the shrieks of women, the sobbing of children, the clamor of men. Some called their little ones, and some

their parents, and some their wives. They sought and recognized one another by the voice only. Some mourned for themselves, and others for their friends. In very terror of death, some prayed for death to come. A good many invoked the gods, but the greater number concluded that the gods themselves were no more, and that the last eternal night of prophecy had settled upon the world."

Who can ever again round the exquisite Bay of Baia without thinking of that scene? Through the voluptuous content of the idle voyager in the dazzling loveliness of the prospect there runs an involuntary shiver of awe, when he remembers what was once concentrated there of human anguish and terror. Are the sleepy splendors of that matchless view one whit less treacherous than of old? "Ecco il monte nuovo, signore," says the *insouciant* coachman, waving his whip toward a bare, conical hill at no great distance, and proceeds to relate how that particular eminence was thrust up in a single night only a century or two ago, one time when the earthquakes were astir. It is a grewsome sight. "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath," and there could not well be a more effectual *memento mori* at the great feast of beauty than the smooth sides of the *monte nuovo*.

The letter from which we have been quoting goes on briefly to describe the slow lifting of the pall of darkness from the altered and desolated land. The mother and son must have returned to the villa as early as the following day, since it was there they got the authentic news of its master's death, and perhaps received his body for burial. The insignificant town of Pompeii, at the foot of the mountain, which was afterwards known to have been entirely destroyed, is not so much as mentioned in either of these letters.

It is no marvel if Baia wooed the

younger Pliny no more, nor did he, so far as we know, ever revisit it. He was to complete his education under the auspices of his guardian, Verginius Rufus, already mentioned, a Roman yet nobler than his uncle in the sense of being a living exponent of the best traditions of the republic. That great man had already, for nearly a decade, been living in retirement. In A. D. 68, the last year of the sinister reign of Nero, Verginius had been consul and commander of the Roman forces in Gaul, and had quelled a formidable rising there, headed by Julius Vindex, proprætor of the province. When the news of Nero's death reached the army, the troops at once and by acclamation offered to place Verginius on the imperial throne, but he refused. Galba, on whom their choice next fell, may very naturally have distrusted the popularity of Verginius with the soldiers. At all events, he superseded him in the command of the army, and took him back with himself to Rome, as his own most trusty counselor. When Galba's brief reign had ended in his violent death, and Otho had succeeded him, Verginius was made consul for the second time. When Otho also perished, after a six months' ascendancy, the empire was again offered to Verginius, and again declined. This second refusal was regarded as so insulting by the army that they turned furiously against their former favorite, and he was arraigned on a capital accusation before Vitellius, whose inglorious reign occupied the remaining six months of the eventful year 69. Verginius escaped death, but turned his back forthwith upon ungrateful Rome, and deigned to take no further part in public affairs for many a long year. It was chiefly, no doubt, from his hereditary estates on the Larian lake that the high-minded soldier looked sadly and sternly on at the iniquities enacted in the city during the ten years' rule of Vespasian and the two years' rule of Titus, culminating in

that veritable Reign of Terror which came to an almost despaired-of end when the unspeakable Domitian drew his last hated breath in the year 96.

Corellius Rufus was of the same family and the same politics as Verginius.¹ Both men were of an antique type, and steadfastly attached, though fallen on evil days, to the civic and domestic ideals of a purer time. Both died, Verginius in very advanced years, just as a better era was beginning fully to declare itself under the auspices of Trajan, and Pliny records with profound sorrow, in two of his first-published letters, the end of each. Verginius had been recalled from his retirement at the age of eighty-three, and made consul for the third time, under Nerva, in 96. Pliny says that he was apparently in perfect health, and showed no sign of senility except a slight tremulousness in his hands; but, unhappily, he met with a fatal accident on the very day of his investiture with office. When he rose to make the ceremonial speech of acknowledgment to the Emperor for the honor he had received, his foot slipped upon the marble pavement; he fell and broke his thigh, and the aged sinews refused to reunite. He lingered for some months in great suffering, and then died. "He has gone full of years and honors," writes Pliny to Romanus, "as even his enemies admit; but we, — how can we help mourning and missing him as a figure of the by-gone time? And I, in particular, who loved him in his private as much as I admired him in his public capacity, who lived next door to him, who was left in his charge, to whom he was a living monument of my own father's love for me, I must needs weep as though his death had been premature; and yet mayhap it is wrong to weep at all, or to call that death which is rather the end of this great man's mortality

than of his life. . . . I think of Verginius, I see Verginius, in my vain yet vivid fancy I hear him speak, I address him, I hold him by the hand. It may be that we have, and that we shall yet have, other citizens who will be his equals in valor. We can have none who will rival his glory."

The circumstances of the death of Corellius Rufus, who was possibly a younger brother of the preceding, were far sadder. He had been all his life a victim to hereditary gout, which he managed to control for many years by the strictest temperance in living. After he had reached middle age, however, his sufferings became terribly aggravated. "He was racked," as Pliny says, by intolerable anguish, not in his feet alone, but in every joint of his frame. "I went to see him," he goes on, "once in the time of Domitian, and found him lying at his suburban villa. The slaves left the room, as their custom was, when an intimate friend came in, and even his wife, though worthy of all confidence and able to keep any secret, withdrew. Then when he had rolled his eye around" (to make sure that they were alone), "'Why,' said he, 'do you suppose that I have endured these torments all this while? Simply that I might have the satisfaction of surviving *that scoundrel*' (meaning Domitian) 'by a single day.' Ah," continues Pliny, "if he had had a body equal to his soul, he would have *done* what he so ardently desired." We know that the patience of Corellius held out — the interval was probably short — until the end of Domitian's tyranny actually came. Then, under the influence of a yet more terrible access of his malady, he began quietly to abstain from food. At the end of the fourth day, his wife Hispulla, in an agony of alarm, sent for Pliny to come and try to dissuade him from suicide. Pliny hastened to the spot, but a messenger from Hispulla met him, on his arrival, to tell him that his interven-

¹ So, doubtless, was Caninius Rufus, whom Pliny envies his easy country life at Como, in a letter already quoted.

tion would be of no use. The physician had just been pressing food upon him, and he had answered by a single Greek word, *κερρικα*, — *My mind is made up*. "The word," says Pliny, whose pulses always beat quicker at any trait of heroism, "thrilled me as much with admiration as with sorrow. What a friend I have lost! What a man! He had completed his sixty-seventh year, which is a tolerably long life even for the robust. I know it. He is released from perpetual suffering. I know it. He did not forsake his family until the republic, which was dearer to him than all his kindred, was in a flourishing condition. I know that, too. But I mourn as for the departure of a young and strong man. I am distressed — perhaps you will think it weak — on my own account. I have lost the witness of my life, the monitor, the master. In short, I can only say, as I said to my comrade Calvisius in the freshness of my bereavement, 'I fear that I shall henceforth live more carelessly.'"

What tenderness is here! What simplicity and rectitude of spirit! If the modern mind shrinks from the calm acceptance, not to say acclamation, of suicide as a conclusive solution for the ills of life, even Christian moralists know how difficult it is to fix, on strictly ethical grounds, the guilt of the man who takes his own life in extremity. There is plenty of proof, scattered all through the correspondence, of Pliny's untiring devotion to the interests, especially of the women, of the family of Corellius, after his death. There is the letter in which he recommends to Corellia Hispulla, the daughter of the deceased, a tutor for her son. "It would be hard to say whether I more loved or revered the very saintly and weighty character of your father; and you yourself will be ever dear to me, not for your own sake only, but for that of his memory. Needs must, therefore, that I should desire, and strive also as much as in me

lies, that your boy should be like his grandfather. And on the whole, though his father and uncle were prominent men, and their father was widely known and esteemed, I would rather he resembled his maternal grandfather." The mother was young, no doubt, for the child in question was evidently her only one, and, up to this time, she had kept him always with her. But now Pliny strongly recommends her to place him under the care of a certain Julius Genitor, whose manner and method may be thought a little severe, he says, by contrast with the lax fashions of the time, but his eloquence is in universal repute. "And then there are such obscure depths and secret hiding-places in the life of man! You may accept me as guarantee for Julius about all these. Your son will hear nothing from this man which will not profit him. He will learn nothing which he had better never have known."

It was, no doubt, the same Corellia, the daughter of Rufus, whom he held himself bound, by his obligations to her father, to defend in a lawsuit she had with one Caius Cæcilius, a consul elect, and probably a near relative of his own; albeit, as he observes to his friend Gallus, the case was an odd one for a woman to be involved in, and likely to bring some unpopularity upon himself. The same fascinating mixture of chivalrous deference and kindly good sense marks all his correspondence with and about women. There is the amusing note to his mother-in-law, Pompeia Celerina, a very great lady indeed, apparently, with several big houses, which Pliny has been visiting in succession, and where he finds the service so exact and so admirably ordered that he thinks with comic despair of the free and easy fashions of his own people. "I hope you will come and see us, however," he says in substance. "I would like at least to make an effort to return your hospitality, and perhaps my servants

might be a little waked up by your coming, although they do not put themselves out in the least for me. That's the way it is when masters are too easy."

It seems almost certain, both from the slightly ceremonious though bantering tone of this letter and from its position early in the first book, which we know to have been collected and arranged, and probably published, by Pliny himself in 97, — the year of his second marriage, — that Pompeia was the mother of his first wife, of whom otherwise we know much less than of the charming Calpurnia, who succeeded her. Calpurnia, moreover, must have been very early left an orphan, since she was, of a certainty, a mere girl at the time of her marriage; and the guardians invariably mentioned are her aunt and her grandfather. It was the latter, Calpurnius Fabatus, who was also one of the landed gentry on the Lake of Como, and probably connected, at least by marriage, with the family of Corellius Rufus, who wrote to Pliny to inquire whether he were prepared to stand by a rather romantically generous bargain, just concluded, in his name, by his freedman Hermes, whereby he agreed to sell, at considerably less than its market value, to Corellia, the *sister* (not the daughter) of Corellius Rufus, his share — five twelfths — of an estate on the Larian lake, to which, with two others, he had just fallen heir. The whole estate, it seemed, had been advertised for sale, and Pliny replies, explaining the circumstances in full. Of course, he says, he shall carry out the agreement. He is much attached to Corellia, both for her brother's sake and because she was his (Pliny's) mother's most intimate friend. Her husband, Minutius Fuscus, is also a valued friend of his own. The last time he was in those parts, Corellia had told him of her strong desire to own some land upon the lake. "I offered her," he says, "anything of mine, at her own

price, except my paternal and maternal estates. These I could not part with, even to Corellia. So when this legacy fell in, I wrote her that the farms of which it consisted would be for sale, and Hermes was the bearer of the letter. She said that she wanted my share immediately, and he promised it to her. You see, of course, that I must sustain the man, who in fact acted just as I should have done myself. I hope the co-heirs will not be vexed at my having sold separately, which, however, I had a perfect right to do. They are not obliged to follow my example. They are not bound to Corellia as I am, and may consult expediency where I can think only of affection."

We are glad to know that the lady in question fully appreciated Pliny's generosity, and that her hurry to conclude the bargain was not sharp practice, but mere feminine impatience to have what she had set her heart upon. Here is Pliny's last word upon the subject, in the shape of a little note to herself, so handsome, so neatly expressed, and so entirely modern in tone that we must give it literally and in full: —

"It is extremely honorable in you, my dear Corellia, to request and even require so imperiously that I would permit you to pay me for those fields after the rate of ninety thousand sesterii, the whole estate ¹ (at which rate a twentieth part has already been sold at auction), instead of seventy thousand, on which we agreed. But I, on my part, 'request and require' that you would look a little to my honor in this matter, as well as your own; and that, for this once, you would suffer me to oppose you in the same spirit in which I usually obey."

The same frank courtesy between the sexes, the same prevailing sweetness and refinement of family and social relations, meet us on almost every page of the

¹ Say the difference between four thousand and three thousand dollars.

miscellaneous correspondence, and lead us gradually to the cheering conclusion that even under the worst of the emperors the state of the great body of Roman society was less black than it has been painted for us by dramatic literature and despairing politicians. Of the manners of the imperial "set," and of the enormously rich in the city, *par excellence*, and in the great provincial centres, the less said, no doubt, the better. But it is perfectly clear that many of the old republican nobility stood disdainfully aloof from the orgies of these magnificent snobs, and cherished with rigid exclusiveness their own simpler and nobler fashions; while the great body of the ever silent middle class is likely, from the very limitation of their means, to have followed their example, rather than the other. In short, it may be doubted whether the passionate epigrams of Tacitus and the matter-of-fact coarseness of Suetonius illustrate any more fairly the average morality of the Roman people in the first century of our era than the Pall-Mall Gazette illustrates the immemorial sanctities of English domesticity; than Zola and his crew the prevailing wholesomeness and simplicity of family life in the French provinces; than Tourguenief (I will not say Tolstöi) the steadfast and rather puritanic piety, the religious resignation and virtuous traditions, long and loyally preserved, of innumerable Greek Christians in Russia. The great censors tell the truth, — alas, yes! — and tell it in words of fire which we do well to heed; but there is always another truth, humbler, broader, let us trust more fundamental, whose disciples are too modest and too truly delicate even to speak directly in their own defense.

How could there be a purer and more artless ideal of girlhood than may be gathered from Pliny's dolorous lament over the death of the daughter of his friend Fundanus? "She was not quite fifteen, but she had the composure of a

matron, the discretion of an old lady, while yet she was full of girlish graces and virginal modesty. How she used to cling to her father's neck! How shyly, yet affectionately, she would salute us, her father's friends! How she loved her nurses, her masters, her tutors! — every one for the service which he rendered her. How diligent and how clever she was in her studies, how refined and restrained in her amusements! How patiently, quietly, heroically, she bore her last illness! She obeyed her physicians, she encouraged her father and sister, and, as her strength declined, she still kept them up by the buoyancy of her spirit. All this lasted until the very end. Neither the tedium of illness nor the fear of death itself could break her down. . . . She was betrothed; the wedding-day was fixed; we had been bidden. What a change from joy to anguish!"

The vivid glimpses which we get of Pliny's youthful second wife, Calpurnia, both in the letter to her aunt Hispulla, in which he thanks the latter for having made the young lady exactly what she is, and in the two or three charming letters to herself, which are included in the collection, reveal a similar type of character; animated, perhaps, in the case of Calpurnia (since we know that she studied, with enthusiasm, the subjects in which her husband was interested), by a more brilliant and striking order of talent. For one, at least, of the love letters, the shortest, it is quite necessary to find room: —

"My longing to see you, Calpurnia, dear, is incredible. I account for it, first, by my love; and secondly, by the fact that we have so seldom been separated. This is why I lie awake so far into the night, meditating upon you. This is why, in the hours when I have been used to see you, my very feet carry me to your apartment, only to turn away again from the vacant threshold, sad and sick at heart, like a man who has been

shut out. I never forget my trouble save when I am in the Forum, engaged upon the cases of my friends. You may fancy what sort of a life I lead, when my rest is in labor and my solace in anxiety."

But there was a grander and more commanding type of Roman womanhood than Calpurnia's, or that of the poor little rose-bud whose untimely withering Pliny has so pathetically recorded; one with which the course of his life made him intimately acquainted, and which cannot have failed to exercise a deep influence on the mind of a man so sensitive to sublime and stirring emotions. The whole family history of Fannia and the two Arrias is so remarkable, and so clearly illustrates the position of the aristocratic *irréconciliables* under the empire, and the obstinate vitality of some, at least, of the primitive Roman virtues, that space must be made for an outline of it here.

In the second year of the reign of the divine Claudius, A. D. 42, twenty years before Pliny's birth, Cæcina Pætus had been sentenced to die for participation in the revolt of Scribonianus. His wife was the famous Arria of the Latin *anecdota*, with whom every schoolboy (and girl) is familiar, who stabbed herself in her husband's presence, and then handed him the knife, saying, "Pætus, it gives no pain."

But Pliny has recorded for us, in a letter to Nepos, which he prefaces by the remark that it is not always their most illustrious deeds for which people are most renowned, sundry other anecdotes of the same queen of tragedy, which invest her with a slightly softer and more human interest. Her husband and her son lay very ill at the same time. The boy died, and the mother, fearful lest the shock should prove mortal to his father, managed to conceal the fact from him for many days. She made all the arrangements for her son's funeral, giving way, when alone, to the

agony of her own grief, but contriving to assume, before her husband, a mien of perfect brightness and composure, promptly answering the father's restless inquiries by, "Bene quievit," or "Libenter cibum sumpsit," — "He has rested well," "He has taken food with a relish." "And when," says Pliny, "her tears would have their way, she would go out for a little and weep freely, and then come back, her face quite serene, — *tanquam orbitatem foris reliquisset*, — as if she had left her bereavement outside the door."

She was in Illyricum with her husband when he was arrested; and when the officers would not allow her to embark with him, she hired a small fishing-smack, and followed close in the wake of the vessel to Rome. The wife of Scribonianus was one of the witnesses against Pætus, and Arria reproached her, in the Emperor's presence, with unutterable scorn, for having survived her own husband. "Shall I listen to you," she cried, "who saw Scribonianus slain in your very arms, and yet live?" Her son-in-law, Thræsea, suspecting her purpose of suicide on the condemnation of Pætus, tried earnestly to dissuade her, and asked her if she would wish his wife, her daughter Arria, to do the like if he were condemned to die. Her answer was, "If my daughter had lived with you as long and as harmoniously as I have lived with Pætus, I would indeed." And when her children still continued to entreat her, she rose in a sort of fury, dashed her head against the wall, and fell senseless to the ground. "You see," she said to them, when they had restored her to consciousness, "I shall be able to find death by a hard way, if you deny me an easy one."

The man whom she defied was already following in his father-in-law's footsteps. Thræsea was a native of Padua. His family name was probably Fannius, whence the name of his daughter, and he was in some way related, no

doubt, to the accomplished Caius Fannius, who was engaged, at the time of his death, on a work upon the crimes of Nero, and to whom the Emperor's ghost appeared and interdicted his work, one night when he was composing in bed, according to custom. Thræsea was a prominent Stoic, and his beautiful house in Rome a favorite resort of the Stoic philosophers from Greece, and of the old Roman party generally. He was no less wretched and restive under the tyranny of Nero than Pætus had been under that of Claudius, and about the year 57, the third of Nero's reign, he incurred the undying spite of one Cossutianus Capito by supporting the Cilicians in their complaints of the maladministration of the latter, when he was governor of their province. Two years later Thræsea gave deep offense to Nero by rising and leaving the Senate before his turn came to speak, when Nero attempted to browbeat that body into a formal sanction of the murder of Agrippina. He had been accustomed to assent by silence to the craven acts of approval continually passed by the intimidated Senate, but could not, on this critical occasion, forbear a more significant protest. Nero took no notice of it at the time, but treasured his revenge. When the Senate went in a body to Antium, to congratulate the Emperor on the birth of a daughter (by Poppæa), Thræsea alone was forbidden to enter the imperial presence, and received the prohibition very calmly, as an intimation of his approaching end. He had frequently said, in his Stoic phraseology, "Nero can kill, but cannot harm, me." Now, however, instead of courting death, as his own more headstrong son-in-law, Helvidius Priscus, was to do, he simply retired from public life, and lived very quietly; but Nero was not to be appeased, and "having," in the words of Tacitus, "already put to death many eminent men, he resolved to slay virtue itself in the person of Thræsea." The

prosecution was placed in the hands of Thræsea's old enemy, Cossutianus Capito.

A certain fiery youth, — *flagrans juvenis*, — Rusticus, a tribune of the people, offered to veto the decree, but Thræsea would not suffer it. The Senate met in the Temple of Venus Genetrix, and bodies of troops guarded the place and all its avenues of approach, and intimidated that once august body into a condemnation, not, however, without the expression of many misgivings and much pity, especially for the son-in-law Helvidius. A friend of Thræsea's was appointed to carry the news of the decree to the house of the accused, and found him, at nightfall, sitting tranquilly in his garden, with the usual circle gathered about him, and talking with the Cynic philosopher Demetrius; "as it seemed, from the expression of his face, and from certain words which were overheard, concerning the nature of the soul and the severance of the spirit from the body," — *de natura animæ et dissociatione spiritus corporisque*. There was a burst of lamentation from his assembled friends, all of whom he begged to go quietly away, and not emphasize their association with a condemned man; and when his wife would fain have followed her mother's example, he forbade the sacrifice, for their children's sake.

The manner of his death being left to his own choice, he took with him into his bed-chamber Demetrius, who had brought the message, and Helvidius Priscus, the husband of Fannia, and there had the veins of both arms cut, saying as the blood gushed forth, "Let us offer a libation to Jupiter the Deliverer." "Look on, young man," he continued (no doubt to Helvidius), "and may the gods long avert the omen! Still, considering the time in which you have been born, it is well for you to stay your soul by examples of constancy." Afterwards, when he had begun to suffer agonies through the slowness of his death, he turned to Demetrius, and said —

And here, with painful abruptness, the curtain falls upon Thræsea. The Annals of Tacitus, from which these details are taken, break off at this point; and never was the pen of the peerless historian more potent, his concentrated phraseology more thoroughly charged with emotion, than in these, which, to our irremediable regret, must remain his last words for us.

It was now the turn of Helvidius Priscus, the husband of Fannia, to represent for a time the high traditions, descending regularly in the female line, of this intrepid race. He too was an ardent Stoic, "and in his youth," says Tacitus, "he had studied much, in order that he might enter upon public life with a mind fortified against misfortune."

His name was already in the mouths of men, for he had been quæstor in Achaia, where he won the love of the provincials by his righteous rule, and tribune of the people six years before. He also had a son and namesake, by an earlier marriage, at the time when he wedded Fannia, whose relations with her step-child were always, however, of the most tender and intimate character, and who appears to have succeeded in thoroughly imbuing him with the spirit of her family. A strong affection subsisted between the elder Helvidius and his father-in-law, Thræsea, and perfect accord in their political as well as philosophical principles; and they kept up until the death of the latter, according to Juvenal, the habit of solemnly celebrating, at Thræsea's house, the birth-days of Brutus and Cassius and other great republican festivals. This was, of course, a proceeding most obnoxious to the government, and Helvidius had far less of tact and circumspection than his elder. He would seem systematically to have courted the dangers which his education had prepared him to affront, and can hardly be acquitted of a certain perversity and foolhardiness in his republican protestantism. Having

escaped with only a sentence of banishment at the time of Thræsea's execution, he went with his wife, Fannia, to Apollonia in Macedonia, and remained there until Nero's death in 68. Recalled to Rome by Galba, he immediately brought to trial Eprius Marcellus, one of his father-in-law's accusers, but failed to effect his condemnation. When Galba was murdered Helvidius obtained the corpse, and saw it buried. A prætor in 70, he put himself resolutely forward in the Senate, in opposition to the tyranny of Vespasian, who was then in the East; and on the return of Vespasian to Rome, he appears to have given himself seriously and systematically to the business of browbeating the Emperor, omitting his name from all the edicts which he published as prætor, and saluting him only by his private name of Vespasian.

Epictetus, who admired Helvidius greatly, has left on record the following conversation, in which he unquestionably treated the divine Vespasian *sans façons* :—

"Vespasian forbade Helvidius Priscus to enter the Senate. Helvidius Priscus replied that so long as he was a member of that body he should attend its sessions.

Vespasian. "Then keep silence when you are there."

Helvidius Priscus. "If not asked by you for my opinion, I will keep silent."

V. "But I am obliged to ask it."

H. P. "Then I must say what seems to me just."

V. "If you do, I will put you to death."

H. P. "Did I ever claim that I was immortal? You do your part, and I will do mine. Yours is to kill, mine to die without fear; yours to banish, mine to go into exile without repining."

And banished he accordingly was, along with Fannia, and shortly after murdered, judicially, in exile.

The Emperor is said, however, to have

repented of the order for his execution, and to have endeavored to recall it, when too late. Fannia immediately took measures to have her husband's biography written, in a republican sense, by Herennius Senecio, who lost his life in consequence of his performance; and the resolute widow was again requested to withdraw, and henceforth keep her distance from Rome.

Meanwhile, her step-son and pupil, the second Helvidius Priscus, who was probably very near the age of Pliny, and had become one of his most intimate friends, was ready and apparently eager to take up the banner of opposition. All that we know concerning the circumstances of *his* banishment is contained in a letter written by Pliny to Quadratus, who had been reading with great interest the official report of the proceedings in the Senate, when, immediately on the accession of Nerva in 96, Pliny publicly arraigned the accusers of the second Helvidius, and, after conducting the case with great skill and spirit, triumphantly secured his rehabilitation. Quadratus now writes, asking for some further particulars of the affair, which Pliny willingly gives, congratulating himself upon the whole matter very frankly.

His knightly reputation as the natural defender of distressed ladies appears in the fact that it was he to whom Anteia, the wife of the younger Helvidius, instantly applied for sympathy and help, when the incubus which had paralyzed the whole civilized world for fifteen years was lifted by the death of Domitian. All the preliminary consultations appear to have been held with those three patriotic women of three successive generations, — Anteia, Fannia, the widow of the elder Helvidius Priscus, and the aged Arria, the still surviving widow of Thræsea; the last two having but just returned to Rome after their third exile.

It was a time of great private sorrow with Pliny, for the wife of his own youth

was only a few weeks dead; but he would not suffer his personal depression to interfere with his public duty and the vindication of his friend's name. "I reflected," he observes naively, "the moment Domitian was dead, that now I had got a great and noble opportunity to succor those who had been suffering unjustly, to arraign the true criminals, and to *bring myself forward*. And though I was devotedly attached not only to Helvidius, but to Arria and Fannia, yet I was less influenced by personal affection than by civic indignation, reverence for law, and the desire of furnishing a righteous precedent."

Before resuming the thread of Pliny's own history, we may notice the only two allusions which the letters contain to the subsequent fortunes of the family of Thræsea. Both are of a peculiar and affecting character. In a letter to one Priscus, perhaps a relative of his friend, Pliny deplores the dangerous illness of Fannia, contracted through exposure and fatigue at the bedside of Junia, a vestal virgin, whom she had been nursing, at first voluntarily, afterwards by order of the pontiffs. It was the regular custom, if the vestals fell seriously ill, that they should be removed from their house in the Forum, and delivered to the care of some distinguished Roman matron; but Fannia's strength, which may well have been impaired by the shocks and hardships of her life, had broken down under the strain. She had a racking cough and obstinate fever, and seemed to be failing in rapid consumption. Pliny had evidently no hope, and he dwells with mournful admiration on the retrospect of her noble life. He recalls how, during the trial of Senecio for having written her husband's memoir, Fannia was interrogated as to whether she had requested the preparation of the book. "I did request it," was her quiet answer. "And did you furnish notes to the narrative?" "I did." "Was your mother Arria privy to your inten-

tion?" "She was not." From first to last, says Pliny, not a quiver in her intonations, not a sign of fear. "And yet," he proceeds, "how gentle she was, how polished! Just as lovable as she was admirable!" And he adds that he shall feel as if the foundations of his own house were shaken when Fannia is no more.

The one remaining reference to the doom which seemed to pursue this interesting race relates how the younger Helvidius had two beautiful daughters, both of whom were early married, and died within a few days of each other, each in her first confinement, and leaving an infant girl.

The year in which Pliny secured the reversal of the sentence against his friend Helvidius — that of the accession of Nerva — was the thirty-fifth of his own age. He was now in the flower of his manly prime, and in the seventeen years which had elapsed since he said good-by to his ill-fated home at Misenum he had made himself an honorable and, as the rather capricious Muse of History has willed it, an undying name. He was a successful lawyer, with a large and very lucrative practice. He was renowned as one of the most accomplished scholars of his day, an enthusiastic student and unstinted patron of letters. He was on terms of intimacy with all the other literati of the period, — with Tacitus, Martial, Suetonius, and Silicus Italicus, — and was a great favorite in society.

With Tacitus he had a warm and enduring friendship, untroubled by the faintest touch of jealousy on Pliny's part, who freely acknowledged his own inferiority to the great historian. "I was never more flattered in my life," he writes to his friend Maximus, "than by something which Tacitus told me the other day. He said that, during the last games in the circus, he was sitting next a Roman knight, with whom he fell into quite a learned conversation. At last

the knight said, 'Excuse me, but are you a Roman or a provincial?' Tacitus replied, 'I think you must know me by my works.' 'Oh, then,' cried the knight, 'you are either Tacitus or Pliny, and which?' I cannot begin to tell you," Pliny adds, "how delightful this was to me."

Scattered through the nine books of letters of Pliny's own editing there are a score or more to Tacitus, most of them relating to literary matters, of which the flavor has pretty thoroughly evaporated, thereby offering a strange contrast to the universal and imperishable human interest of the story of the great eruption. On one occasion he naively suggests that Tacitus should find a place in his history for a detailed account of the celebrated suit which he and Herennius Senecio (the man who suffered for writing the life of Helvidius at Fannia's request) had successfully conducted, on behalf of the province of Bætica, against its unprincipled governor, Bæbius Massa.

There was undoubtedly a touch of vanity in our friend's composition, but vanity, after all, of that candid and lovable sort which goes along with a disposition to take the most favorable view of all humanity, one's self included. Self-praise, moreover, was not thought unbecoming by the Romans.

In the years between twenty and thirty-five, Pliny had gone through the regular grades of public office which had to be traversed by every Roman who aspired to political distinction. He had been decemvir under Domitian in 81, military tribune in 82, when he served with the army in Syria, quæstor in 87, tribune of the people in 91, and soon afterwards prætor. He tells us in one place that he abstained from pleading causes during his tribunate; and several circumstances go to show that he found it both agreeable and prudent to keep as much as possible in the shade during the last three frenzied

years of Domitian. It appeared, after the death of the tyrant, that Pliny's escape had been rather narrow, for a complaint had already been lodged against him by the notorious informer Regulus, which would undoubtedly have been prosecuted if the Emperor had lived longer. Now, however, an honorable career was once more open to the talents of decent men. In 98, when Pliny had been, as before mentioned, disappointed in the hope of an heir by his second marriage, he received from Trajan, who had just succeeded Nerva, a grant of the immunities awarded to the father of three children, and was made prefect of the treasury of Saturn. In the year 100, at the age of thirty-eight, he was consul with Tertullus, in 101 he was made commissioner of the Tiber, in 103 he was augur. It was during these crowded and upon the whole brilliantly successful years that Pliny became possessed, over and above his patrimonial estates, of those two beautiful country-seats of which he was so extravagantly fond, and of which he has left us a curiously detailed description: the suburban villa, namely, at Laurentum on the Mediterranean, a few miles from Ostia, to which he could ride down from Rome after a day's work in the courts; and the great Tuscan farm at Tifernum on the Tiber, the modern Città di Castello. The description of the Laurentine villa in particular is so circumstantial that every reader thinks, until he has tried, that it would be perfectly easy to reconstruct it. Various attempts have been made, which differ rather amusingly among themselves, the best being undoubtedly that of a Frenchman named Haudebourt, who visited the spot in 1830, and was confident that he discovered authentic remains of the building within the limits of the estate of Castel Fusano. The general plan of the house is, however, perfectly clear. It was a long, low structure, fronting the Mediterranean shore, and set close

to the water's edge, which has advanced about half a mile since Pliny's day. From the entrance-hall at the back, which was approached by a driveway through closely set shrubbery, you passed on through a "D-shaped court," surrounded by pillars, and a second hall, to the chief dining-room of the mansion, which projected over the sea from the centre of the front, so that, as Pliny says, "you heard through windows, open on three sides, the lapping of the waves, and looked back through the long vista of halls and courts and entrance porch to the woods in the rear of the villa, and the Alban hills beyond." The wing of the mansion which extended along the Mediterranean leftwards from the state dining-room was only one story in height, and terminated in a library, with book-shelves and cabinets built into the wall, and "curved into an apse, so that its windows might take the sun all round." The wing which ran backwards toward the woods, at a right angle from the first, contained the rooms appropriated to the slaves; "but they are so nice," observes the master, with honorable pride, "that they might serve for my guests as well." On the other side—to the right, that is to say, of the projecting *triclinium*—came a group of living or reception rooms: first a *cubiculum politissimum*; ¹ then a *pièce* which might serve either for a parlor or a small supper-room, "exceedingly bright, with sunshine and a broad sea-view;" behind this two small suites of parlor and bedroom, "sheltered from all the winds." Then came the elaborate arrangement of baths indispensable in the house of a Roman gentleman; then two towers, with delightful rooms in the upper stories; then a tennis-court, and a garden "sweet with violets" and surrounded by walks bordered with rosemary and box, and *pergole* wreathed

¹ A *cubiculum* was any room furnished with couches. If it were merely a bedroom, it was usually called a *cubiculum nocturnum*.

in vines. These charming pleasure-grounds were again embraced and sheltered on two sides, for on the front they were open to the sea, by what Pliny evidently considered the great architectural feature of his mansion, — a long colonnade, with an arrangement of casements which could be closed on the side from which the wind blew, so that it was always pleasant to walk there, and which, by the style of its architecture, was really, he opines, more suitable for a public work than for the modest dwelling of a private individual. Where the cloister abutted on the sea, there was a third tower, with an apartment reserved for the master's sole behoof, where he could shut himself up to his favorite studies, and feel "as if he had retired from the villa itself."

But after all, the Laurentine villa was only a *bijou*, an unpretending suburban retreat from the social and professional excitements of the city close at hand. The Tuscan estate was very different. A much more magnificent house was there, and a great farm also, with laborers' dwellings and agricultural activities on a large scale. There Pliny was lord of the manor, patron and benefactor of the whole region round, and especially of the town of Tifernum, whose temple he rebuilt at his own expense; and he defers by a few days a promised visit with his new wife to her grandfather and guardian, because it would never do for them not both to be present at its dedication. There also, by way of performing his whole duty as a country gentleman, he sometimes hunted in the mountains, though the genuine sportsman will smile to hear that he always took his book along, and will be quite ready to join in the mirth which was evidently excited by the fact that once he actually trapped three boars, sitting and reading, all the while, in sight of the nets.

Here in Umbria, as everywhere, he reveled in the scenery: "The outlines

of the landscape are most beautiful. Imagine a sort of immense natural amphitheatre, a broad plain surrounded by mountains, which are clothed to their summits in magnificent old woods. . . . The summer climate is balmy. There is always life in the air, but they are breezes rather than winds which blow there. . . . The meadows, which are starred with flowers, produce clover and other herbage of the sweetest and most tender quality. They are watered by a multitude of small streams, tributaries of the Tiber, which is still navigable where it divides my fields, and, though shrunk in summer, is quite equal in winter and in spring to taking my produce to the city. The view of the site from the mountain above is enchanting. You seem to be gazing upon some exquisitely composed picture rather than upon solid land." (How true this is to the curiously ideal character, the inalienable *picturesque*, of the Italian landscape in all time!) "The villa crowns the summit of a low hill, and the ascent is so gradual that you make it unconsciously. Far behind are the Apennines." The beauteous region commanded by the windows of this country home, the valley of the upper Tiber traversed by the great Flaminian highway, was then cultivated through all its length, and overflowing with the glorious abundance of the most generous land on earth. It was reserved, during the next few centuries, for ruthless ravage and ultimate desolation. It was to be the marching-ground of all the great barbarian armies. The hordes of Alaric and Attila, the slightly more disciplined forces of Odoacer and Theodoric, of Witigis and Belisarius, surged back and forth over that fair expanse; taking and retaking its strongholds, trampling upon its crops, feasting on its fatness, burning its villages, murdering its tenantry. But no prevision of those ghastly scenes in the long death agony of the Roman state troubled the bright

outlook of the kindly lord of Tifernum, who thought—as everybody else did, in the relief of that particular moment—that the affairs of the world had once for all taken a decided turn for good, with the accession of Trajan to the empire.

In the year 103 Pliny received the enviable appointment of governor of Bithynia, in Asia Minor; and the only letters of his which can be referred to the time of his residence abroad are official communications to Trajan on matters connected with the administration of his province. These have been preserved, along with the answers of the Emperor, in the tenth and last book of the collection. To the student of general history they are more important than all the rest; but to the *dilettante*, who is merely looking for illustrations of the nature of the man and his family and social environment, they are, with one notable exception, inferior in interest to the less formal epistles. They show Pliny ever anxious, as we might have expected, to further the interests of the provincials; cautious and conscientious almost to a fault in administering their affairs. He will not, even in the smallest matter, act upon his own responsibility solely; and Trajan, whose wise answers reveal a singular breadth and liberality of mind as well as great practical good sense, appears almost vexed sometimes at being so incessantly referred to. Pliny is full of enthusiasm about all matters connected with the sanitary improvement and external decoration of the cities of his province, and Trajan shows himself wisely indulgent, the friend of all true progress. Only when Pliny begs to have artists and skilled laborers sent from Rome, that the works in question may be accomplished in the highest style, Trajan very properly insists that he shall make use, as far as possible, of local talent and of native craftsmen.

But suddenly, amid this mass of anti-

quoted and mildly interesting matter, the qualification of by-gone fancies and discussion of long-perished interests, a chord is touched which vibrates in our own hearts, and that intensely. When Pliny has fortified his anxious mind by seeking the Emperor's direct advice on the weighty matters of the theatre to be repaired at Nicæa, and the baths to be rebuilt at Claudiopolis, and the introduction of water by an aqueduct into Nicomedia, he ventures, with a somewhat more than usually apologetic pre-*amble*, to request more specific directions concerning the course he is to pursue with reference to that large and rapidly increasing secret society, whose members call themselves Christians. Are they to be condemned, he asks, without distinction of age and sex, and are they to be pardoned if they show themselves repentant? (*Detur ne penitentia venia*. And strangely indeed the employment strikes us of the very phraseology so soon to be appropriated to the uses of what was then the party of the future!) Must these people be punished merely for the name they bear, whether or no it may have been associated with acts of insubordination? Pliny professes to have mixed himself up in this perplexing matter as little as possible, and says that when complaints were lodged against members of the sect, or society, in question, his custom was merely to ask the accused if they were Christians. If they assented, the inquiry was repeated twice, accompanied by a threat of torture. If they confessed a third time, *they were ordered to be taken away*. "For I considered it my duty," says Pliny, "to punish them for their inflexible and positively vicious obstinacy, without reference to what they said. . . . There was presented to me," he goes on, "an anonymous document, containing the names of a great many who denied that they were or ever had been Christians. These men I summoned, and if they invoked the

gods, and offered wine and frankincense to your likeness, which I had caused to be placed among the images of the gods for this very purpose, and if they also cursed the name of Christ, I considered that they ought to be let go. *They say, however, that those who are truly Christians cannot be coerced into doing any one of these things.* There were those who admitted that they had once been Christians, some three years ago, and some more, but none so many as twenty; and these did curse the Christ. However, even these protested that the sum and substance of their offense had been that they were accustomed to meet together on a certain day, before light, and sing a hymn to Christ as it were to a god, and take a sort of oath (*sacramentum*), not for any wicked purpose; but that they would never commit theft, or adultery, or violence of any kind, or break their word, or abuse a trust; and that after the ceremony I have described they separated, meeting together only to take their food at a common table, quite promiscuously, but without any improprieties; and that they had desisted from doing even this after that edict of mine, issued in accordance with your command, for the suppression of *hetairias*. I thought it the more needful on this account that two female slaves, who were called *ministrae*, should be examined by torture; but even so I found no proof of anything more than an insensate and depraved superstition. I therefore suspended the inquiry, and hereby refer the matter to you."

Once again he apologizes, on the ground of the rapid spread of this infection among all sorts of people, and that, not in the large towns only, but among the rural population. On the other hand, he adds, it is undoubtedly true that a great many deserted temples have lately been reoccupied, and solemn services restored where they had been intermitted for a long time. The sale of

victims for sacrifice has also become much more brisk, and on the whole it seems to the optimistic governor that everything is ready for a great revival, if only a *locus penitentiæ* be offered to the erring.

No one can fail to detect the resemblance between Pliny's tone with reference to Christianity and that in which a modern conservative statesman, of a mild disposition, might speak of Nihilism, or any other secret and presumably dangerous organization of to-day. Is there anywhere, at this moment, a reigning sovereign at once philosophic and secure enough to emulate the temperance and magnanimity of Trajan's concise reply?

"I fully approve, my dear Secundus, of the course which you have pursued toward those who were accused before you of being Christians. It is not possible to lay down a rule which shall be applicable to every case; but, in general, it is not advisable for you to seek out these men. If they are actually accused before you, and the accusations established, they must be punished, of course. But if they deny that they are now Christians, and substantiate their denial by invoking our gods, then, whatever suspicion may attach to them in the past, they are, by all means, to be pardoned. Anonymous accusations are not to be received in the case of any offense whatever. They furnish the worst possible precedent, and are not in harmony with the spirit of our time."

It is very difficult to understand, in view of these candid and perspicuous letters, how the story can ever have been started that Pliny himself became a Christian in Bithynia. Anything more profoundly, artlessly, sincerely, and, so to speak, righteously pagan it would be impossible to imagine. It was exactly seventy years after the death of our Lord. Verginius and Cæcina Pætus, even Thrasea and the elder Pliny, were contemporary with Him.

Yet the "fruits of the spirit" ripened richly in many of those pagan souls. Who dare deny it? The most enlightened Christian benevolence could not well have devised anything more wise and noble than the benefactions which Pliny made in his lifetime to his beloved native place, and the bequests by which these were supplemented. He gave a public library to Como, and the interest of a large amount for its maintenance. He established a school of rhetoric there, agreeing to pay a third part of the salary of the professor, provided the rest were subscribed by the citizens. He also pledged a considerable sum, secured by a sort of mortgage upon landed property of his along the lake, the interest of which was to be applied to the education of the children of poor gentlemen and to providing dowries for the girls. He left money for the establishment of public baths at Como, and there may still be seen, in the Brera at Milan, a mutilated stone containing a fragment of the inscription in his honor, supposed to have been set above the entrance to the building. There was yet another sum of money, the interest of which was to be divided among a hundred of his own freedmen, so long as any of these survived; and when they were all gone it was to be applied to an annual public festival for the entire population of Como. It is plain that he thought out the conditions of his charities as carefully as the most scrupulous philanthropist of modern days could do. To his slaves he was, in the best sense of the word, a paternal ruler: watching them in illness; mourning their loss; remitting their burdens if the crops were bad; encouraging them to make wills, and seeing that the provisions of these testaments were carried out; sending one of his freedmen to Forum Julii (Fréjus) on the Riviera, in the hope of curing his cough, with as many injunctions to his friend Paullinus, to whose care he recommends him, as if

he were introducing an invalid of the greatest consequence. And what shall we say of the letter to Geminus, in which he so gracefully expounds his refined and almost transcendental theory of "motes" and "beams"? "I consider him the most excellent and admirable of all men," he writes, "who overlooks the errors of others, on the ground that he himself sins every day, and yet strives as earnestly to abstain from sin as if he never overlooked a fault in any one. Let us all endeavor, at home, abroad, in every situation of life, to be implacable to ourselves, but merciful to others, even to those who never pardon any but themselves. Let us never forget the word of that gentlest, and for the selfsame reason that greatest, of men, Thræsa, — 'He who hates vices hates men.'"

And there is another letter to the same Geminus, with whom he seems to have been fond of discussing the higher ethics, in which he speaks of some one whom Geminus had praised for his liberality to certain persons. "And I praise him, too," replies Pliny, "provided he has not been liberal to these alone. I would have a man generous to his country, his neighbors, his kindred, his friends, and most of all *his poor friends*. Not like some who are most lavish with those who are able to give most to them."

The last of Pliny's letters to Trajan announces the death of his wife's grandfather, Calpurnius Fabatus, his own townsman and highly valued friend, who had done something toward filling the place in his life left void by the deaths of Verginius and Corellius, eight years before. Pliny explains that, under the circumstances, he has broken over his hitherto invariable rule, and sent Calpurnia back to Italy under an imperial safe-conduct, that she may arrive as early as possible; and Trajan answers graciously that the step, though irregular, was quite justifiable. This is

literally the last we hear of Calpurnia, and there are only the most meagre subsequent allusions in the classical writers to Pliny himself. It was probably the second and last year of his administration in Bithynia, and he was then forty-three years of age. All the authorities are agreed that he died under fifty, but it cannot have been, as one writer maintains, while still abroad, since we have a letter, dated ten years after the death of Verginius, — that is to say in 106, — in which he writes, with warm indignation, of the laziness and bad faith of the person who had been charged with the erection of the great man's monument. Pliny left no children by either marriage.

All the more, perhaps, because the place, time, and manner of his death are uncertain, because his familiar name vanishes without flourish or warning from the records in which it occupied for a time so interesting and conspicuous a place, do we seem to feel his

genial presence beside us in every spot with which that name is associated; most of all in those whose beauty, by intense appreciation and affection, he has made peculiarly his own. As we loiter along the shores of Como, we always fancy him sitting in the shade, high up on some wooded hillside, lost, for the time being, to all outward sights and sounds in his beloved book, while airy huntsmen follow their prey along the sylvan reaches. Or, haply, we are threading the enchanted solitude of the mysterious *pineta* upon the Ostian shore; and as we stoop to add to our gathered clusters of pale pink heath a little pale blue rosemary, "for remembrance" of him, we hear the tapping of an elastic footstep upon the mossy flag-stones of the path behind us, and an outstretched hand waves gayly and invitingly toward a glade in the dim forest, through which we see gleam, for a moment, in all their pristine glory, the sunny colonnades of the Laurentine villa.

Harriet Waters Preston.

KING RAEDWALD.

WILL you hear now the speech of King Raedwald, — heathen Raedwald, the simple yet wise?

He, the ruler of North-folk and South-folk, a man open-browed as the skies,
Held the eyes of the eager Italians with his blue, bold, Englishman's eyes.

In his hall, on his throne, so he sat, with the light of the fire on him full:
Colored bright as the ring of red gold on his hand, fit to buffet a bull,
Was the mane that grew down on his neck, was the beard he would ponder-
ing pull.

To the priests, to the eager Italians, thus fearless he poured his free speech:
"O my honey-tongued fathers, I turn not away from the faith that ye teach!
Not the less hath a man many moods, and may ask a religion for each.

"Grant that all things are well with the realm on a delicate day of the spring,
Easter month, time of hopes and of swallows! The praises, the psalms that
ye sing,
As in pleasant accord they float heavenward, are good in the ears of the king.

"Then the heart bubbles forth with clear waters, to the tune of this wonder-word Peace,
From the chanting and preaching whereof ye who serve the white Christ never cease;
And your curly, soft incense ascending enwraps my content like a fleece.

"But a churl comes adrip from the rivers, pants me out, fallen spent on the floor,
'O King Raedwald, Northumberland marches, and to-morrow knocks hard at thy door,
Hot for melting thy crown on the hearth!' Then commend me to Woden and Thor!

"Could I sit then and listen to preachments on turning the cheek to the blow,
And saying a prayer for the smiter, and holding my seen treasure low
For the sake of a treasure unseen? By the sledge of the Thunderer, no!

"For my thought flashes out as a sword, cleaving counsel as clottage of cream;
And your incense and chanting are but as the smoke of burnt towns and the scream;
And I quaff me the thick mead of triumph from enemies' skulls in my dream!

"And 't is therefore this day I resolve me — for King Raedwald will cringe not, nor lie! —
I will bring back the altar of Woden; in the temple will have it, hard by
The new altar of this your white Christ. As my mood may decide, worship I!"

So he spake in his large self-reliance, — he, a man open-browed as the skies;
Would not measure his soul by a standard that was womanish-weak to his eyes,
Smite his breast and go on with his sinning, — savage Raedwald, the simple yet wise!

And the centuries bloom o'er his barrow. But for us, — have we mastered it quite,
The old riddle, that sweet is strong's outcome, the old marvel, that meekness is might,
That the child is the leader of lions, that forgiveness is force at its height?

When we summon the shade of rude Raedwald, in his candor how king-like he towers!
Have the centuries, over his slumber, only borne sterile falsehoods for flowers?
Pray you, what if Christ found him the nobler, having weighed his frank manhood with ours?

Helen Gray Cone.

VALENTINE'S CHANCE.

I.

THE May day was so soft and warm that Dr. John Valentine flung himself on the ground, at the edge of the pond. Alder and oak bushes shaded his head. Swamplands rose just above the surface of the water, and with their wet greenness hid from his eyes the current of the river, whose gentle ripples defined its course through the smoother waters. Valentine's boat was moored near him, its keel well aground in the shallows. Behind him a steep bank rose to the level of the fields, which sloped away to the village. The river changed its direction when it left the pond, and cut the village in halves; then turned again, and sought the southern tide waters.

Valentine stared a moment at a robin which stood with an erect head near his feet, and then took out a block of paper and began to write. He was a wealthy youth, and neglected his office hours to scribble. Failure had not yet seared his faith, and he believed that what he so ardently longed to say some one must really need to hear. An unuttered thought seemed to him like a seed that does not germinate, something wasted. He came of a country family of good standing in an inland Massachusetts district. His people were the "best people" of the neighborhood, and the lad had grown up among kinsfolk who read good books and exercised a generous social spirit, although they lived simply, and kept a healthy interest in the soil, in seed-time and harvest, in cattle and in trees. Thus between the influences of nature and culture, he grew refined, sensitive, emotional, and well-bred. He had had enough town life to perfect, but not enough to wear away, the outlines of his character. Noble manners and real thoughts had held such authority in the

life with which he was familiar, that the rules by which conventional people govern themselves seemed chiefly amusing to him. An inheritance of anti-slavery blood contributed to render easy his disregard of trammels. He had never learned to be afraid of his own individuality, but his sweet nature had hindered him from thinking it necessary to assert that individuality by being disagreeable. A self-analyzing tendency was the one thing in him which endangered his growth in sunny and vigorous manhood. Here lay the germ of possibly morbid action or ruinous introversion.

The robin sped away, and Valentine wrote on through the May afternoon, till steps sounded from the narrow path which led along the bank half-way up the slope, and a girl's voice, odd and sweet, broke upon the quiet. Valentine perceived that she was speaking Canadian French. Suddenly, there was the noise of some one slipping, tearing at the bushes, and then a man came crashing down and fell headlong, muttering an oath, at Valentine's feet. The girl gave a quick cry and darted after him.

"Jack and Jill," said the doctor, rising in amazement. But the girl had not fallen, although she was already on her knees beside the man. Valentine lifted the fellow up and set him against the bank, and looked at him with disgusted interest.

"He drunk," said the girl in a matter-of-fact tone.

The man did not seem to be hurt, but very much dazed.

"What you bring me such a place for, Rose Beauvais?" he asked, accusing her stupidly in French. "Course I fall."

"Well, you sit still now," she answered calmly. "Don't you go home

till night. Then no one will see how horrid you look. Promise me."

He turned his great, beautiful eyes on her. The smile that crossed his lips, though silly with intoxication, still had something of the flashing radiance mingled with sweetness so characteristic of the smiles of his race.

"I don't know," he said.

She looked in the man's face, and replied in an unmoved tone, "I know."

Valentine watched her curiously. She seemed to be about fifteen years old. She wore a coarse dark jersey and a short calico skirt. Her shoes were rough and tied with strings. She put a thin, long hand on the Canadian's shoulder. There were flecks of cotton on her jersey and the factory stain was on her fingers, but there was a peculiar youthful grace in her figure and motions.

"You will stay," she said, and the Canadian nodded. She stood up then, and for an instant her eyes met Valentine's frankly. To his surprise, he felt a momentary awkwardness and was overcome by a sense that he had been *de trop* in this scene.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked hastily.

She answered, "No," in English, and to the other continued in French, "You stay here, Frank, and I'll bring you some supper."

The man was too drowsy to reply. She regarded him with serious but undisturbed gaze. It struck the doctor that drunkenness might be a familiar factor in her life. She turned away at last, and without any parting salutation went along the river bank towards the village. Valentine spoke to the Canadian, but receiving no response picked up his writing materials from the dirt, climbed the bank, and crossed some fields to the road, and to a farm-house on the opposite side. This farm-house stood a little distance from the village, and the farm belonging to it extended on both sides of the road, forming a portion

of the country dividing the Blackbird Hollow village from the town above it. Valentine boarded at this house. It was not a good place for his practice, but he was indifferent to that, his stay in the village being in the nature of an experiment preparatory to his serious settling down to professional life.

The evening continued mild, and a little before sunset Valentine seated himself in a hammock under a spreading apple-tree, whose buds were beginning to show themselves pink in the balmy air.

He was reading Miss Burney's Letters by the fading light, when a little wagon came up the path, drawn by a white goat. A rosy girl, wearing an unnecessarily warm red hood, sat on the corner of the wagon and drove. Two big buckets were the freight. Two dark-eyed boys walked at the goat's head, and ever and anon tugged at the animal to make her go faster. A girl, whom Valentine recognized as the Rose Beauvais whom he had seen in the afternoon, walked behind the absurd equipage. A little boy in petticoats ran out from the house, his short yellow curls dancing all over his head and shining in the light.

"Oh, the *swell* boys have come!" he cried, and joined the children as they went on to the barn. Valentine had seen them before. They gathered up swill in the village, and brought it to Farmer Pettingell's pigs. Rose did not go to the barn, but, after loitering in an aimless way near the kitchen door for a few minutes, she sat down on the step.

Mrs. Pettingell came out of the house, bringing a pitcher and tumbler.

"Have some buttermilk?" she called to Valentine.

"Yes, thank you."

As he took the glass, he inhaled the odor of new-made butter which clung about her hands. When he had drunk, she beckoned to Rose, and poured out some milk for her in the tumbler which Valentine had just emptied.

"I guess I'll get some doughnuts for them children," said she, and went into the house.

Valentine glanced at Rose, and decided that she was not very pretty. She had very luminous, soft eyes, but she was pale. Even the lips lacked color, though they were beautifully cut, and her features were a little thin. Her black hair was braided and scarcely reached her shoulders. A perfectly straight bang covered her forehead. She held a pack-age in one hand.

"Is that the supper for that man?" asked Valentine, at last. It did not seem necessary to use any ceremony with her. She flushed, and drew her fingers across her lips.

"Yes."

"Do you think he has stayed where you left him?"

"Oh, yes. He be afraid to go away."

"Afraid of what?"

She smiled as if she did not mean to tell, and Valentine asked, —

"Who is he?"

"He Joe's brudther."

"And who is Joe?"

"Oh, Joe, — a machinist in the Jeffreys mill. He come first. So when the brudther come, work in machine shop too, ev'rybody not know his name. The boss, ev'rybody, call him Joe's brudther. Only we, — we call him Frank."

"You knew him before?"

"Yes, in Canada. Always."

What an odd, sweet note was in her voice! A light came into her eyes.

"She is pretty, after all," thought the young man, and he said aloud, "He's a bad fellow. Not good company for you."

She laughed, and turned her body slightly, without moving her feet. Here, the children came rushing back with the goat and empty buckets, calling to her as they passed, — dark, rosy creatures, whose vivid coloring made the American child toddling after them look insipid.

"You go home!" she cried. "I come

by and by." She turned back to Valentine, and spoke quietly: "No, Joe's brudther not bad fellow." It was evidently a little difficult for her to find and utter the words she wanted. Her pretty lips seemed to stumble over the sounds. "Him never get drunk before. Something trouble him. He feel bad. He no work to-day. Some fellows get him off, — tease him. He tell me. It lucky I fine him. I make him stay in the woods. He do so no more. It be all right."

Again that flashing smile, so bright, so unintelligent. Valentine did not feel pleased. At this moment, little Bobby Pettingell, tired of following the goat wagon with ineffectual feet, came up the path crying. Rose led him to the kitchen door. His mother met them, and he extended his tiny arms far beyond his sleeves, and turned up a tear-stained face, saying, "Please do sumfin' to comfort me."

Rose came slowly back to the apple-tree.

"Do you work in Mr. Jeffreys' mill?" asked Valentine.

"Yes."

"You were not at work to-day."

"No, I been sick; so stay out this week. Monday, I go in."

"Do you like to work?"

"I no mind in winter. Like to be in mill as well as anywhere then. Only getting up in morning, — so cold and dark. I think that bad. My fadther have to come up an' wake me."

"And in summer?"

"Oh," she cried, with soft energy, "I like to be out-doors in summer, an' feel the air. I guess I lazy. Celia," she went on, "s'e sit in the sitting-room, an' we have an organ, an' s'e play on it. An' Georgine sew the clothes, when s'e not in the mill, an' the little girls sweep up an' mind the baby, but I never stay in the house. I stand by the gate, an' see the people, an' go in the woods, an' look at the sky."

She smiled, as if she thought herself both whimsical and amusing.

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I weave. I run six looms. White goods. I could n't do the colored goods. So much harder. That would make me sick."

These words called his attention to the dark shade under her eyes.

"I must go now," she said at last, paused, then added, "You not tell about Joe's brudther?"

"No. Good-by, Rose."

He nodded, felt ashamed of his scant courtesy, touched his hat, grew suddenly more ashamed, and went hurriedly into the house, saying to himself, "She has real beauty even now. She might grow to be very beautiful, but I suppose she will marry that drunken fellow and get coarse."

Poor Frank was sober enough when Rose reached him; that is, he was sober enough to cry and say that he was sure Celia would never speak to him now, seeing that she was mad at him before, just because Georgine said she saw him talking with that Rosalba Pluff, — and it was not he that was with her; it was Joe. "Celia don't like men that drink," he remarked, as if it was a peculiar taste on her part.

"You'd better not drink, then," said Rose coolly.

"But this time," he answered dejectedly, "it would shame me to hide it." He sighed, then rose like a man. "I was a fool," he muttered. "I will go tell her I was a fool."

"I don't dare not tell her," he added in a puzzled tone. "Celia not like other girls. I could n't lie to her."

"Well, I think it's the best way," assented his companion.

They went to the village together. The Beauvais family lived in a square old house, with a big elm and two old pines standing in the yard. Celia sat alone on the doorstep. She was a

brown-haired woman, with soft gray eyes, a square chin and cheek, and a large, sweet mouth. She had not so much beauty as her young lover, but was pleasant to look upon. Rose stopped at the gate. Frank went up to Celia.

"I been lonesome," he faltered, and then told all his misery and his error. Rose looked over her shoulder at intervals to see how matters progressed, and when at last Frank sat down by her sister she whirled about and came demurely towards them. Celia's eyes were moist. Frank's cheeks were very red. He smiled like a child at Rose.

"I feel good," he said.

II.

On Memorial Day the French Canadians of Blackbird Hollow held a picnic in the pine grove that skirted the southern bank of the river and extended along the side of the pond. Curiosity led Valentine to the scene. The amusements were of the ordinary kind. There was a pig to be given to the person who guessed nearest to its exact weight. Some boys were shooting at a target. Dark-skinned young fellows exchanged laughing impertinences with dark-eyed girls. Men and women chatted. Children ran about. A crowd gathered round a platform where there were music and dancing. Everybody had a foreign color and air. Only the solemn pines and the brilliant blue sky looked American.

Valentine wandered about till he discovered Rose Beauvais, standing a little apart from those who were watching the dancers. One or two boys went up to her, and he saw her shake her head to them. After some irresolute moments he walked across under some hemlocks, and stood in front of her.

"Why don't you dance?" he asked.

"I not know how."

"You could learn."

"I not want to learn. They say, 'Come, we show you.' I not want to be shown."

He looked at her curiously, till a low, clear voice broke on his ear.

"Jack!"

He turned to receive Miss Jeffreys' outstretched hand. She smiled at him from her father's side: a tall, fair woman, whose blonde hair grew low on her forehead, so that she could push it back, and still have a soft, fluffy effect of gold under her broad hat. Valentine knew her well. Usually, when they met, they talked about music, for which each had a fancy, that each supposed to be a passion. Now she exclaimed at the beauty of the French Canadians. While she spoke Rose glided away.

"See those two girls," said Miss Jeffreys. "Don't they make you think of plump pigeons?"

Joe's brother was approaching, with a girl on his arm, dressed in blue. Behind him came another man, with a fair girl in a gray gown. The men were not quite at their ease, but the women held their heads calmly erect. Both wore big hats and showy gilt bracelets, and carried their gloved hands folded in front of their round, firm waists.

"The blonde is the prettier," said Miss Jeffreys. "She looks like a very amiable heifer. But what a face the other has! So serious and fine."

Mr. Jeffreys spoke: "They are the daughters of Beauvais, one of our carpenters. That girl who was here when we came up is another. One is a bride, I believe. Did you notice her slippers? French Canadian brides always go around in slippers. There is Beauvais, now."

He pointed to a heavily built man holding two little girls by the hand.

"Oh, I know the little girls!" cried Miss Jeffreys, going up to them. Pretty soon she returned, leading the children. "Now sing," said the lady.

They looked shyly at each other, giggled, and then two sweet, childish voices rang out, singing a little *patois* song, beginning, —

"Travaille bien, chère petite,
Enfile ta première aiguille."

The people near by stopped their talking to listen. Beauvais's wife, a plump, matronly woman, carrying a small child, joined her husband. Valentine stared at Rose, who came to her mother's side. He had begun to take in the fact that it was the girl in blue who was Frank's bride.

"I like the French people," said Mr. Jeffreys, when the children had stopped singing, and the group had melted away. "But all that the girls think of is to get hats with big feathers. Most of them are very dirty in their houses."

"Dirt is picturesque," said his daughter.

"A stale sentiment!" retorted her father. "We can't keep the tenements from being indecently full. They take boarders, and pretend they're all one family. But they are quick and intelligent, and save money, which they take back to Canada. They don't come here to stay. Have you ever noticed how few old people there are among them? They leave them in Canada, and go back to them. That Beauvais family, now, — I understand they are going home this summer."

That evening Valentine wandered restlessly to the pond, and rowed across to the village. The sky, where the sunset flash lingered, was clearly reflected in the water. His boat glided between two expanses of color. No being but his own seemed to breathe with conscious life. The birds which sought their nests flew like automata from shore to shore. The young oaks on one side, the pines on the other, stood like crayon sketches against the sky. Nothing was real to him but his own existence.

He landed and made his way through the streets, lined with factory tenements.

Here was life enough, — laughter and speech, whispers and cries; but as he moved among it all his own individuality grew only more awfully distinct. He could not fuse his soul with what he saw.

He came at last to the house where Beauvais lived. The yard was filled with happy loungers. Celia sat on the doorstep by her husband. Rose was in her accustomed place by the gate.

"Good-evening," he said; but she only smiled, and he passed on.

Three evenings later he rowed again to the village shore, and as he approached the land, saw Rose's little figure sitting on a stone, near the tree where he was wont to tie his boat. The sunset light showed the beautiful curves of her mouth and the soft glow in her eyes. He rested on his oars a moment. He wanted to make her come out on the water with him. He vaguely felt that if he could row her away from that accursed, tenement-lined shore, out among the grasses that grew in the shallows of the pond, he could then and there discover what manner of girl God had made her to be. He knew he must not take her. He knew it would be something very like a sin to ask this child to row with him. She might go with rude and common boys, and her sweet innocence be unblamed, but not with such as he.

When he got out of the boat he dabbled a moment, stooping over her.

"Why did you not tell me that it was your sister whom Joe's brother was going to marry?" he demanded.

She raised her great eyes. "You not know that?" she asked, and stood up, putting her hands behind her. Hers was the charm which belongs to all girls, of high or low degree, in whose personality plays an elusive element. Her manner evermore suggested that she might be different from what she seemed; perhaps subtler, perhaps simpler, but with the odds in favor of the more attractive hypothesis of mystery. Withal, her smile was childlike, quick to come,

and very sweet, and the man who saw it that night was young.

"Why did you come here?" he asked at last. He was always asking her questions.

She hesitated, then said, "I like to see the water."

He smiled. "And did you think I might row up and bring you some candy? Here I am, and here is the candy. You'd better give some of it to the bride."

They turned together towards the village. "This is my way," he said, pointing to a path leading in a direction opposite to hers. She seemed to take this as dismissal, and ran away without a parting word. He opened his lips to call her back, but seeing that he was very near the rear of a big tenement house he closed them without uttering a sound.

III.

Frank and Celia kept up their wedding festivities for several days, and then resumed their ordinary labors in the Jeffreys mill and machine-shop. The bridegroom took up his abode with the Beauvais family, and they were all jolly together. They liked to play on various cheap musical instruments, and to dance, and they did not mind it at all if the feet of the dancers left dust on the floors. Nobody cared much about sleeping, either; or if anybody wanted to sleep, he was able to do it, no matter how much mirth and noise disturbed the nights. Rose alone held herself a little apart. She had never been quite able to mingle her feelings freely with those of others.

"I don't like so many people about," she said to herself. "One says one thing, and another says another thing, and it makes a fuss. I don't like it."

Georgine lived as though laughter were a synonymous term for life. Celia had a deeper nature, but its serene poise was even more removed from Rose's

moodiness than from the blonde sister's content. She loved her husband. She liked her home. She was pleased with her two new gowns, and especially delighted in some sheets and pillow-cases, which she had herself stitched very neatly.

One morning, a week after his marriage, Frank was ordered to go to one of the upper rooms in the mill, to do some repairing. On his way to the staircase, he saw that some casks had just been placed on the baggage lift. A man had once been employed to run this elevator, but a looseness of discipline combined with an effort at economy prevailed in the management, and he had been assigned other tasks which prevented his constant attendance to his first duty. As a consequence, anybody went up or down, who had freight in charge.

"I'll take that stuff up," said Frank to the young fellow who was preparing to mount.

"All right," returned the other, and passed on.

A moment later, there came some frightful creaking sounds, then a crash, and then a cry of horror as everybody in the room rushed forward. The lift had fallen, and Frank's body lay in the wreck. They dragged him out.

"My God, who will tell his wife?" groaned the superintendent, Mr. Lucas, as he bent over the young man's mangled figure.

No one knew who did tell her. She was in a distant building, but somehow she heard, and when Mr. Lucas went for her he met her running between the whizzing machines. He caught hold of her.

"Be as quiet as you can," he commanded. "Frank is living still."

She saw the blood that was splashed over his hands, and she threw them from her with a cry, and fled past him out into the breathless sunshine. Bearers had carried the man home.

Frank was lying on the bed. Valentine and an older surgeon were at work. The rooms were full of pale men and sobbing women. Mr. Lucas presently came in, and drew Celia away from the bedside.

"Do you understand me?" he said, holding her by the shoulders. She shook her head. Rose stepped forward.

"I can understand. I can tell her what you say, Mr. Lucas."

"Then tell her," said he, "that she can help Frank more than any one, if she will be quiet. She must not cry. She must" — But here Mr. Lucas began himself to cry, and stopped. Rose repeated his words in rapid French. The man had never seen such a look as that with which Celia listened.

"If she is excited," he choked out, "Frank will be excited. He will have fever. He will die. Do you make her understand?"

Rose translated again. Celia shuddered, then bowed her head, and went back to Frank's side.

"She'll do," said Mr. Lucas, and walked into the pantry to wash his hands.

Frank's skull was broken, and he had sustained other injuries. The mother brought old sheets, and Rose tore them in strips under Valentine's direction. The doctors worked with grave faces. Mr. Lucas stood in the doorway, and kept out the crowd who would have pressed in.

The physicians finished their labor and went away. Mr. Lucas took charge of all necessary matters. Beauvais and Joe and two other men were detailed to act as nurses. Celia sat all the time by her husband. Her hair was bound in crimping-pins and covered with mill dust. She leaned forward, and held Frank's hands. He moved more restlessly and moaned more painfully, if she relaxed her grasp. When she perceived this, there came into her face a dumb, steadfast patience. At night the family were provided with bedrooms in another

part of the house, but Rose stole back in the darkness, and crouched on the floor by her sister. She was there at midnight, when Valentine came in. He did not speak to her, but he carried away a vivid remembrance of her wide, childish, pained eyes.

Celia was in the same place in the morning, when the doctors came again, but she had brushed her hair smooth. That one night had elevated the character of her face into something very pure and sweet. It flashed across Valentine that the typical Madonna was a peasant woman. Then he looked at Rose, and fancied that he saw the hint of a similar womanliness on her brow.

"You must go and rest," he said to Celia. She obeyed him, going with a slow motion to another room. It was her own bedroom, but they had moved the bed, with Frank on it, out into the sitting room, so that the little chamber was nearly empty. She lay down on a hard lounge, which stood against the wall. As soon as Valentine had gone she came back to her chair, and took Frank's hands again in hers. Rose whispered to her, but she shook her head, and turned her eyes on her husband.

Miss Jeffreys came in, bringing some beef tea, and as Frank could not take it she coaxed Celia to drink. Her coaxing was done by gestures, as she could not speak the Canadian dialect; and indeed, she could not speak at all, when she looked at Celia, for crying.

"I never saw any one like her," she said to Valentine, when she met him a few hours later. "She realizes the ideal peasant woman of whom I have read, with her strong, sweet nature. I would rave if I were in her place. I should think she would curse us. It was such a horribly needless accident."

Another time, when Miss Jeffreys rose to leave the house, which she visited every few hours, Celia followed her, dog-like and dumb, into the entry. She put her hand into the lady's, and Miss

Jeffreys, in an agony of sympathy, passed her arm around the girl's waist. Then Celia dropped her brown head on the other's shoulder, and cried. Miss Jeffreys hated herself, because she did feel as if it were strange that she should be there holding this Canadian workwoman in her arms, and yet, all the while, she thanked God that she had been able to make that silent heart turn to hers. But it was only a moment before Celia raised her head, like one who dares not wholly yield to an emotion, mastered a pitiful smile, and went back to Frank.

The third day brought a delusive gleam of hope. When Valentine came in the morning, Celia sat at the breakfast table, and smiled with quick gratitude. Rose was eating, too. The young doctor went hurriedly into the patient's room. He did not like to see Rose putting a piece of pork into her mouth with a big knife. Celia followed him, and hung over her husband's poor, disfigured face, once so handsome.

"He knows her. He glad to see her," said Rose, coming to the doorway.

Valentine glanced from the wife to the sister. All that there could be of womanly tenderness and girlish softness seemed expressed in their two faces. Were table manners more important than the best of human virtues? He went about his bandaging with an impatient gesture.

At noon Frank's condition was not so good, and towards night it grew worse. Celia seemed unconscious of the change.

"He wants me all the time," she said quite happily to her mother, when Valentine was there. He had not the courage to undeceive her, and after giving his directions went out with an aching heart. He found Rose sitting on the doorstep, smiling in the level sunshine. He stopped.

"You like being out of the mill, don't you?"

"Oh," she said, "if Frank was not hurt!"

Something stirred within him like a yearning pain. He was under no delusion as to the daily habits and thoughts of this girl. He knew the narrow scope of her ideas, — worse still, he knew the methods of her toilet; and yet his heart moved towards her, as she sat there with her sad, sweet eyes. It was a lovely June day, and one in which a young girl should delight.

"I am going to row home," he said, "and I want to send a package back for Frank. Come with me."

So Valentine's desire fulfilled itself, and at last he had this girl of alien race and caste alone with him, gliding across the pond while cool, soft airs blew about. She sat in the stern, her hands lying in her lap. She wore a pretty gown, which Miss Jeffreys had given her that morning. It was a simple affair that had belonged to a school-girl sister of the lady's, but it was pink with a white gimp, and it made Rose look as if she were the same kind of damsel as Jack Valentine had been used, in college days, to row over still waters and between green pastures. Her happy eyes shone darkly. Primitive instincts surged within him. He was sorry, when they reached the landing place, that this dangerous half hour was over, and yet at the same instant felt thankful that he had been preserved from making a fool of himself.

As they climbed the steep path up the little hillside, he did not know whether to offer her assistance. He was not sure she would understand such attention, and while he doubted she ran lightly up, and he had no choice but to follow in awkward silence.

When they reached the house, Valentine brought from his office a little box, and gave it to Rose with a message for Celia. She was going home by the road, and he stood under the apple-tree, and watched her walk down the

path and disappear behind some syringa bushes.

"Civilization," he muttered, "is a constraining power. "I can imagine a state of existence in which I should run after her."

An hour later he saddled his horse, and rode out to some hills overlooking the level country. His soul gazed before him into darkness, and he felt no certainty that folly or guilt did not lie hidden in its depths. It seemed preposterous that things should have come to such a pass with him. Great sweeps of youthful emotion rushed over him, and brought half glimpses of truths or fancies, such as he had not hitherto known. He became conscious that his soul was struggling in a crisis more awful than that relating alone to a personal passion for a young girl.

At last he checked his horse, and stared at the silent heavens. Then he said to himself that the feeling which assumed the guise of a tempting fiend was nevertheless an angel, showing him how near akin human beings are to each other in spite of all difference of rank or culture. He must not love this girl, but he would learn through her humbly to recognize the elemental tie which binds the race together; whose vital strength had made it possible for her soft beauty to sink into his soul, notwithstanding the infinite space between her lot in life and his.

He had to go that evening to see Frank, and he found the older surgeon in the bedroom. It was evident to everybody now that the poor fellow must die soon. Valentine went again to the house at midnight. Celia stood fanning her husband with one hand, and with the other trying to soothe and control his restless fingers. She looked wan and old. Georgine was helplessly crying, regarding Frank from the foot of the bed. Rose and one of the little girls knelt on the floor. The mother sat near a table where a lamp was burning, and

read prayers aloud. The nurses passed in and out, and in the kitchen a number of people were gathered.

Valentine took his place near the doorway, and after a while a dark, handsome woman came to his side. She nodded towards Celia, and let a tear run down her cheek.

"Ain't s'e strong," said she, "to stand there so many hours? I could n't bear that, if it was my husband."

Georgine came over to them and sobbed, misusing pronouns, after the manner of French Canadians little learned in English.

"S'e will die soon. S'e wife will die, too."

A mist swam across Valentine's brain. He looked from Celia to Rose, and moved over to the open window and looked out. The stars shone, and in the street some one was passing with a lantern. The words that the mother was reading made their way into his consciousness. He turned back to the room, and sat down. He wanted to kneel with those who prayed. The mystery of death oppressed him. At that moment it did not seem like a solution of life.

At last the mother's voice ceased. She closed her book, laid it on the table, and crossed to Celia's side. The breathing of the dying man was audible in the hush. Rose got up from her knees, and came near Valentine. He touched the white sleeve of her pink gown.

"You must make Celia go out of the room. This will kill her," he whispered.

The girl shook her head. All the glitter was gone from her eyes.

"No, s'e will stay. My fadther cannot make her go. S'e feel so much."

As the dawn gleamed above the factory roofs Celia suddenly uttered a low moan, threw up her hands, and fell back. Her mother caught her, and with Valentine's aid carried her into the little chamber. When Celia opened her eyes again, Frank was dead.

IV.

Valentine went out into the early morning. He turned the corner of the house to go behind it, through the grove, and found Rose crouched under the pines in the yard. She raised a white face to his. His nerves quivered. He heard his own voice, as if it were another's, low and passionate. In a moment more he found himself hurrying through the woods. She remained behind, with her head dropped in her hands. He had kissed her on the lips.

He did not tell himself afterwards that a blameless sympathy had prompted that kiss. He denounced himself rather as that most unworthy creature, a man who makes love to a girl he will not marry. His self-disgust intensified his passion, and he took this experience seriously, because his moral nature mingled in its elements.

On the day of the funeral, before the family left the house, Celia sat patiently on the bed, which had been moved back into her little chamber. She was shrouded in crape. A roll of crape — furnished by Mr. Jeffreys — lay on the kitchen table, and Orselia, the handsome young woman who had stood in the doorway with Valentine the night that Frank died, cut long streamers and decorated the hats of the bearers. Carriages waited outside.

Joe, who was now called "Frank's brother" by the people, wrung Beauvais's hand, and said in rapid French, "Ah, everything is fine, but it does not console me."

Rose felt a little important, and held her head with some dignity. Georgine's comeliness was obscured by weeping, but she was satisfied with the splendor of the occasion. This splendor was rather superficial. The kitchen needed to be swept, and the bed on which Celia sat had not been made that day. It was, however, easy to forget the slovenly set-

ting of the poor little show when one looked at her silent face. Other people moved, and spoke in low but excited tones; she was perfectly still.

At the last moment, Georgine found her little sister Laura sitting in the wet sink in the pantry, helping herself, with sticky fingers, to cold potatoes and bacon fat. Georgine bounced the child down on to the floor, swept off the slimy matter adherent to the back of her frock with a gesture that suggested discipline, and dragged her back to the kitchen.

The bearers lifted the coffin to carry it out, and the women began to wail, all but Celia, who shut her lips tightly. The crowd poured slowly and decorously into the open air. Beauvais led Celia to a carriage, then went back and locked the empty tenement behind him.

Valentine was at the church. Miss Jeffreys was there also, but he would not go near her, and took a seat on the side aisle. She glanced at him, with contracted brows, while he looked steadfastly towards the altar. The service proceeded, and occasionally a sob broke forth among the congregation. At last the priest came down the aisle, stood at the head of the coffin, and sprinkled the dead man's face with holy water. A boy who was with the priest, and who swung the censer, had the face of a young angel, grave and sweet. The rite seemed very solemn to Valentine. To his imagination it symbolized the oneness of this life and that beyond the grave. It asserted that the spirit of man is subject to the same conditions here and hereafter. Valentine realized then that his own soul was essentially in eternity that hour no less than was the soul that had fled from the body in the coffin. As the beautiful boy waved the censer, and the incense faintly darkened the air, there was no longer any noise of crying in the church.

Miss Jeffreys passed Valentine in the porch, when the ceremonies were over. "Did it not make you feel a great

deal?" she asked. "Are you not coming?" But he stood still, and let her go on.

He saw Rose, at last, who, for some reason, had not yet entered a carriage. He went near her, and she looked at him strangely. She was paler than ever, and her long black gown gave her a womanly air and added a moonlight effectiveness to her sadness and her beauty.

June was still lovely in the land, when Valentine, very early one morning, leaned out of his window, and heard the low sound of a human voice joining in that matin song with which every bird of earth and air was straining its throat. He went out-of-doors, and followed the voice till he came to a little clump of shrubbery not far from the house. There he found Rose sitting on the grass, behind a tall York rose-bush. She was singing softly, —

"Travaille bien chère petite,"

and pulling a flower to pieces. She did not move as he approached.

"You are out early," he said. She threw on the ground the white rose with which she had been playing. "Not a factory bell has rung yet," he persisted. "Does your father wake you at this hour?"

She stood up then, and spoke: "I cannot sleep as I used. First I wake, then I dream. I see Frank. So I come out of the house, to the fields."

He looked at her with a troubled gaze, from which she turned quickly. He put his hand on her shoulder. She covered her face and trembled. He remembered that he had kissed her, and took away his hand. The fear shot through his inconsistent soul that this girl might yet prove a greater burden to his conscience than to his heart. He stooped and picked up the rose she had thrown at his feet; then turned to the bush, and gathered some sprays heavily laden with white blossoms and pink-tinged buds. When he looked again at

Rose, she had raised her head and regarded him with wet eyes.

"I go to the mill now," she said, and at that moment the factory bells clashed through the misty, golden air. "I go to the mill," she repeated.

They faced each other, these two young creatures, who had nothing in common but their youth and a strange, inward yearning toward each other.

When the bells had ceased the noise that seemed to emphasize the difference between them, he put the roses in her hands, and said, "Take them home. Give them to Celia."

An angry flash gleamed in her eyes. He frowned back unconsciously. In a moment the savage look died out of her face. Her hands, laden with the roses, drooped with a pathetic gesture of obedience.

"Yes," she said. "S'e will like them."

Something tugged at his heart. He moved towards her, but her childish docility bore her from him. She turned, and drifted submissively away. He watched her in a sort of stupid amazement. When she was quite gone he flung himself at the foot of the York rose, and as the fatal mill bells rang again buried his face in the grass, and sobbed with self-disgust and pain. It seemed to him unmanly to love a girl and let her go like that; but whether the unmanliness lay in the love or in the letting go he could not tell.

V.

Valentine thankfully seized upon a pretext for going away on a visit, and was absent several weeks. When he returned to Blackbird Hollow, he learned that Mr. Jeffreys had paid over to Celia a considerable sum of money, and that the whole Beauvais family had departed to Canada. Hearing this, he reflected again upon the impotent part he had

played in relation to Rose, and the reflection did not increase his satisfaction with life or with himself. Her removal from him had the effect upon his mind of releasing her image from vulgar associations, and relegating it to a visionary realm of sentiment. He thought of her as if she were a disembodied spirit, and ceased mentally to picture her earthly surroundings. She had gone from them to unknown regions. He did not struggle against this idealizing process. He flattered himself that through it his passion would fade into a tender memory, and was surprised to find fierce gusts of emotion occasionally sweep over him. He strove to believe that it was best that circumstances had arbitrarily closed the affair, since, had it been left to him further to determine events, she must have been the chief victim of any mistake of his. It was perhaps a little significant, however, that he took pains to ascertain the name of the Canadian town to which Beauvais had gone. He did not act on this information when obtained, but threw up his practice, and went with friends to the Adirondacks.

One night in early September, at about eleven o'clock, Valentine was driven rapidly up to the station at Mountain Junction. He jumped from the buckboard, lifted down his portmanteau, watched the driver turn his horses, then went into the waiting-room, and found no one there but the red-bearded night agent. Valentine was on his way to meet Miss Jeffreys and her father, and go with them deep into Maine. He stepped up to make some inquiries of the agent, and was told that his train was an hour late. He received the information with a whistle, deposited his valise on a settee, and walked to the door of the ladies' waiting-room.

A girl sat near the farthest window. She was dressed in black, and her hair was knotted in the back of her neck. He could see the line of her averted

cheek, and had a glimpse of her ear and throat. His heart leaped.

"What a fool I am!" he muttered, and advanced a step. She turned at the sound, and he saw that it was Rose Beauvais who looked at him, her pale, clear face, her dark eyes, gleaming as they had so often gleamed upon his fancy. It seemed another midnight dream.

"Rose!" he said.

She did not speak, but kept her eyes fixed on him till the slow tears filled them.

He took her in his arms. "What is it?" he murmured, trying to hold her, but she slipped from him, and sat down and cried again.

"I—silly," she said at last, struggling for self-control, and looking like Celia, as she struggled.

"How came you here?" he demanded, hanging over her, aching to caress her.

When she could speak, she told him. She had been visiting an aunt in the States, had not accompanied her family to Canada, was on her way alone to rejoin them. The train arrived at Mountain Junction at three o'clock in the previous afternoon. She had got out to change cars, had felt ill, had fainted in the waiting-room, and lost her train. There would not come another which she could take till seven in the morning. She had known of nothing to do but stay there. Some rough men had frightened her in the earlier part of the evening, but the station-master had spoken to them. Now, she had been alone for some hours. She spoke with tremulous little gasps.

"I so lonesome," she said, "when you come in, it startle me, and I cry."

He would have drawn her to him, but she crept back into the corner of the seat. Then it came over him with great force that the man who will not love must respect. He rose hastily, and went out on the platform. The agent followed, anxious for conversation. After a while Valentine looked again into the

room. Rose sat quite still, leaning forward a little, as if listening to something, her hands, one of them gloved, lying in her lap. A single swinging lamp shed its yellow light on her. The young man stamped as he turned away, and strode up and down. The agent went back into his den and settled himself for a nap.

The interminable minutes trailed by, till the red-bearded man roused himself and the belated express train came along. Valentine quietly watched it arrive and depart. A tall, shambling man was the sole passenger who alighted. He was solemnly received by a man who had come in a wagon, and they drove away together.

"That's our minister," the agent said. "Been to bury his wife. I'm durned sorry for him. Was n't this your train?"

"Yes," answered Valentine, "but I have decided to change my course."

The man peered at him with natural suspicion.

"Can you send a telegram for me?" asked he, irritated by this scrutiny. The agent nodded. Valentine went in and wrote. The dispatch was addressed to Miss Jeffreys, and contained these words: "Delayed. Will write."

He seemed to see Miss Jeffreys' fair face as he listened to the clicking that carried his message. Then he went into the other room. It was empty, but in a moment Rose came in from outdoors, holding her hands tightly locked together. She started violently at sight of him. "I thought you gone," she said. "I saw the train go by."

He smiled down at her. "I could not leave you to stay here alone. You might get frightened again. I shall take another train to-morrow."

She clenched her hands harder than before, and her color came and went. He made her sit down.

"What are you going to do in Canada?" he asked.

"I go to my aunt in the convent," she said. "I go to school there."

He leaned forward, surprised. "But you will not be a nun?" he protested.

"Not now, not at first. But after a while, why not? My aunt say she happy. I not like things, going about, dancing. Oh, no. I want to be happy. I will try her way. Why not?"

Why not, indeed? Valentine could not say.

At last, he urged her to try to sleep. With gentle courtesy he arranged his overcoat and made her a pillow. She obeyed him with weary submissiveness. When she had laid down her head, he bent over and smiled in her trusting eyes. They drooped and closed under his.

He left her, rejoiced to see that the scrawny custodian was again asleep in the other room, went out, and paced back and forth under the sky. Sometimes he returned to the door, to see if Rose was safe, but he dared not go near her. Pain and passion filled his soul. A nun! That child, with those unfathomable eyes! Up and down, up and down, he walked. When he had let his train go on without him, his only conscious intention had been to stay near and guard her through the night, but now all intention was whirled away in the trouble of his mind. All the elements of his life rushed in turmoil about his imagination. He ached in every pulse, and set his teeth, wrestling like an athlete with himself.

Sometimes the agent waked, prompt to do some duty. Thrice a train whizzed by. Valentine kept on his walk. He dared not stop. Some horror seemed waiting to clutch him if he stopped. He remembered that in old times a young man kept vigil for a night before he received his spurs. It occurred to him as a sort of mocking fantasy that this autumn night was his vigil. He stared at the stars, and called on God for help in his extremity. The hours dragged slow as torturing wheels might

revolve. How long she slept, how peacefully!

The whole of wisdom and virtue is seldom gained in one struggle, however sore it be. Perhaps it did not augur very ill for Valentine's future, if out of this vigil he brought only his honor.

In the early dawn Rose woke, and sat up, confusedly looking about her. There was bustle in the station now, and many people were moving here and there. She started gladly towards Valentine, when she saw him enter the door. He was very pale, but he smiled at sight of her, and led her out to get some breakfast at a very scantily furnished booth in another room.

When, a little later, the train which she was to take arrived, he entered it with her. He had not explained his purpose to her, nor had he defined it to himself. He acted almost without volition or conscious intelligence, like a person who had been drugged. All that he did seemed unreal to him, yet underneath the stupor of his mind he must have had some idea of the end towards which all his actions tended. Certain it is that after he had carried Rose to her home he took her away again, without the delay of a single hour more than was necessary for the ceremonies that made her his wife. This desperate deed accomplished, the dreamy torpor rolled slowly from his brain, and he felt that real life was closing in around him once more.

He had borne the contact with the Beauvais family as best he might. It did not affect him much in his peculiar mental condition, but something in Celia impressed him, as it had always impressed him, in a way that promised possible satisfaction in any relation to her, should there ever come some simple but vital need of help in his life and Rose's. Of his own friends, he saw only his mother and sister, before sailing with his wife for Europe. Everybody else except Miss Jeffreys ignored his extraordi-

nary marriage. She wrote him a kind, regretful letter. As nearly as he could, he told his mother the whole story.

"Oh, Jack," she groaned, "that you should have risked all your life on such a chance!"

"I suppose it is a chance," he answered, "but it is one that has overwhelmed me."

On the day her son was to sail, the mother saw Rose for a single hour. She went to the meeting with intolerable repugnance. The girl was daintily clad in a manner that heightened the delicacy of her appearance. There was something so pathetic in her strange beauty, in the puzzled look in her dark eyes, in the dumb devotion with which they met the tenderness in Valentine's gaze, that the mother's heart was softened and eased of some of its pain. She reflected that she had known many marriages

in which the obstacles to happiness, if less obvious, had not been less real, than in this case, and some of them had not turned out badly; but then, alas, this marriage was her own son's, and that made it a more serious matter.

When they bade each other farewell, Valentine put his hand on his bride's shoulder.

"I shall not bring her back," he said, "till I know my fate; but I am not afraid."

Rose looked up, wondering what he meant; then suddenly took his hand off her shoulder and held it in her own. She turned to the other woman in her old calm, frank way, and said, taking great pains to pronounce correctly, —

"He is very good to me. We are happy."

"Oh, God keep you so!" cried the mother through quick tears.

Lillie Chace Wyman.

A GLIMPSE AT 1786.

THE year 1786 was one of the most uneventful of modern times in the world at large, one of the most important and critical in the history of America. It began two full years and more after the peace of Versailles ended the last of a long series of European wars; and at its close the next series, which was to deluge the continent with blood during twenty years, was still far in the future. It was in 1786 that Frederick the Great died; that the mad woman, Margaret Nicholson, attempted the assassination of George the Third; that the charges were made on which the impeachment of Warren Hastings was based. History records hardly another event of the year, occurring on the other side of the ocean, which is worth remembering. Life in Europe must have been unspeakably dull to the quidnuncs of

those days; for the great things that were happening in the thirteen mutually jealous States, which insisted upon being treated as if the name United States expressed a truth, did not interest the people of the Old World in the smallest degree, and would not have interested them if they had been capable of understanding American politics.

It is always idle to speculate upon what might have been if the determining causes of events had been slightly different from what they actually were. Yet those who are not to be deterred by the consideration that it will profit them and the world nothing to indulge in such speculation, could find occupation less attractive than is to be had in imagining what a different country this might have been to-day, if the old Articles of Confederation had given to Congress a trifle

more power than it really possessed; or if certain elements of society had been rather less courageous in asserting their principles and in urging their wild schemes of reform than they were; or, finally, if these same elements had been numerically as strong in all, or in a majority, of the States as they were in some of them, as, for instance, in Rhode Island. Certainly it was the collapse of congressional government in 1786, and the disorder, not far removed from anarchy, in some parts of the country, that forced the conclusion upon those who were thoughtful and well disposed that a stronger central government was needed, not only in the interest of the nation as a whole, but for the protection of the several entities which boasted themselves as independent States. Suppose that New York had withdrawn from her position as the single State which refused to allow Congress to establish an independent national revenue: what then? Probably the next emergency of the same kind would have been met in the same way, — by endeavoring to put a new patch upon the flimsy Articles of Confederation, — but how the attempt would have resulted is a matter affording the freest scope to the imagination.

Again, if there had been less recklessness of consequences on the part of Job Shattuck and Daniel Shays, and of those who aided them in the disgraceful occurrences of 1786 in Massachusetts, to say nothing at present of other disturbances in New England, the substitution of a firm central government for the weak confederation could assuredly not have been made so soon as it was. On the other hand, had Massachusetts and New Hampshire joined Rhode Island in its wild assault upon property, it is more than conceivable that a monarchy might have been set up as the only means of escape from anarchy.

Happily, none of these things occurred, and no permanent harm result-

ed from the remarkable series of events which showed the need, as clearly as they pointed out the absence, of an adequate government. The perils and evils encountered were nicely adapted to warn and instruct, without destroying; for they were too startling to be disregarded, and action to avert them was sufficiently prompt to prevent them from leading to disaster. Some of these perils had been threatening for years, others were new. Let us try to reproduce the situation, and see how dangerous was the storm which, one hundred years ago, overhung the Union, threatening to burst and to cause devastation and ruin.

The Revolutionary War had closed three years before. The people had the independence for which they had fought, but, having it, knew not what to do with it. They were curiously indifferent to political duties. For their state governments they cared very little, for Congress almost nothing. They seem to have thought that there was no need of much government. Independence was — independence. Thoughtful men bewailed the frivolous and lawless spirit that was rife, but they could not rouse the people to a discharge of public duties. The population of Massachusetts in 1786 was probably three hundred and fifty thousand. The whole number of votes given for governor of the commonwealth that year was but eight thousand two hundred and thirty-one. What was it, then, which finally did awaken the people to a sense of the perils to which indifference exposed them? It was not the pressure of political evils, but a touch upon the pocket nerve. Congress, always weak, had become positively impotent as soon as the Articles of Confederation went into operation; but the country manifested no disposition toward a more efficient government until society and property were threatened. The key to all the disturbances of 1786, the explanation of the remark-

able legislation which then was placed on the statute-books of the States, and the secret of the movement which led to the formation, and subsequently to the adoption, of the Constitution may all be found in the single word Debt.

A writer in the New York Journal, June 1, 1786, gives what he terms a "Cursory Perspective of the States of America," thus :—

"New Hampshire, complaining of her late tender act, of her poverty, and disputing upon points of private concern which may possibly affect the Constitution. Massachusetts, firm in politics, forward in promoting the federal interest, encouraging the sciences and agriculture, possessed of little cash and a stagnated trade, jealous of their Rogue, or Rhode, Island neighbor's new emission of money. Rhode Island, happy at present in their new acquisition of a paper medium. Connecticut, complaining of hard times, but do not yet express great uneasiness. A branch of them, however, are determined to hold their Wyoming settlements at the expense of blood and treasure, in opposition to the demand of Pennsylvania. New York, as tranquil as any State in the Union, trade brisk, but cramped in some degree for want of a circulating medium; which objection will be taken off in August next by an emission of paper, if proper means be taken to support its credit. New Jersey, acting as others act; small in herself, and somewhat dependent upon her neighbors. Pennsylvania, trade at a low ebb. Paper currency in good credit. Credit with her foreign correspondents lost by the abrogation of her bank charter. No material state uneasiness, except what is occasioned by their demand upon the Wyoming settlers. Not behindhand in promoting a general union. Advancing the interests of science and agriculture. Delaware, peaceable within herself, not coveting her neighbor's goods. Maryland, lifting up her head from among

the tobacco plantations, and saying, 'I will not always hold rank in the rear of the States.' Virginia, rich, haughty, luxurious, growing effeminate in manners, but patriotic; not fond of quarrelling, but disturbed by the Indians back. North Carolina, becoming civilized by degrees; spirited, of late, in federal matters. South Carolina, patriotic; trade declined of late for want of a power of remittance to Europe upon advantageous principles. Georgia, adopting the principles and spirit of the Union by degrees. Peaceable."

This seems, on a first reading, to be an encouraging picture. More carefully considered, it furnishes some indication of the dangers that were threatening, yet it passes over them with so cheerful a touch of the brush that the writer can be credited with a desire to tell the truth only at the expense of his power of observation. Contrast the account given of South Carolina by a correspondent of another paper, only a few months before. "Such a degree of anarchy prevails," he wrote, "as to excite horror." The people had plunged into extravagance; but when the luxury induced by easy credit had become a habit, the bills began to come in, payment was impossible, and disorder and distress succeeded to peace and abundance. A concerted effort was made to induce the lawyers of the State not to plead the cause of creditors.

The evidence is too good and too uniform to be doubted that, after the close of the war, a passion for luxuries manifested itself, not only in South Carolina but throughout the country. The demoralization resulting from a long war prepared the soil for the growth of extravagant tastes and habits. Opportunity to gratify those tastes was afforded by the resumption of almost untaxed commerce, after a protracted season of exclusion from the great markets of the world. Finally, the example was set by the *nouveaux riches*, and was eagerly

followed by men who regarded the principle of democratic equality as something more than a pretty but unworkable theory, and who found it all too easy to contract debts.

Not to dwell upon the fact, which needs no proof, that public debt, both national and state, and private debt were deranging governments and giving strength to parties which sought relief, by any and every means, from the burden, let us notice the particular measures by which politicians tried to accomplish this object. One of the most interesting class of enactments of this period goes under the name of "tender acts." That of New Hampshire is referred to by the "cursory" observer quoted above. Tender acts were passed by many, perhaps by a majority, of the States, and the injustice sanctioned by them led directly to the insertion in the Constitution of that prohibition upon the States to "make anything but gold and silver coin a tender for the payment of debts," which the modern bi-metallist misinterprets as a command to Congress to make *both* gold and silver coins a legal tender. Money was woefully scarce in America a hundred years ago. The people, instead of attributing the deficiency to its true cause, general poverty, chose to regard themselves as really rich, but suffering from the want of a circulating medium. Accordingly, laws were passed, all bad, but some worse than others, making various sorts of property a tender. Land, pigs, hay, and cord-wood were available in some of the States for the discharge of debts. In most cases, however, the operation of tender acts was limited to a single year, and creditors quickly learned the trick of waiting. If they did not press for payment, the debtor could not force them to accept property of which they could not dispose. At the expiration of the year the obligation to pay the debt in money revived. The failure of tender acts to give the relief which debtors had ex-

pected added strength to the demand, to which some of the States had yielded already, for a paper currency in which all debts might be paid.

The agitation for bills of credit became violent in New England, in 1786. Connecticut resisted the demand firmly and consistently. In New Hampshire and Massachusetts the advocates of paper money were very noisy and clamorous, though they were never even a strong minority. In Rhode Island the political contest was fought on this issue, and paper money carried the day. The enactments of the Rhode Island legislature of 1786, when John Collins had been elected governor, may challenge comparison, for recklessness and folly, with those of any other law-making body at any time. It was voted to make an issue of £100,000, to be apportioned to the towns in the proportion of the last state tax,—a tax which was never paid,—and to be lent to citizens upon the security of land. The currency so created was to have a forced circulation, and to be a tender for the payment of all debts. As if in mockery of the demand of Congress for funds, the legislature directed the national requisition to be paid in this money. Of course the depreciation of the currency began with its issue, and the legislature was called together again to pass a law imposing a penalty of one hundred pounds and disfranchisement upon any citizen who refused to accept it at par. This did not help matters. Trade ceased. Merchants refused to sell their goods for paper, and the farmers retaliated by refusing to bring their produce to market. So dependent were the inhabitants in the towns upon the country that the failure of supplies caused real distress in Providence, and in Newport there was a riot, a mob having undertaken to compel grain dealers to sell corn for paper money.

Governor Collins called the legislature together once more, and another

law was passed, designed to secure the summary punishment of those who treated the Rhode Island money with scant respect. The accused person was to be tried within three days after complaint was made against him, before a single judge, without a jury, and without the right of appeal. Upon failure instantly to satisfy a judgment, after such a trial, the convicted person was to be imprisoned until he should pay the fine imposed. This enforcement act was presently pronounced unconstitutional by the state court; whereupon the legislature summoned the judges who had so decided to appear before it to answer for their contempt of the law-making power. The summons was expressed in extremely insolent terms. Nothing, however, came of the attempt to punish the judges for their independence. Reckless as were the leaders of the paper-money party, they were not so desperate in their folly as to adopt all the suggestions with which they were favored. They could not see their way clear to the establishment of a system of "state trade" in which the commonwealth was to own ships and import and deal in goods. Nor could they be persuaded to pass the law, urged upon them, to require the whole population to take an oath to respect the paper money and receive it at par, under penalty of disfranchisement.

By the end of the year 1786 the value of the paper money was to that of silver coin as six to one. Contemporary accounts of the legislature, controlled by the party which made the position of Rhode Island in the Union a shame and a disgrace for years afterward, are far from complimentary. "I never saw," says one writer in a Boston paper, "so great a proportion of ignorant men in a public body." Possibly some modern city councils would hold their own in a comparison. Moreover, the legislative caucus, of which Rhode Island furnished perhaps the original type, has been per-

fectected since then. It was necessary to keep the rank and file of the party up to the work before them by means of the party whip. For this purpose "Sunday and nightly juntos, formed of the majority, are the theatres where public measures are canvassed and determined; the business of the house is stayed until these meetings, where the weak and deluded are properly marshaled, and then they come fire hot to legislate for their fellow citizens." Not a bad description of a bad political invention.

In New Hampshire the paper-money party did not get the upper hand, but it made much trouble. In August, 1786, a convention, formed of delegates from thirty towns, demanded that the legislature should emit bills of credit, in conformity with a plan which gave no basis of value to the proposed notes, and made no provision for redemption. What was asked for was "fiat money," pure and simple. The legislature resorted to a practice common in those days. A plan, a *projet de loi*, embodying the views of the paper-money party, was prepared and sent out to the towns, in order that the will of the people might be ascertained and made known by town meetings, for the guidance of the legislature. The result was a rejection of the scheme by an overwhelming majority of the towns. Pending this decision, the paper-money party showed its impatience by an attempt to coerce the legislature. A large number of men gathered at Kingston, near Exeter, where the General Court was sitting, marched to Exeter, armed with swords, scythes, clubs, and muskets, and formed before the meeting-house wherein the legislature was assembled. They began to cry out, "Paper Money!" "Distribution of Property!" "Annihilation of Debts!" and "Release from all Taxes!"

General John Sullivan, the president of the State, came out and addressed the crowd. He gave reasons why the legislature could not yield to the demand

for paper money, and least of all in the presence of an armed and threatening mob. His speech was not satisfactory to the rioters, who then stationed guards in and around the church, and imprisoned the president and the legislature. Two or three hours later, just as the shades of night were gathering, the beating of a drum was heard in a distant part of the town. The rioters, taking counsel of their fears, fled from the spot. They reassembled in another place, however, upon finding, after their prisoners had escaped, that no hostile force was coming against them; but the next morning they were really attacked by militia and dispersed. The numerous prisoners who were captured were afterward released, and none of them was ever punished.

The agitation in Massachusetts was not only peculiar in its form, but it was more violent than that in any other State. The evil of debt was attacked, so to speak, at the other end. Instead of endeavoring by means of cheap money and tender acts to make it easier to pay debts, the leaders of the debtor party devoted themselves to the task of rendering it more difficult to collect debts. There were, to be sure, here as well as elsewhere, a tender act and an urgent though not a general demand for paper money; but the most alarming disturbances of the whole year arose from the movement hostile to the courts which gave judgments in civil suits. No one who is at all familiar with the history of the country needs to be told that during the year 1786 local mobs, reinforced on some occasions by rioters from a distance, prevented the sitting of the courts of General Sessions of the Peace and of Common Pleas, at Northampton, Concord, Worcester, Great Barrington, and Springfield. Made bold by success, and encouraged both by popular sympathy and by the apparent indisposition of the state authorities to offer a forcible resistance to them, they meditated an

attack upon the armory at Springfield. It was at the very close of the year that the situation in and near Springfield proved beyond all doubt that force must be used against the insurgents. The vigorous action of Governor Bowdoin, the embodiment of the militia, the rapid march to Springfield, and the brief campaign against Shays, which ended the war in the battle of Petersham, not only belong historically to the year 1787, but they have been narrated so carefully and so well in Minot's History of the Insurrections that nothing is to be added to that account.

Much light is thrown upon the social condition and the political temper of the people by the proceedings of the county conventions and the lists of grievances enumerated by those assemblages. But perhaps there is no part of the story of the eventful year under view more remarkable than that which has to do with the raid against the legal profession. It was all the work of one man, sending anonymous communications to a Boston newspaper. Early in the year an article signed "Honestus" appeared in the Independent Chronicle, ascribing to the lawyers some of the evils under which the community was suffering. The article seems to have attracted some attention, and the author soon followed it with another, in which the "order of lawyers" was more pointedly assailed. Presently the attack drew forth from a merchant a word in defense of the lawyers. "Honestus" thereupon replied, and the prosecution of his original plan and his controversies with defenders of the legal profession occupied a large share of the public notice and a great many columns in the Chronicle.

"Honestus" was Mr. Benjamin Austin, a very ardent politician and a very persistent writer from the time of the Revolution until, in Jefferson's administration, his writings caused indirectly a most lamentable tragedy and the death of his own son. More dreary, inconse-

quential, and altogether absurd reading was never printed than were these articles against the lawyers. It is almost incredible that they could have had an effect upon the community, but they did. "Honestus" charged the lawyers with thrusting themselves in large numbers into the legislature, and there exerting an undue influence in the making of laws by the administration of which they were afterwards to profit. Yet the whole "order of lawyers" in Massachusetts, in 1786, comprised but eighty-one members; and in a House of Representatives numbering two hundred and fifteen, only nine were lawyers, while but one member of the profession was a representative for Boston.

The accusations against the lawyers were for the most part vague, general, and unsupported by facts. At first no one thought it worth while to reply to them, but when it began to appear that the writer was making an impression upon the public mind, one and another took up the cudgels in behalf of the maligned profession. "Honestus" met his antagonists in a manner which forces one to think that a very good lawyer of a certain sort was spoiled when he chose commerce for a vocation. The first reply to his assertions was a concise, pointed, and effective answer, containing facts which overthrew "Honestus" completely; and the writer, in order to prevent its being said that he was contending for his own profession, assured his readers that he was not a lawyer, but a merchant. "Honestus" perverted the disclaimer, and, with a sneer, treated it as evidence of anxiety to avoid the odium of belonging to the profession. Again, when he had printed what he declared to be an actual bill of costs allowed by a court of the commonwealth, in order to show the ruinous expense of legal process, one who avowed himself to be a lawyer replied, with an explicit denial that any such bill was ever allowed in Massachusetts. The first specific accusation made

by "Honestus," capable of being tested as to its truth, was thus met with a flat contradiction, and the accuser was challenged to name the suit, the court, or the county in which the bill was presented. Instead of responding frankly to this challenge, the agitator indulged in a shout of triumph at having provoked the lawyers to defend themselves, "notwithstanding the pretended contempt of my remarks." Later in the controversy "Honestus" was "done" into poetry. An ironical versified travesty of his accusations and statements was printed, covering a whole page of the Chronicle.

But if this assault upon the lawyers by "a young incendiary," as he was impatiently designated by a correspondent styling himself "Seneca," was met in some quarters with jeers, in other quarters it had a great effect. It was then a common custom for towns to adopt, in town meeting, addresses of instruction to their representatives in the General Court. Not a few of the towns inserted in their instructions to representatives a paragraph requiring them to do all in their power to mitigate the evil of lawyers. For example, the town of Dedham solemnly voted, concerning the lawyers, that "we think their practice pernicious and their mode unconstitutional." The representative was to do all he could to promote a reform, and if that should prove to be impracticable, "you are to endeavor that the *order of lawyers* be totally abolished." Dedham, by the way, voted the same year, with reference to the representative instructed as above, that his compensation should be five shillings a day; and if the sum granted by the General Court — for then, as now, the State paid the members — should exceed that sum he was to pay the overplus into the town treasury. A resolution to instruct the Boston representatives to vote for the abolition of lawyers was brought forward at a town meeting in May, but was supported by only seven votes.

Boston, indeed, was the chief restraining force which prevented Massachusetts from lapsing into hopeless anarchy. Another proposition discussed during the year was to limit the number of lawyers in the State to twenty-five, and to designate them by popular election.

The Massachusetts legislation of 1786 was intended to redress all the real grievances of which the county conventions complained, and to satisfy the malcontents, if possible, even in matters concerning which their demands were unreasonable. The purpose was not accomplished; but the failure proved, to the satisfaction of all who were well disposed, that it was folly to accept the preposterous programme of the leaders. One way alone was left to meet successfully the dangerous spirit that was dominant in the western counties. One act of the legislature, however, though avowedly an attack upon the creditor class, met with universal approval. It was an act making paper money a legal tender for the payment of debts due to citizens of States which permitted their own citizens to satisfy demands upon them in similar currency. The shot was aimed at "Rogue" Island, and it told.

Not only was society tending to disintegration at this time, but some of the States themselves were threatened with division. To say nothing of the long controversy between the States as to the ownership of the Western country, or the dispute between Connecticut and Pennsylvania regarding the Wyoming region, the people of what is now Tennessee had set up a government as the State of Frankland, in rebellion against North Carolina; Kentucky was demanding separation from Virginia; the dispute whether Vermont belonged to New York, to New Hampshire, or to herself was still undecided; and a determined movement was making for the separation of Maine from Massachusetts. Two conventions were held at Falmouth, — the name of which town was changed to

Portland in the interval between the two conventions, — the grievances of the district were recited, and a memorial to the General Court, asking its assent to the separation, was adopted and sent out for signature. But there is no doubt that at that time a very large majority of the people of Maine were opposed to severing the connection with Massachusetts.

Turn now to the national situation. The Congress of 1786 was the weakest body ever constituted by the action of the state governments. There was no credit to be gained by any man from membership in an assembly which was deprived of all real power, and consequently there were few members who conferred credit upon Congress. The people of the States were indifferent, hardly caring to be represented in the national assembly, and the members seem to have regarded the duties imposed upon them as a terrible burden. The Articles of Confederation made Congress an impotent body. This character, impressed upon it, so affected its membership that the advice to the States came with little weight of authority; and the States themselves finished the work by neglecting to follow that advice when to do so involved a sacrifice.

The day of meeting of the Congress of 1786 was November 7, 1785. The total membership was fifty-six. On the 7th November ten members put in an appearance, but only three States were "present;" that is, there were as many as two members each from the States of New York, Maryland, and South Carolina only. On the 23d of the month, for the first time, seven States, the requisite number, were sufficiently represented, but still only sixteen members were in attendance. Two other States became represented in December, one in February, two (Delaware and North Carolina) in May, and Rhode Island was not able to give an effective vote on

any division until July 14th. During the whole year there were frequent adjournments without transacting any business, for lack of a quorum of States, and the largest number of members who voted on any question presented to Congress was thirty-one. Not once during the whole year were all the States represented by the necessary two members each on the same day.

Reasons for this neglect of duty were various. Sometimes a state legislature would elect persons to represent it in Congress, and then adjourn without waiting to see whether the commission was accepted or declined. In other cases, as each State paid its own members, legislative parsimony accounted for the absence of Congressmen. The story of the Rhode Island delegation of 1786 is typical, and decidedly interesting. Mr. Manning, the president of the Rhode Island college, now Brown University, happened to visit the legislature one day, on business of his own. It had been difficult to find suitable persons to accept an election to Congress. A friend perceived Mr. Manning in the hall, suddenly conceived the idea of making him a delegate, and proposed his name to the house. He was immediately and unanimously elected within half an hour of the time when the first thought of making such a choice presented itself to any mind. As Mr. Manning believed he could be useful to his college, by pressing a claim which it had against Congress, he accepted the appointment. He soon had reason to regret that he had done so. His colleague, Mr. Miller, who had been entrusted with an advance payment of one hundred dollars for Mr. Manning and the same sum for himself, did not go to New York, where Congress was sitting, until July, and Mr. Manning could get neither the money nor an answer to his letters. He wrote most beseeching appeals to Governor Collins for some money, and pictured his most humiliat-

ing position, being able neither to pay his board and washing bills, nor to get away from New York. Finally the legislature, at one of the numerous sessions called for the purpose of forcing the state paper money up to par, passed a munificent vote to allow him seventy-five dollars. It is to be presumed that this unfortunate delegate succeeded in paying his bills; but although he was re-elected to Congress for 1787, he did not take his seat.

Not only was Congress so thinly attended at all times as to make it necessary to send out a special appeal that each State should endeavor to be represented by at least two members, but the *personnel* of the body left very much to be desired. Not many of the States sent to the Congress of 1786 even one of its best men. When members of the convention of 1787 were to be chosen, the true leaders reappeared in public life by the score, but they were not in Congress in 1786. Fully one half of the members of Congress in that year were never heard of again, unless it were in some subordinate state capacity. There were some able men among them, nevertheless. The delegations from Massachusetts and Virginia were the strongest. The former included Nathaniel Gorham, Theodore Sedgwick, Nathan Dane, and Rufus King; and John Hancock, most overrated of Revolutionary heroes, was elected, but prevented by illness from taking his seat. Virginia was represented by James Monroe, William Grayson, and Henry Lee. The additional names of Livermore of New Hampshire, Wilson of Pennsylvania, McHenry of Maryland, and Charles Pinckney of South Carolina almost exhaust the list of men who had ever been or were ever to be prominent in national affairs, who then sat in Congress. Where were Langdon and John Sullivan, of New Hampshire; the two Adamses, of Massachusetts; Arnold, Hopkins, and Marchant, of Rhode Island; Ellsworth,

Huntington, Roger Sherman, and Wolcott of Connecticut; Hamilton, Jay, Gouverneur Morris, and Peter Schuyler, of New York; Boudinot, Frelinghuysen, and Stockton, of New Jersey; Franklin, Robert Morris, and Clymer, of Pennsylvania; Jefferson, Madison, and Patrick Henry, of Virginia; Laurens and Rutledge, of South Carolina; or Telfair, of Georgia? Some of them were governors or judges in their own States, or members of the local legislatures; others were in retirement. Others, still, like John Adams, Jefferson, and Jay, were in the public service of the country, either at home or abroad, although not in Congress.

A study of the Journal of Congress for the year under view furnishes a sufficient argument in itself for the virtual abdication of authority, by Congress, which made possible the convention of 1787 and the subsequent adoption of the Constitution. Two hundred and sixty-seven duodecimo pages in large print are sufficient to contain the whole record of the year. And what did Congress do? It granted a few "sea letters;" considered and adopted several reports bemoaning the shortcomings of the States in the matters of the revenue system, the supplemental funds, and other schemes submitted for state approval; accepted the cession of Connecticut's claim to Western territory; and took steps to harmonize a boundary dispute between South Carolina and Georgia. Hardly anything else. Some of these acts, however, throw light upon the situation or upon the modes of action, in those times.

The State of Pennsylvania not only agreed to both of the financial schemes just mentioned, — the right to lay an impost, and the provision of a supplementary fund, — but made its assent so given inoperative until all the other States should have made the grant of power to Congress in equally broad terms. Accordingly, Congress passed a vote that

the legislature of Pennsylvania should be asked to rescind this condition, so that when all the States had agreed to the impost, that part of the plan might be put in operation. A committee was appointed, which proceeded to Philadelphia, and laid the matter before the legislature with such effect that the suggestion of Congress was heeded. In examining the reports of proceedings in state legislatures in those times, one must be impressed with the fact that a great part of every session was occupied in the discussion of "federal" questions. Thirteen legislatures were debating and quarreling over matters which one legislature should have decided, with the result that, as all thirteen could not finally agree upon one course of action, nothing could be done.

New York, as every student of history knows, was the one State which stood out to the end against granting the impost. At one time it was willing to allow Congress to establish an independent revenue, to be collected by agents appointed by and responsible to the State. All appeals by Congress to New York to amend the condition which made its offer valueless were in vain. The truth was that New York was able, under the existing system, to levy impost duties for her exclusive benefit upon goods intended not only for her own consumption, but for use in Connecticut and New Jersey. The advantage was too great to be surrendered; and a refusal to assent to the plan of Congress and the imposition of inadmissible conditions to the grant of power came to the same thing. It gives one to-day something of the feeling of national humiliation to read the letters in which that ponderous old obstructionist, Governor George Clinton, then midway of his eighteen years' term as chief executive of New York, refused to call his legislature together to consider further the impost question.

The local selfishness which was the

characteristic of that time — perhaps it has not entirely disappeared to-day — is finely illustrated by one fact revealed by this *Journal of Congress*. Connecticut, whose claim to Western territory was shadowy, was anxious that Congress should accept such a cession as would guarantee to the State the possession of a considerable tract (now known as the “Western Reserve” of Ohio), though not the jurisdiction over it. After several days’ debate the cession was accepted by Congress upon terms satisfactory to Connecticut. This vote was passed on the 26th day of May. Both the members of Congress from Connecticut seem to have gone home immediately after they had carried their point, and the State was not again represented — though one member was occasionally present meanwhile — until the 12th of July, almost seven weeks.

With such matters was the time of Congress occupied. Yet mention should not be omitted of one important act. Before 1786 the dollar was divided, not into cents, or one hundredths, but into ninety parts. In that year the decimal system of money was established, and the cent, the dime, and the eagle received their names. Moreover, the commission to negotiate treaties with European governments succeeded in making a treaty with Prussia, — the one important country with which our commerce was too insignificant to need a treaty. The greater part of the *Secret Journal of Congress*, which contains all the foreign relations of the United States, is occupied with Mr. Jay’s report upon the objections by England to considering that this country had carried out the stipulations of the treaty of peace. Mr. Jay found that the objections were for the most part well grounded.

To this desultory sketch of what was happening throughout the country, in reference to federal matters, should be appended a mention of the Annapolis meeting, called by Virginia for the pur-

pose of considering the best means of conferring upon Congress the right to regulate commercial relations with other countries. Representatives were present from only five States. The same exasperating indifference which was threatening the country with ruin was manifested in regard to this important meeting. Massachusetts appointed a full delegation, every member of which declined. A second choice was made, with like result. Some persons appointed later started to attend the meeting, but were met on the way by delegates returning from Annapolis. Only twelve persons actually assembled to consider the regulation of trade. Alexander Hamilton saw at once the possibility which was opened before the country, and all the acts of the convention, including the call for the Philadelphia convention of 1787, were suggested by him, and the adoption of them was due to the ability and skill of his management.

As might have been expected from the condition of disorder, indifference, and impotence which has been described, the public forces of the United States were not in an efficient state. There was a situation suggestive of general mutiny in the navy. In a letter dated November 8th, in one of the newspapers, an account is given of the troubles which broke out in the fleet, shortly after sailing from port. There was a “dispute” on several ships, and the officers and crews refused to obey the admirals and commodores. One ship, the *Hampshire*, narrowly escaped being wrecked, owing to the insubordination that prevailed. On the ships *Boston* and *Rhode Island* there was actual mutiny. The letter adds that “the captain of the *Philadelphia* wishes the commodores and admirals to be obeyed.” That captain seems to have been a peculiar being.

But if the political situation one hundred years ago was thus gloomy, there were some things occurring to give our

great-grandfathers passing joy. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company paraded for the first time, in 1786, since the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Then, too, the Charles River bridge was opened, the first structure which connected Boston with the mainland, except by the circuitous way of the "Neck" and Roxbury. The opening took place on the 17th of June, the twelfth anniversary of Bunker Hill. There were a procession, a dinner, toasts, and the rendering of an ode, which was "sung in a manner that might equal but could not exceed the merit of the composition." "Joy crowned the day, and in the evening the lamps were lighted on the bridge;" and, if we may believe the local chronicler, something more than light was needed to direct the homeward footsteps of some of those who had joined in the festivities of the day.

There were sorrows, too, in those times. The corporation of Harvard College found it necessary to use strong measures for the repression of the luxurious tastes of the students in their attire. By a formal vote passed in 1786, every student was forbidden to appear on the college grounds, or in the town of Cambridge, in any other than the dress which was by this vote prescribed. Blue-gray wool clothing — coat, waistcoat, and breeches of seven eighths blue and one eighth white wool — was the uniform. Freshmen should wear no ornaments; sophomores were to wear frogs on the button-holes of their coats; juniors, frogs also "on the button side" of their coats; seniors, buttons and frogs

on their coat cuffs. In comparison with their present gay appearance on Class Day, how unpicturesque must the college grounds have been when the artistic tastes of the students were thus discouraged!

Did science flourish then? Apparently it was neglected by the editors, at least, who were one and all taken in by a Portsmouth Yankee's announcement that he had discovered a way of uniting water with tallow, or, as he put it, "the true method" of uniting them. He could use one third water, so he declared, in manufacturing candles. All the newspapers in the country copied this important intelligence from their "esteemed contemporary" of New Hampshire.

But we need not fill in the picture any further. Poverty and debt controlled the direction of public and private affairs. Men were filled with a blind rage because, having won independence and the secure possession of a land having limitless resources, they were burdened with debt, and were unable to establish at home, or to extort from other countries, regulations of trade that should help and not hinder the material development of the country. When they were convinced that only by giving up their absurd ideas of state independence and sovereignty, and founding a truly national government, could they find a way of escape from their misery, they took the steps which were needed, and won the praise of succeeding generations. The events of 1786 did more than anything else to open their eyes to the peril that lay before them.

Edward Stanwood.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK FOURTH.

XXXIII.

THE house in Madeira Crescent was a low, stucco-fronted edifice, in a shabby, shallow semicircle, and Hyacinth could see, as they approached it, that the window-place in the parlor (which was on a level with the street-door) was ornamented by a glass case containing stuffed birds and surmounted by an alabaster Cupid. He was sufficiently versed in his London to know that the descent in the scale of the gentility was almost immeasurable for a person who should have moved into that quarter from the neighborhood of Park Lane. The street was not squalid, and it was strictly residential; but it was mean and meagre and fourth-rate, and had in the highest degree that diminutive, paltry, parochial air, that absence of style and elevation, which is the stamp of whole districts of London, and which Hyacinth had already more than once mentally compared with the high-piled, important look of the Parisian perspective. It possessed in combination every quality which should have made it detestable to the Princess; it was almost as bad as Lomax Place. As they stopped before the narrow, ill-painted door, on which the number of the house was marked with a piece of common porcelain, cut in a fanciful shape, it appeared to Hyacinth that he had felt, in their long walk, the touch of the passion which led his companion to divest herself of her superfluities, but that it would take the romantic out of one's heroism to settle one's self in such a *mesquin*, Philistine row. However, if the Princess had wished to mortify the flesh, she had chosen an effective means of doing so, and of mortifying the spirit as well.

The long light of the gray summer evening was still in the air, and Madeira Crescent wore a soiled, dusty expression. A hand-organ droned in front of a neighboring house, and the cart of the local washer-woman, to which a donkey was harnessed, was drawn up opposite. The local children, as well, were dancing on the pavement, to the music of the organ, and the scene was surveyed, from one of the windows, by a gentleman in a dirty dressing-gown, smoking a pipe, who made Hyacinth think of Mr. Micawber. The young man gave the Princess a deep look, before they went into the house, and she smiled, as if she understood everything that was passing in his mind.

The long, circuitous walk with her, from the far-away South of London, had been strange and delightful; it reminded Hyacinth, more queerly than he could have expressed, of some of the rambles he had taken on summer evenings with Millicent Henning. It was impossible to resemble this young lady less than the Princess resembled her, but in her enjoyment of her unwonted situation (she had never before, on a summer's evening, — to the best of Hyacinth's belief, at least, — lost herself in the unfashionable districts on the arm of a seedy artisan) the distinguished personage exhibited certain coincidences with the shop-girl. She stopped, as Millicent had done, to look into the windows of vulgar establishments, and amused herself with picking out abominable objects that she should like to possess; selecting them from a new point of view, that of a reduced fortune and the domestic arrangements of the "lower middle class," deriving extreme diversion from the idea that she now

belonged to that body. She was in a state of light, fresh, sociable exhilaration which Hyacinth had hitherto, in the same degree, not seen in her, and before they reached Madeira Crescent it had become clear to him that her present phase was little more than a brilliant *tour de force*, which he could not imagine her keeping up long, for the simple reason that, after the novelty and strangeness of the affair had passed away, she would not be able to endure the contact of so much that was common and ugly. For the moment, her discoveries in this line diverted her, as all discoveries did, and she pretended to be sounding, in a scientific spirit — that of the social philosopher, the student and critic of manners — the depths of British Philistinism. Hyacinth was struck, more than ever, with the fund of life that was in her, the energy of feeling, the high, free, reckless spirit. These things expressed themselves, as the couple proceeded, in a hundred sallies and droll proposals, kindling the young man's pulses, and making him conscious of the joy with which, in any extravagance, he would bear her company to the death. She appeared to him, at this moment, to be playing with life so audaciously and defiantly that the end of it all would inevitably be some violent catastrophe.

She desired exceedingly that Hyacinth should take her to a music-hall or a coffee-tavern; she even professed a curiosity to see the inside of a public-house. As she still had self-possession enough to remember that if she stayed out beyond a certain hour Madame Grandoni would begin to worry about her, they were obliged to content themselves with the minor "lark," as the Princess was careful to designate their peep into an establishment, glittering with polished pewter and brass, which bore the name of the Happy Land. Hyacinth had feared that she would be nervous after the narrow, befingered

door had swung behind her, or that, at all events, she would be disgusted at what she might see and hear in such a place, and would immediately wish to retreat. By good luck, however, there were only two or three convivial spirits in occupancy, and the presence of the softer sex was apparently not so rare as to excite surprise. The softer sex, furthermore, was embodied in a big, hard, red woman, the publican's wife, who looked as if she were in the habit of dealing with all sorts, and mainly interested in seeing whether even the finest put down their money before they were served. The Princess pretended to "have something," and to admire the ornamentation of the bar; and when Hyacinth asked her, in a low tone, what disposal they should make, when the great changes came, of such an embarrassing type as that, replied, off-hand, "Oh, drown her in a barrel of beer." She professed, when they came out, to have been immensely interested in the Happy Land, and was not content until Hyacinth had fixed an evening on which they might visit a music-hall together. She talked with him, largely, by fits and starts, about his adventures abroad and his impressions of France and Italy; breaking off, suddenly, with some irrelevant but almost extravagantly appreciative allusion to Rose Muniment and Lady Aurora; then returning with a question as to what he had seen and done, the answer to which, however, in many cases, she was not at pains to wait for. Yet it implied that she had paid considerable attention to what he told her that she should be able to say, towards the end, with that fraternizing frankness which was always touching because it appeared to place her at one's mercy, to show that she counted on one's having an equal loyalty, "Well, my dear friend, you have not wasted your time; you know everything, you have missed nothing; there are lots of things you can tell me, and we shall

have some famous talks in the winter evenings." This last reference was apparently to the coming season, and there was something in the tone of quiet friendship with which it was uttered, and which seemed to involve so many delightful things, something that, for Hyacinth, bound them still closer together. To live out of the world with her, that way, lost among the London millions, in a queer little cockneyfied retreat, was a refinement of intimacy, and better even than the splendid chance he had enjoyed at Medley.

They found Madame Grandoni sitting alone in the twilight, very patient and peaceful, and having, after all, it was clear, accepted the situation too completely to fidget at such a trifle as her companion's not coming home at a lady-like hour. She had placed herself in the back part of the tawdry little drawing-room, which looked into a small, smutty garden, and, from the front window, which was open, the sound of the hurdy-gurdy and the voices of the children, who were romping to its music, came in to her through the summer dusk. The influence of London was there, in a kind of mitigated, far-away hum, and for some reason or other, at that moment, the place, to Hyacinth, took on the semblance of the home of an exile—a spot and an hour to be remembered with a throb of fondness, in some danger or sorrow of after years. The old lady never moved from her chair as she saw the Princess come in with the little bookbinder, and her eyes rested on Hyacinth as familiarly as if she had seen him go out with her in the afternoon. The Princess stood before Madame Grandoni a moment, smiling. "I have done a great thing. What do you think I have done?" she asked, as she drew off her gloves.

"God knows! I have ceased to think!" said the old woman, staring up, with her fat, empty hands on the arms of her chair.

"I have come on foot from the far South of London—how many miles? four or five—and I'm not a particle tired."

"*Che forza, che forza!*" murmured Madame Grandoni. "She will knock you up, completely," she added, turning to Hyacinth with a kind of customary compassion.

"Poor darling, *she* misses the carriage," Christina remarked, passing out of the room.

Madame Grandoni followed her with her eyes, and Hyacinth thought he perceived a considerable lassitude, a plaintive bewilderment and *hébétément*, in the old woman's face. "Don't you like to use cabs—I mean hansoms?" he asked, wishing to say something comforting to her.

"It is not true that I miss anything; my life is only too full," she replied. "I lived worse than this—in my bad days." In a moment she went on: "It's because you are here—she does n't like Assunta to come."

"Assunta—because I am here?" Hyacinth did not immediately catch her meaning.

"You must have seen her Italian maid at Medley. She has kept her, and she's ashamed of it. When we are alone Assunta comes for her bonnet. But she likes you to think she waits on herself."

"That's a weakness—when she's so strong! And what does Assunta think of it?" Hyacinth asked, looking at the stuffed birds in the window, the alabaster Cupid, the wax flowers on the chimney-piece, the florid antimacassars on the chairs, the sentimental engravings on the walls—in frames of *papier-mâché* and "composition," some of them enveloped in pink tissue-paper—and the prismatic glass pendants which seemed attached to everything.

"She says, 'What on earth will it matter to-morrow?'"

"Does she mean that to-morrow the

Princess will have her luxury back again? Has n't she sold all her beautiful things?"

Madame Grandoni was silent a moment. "She has kept a few. They are put away."

"*A la bonne heure!*" cried Hyacinth, laughing. He sat down with the ironical old woman; he spent nearly half an hour in desultory conversation with her, before candles were brought in, and while Christina was in Assunta's hands. He noticed how resolutely the Princess had withheld herself from any attempt to sweeten the dose she had taken it into her head to swallow, to mitigate the ugliness of her vulgar little house. She had respected its horrible idiosyncrasies, and left, rigidly, in their places the gim-cracks which found favor in Madeira Crescent. She had flung no draperies over the pretentious furniture, and disposed no rugs upon the staring carpet; and it was plainly her theory that the right way to acquaint one's self with the sensations of the wretched was to suffer the anguish of exasperated taste. Presently a female servant came in — not the skeptical Assunta, but a stunted young woman of the maid-of-all-work type, the same who had opened the door to the pair a short time before — and informed Hyacinth that the Princess wished him to understand that he was expected to remain to tea. He learned from Madame Grandoni that the custom of an early dinner, followed in the evening by the frugal repast of the lower orders, was another of Christina's mortifications; and when, shortly afterwards, he saw the table laid in the back parlor, which was also the dining-room, and observed the nature of the crockery with which it was decorated, he perceived that whether or no her earnestness were durable, it was at any rate, for the time, intense. Madame Grandoni narrated to him, definitely, as the Princess had done only in scraps, the history of the two ladies since his departure

from Medley, their relinquishment of that fine house, and the sudden arrangements Christina had made to change her mode of life, after they had been only ten days in South Street. At the climax of the London season, in a society which only desired to treat her as one of its brightest ornaments, she had retired to Madeira Crescent, concealing her address (with only partial success, of course) from every one, and inviting a celebrated curiosity-monger to come and look at her *bibelots*, and tell her what he would give her for the lot. In this manner she had parted with them at a fearful sacrifice. She had wished to avoid the nine days' wonder of a public sale; for, to do her justice, though she liked to be original, she did n't like to be notorious, an occasion of vulgar chatter. What had precipitated her determination was a remonstrance received from her husband, just after she left Medley, on the subject of her excessive expenditure; he had written to her that it was past a joke (as she had appeared to consider it), and that she must really pull up. Nothing could gall her more than an interference on that head (she maintained that she knew the exact figure of the Prince's income, and that her allowance was an insignificant part of it), and she had pulled up with a vengeance, as Hyacinth perceived. The young man divined on this occasion one of the Princess's sharpest anxieties (he had never thought of it before), the danger of Casamassima's really putting the screw on — attempting to make her come back and live with him by withholding supplies altogether. In this case she would find herself in a very tight place, though she had a theory that if she should go to law about the matter the courts would allow her a separate maintenance. This course, however, it would scarcely be in her character to adopt; she would be more likely to waive her right, and support herself by lessons in music and the foreign tongues, supple-

mented by the remnant of property that had come to her from her mother. That she was capable of returning to the Prince some day, through not daring to face the loss of luxury, was an idea that could not occur to Hyacinth, in the midst of her assurances, uttered at various times, that she positively yearned for a sacrifice; and such an apprehension was less present to him than ever as he listened to Madame Grandoni's account of the manner in which her rupture with the fashionable world had been effected. It must be added that the old lady remarked, with a sigh, that she did n't know how it would all end, as some of Christina's economies were very costly; and when Hyacinth pressed her a little, she went on to say that it was not, at present, the question of complications arising from the Prince that troubled her most, but the fear that Christina was seriously compromised by her reckless, senseless correspondences — letters arriving from foreign countries, from God knew whom (Christina never told her, nor did she desire it), all about uprisings and liberations (of so much one could be sure) and other matters that were no concern of honest folks. Hyacinth scarcely knew what Madame Grandoni meant by this allusion, which seemed to show that, during the last few months, the Princess had considerably extended her revolutionary connection: he only thought of Hoffendahl, whose name, however, he was careful not to pronounce, and wondered whether his hostess had been writing to the Master to intercede for *him*, to beg that he might be let off. His cheeks burned at the thought, but he contented himself with remarking to Madame Grandoni that their extraordinary friend enjoyed the sense of danger. The old lady wished to know how she would enjoy the hangman's rope (with which, *du train dont elle allait*, she might easily make acquaintance); and when he expressed the hope that she did n't regard him as a

counselor of imprudence, replied, "You, my poor child? Oh, I saw into you at Medley. You are a simple *codino*!"

The Princess came in to tea in a plain white frock, with a bunch of keys at her girdle; and nothing could have suggested the thrifty housewife better than the manner in which she superintended the laying of the cloth and the placing on it of a little austere refreshment — a pile of bread and butter, flanked by a pot of marmalade and a morsel of bacon. She filled the teapot out of a little tin canister locked up in a cupboard, of which the key worked with difficulty, and made the tea with her own superb hands; taking pains, however, to explain to Hyacinth that she was far from imposing that *régime* on Madame Grandoni, who understood that the grocer had a standing order to supply her, for her private consumption, with any delicacy she might desire. For herself, she had never been so well as since she had followed a homely diet. On Sundays they had muffins, and sometimes, for a change, a kippered herring, or even a fried sole. Hyacinth was lost in adoration of the Princess's housewifely ways and of the exquisite figure that she made as a little *bourgeoise*; judging that if her attempt to combine plain living with high thinking were all a comedy, at least it was the most finished entertainment she had yet offered him. She talked to Madame Grandoni about Lady Aurora: described her with much drollery, even to the details of her dress; declared that she was a delightful creature, and one of the most interesting persons she had seen for an age; expressed to Hyacinth the conviction that she should like her exceedingly, if Lady Aurora would only believe a little in *her*. "But I shall like her, whether she does or not," said the Princess. "I always know when that's going to happen; it is n't so common. She will begin very well with me, and be 'fascinated' — is n't that the way people

begin with me? — but she won't understand me at all, or make out in the least what kind of a queer fish I am, though I shall try to show her. When she thinks she does, at last, she will give me up in disgust, and will never know that she has understood me quite wrong. That has been the way with most of the people I have liked; they have run away from me *à toutes jambes*. Oh, I have inspired aversions!" laughed the Princess, handing Hyacinth his cup of tea. He recognized it by the aroma as a mixture not inferior to that of which he had partaken at Medley. "I have never succeeded in knowing any one who would do me good; for by the time I began to improve, under their influence, they could put up with me no longer."

"You told me you were going to visit the poor. I don't understand what your Gräfin was doing there," said Madame Grandoni.

"She had come out of charity — in the same way as I. She evidently goes about immensely over there; I shall entreat her to take me with her."

"I thought you had promised to let me be your guide, in those explorations," Hyacinth remarked.

The Princess looked at him a moment. "Dear Mr. Robinson, Lady Aurora knows more than you."

"There have been times, surely, when you have complimented me on my knowledge."

"Oh, I mean more about the lower classes!" the Princess exclaimed; and, oddly enough, there was a sense in which Hyacinth was unable to deny the allegation. He presently returned to something she had said a moment before, declaring that it had not been the way with Madame Grandoni and him to take to their heels, and to this she replied, "Oh, you'll run away yet; don't be afraid!"

"I think that if I had been capable of quitting you I should have done it

by this time; I have neglected such opportunities," the old lady sighed. Hyacinth now perceived that her eye had quite lost its ancient twinkle; she was troubled about many things.

"It is true that if you did n't leave me when I was rich, it would n't look well for you to leave me at present," the Princess suggested; and before Madame Grandoni could reply to this speech she said to Hyacinth, "I liked the man, your friend Muniment, so much for saying he would n't come to see me. 'What good would it do him,' poor fellow? What good would it do him, indeed? You were not so difficult: you held off a little and pleaded obstacles, but one could see you would come down," she continued, covering her guest with her mystifying smile. "Besides, I was smarter then, more splendid; I had on gewgaws and suggested worldly lures. I must have been more attractive. But I liked him for refusing," she repeated; and of the many words she uttered that evening, it was these that made most impression on Hyacinth. He remained for an hour after tea, for on rising from the table she had gone to the piano (she had not deprived herself of this resource, and had a humble instrument, of the so-called "cottage" kind), and begun to play in a manner that reminded him of her playing the day of his arrival at Medley. The night had grown close, and as the piano was in the front room he opened, at her request, the window that looked into Madeira Crescent. Beneath it assembled the youth of both sexes, the dingy loiterers who had clustered an hour before around the hurdy-gurdy. But on this occasion they did not caper about; they remained still, leaning against the area-rails and listening to the wondrous music. When Hyacinth told the Princess of the spell she had thrown upon them she declared that it made her singularly happy; she added that she was really glad, almost proud, of her day; she felt as if she had begun

to do something for the people. Just before he took leave, she encountered some occasion for saying to him that she was certain the man in Audley Court would n't come; and Hyacinth did not contradict her, because he believed that in fact he would n't.

XXXIV.

How right she had been to say that Lady Aurora would probably be fascinated at first was proved the first time Hyacinth went to Belgrave Square, a visit he was led to pay very promptly, by a deep sense of the obligations under which her ladyship had placed him at the time of Pinnie's death. The circumstances in which he found her were quite the same as those of his visit the year before; she was spending the unfashionable season in her father's empty house, amid a desert of brown hollands and the dormant echoes of heavy conversation. He had seen so much of her during Pinnie's illness that he felt (or had felt then) that he knew her almost intimately — that they had become real friends, almost comrades, and might meet henceforth without reserves or ceremonies; yet she was as fluttered and awkward as she had been on the other occasion — not distant, but enmeshed in a new growth of shyness, and apparently unmindful of what had happened to draw them closer. Hyacinth, however, always liked extremely to be with her, for she was the person in the world who quietly, delicately, and as a matter of course treated him most like a gentleman. She had never said the handsome, flattering things to him that had fallen from the lips of the Princess, and never explained to him her view of him; but her timid, cursory, receptive manner, which took all sorts of equalities for granted, was a homage to the idea of his refinement. It was in this manner that she now conversed with

him on the subject of his foreign travels; he found himself discussing the political indications of Paris and the Ruskinian theories of Venice, in Belgrave Square, quite like one of the cosmopolites bred in that region. It took him, however, but a few minutes to perceive that Lady Aurora's heart was not in these considerations; the deferential smile she bent upon him, while she sat with her head thrust forward and her long hands clasped in her lap, was slightly mechanical, her attitude perfunctory. When he gave her his views of some of the *arrière-pensées* of Napoleon III. (for he had views not altogether, as he thought, deficient in originality), she did not interrupt, for she never interrupted; but she took advantage of his first pause to say, quickly, irrelevantly, "Will the Princess Casamassima come again to Audley Court?"

"I have no doubt she will come again, if they would like her to."

"I do hope she will. She is very wonderful," Lady Aurora continued.

"Oh, yes, she is very wonderful. I think she gave Rosy pleasure," said Hyacinth.

"Rosy can talk of nothing else. It would really do her great good to see the Princess again. Don't you think she is different from anybody that one has ever seen?" But her ladyship added, before waiting for an answer to this, "I liked her quite extraordinarily."

"She liked you just as much. I know it would give her great pleasure if you should go to see her."

"Fancy!" exclaimed Lady Aurora; but she instantly obtained the Princess's address from Hyacinth, and made a note of it in a small, shabby book. Then she said, hesitating a little, "Does she really care for the poor?"

"If she does n't," the young man replied, "I can't imagine what interest she has in pretending to."

"If she does, she's very remarkable — she deserves great honor."

"You really care; why is she more remarkable than you?" Hyacinth demanded.

"Oh, it's very different — she's so wonderfully attractive!" Lady Aurora replied, making, recklessly, the only allusion to the oddity of her own appearance in which Hyacinth was destined to hear her indulge. She became conscious of it the moment she had spoken, and said, quickly, to turn it off, "I should like to talk with her, but I'm rather afraid. She's tremendously clever."

"Ah, what she is you'll find out when you know her!" Hyacinth sighed, expressively.

His hostess looked at him a little, and then, vaguely, exclaimed, "Fancy!" again. The next moment she continued, "She might do so many other things; she might charm the world."

"She does that, whatever she does," said Hyacinth, smiling. "It's all by the way; it need n't interfere."

"That's what I mean, that most other people would be content — beautiful as she is. There's merit, when you give up something."

"She has known a great many bad people, and she wants to know some good," Hyacinth rejoined. "Therefore be sure to go to her soon."

"She looks as if she had known nothing bad since she was born," said Lady Aurora, blinking candidly. "I can't imagine her going into all the dreadful places that she would have to."

"You have gone into them, and it has n't hurt you," Hyacinth suggested.

"How do you know that? My family think it has."

"You make me glad that I have n't a family," said the young man.

"And the Princess — has she no one?"

"Ah, yes, she has a husband. But she does n't live with him."

"Is he one of the bad persons?" asked Lady Aurora, as earnestly as a child listening to a tale.

"Well, I don't like to abuse him, because he is down."

"If I were a man, I should be in love with her," said Lady Aurora. Then she pursued, "I wonder whether we might work together."

"That's exactly what she hopes."

"I won't show her the worst places," said her ladyship, smiling.

To which Hyacinth replied, "I suspect you will do what every one else has done, namely, exactly what she wants!" Before he took leave he said to her, "Do you know whether Paul Muniment liked the Princess?"

Lady Aurora considered a moment, apparently with some intensity. "I think he considered her extraordinarily beautiful — the most beautiful person he had ever seen."

"Does he still believe her to be a humbug?"

"Still?" asked Lady Aurora, as if she did n't understand.

"I mean that that was the impression apparently made upon him last winter by my description of her."

"Oh, I'm sure he thinks her immensely clever!" That was all the satisfaction Hyacinth got just then as to Muniment's estimate of the Princess.

A few days afterward he returned to Madeira Crescent, in the evening, the only time he was free, the Princess having given him a general invitation to take tea with her. He felt that he ought to be discreet in acting upon it, though he was not without reasons that would have warranted him in going early and often. He had a peculiar dread of her growing tired of him — boring herself in his society; yet at the same time he had rather a sharp vision of her boring herself without him, in the dull summer evenings, when even Notting Hill was out of town. He wondered what she did, what visitors dropped in, what pastimes she cultivated, what saved her from the sudden vagary of throwing up the whole of her

present game. He remembered that there was a complete side of her life with which he was almost unacquainted (Lady Marchant and her daughters, at Medley, and three or four other persons who had called while he was there, being, in his experience, the only illustrations of it), and knew not to what extent she had, in spite of her transformation, preserved relations with her old friends; but he could easily imagine a day when she should discover that what she found in Madeira Crescent was less striking than what she missed. Going thither a second time, Hyacinth perceived that he had done her great injustice; she was full of resources; she had never been so happy; she found time to read, to write, to commune with her piano, and above all to think—a delightful detachment from the invasive, vulgar, gossiping, distracting world she had known hitherto. The only interruption to her felicity was that she received quantities of notes from her former acquaintance, challenging her to give some account of herself, to say what had become of her, to come and stay with them in the country; but with these importunate missives she took a very short way—she simply burned them, without answering. She told Hyacinth immediately that Lady Aurora had called on her, two days before, at an hour when she was not in, and she had straightway addressed her, in return, an invitation to come to tea, any evening, at eight o'clock. That was the way the people in Madeira Crescent entertained each other (the Princess knew everything about them now, and was eager to impart her knowledge); and the evening, she was sure, would be much more convenient to Lady Aurora, whose days were filled with good works, peregrinations of charity. Her ladyship arrived ten minutes after Hyacinth; she told the Princess that her invitation had been expressed in a manner so irresistible that she was unwilling to wait more

than a day to respond. She was introduced to Madame Grandoni, and tea was immediately served; Hyacinth being gratefully conscious the while of the kindly way in which Lady Aurora forbore to appear bewildered at meeting him in such society. She knew he frequented it, and she had been witness of his encounter with the Princess in Audley Court; but it might have startled her to have ocular evidence of the footing on which he stood. Everything the Princess did or said, at this time, had for effect, whatever its purpose, to make her seem more rare and fine; and she had seldom given him greater pleasure than by the exquisite art she put forward to win Lady Aurora's confidence, to place herself under the pure and elevating influence of the noble spinster. She made herself small and simple; she spoke of her own little aspirations and efforts; she appealed and persuaded; she laid her white hand on Lady Aurora's, and gazed at her with an interest which was evidently deeply sincere, but which, all the same, derived half its effect from the contrast between the quality of her beauty, the whole air of her person, and the hard, dreary problems of misery and crime. It was touching, and Lady Aurora was touched; that was very evident as they sat together on the sofa, after tea, and the Princess protested that she only wanted to know what her new friend was doing—what she had done for years—in order that she might go and do likewise. She asked personal questions with a directness that was sometimes embarrassing to the subject—Hyacinth had seen that habit in her from the first—and Lady Aurora, though she was charmed and excited, was not quite comfortable at being so publicly probed and sounded. The public was formed of Madame Grandoni and Hyacinth; but the old lady (whose intercourse with the visitor had consisted almost wholly of watching her with a quiet, speculative anxiety) presently shuf-

fled away, and was heard, through the thin partitions that prevailed in Madeira Crescent, to ascend to her own apartment. It seemed to Hyacinth that he ought also, in delicacy, to retire, and this was his intention, from one moment to the other; to him, certainly (and the second time she met him), Lady Aurora had made as much of her confession as he had a right to look for. After that one little flash of egotism he had never again heard her allude to her own feelings or circumstances.

"Do you stay in town, like this, at such a season, on purpose to attend to your work?" the Princess asked; and there was something archly rueful in the tone in which she made this inquiry, as if it cost her just a pang to find that in taking such a line she herself had not been so original as she hoped. "Mr. Robinson has told me about your big house in Belgrave Square — you must let me come and see you there. Nothing would make me so happy as that you should allow me to help you a little — how little soever. Do you like to be helped, or do you like to go alone? Are you very independent, or do you need to look up, to cling, to lean upon some one? Excuse me if I ask impertinent questions; we speak that way — rather, you know — in Rome, where I have spent a large part of my life. That idea of your being there alone in your great dull house, with all your charities and devotions, makes a kind of picture in my mind; it's quaint and touching, like something in some English novel. Englishwomen are so accomplished, are they not? I am really a foreigner, you know, and though I have lived here a while it takes one some time to find those things out *au juste*. Therefore, is your work for the people only one of your occupations, or is it everything, does it absorb your whole life? That's what I should like it to be for me! Do your family like you to throw yourself into all this, or have you had to brave a

certain amount of ridicule? I dare say you have; that's where you English are strong, in braving ridicule. They have to do it so often, have n't they? I don't know whether I could do it. I never tried; but with you I would brave anything. Are your family clever and sympathetic? No? the kind of thing that one's family generally is? Ah, well, dear lady, we must make a little family together. Are you encouraged or disgusted? Do you go on doggedly, or have you any faith, any great idea, that lifts you up? Are you religious, now, *par exemple*? Do you do your work in connection with any ecclesiasticism, any priests or sisters? I'm a Catholic — but so little! I should n't mind in the least joining hands with any one who is really doing anything. I express myself awkwardly, but perhaps you know what I mean. Possibly you don't know that I am one of those who believe that a great social cataclysm is destined to take place, and that it can't make things worse than they are already. I believe, in a word, in the people doing something for themselves (the others will never do anything for them), and I am quite willing to help them. If that shocks you I shall be immensely disappointed, because there is something in the impression you make on me that seems to say that you have n't the usual prejudices, and that if certain things were to happen you would n't be afraid. You are shy, are you not? — but you are not timorous. I suppose that if you thought the inequalities and oppressions and miseries which now exist were a necessary part of life, and were going on forever, you would n't be interested in those people over the river (the bedridden girl and her brother, I mean); because Mr. Robinson tells me that they are advanced socialists — or at least the brother is. Perhaps you'll say that you don't care for him; the sister, to your mind, being the remarkable one. She is, indeed, a perfect little *femme du*

monde — she talks so much better than most of the people in society. I hope you don't mind my saying that, because I have an idea that you are not in society. You can imagine whether I am! Have n't you judged it, like me, condemned it, and given it up? Are you not sick of the egotism, the snobbery, the meanness, the frivolity, the immorality, the hypocrisy? Is n't there a great resemblance in our situation? I don't mean in our nature, for you are far better than I shall ever be. Are n't you quite divinely good? When I see a woman of your sort (not that I often do!), I try to be a little less bad. You have helped hundreds, thousands, of people; you must help me!"

These remarks, which I have strung together, did not, of course, fall from the Princess's lips in an uninterrupted stream; they were arrested and interspersed by frequent inarticulate responses and embarrassed protests. Lady Aurora shrank from them even while they gratified her, blinking and fidgeting in the brilliant, direct light of her hostess's attentions. I need not repeat her answers, the more so as they none of them arrived at completion, but passed away into nervous laughter and averted looks, the latter directed at the ceiling, the floor, the windows, and appearing to constitute a kind of entreaty to some occult or supernatural power that the conversation should become more impersonal. In reply to the Princess's allusion to the convictions prevailing in the Muniment family, she said that the brother and sister thought differently about public questions, but were of the same mind with regard to persons of the upper class taking an interest in the working people, attempting to enter into their life: they held it was a great mistake. At this information the Princess looked much disappointed; she wished to know if the Muniments thought it was impossible to do them any good. "Oh, I mean a mistake from *our* point

of view," said Lady Aurora. "They would n't do it in our place; they think we had much better occupy ourselves with our own pleasures." And as the Princess stared, not comprehending, she went on: "Rosy thinks we have a right to our own pleasures under all circumstances, no matter how badly off the poor may be; and her brother takes the ground that we will not have them long, and that, in view of what may happen, we are great fools not to make the most of them."

"I see, I see. That is very strong," the Princess murmured, in a tone of high appreciation.

"I dare say. But all the same, whatever is going to come, one *must* do something."

"You do think, then, that something is going to come?" said the Princess.

"Oh, immense changes, I dare say. But I don't belong to anything, you know."

The Princess hesitated a moment. "No more do I. But many people do. Mr. Robinson, for instance." And she gave Hyacinth a familiar smile.

"Oh, if the changes depend on me!" the young man exclaimed, blushing.

"They won't set the Thames on fire — I quite agree to that!"

Lady Aurora had the manner of not considering that she had a warrant for going into the question of Hyacinth's affiliations; so she stared, delicately, at the piano, and in a moment remarked to the Princess, "I am sure you play awfully well; I should like so much to hear you."

Hyacinth felt that their hostess thought this *banal*. She had not asked Lady Aurora to spend the evening with her simply that they should fall back on the resources of the vulgar. Nevertheless, she replied with perfect good-nature that she should be delighted to play; only there was a thing she should like much better, namely, that Lady Aurora should narrate her life.

"Oh, don't talk about mine; yours, yours!" her ladyship cried, coloring with eagerness, and, for the first time since her arrival, indulging in the free gesture of laying her hand upon that of the Princess.

"With so many narratives in the air, I certainly had better take myself off," said Hyacinth, and the Princess offered no opposition to his departure. She and Lady Aurora were evidently on the point of striking up a tremendous intimacy, and as he turned this idea over, walking away, it made him sad, for strange, vague reasons, which he could not have expressed.

XXXV.

The Sunday following this occasion Hyacinth spent almost entirely with the Muniments, with whom, since his return to his work, he had been able to have no long, fraternizing talk, of the kind that had marked their earlier relations. The present, however, was a happy day; it refreshed exceedingly the sentiments with which he now regarded the inscrutable Paul. The warm, bright September weather gilded even the dinginess of Audley Court, and while, in the morning, Rosy's brother and their visitor sat beside her sofa, the trio amused themselves with discussing a dozen different plans for giving a festive turn to the day. There had been moments, in the last six months, when Hyacinth had the sense that he should never again be able to enter into such ideas as that, and these moments had been connected with the strange perversion taking place in his mental image of the man whose hardness (of course he was obliged to be hard) he had never expected to see turned upon a passionate admirer. But now, for the hour at least, the darkness had cleared away, and Paul's company was in itself a comfortable, inspiring influence. He had never been kinder,

jollier, safer, as it were; it had never appeared more desirable to hold fast to him and trust him. Less than ever would an observer have guessed there was a reason why the two young men might have winced as they looked at each other. Rosy naturally took part in the question debated between her companions — the question whether they should limit their excursion to a walk in Hyde Park; should embark at Lambeth pier on the penny steamer, which would convey them to Greenwich; or should start presently for Waterloo station, and go thence by train to Hampton Court. Miss Muniment had visited none of these places, but she contributed largely to the discussion, for which she seemed perfectly qualified; talked about the crowd on the steamer, and the inconvenience arising from drunken persons on the return, quite as if she had suffered from these drawbacks; said that the view from the hill at Greenwich was terribly smoky, and at that season the fashionable world — half the attraction, of course — was wholly absent from Hyde Park; and expressed strong views in favor of Wolsey's old palace, with whose history she appeared intimately acquainted. She threw herself into her brother's holiday with eagerness and glee, and Hyacinth marveled again, as he had done before, at the stoicism of the hard, bright little creature, whose imagination appeared never to concern itself with her own privations, so that she could lie in her close little room the whole golden afternoon, without bursting into sobs as she saw the western sunbeams slant upon the shabby, ugly, familiar paper of her wall, and thought of the far-off fields and gardens which she should never see. She talked immensely of the Princess, for whose beauty, grace, and benevolence she could find no sufficient praise; declaring that of all the fair faces that had ever hung over her couch (and Rosy spoke as from immense opportunities for comparison)

she had far the noblest and most refreshing. She seemed to make a kind of light in the room, and to leave it behind her after she had gone. Rosy could call up her image as she could hum a tune she had heard, and she expressed in her quaint, particular way how, as she lay there in the quiet hours, she repeated over to herself the beautiful air. The Princess might be anything, she might be royal or imperial, and Rosy was well aware how little *she* should complain of the dullness of her life when such apparitions as that could pop in any day. She made a difference in the place — it gave it a kind of finish for her to have come there; if it was good enough for a princess, it was good enough for *her*, and she hoped she should n't hear again of Paul's wishing her to move out of a room with which she should have henceforth such delightful associations. The Princess had found her way to Audley Court, and perhaps she would n't find it to another lodging — they could n't expect her to follow them about London at their pleasure; and at any rate she had evidently been very much struck with the little room, so that, if they were quiet and patient, who could say but the fancy would take her to send them a bit of carpet, or a picture, or even a mirror with a gilt frame, to make it a bit more tasteful? Rosy's transitions from pure enthusiasm to the imaginative calculation of benefit were performed with a serenity peculiar to herself. Her chatter had so much spirit and point that it always commanded attention, but to-day Hyacinth was less patient of it than usual, because, so long as it lasted, Muniment held his tongue, and what he had been anxious about was much more Paul's impression of the Princess. Rosy made no remark to him on the monopoly he had so long enjoyed of this wonderful lady; she had always had the manner of a kind of indulgent incredulity about Hyacinth's social adventures, and he saw the day might easily come

when she would begin to talk of the Princess as if she herself had been the first to discover her. She had much to say, however, about the nature of the acquaintance Lady Aurora had formed with her, and she was mainly occupied with the glory she had drawn upon herself by bringing two such exalted persons together. She fancied them alluding, in the great world, to the occasion on which "we first met, at Miss Muniment's, you know;" and she related how Lady Aurora, who had been in Audley Court the day before, had declared that she owed her a debt she could never repay. The two ladies had liked each other more, almost, than they liked any one; and was n't it a rare picture to think of them moving hand in hand, like twin roses, through the bright upper air? Muniment inquired, in rather a coarse, unsympathetic way, what the mischief she ever wanted of *her*; which led Hyacinth to demand in return, "What do you mean? What does who want of whom?"

"What does the beauty want of *our* poor lady? She has a totally different stamp. I don't know much about women, but I can see that."

"How do you mean — a different stamp? They both have the stamp of their rank!" cried Rosy.

"Who can ever tell what women want, at any time?" Hyacinth said, with the off-handedness of a man of the world.

"Well, my boy, if you don't know any more than I, you disappoint me! Perhaps, if we wait long enough, she will tell us some day, herself."

"Tell you what she wants of Lady Aurora?"

"I don't mind about Lady Aurora so much; but what in the name of long journeys does she want with *us*?"

"Don't you think you're worth a long journey?" Rosy asked, gayly. "If you were not my brother, which is handy for seeing you, and I were not confined to my sofa, I would go from one

end of England to the other to make your acquaintance! He's in love with the Princess," she went on, to Hyacinth, "and he asks those senseless questions to cover it up. What does any one want of anything?"

It was decided, at last, that the two young men should go down to Greenwich, and after they had partaken of bread and cheese with Rosy they embarked on a penny-steamer. The boat was densely crowded, and they leaned, rather squeezed together, in the fore part of it, against the rail of the deck, and watched the big black fringe of the yellow stream. The river was always fascinating to Hyacinth. The mystified entertainment which, as a child, he had found in all the aspects of London came back to him from the murky scenery of its banks and the sordid agitation of its bosom: the great arches and pillars of the bridges, where the water rushed, and the funnels tipped, and sounds made an echo, and there seemed an overhanging of interminable processions; the miles of ugly wharves and warehouses; the lean protrusions of chimneys, mast, and crane; the painted signs of grimy industries, staring from shore to shore; the strange, flat, obstructive barges, straining and bumping on some business as to which everything was vague but that it was remarkably dirty; the clumsy coasters and colliers, which thickened as one went down; the small, loafing boats, whose occupants, somehow, looking up from their oars at the steamer, as they rocked in the oily undulations of its wake, appeared profane and sarcastic; in short, all the grinding, puffing, smoking, splashing activity of the turbid flood. In the good-natured crowd, amid the fumes of vile tobacco, beneath the shower of sooty particles, and to the accompaniment of a bagpipe of a dingy Highlander, who sketched occasionally a smothered reel, Hyacinth forbore to speak to his companion of what he had most at heart; but later, as they lay on

the brown, crushed grass, on one of the slopes of Greenwich Park, and saw the river stretch away and shine beyond the pompous colonnades of the hospital, he asked him whether there was any truth in what Rosy had said about his being sweet on their friend the Princess. He said "their friend" on purpose, speaking as if, now that she had been twice to Audley Court, Muniment might be regarded as knowing her almost as well as he himself did. He wished to conjure away the idea that he was jealous of Paul, and if he desired information on the point I have mentioned, this was because it still made him almost as uncomfortable as it had done at first that his comrade should take the scoffing view. He did not easily see such a fellow as Muniment wheel about from one day to the other, but he had been present at the most exquisite exhibition he had ever observed the Princess make of that divine power of conciliation which was not, perhaps, in social intercourse, the art she chiefly exercised, but was certainly the most wonderful of her secrets, and it would be remarkable indeed that a sane young man should not have been affected by it. It was familiar to Hyacinth that Muniment was not easily touched by women, but this might perfectly have been the case without detriment to the Princess's ability to work a miracle. The companions had wandered through the great halls and courts of the hospital; had gazed up at the glories of the famous painted chamber and admired the long and lurid series of the naval victories of England (Muniment remarking to his friend that he supposed he had seen the match to all that in foreign parts — offensive little traveled beggar that he was). They had not ordered a fish-dinner either at the Trafalgar or the Ship (having a frugal vision of tea and shrimps with Rosy, on their return), but they had labored up and down the steep undulations of the shabby, charming park; made advances

to the tame deer, and seen them amble foolishly away; watched the young of both sexes, hilarious and red in the face, roll in promiscuous entanglement over the slopes; gazed at the little brick observatory, perched on one of the knolls, which sets the time of English history, and in which Hyacinth could see that his companion took a kind of technical interest; wandered out of one of the upper gates, and admired the trimness of the little villas at Blackheath, where Muniment declared that it was his idea of supreme social success to be able to live. He pointed out two or three small, semi-detached houses, faced with stucco, and with "Mortimer Lodge" or "The Sycamores" inscribed upon the gate-posts, and Hyacinth guessed that these were the sort of place he would like to end his days in — in high, pure air, with a genteel window for Rosy's couch and a cheerful view of suburban excursions. It was when they came back into the park that, being rather hot and a little satiated, they stretched themselves under a tree and Hyacinth yielded to his curiosity.

"Sweet on her — sweet on her, my boy!" said Muniment. "I might as well be sweet on the dome of St. Paul's, which I just make out off there."

"The dome of St. Paul's does n't come to see you, and does n't ask you to return the visit."

"Oh, I don't return visits — I've got a lot of jobs of my own to do. If I don't put myself out for the Princess, is n't that a sufficient answer to your question?"

"I'm by no means sure," said Hyacinth. "If you went to see her, simply and civilly, because she asked you, I should n't regard it as a proof that you had taken a fancy to her. Your hanging off is more suspicious; it may mean that you don't trust yourself — that you are in danger of falling in love if you go in for a more intimate acquaintance."

"It's a rum job, your wanting me to make up to her. I should n't think it would suit your book," Muniment rejoined, staring at the sky, with his hands clasped under his head.

"Do you suppose I'm afraid of you?" his companion asked. "Besides," Hyacinth added in a moment, "why the devil should I care, now?"

Muniment, for a little, made no rejoinder; he turned over on his side, and with his arm resting on the ground leaned his head on his hand. Hyacinth felt his eyes on his face, but he also felt himself coloring, and did n't meet them. He had taken a private vow never to indulge, to Muniment, in certain inauspicious references, and the words he had just spoken had slipped out of his mouth too easily. "What do you mean by that?" Paul demanded, at last; and when Hyacinth looked at him he saw nothing but his companion's strong, fresh, irresponsible face. Muniment, before speaking, had had time to guess what he meant by it.

Suddenly, an impulse that he had never known before, or rather that he had always resisted, took possession of him. There was a mystery which it concerned his happiness to clear up, and he became unconscious of his scruples, of his pride, of the strength that he had believed to be in him — the strength for going through his work and passing away without a look behind. He sat forward on the grass, with his arms round his knees, and bent upon Muniment a face lighted up by his difficulties. For a minute the two men's eyes met with extreme clearness, and then Hyacinth exclaimed, "What an extraordinary fellow you are!"

"You've hit it there!" said Muniment, smiling.

"I don't want to make a scene, or work on your feelings, but how will you like it when I'm strung up on the gallows?"

"You mean for Hoffendahl's job?"

"That's what you were alluding to just now?" Muniment lay there, in the same attitude, chewing a long blade of dry grass, which he held to his lips with his free hand.

"I did n't mean to speak of it; but after all, why should n't it come up? Naturally, I have thought of it a good deal."

"What good does that do?" Muniment returned. "I hoped you didn't, and I noticed you never spoke of it. You don't like it; you would rather throw it up," he added.

There was not in his voice the faintest note of irony or contempt, no sign whatever that he passed judgment on such a tendency. He spoke in a quiet, human, memorizing manner, as if it had originally quite entered into his thought to allow for weak regrets. Nevertheless, the complete reasonableness of his tone itself cast a chill on his companion's spirit; it was like the touch of a hand at once very firm and very soft, but strangely cold.

"I don't want in the least to throw the business up, but did you suppose I liked it?" Hyacinth asked, with rather a forced laugh.

"My dear fellow, how could I tell? You like a lot of things I don't. You like excitement and emotion and change, you like remarkable sensations, whereas I go in for a holy calm, for sweet repose."

"If you object for yourself to change, and are so fond of still waters, why have you associated yourself with a revolutionary movement?" Hyacinth demanded, with a little air of making rather a good point.

"Just for that reason!" Muniment answered, with a smile. "Is n't our revolutionary movement as quiet as the grave? Who knows, who suspects, anything like the full extent of it?"

"I see — you take only the quiet parts!"

In speaking these words Hyacinth

had had no derisive intention, but a moment later he flushed with the sense that they had a sufficiently petty sound. Muniment, however, appeared to see no offense in them, and it was in the gentlest, most suggestive way, as if he had been thinking over what might comfort his comrade, that he replied, "There's one thing you ought to remember — that it's quite on the cards it may never come off."

"I don't desire that reminder," Hyacinth said; "and, moreover, you must let me say that, somehow, I don't easily fancy *you* mixed up with things that don't come off. Anything you have to do with will come off, I think."

Muniment reflected a moment, as if his little companion were charmingly ingenious. "Surely, I have nothing to do with this idea of Hoffendahl's."

"With the execution, perhaps not; but how about the conception? You seemed to me to have a great deal to do with it the night you took me to see him."

Muniment changed his position, raising himself, and in a moment he was seated, Turk-fashion, beside his mate. He put his arm over his shoulder and held him, studying his face; and then, in the kindest manner in the world, he remarked, "There are three or four definite chances in your favor."

"I don't want comfort, you know," said Hyacinth, with his eyes on the distant atmospheric mixture that represented London.

"What the devil *do* you want?" Muniment asked, still holding him, and with perfect good-humor.

"Well, to get inside of *you* a little; to know how a chap feels when he's going to part with his best friend."

"To part with him?" Muniment repeated.

"I mean, putting it at the worst."

"I should think you would know by yourself, if you're going to part with me!"

At this Hyacinth prostrated himself, tumbled over on the grass, on his face, which he buried in his arms. He remained in this attitude, saying nothing, for a long time; and while he lay there he thought, with a sudden, quick flood of association, of many strange things. Most of all, he had the sense of the brilliant, charming day; the warm stillness, touched with cries of amusement; the sweetness of loafing there, in an interval of work, with a friend who was a tremendously fine fellow, even if he did n't understand the inexpressible. Muniment also kept silent, and Hyacinth perceived that he was unaffectedly puzzled. He wanted now to relieve him, so that he pulled himself together again and turned round, saying the first thing he could think of, in relation to the general subject of their conversation, that would carry them away from the personal question: "I have asked you before, and you have told me, but somehow I have never quite grasped it (so I just touch on the matter again), exactly what good you think it will do."

"This idea of Hoffendahl's? You must remember that as yet we know only very vaguely what it is. It is difficult, therefore, to measure closely the importance it may have, and I don't think I have ever, in talking with you, pretended to fix that importance. I don't suppose it will matter immensely whether your own engagement is carried out or not; but if it is, it will have been a detail in a scheme of which the general effect will be decidedly useful. I believe, and you pretend to believe, though I am not sure you do, in the advent of the democracy. It will help the democracy to get possession, that the classes that keep them down shall be admonished from time to time that they have a very definite and very determined intention of doing so. An immense deal will depend upon that. Hoffendahl is an excellent admonisher."

Hyacinth listened to this explanation

with an expression of interest that was not feigned; and after a moment he rejoined, "When you say you believe in the democracy, I take for granted you mean you positively wish for their coming into power, as I have always supposed. Now what I really have never understood is this — why you should desire to put forward a lot of people whom you regard, almost without exception, as donkeys."

"Ah, my dear lad," laughed Muniment, "when one undertakes to meddle in human affairs one must deal with human material. The upper classes have the longest ears."

"I have heard you say that you were working for an equality in human conditions, to abolish the immemorial inequality. What you want, then, for all mankind is a similar *nuance* of asininity."

"That's very clever; did you pick it up in France? The low tone of our fellow-mortals is a result of bad conditions; it is the conditions I want to alter. When those that have no start to speak of have a good one, it is but fair to infer that they will go further. I want to try them, you know."

"But why equality?" Hyacinth asked. "Somehow, that word does n't say so much to me as it used to. Inequality — inequality! I don't know whether it's by dint of repeating it over to myself, but *that* does n't shock me as it used."

"They did n't put you up to that in France, I'm sure!" Muniment exclaimed. "Your point of view has changed; you have risen in the world."

"Risen? Good God, what have I risen to?"

"True enough; you were always a bloated little swell!" And Muniment gave his young friend a sociable slap on the back. There was a momentary bitterness in its being imputed to such a one as Hyacinth, even in joke, that he had taken sides with the fortunate ones of the earth, and he had it on his

tongue's end to ask his friend if he had never guessed what his proud titles were — the bastard of a murderess, spawned in a gutter, out of which he had been picked by a sewing-girl. But his lifelong reserve on this point was a habit not easily broken, and before such an inquiry could flash through it Muniment had gone on: "If you've ceased to believe we can do anything, it will be rather awkward, you know."

"I don't know what I believe, God help me!" Hyacinth remarked, in a tone of an effect so lugubrious that Paul gave one of his longest, most boyish-sounding laughs. And he added, "I don't want you to think I have ceased to care for the people. What am I but one of the poorest and meanest of them?"

"You, my boy? You're a duke in disguise, and so I thought the first time I ever saw you. That night I took you to Hoffendahl you had a little way with you that made me forget it; I mean that your disguise happened to be better than usual. As regards caring for the people, there's surely no obligation at all," Muniment continued. "I would n't if I could help it — I promise you that. It all depends on what you see. The way I've used my eyes in this abominable metropolis has led to my seeing that present arrangements won't do. They won't do," he repeated, placidly.

"Yes, I see that, too," said Hyacinth, with the same dolefulness that had marked his tone a moment before — a dolefulness begotten of the rather helpless sense that, whatever he saw, he saw (and this was always the case) so many other things beside. He saw the immeasurable misery of the people, and yet he saw all that had been, as it were, saved and marked off from it: the treasures, the felicities, the splendors, the successes, of the world. All this took the form, sometimes, to his imagination, of a vast, vague, dazzling presence, an irradiation of light from objects unde-

fined, mixed with the atmosphere of Paris and of Venice. He presently added that a hundred things Muniment had told him about the foul horrors of the worst districts of London, pictures of incredible shame and suffering that he had put before him, came back to him now, with the memory of the passion they had kindled at the time.

"Oh, I don't want you to go by what I have told you; I want you to go by what you have seen yourself. I remember there were things you told me that were n't bad in their way." And at this Paul Muniment sprang to his feet, as if their conversation had drawn to an end, or they must at all events be thinking of their homeward way. Hyacinth got up, too, while his companion stood there. Muniment was looking off toward London, with a face that expressed all the healthy singleness of his vision. Suddenly Paul remarked, as if it occurred to him to complete, or at any rate confirm, the declaration he had made a short time before, "Yes, I don't believe in the millennium, but I do believe in the democracy."

The young man, as he spoke these words, struck his comrade as such a fine embodiment of the spirit of the people; he stood there, in his powerful, sturdy freshness, with such an air of having learnt what he had learnt and of good-nature that had purposes in it, that our hero felt the simple inrush of his old, frequent pride at having a person of that promise, a nature of that capacity, for a friend. He passed his hand into Muniment's arm, and said, with an imperceptible tremor in his voice, "It's no use your saying I'm not to go by what you tell me. I would go by what you tell me, anywhere. There's no awkwardness to speak of. I don't know that I believe exactly what you believe, but I believe in you, and does n't that come to the same thing?"

Muniment evidently appreciated the cordiality and candor of this little trib-

ute, and the way he showed it was by a movement of his arm, to check his companion, before they started to leave the spot, and by looking down at him with a certain anxiety of friendliness. "I should never have taken you to Hofendahl if I hadn't thought you would jump at the job. It was that flaring little oration of yours, at the club, when you floored Delancey for saying you were afraid, that put me up to it."

"I did jump at it—upon my word I did; and it was just what I was looking for. That's all correct!" said Hyacinth, cheerfully, as they went forward. There was a strain of heroism in these words—of heroism of which the sense was not conveyed to Muniment by a vibration in their interlocked arms. Hyacinth did not make the reflection that he was infernally literal; he dismissed the sentimental problem that had bothered him; he condoned, excused, admired, and merged himself, resting happy for the time in the consciousness that Paul was a grand fellow, that friendship was a purer feeling than love, and that there was an immense deal of affection between them. He did not even observe at that moment that it was preponderantly on his own side.

XXXVI.

A certain Sunday in November, more than three months after she had gone to live in Madeira Crescent, was so important an occasion for the Princess Casamassima that I must give as complete an account of it as the limits of my space will allow. Early in the afternoon a loud peal from her door knocker came to her ear; it had a sound of resolution, expressing almost defiance, which made her look up from her book and listen. She was sitting by the fire, alone, with a volume of a heavy work on Labor and Capital in her hand. It was not yet four o'clock, but she had

had candles for an hour; a dense brown fog made the daylight impure, without suggesting an answer to the question whether the scheme of nature had been to veil or to deepen the sabbatical dreariness. She was not tired of Madeira Crescent—such an idea she would indignantly have repudiated; but the prospect of a visitor was rather pleasant to her—the possibility even of his being an ambassador, or a cabinet minister, or another of the eminent personages with whom she had associated before embracing the ascetic life. They had not knocked at her present door hitherto in any great numbers, for more reasons than one; they were out of town, and she had taken pains to diffuse the belief that she had left England. If the impression prevailed, it was exactly the impression she had desired; she forgot this fact whenever she felt a certain surprise, even, it may be, a certain irritation, in perceiving that people were not taking the way to Madeira Crescent. She was making the discovery, in which she had had many predecessors, that in London it is only too possible to hide one's self. It was very much in that fashion that Godfrey Sholto was in the habit of announcing himself, when he reappeared after the intervals she explicitly imposed upon him; there was a kind of artlessness, for so world-worn a personage, in the point he made of showing that he knocked with confidence, that he had as good a right as any other. This afternoon she was ready to accept a visit from him: she was perfectly detached from the shallow, frivolous world in which he lived, but there was still a freshness in her renunciation which coveted reminders and enjoyed comparisons; he would prove to her how right she had been to do exactly what she was doing. It did not occur to her that Hyacinth Robinson might be at her door, for it was understood between them that, except by special appoint-

ment, he was to come to see her only in the evening. She heard in the hall, when the servant arrived, a voice that she failed to recognize; but in a moment the door of the room was thrown open, and the name of Mr. Muniment was pronounced. It may be said at once that she felt great pleasure in hearing it, for she had both wished to see more of Hyacinth's extraordinary friend and had given him up, so little likely had it begun to appear that he would put himself out for her. She had been glad he would n't come, as she had told Hyacinth three months before; but now that he had come she was still more glad.

Presently he was sitting opposite to her, on the other side of the fire, with his big foot crossed over his big knee, his large, gloved hands fumbling with each other, drawing and smoothing the gloves (of very red, new-looking dog-skin) in places, as if they hurt him. So far as the size of his extremities, and even his attitude and movement, went, he might have belonged to her former circle. With the details of his dress remaining vague in the lamp-light, which threw into relief mainly his powerful, important head, he might have been one of the most considerable men she had ever known. The first thing she said to him was that she wondered extremely what had brought him at last to come to see her: the idea, when she proposed it, evidently had so little attraction for him. She had only seen him once since then — the day she met him coming into Audley Court as she was leaving it, after a visit to his sister — and, as he probably remembered, she had not on that occasion repeated her invitation.

"It would n't have done any good, at the time, if you had," Muniment rejoined, with his natural laugh.

"Oh, I felt that; my silence was n't accidental!" the Princess exclaimed, joining in his merriment.

"I have only come now — since you have asked me the reason — because my sister hammered at me, week after week, dinning it into me that I ought to. Oh, I've been under the lash! If she had left me alone, I would n't have come."

The Princess blushed on hearing these words; but not with shame or with pain; rather, with the happy excitement of being spoken to in a manner so fresh and original. She had never before had a visitor who practiced so racy a frankness, or who, indeed, had so curious a story to tell. She had never before so completely failed, and her failure greatly interested her, especially as it seemed now to be turning a little to success. She had succeeded promptly with every one, and the sign of it was that every one had rendered her a monotony of homage. Even poor little Hyacinth had tried, in the beginning, to say sweet things to her. This very different type of man appeared to have his thoughts fixed on anything but sweetness; she felt the liveliest hope that he would move further and further away from it. "I remember what you asked me — what good it would do you. I could n't tell you then; and though I now have had a long time to turn it over, I have n't thought of it yet."

"Oh, but I hope it will do me some," said Paul. "A fellow wants a reward, when he has made a great effort."

"It does me some," the Princess remarked, gayly.

"Naturally, the awkward things I say amuse you. But I don't say them for that, but just to give you an idea."

"You give me a great many ideas. Besides, I know you already a good deal."

"From little Robinson, I suppose," said Muniment.

The Princess hesitated. "More particularly from Lady Aurora."

"Oh, she does n't know much about me!" the young man exclaimed.

"It's a pity you say that, because she likes you."

"Yes, she likes me," Muniment replied, serenely.

Again the Princess hesitated. "And I hope you like her."

"Ay, she's a dear old girl!"

The Princess reflected that her visitor was not a gentleman, like Hyacinth; but this made no difference in her present attitude. The expectation that he would be a gentleman had had nothing to do with her interest in him; that, in fact, had rested largely on the supposition that he was a natural democrat. "I don't know that there is any one in the world I envy so much," she remarked, an observation which her visitor received in silence. "Better than any one I have ever met, she has solved the problem — which, if we are wise, we all try to solve, don't we? — of getting out of herself. She has got out of herself more perfectly than any one I have ever known. She has merged herself in the passion of doing something for others. That's why I envy her," said the Princess, with an explanatory smile, as if perhaps he didn't understand her.

"It's an amusement, like any other," said Paul Muniment.

"Ah, not like any other! It carries light into dark places; it makes a great many wretched people considerably less wretched."

"How many, eh?" asked the young man, not exactly as if he wished to dispute, but as if it were always in him to enjoy an argument.

The Princess wondered why he should desire to argue at Lady Aurora's expense. "Well, one who is very near to you, to begin with."

"Oh, she's kind, most kind; it's altogether wonderful. But Rosy makes her considerably less wretched," Paul Muniment rejoined.

"Very likely, of course; and so she does me."

"May I inquire what you are wretched about?" Muniment went on.

"About nothing at all. That's the worst of it. But I am much happier now than I have ever been."

"Is that also about nothing?"

"No, about a sort of change that has taken place in my life. I have been able to do some little things."

"For the poor, I suppose you mean. Do you refer to the presents you have made to Rosy?" the young man inquired.

"The presents?" The Princess appeared not to remember. "Oh, those are trifles. It isn't anything one has been able to give; it's some talks one has had, some convictions one has arrived at."

"Convictions are a source of very innocent pleasure," said the young man, smiling at his interlocutress with his bold, pleasant eyes, which seemed to project their glance further than any she had seen.

"Having them is nothing. It's the acting on them," the Princess replied.

"Yes; that doubtless, too, is good." He continued to look at her serenely, as if he liked to consider that this might be what she had asked him to come for. He said nothing more, and she went on:

"It's far better, of course, when one is a man."

"I don't know. Women do pretty well what they like. My sister and you have managed, between you, to bring me to this."

"It's more your sister, I suspect, than I. But why, after all, should you have disliked so much to come?"

"Well, since you ask me," said Paul Muniment, "I will tell you frankly, though I don't mean it uncivilly, that I don't know what to make of you."

"Most people don't," returned the Princess. "But they usually take the risk."

"Ah, well, I'm the most prudent of men."

"I was sure of it; that is one of the reasons why I wanted to know you. I know what some of your ideas are — Hyacinth Robinson has told me; and the source of my interest in them is partly the fact that you consider very carefully what you attempt."

"That I do — I do," said Muniment, simply.

The tone in which he said this would have been almost ignoble, as regards a kind of northern canniness which it expressed, had it not been corrected by the character of his face, his youth and strength, and his military eye. The Princess recognized both the shrewdness and the latent audacity as she rejoined, "To do anything with you would be very safe. It would be sure to succeed."

"That's what poor Hyacinth thinks," said Paul Muniment.

The Princess wondered a little that he could allude in that light tone to the faith their young friend had placed in him, considering the consequences such a trustfulness had had for him; but this curious mixture of qualities could only make her visitor, as a tribune of the people, more interesting to her. She abstained, for the moment, from touching on the subject of Hyacinth's peculiar position, and only said, "Has n't he told you about me? Has n't he explained me a little?"

"Oh, his explanations are grand!" Muniment exclaimed, gayly. "He's rare sport when he talks about you."

"Don't betray him," said the Princess, gently.

"There's nothing to betray. You would be the first to admire it if you were there. Besides, I don't betray," the young man added.

"I love him very much," said the Princess; and it would have been impossible for the most impudent cynic to smile at the manner in which she made the declaration.

Paul accepted it, respectfully. "He's

a sweet little lad, and, putting her ladyship aside, quite the light of our home."

There was a short pause after this exchange of amenities, which the Princess terminated by inquiring, "Would n't some one else do his work quite as well?"

"His work? Why, I'm told he's a master hand."

"Oh, I don't mean his bookbinding." Then the Princess added, "I don't know whether you know it, but I am in correspondence with Hoffendahl. I am acquainted with many of our most important men."

"Yes, I know it. Hyacinth has told me. Do you mention it as a guarantee, so that I may know you are genuine?"

"Not exactly; that would be weak, would n't it?" the Princess asked. "My genuineness must be in myself — a matter for you to appreciate as you know me better; not in my references and vouchers."

"I shall never know you better. What business is it of mine?"

"I want to help you," said the Princess, and as she made this earnest appeal her face became transfigured; it wore an expression of the most passionate yet the purest longing. "I want to do something for the cause you represent; for the millions that are rotting under our feet — the millions whose whole life is passed on the brink of starvation, so that the smallest accident pushes them over. Try me, test me; ask me to put my hand to something, to prove that I am as deeply in earnest as those who have already given proof. I know what I am talking about — what one must meet and face and count with, the nature and the immensity of your organization. I am not playing. No, I am not playing."

Paul Muniment watched her with his steady smile until this sudden outbreak had spent itself. "I was afraid you would be like this — that you would be eloquent and passionate."

"Permit me to believe you thought nothing about it. There is no reason my eloquence should disturb you."

"I have always had a fear of women."

"I see — that's a part of your prudence," said the Princess, reflectively. "But you're the sort of man who ought to know how to use them."

Muniment said nothing, immediately, in answer to this; the way he appeared to consider the Princess suggested that he was not following closely what she said, so much as losing himself in certain matters which were beside that question — her beauty, for instance, her grace, her fragrance, the spectacle of a manner and quality so new to him. After a little, however, he remarked, irrelevantly, "I'm afraid I'm very rude."

"Of course you are, but it does n't signify. What I mainly object to is that you don't answer my questions. Would not some one else do Hyacinth Robinson's work quite as well? Is it necessary to take a nature so delicate, so intellectual? Ought n't we to keep him for something finer?"

"Finer than what?"

"Than what Hoffendahl will call upon him to do."

"And pray what is that?" the young man demanded. "You know nothing about it; no more do I," he added in a moment. "It will require whatever it will. Besides, if some one else might have done it, no one else volunteered. It happened that Hyacinth did."

"Yes, and you nipped him up!" the Princess exclaimed.

At this expression Muniment burst out laughing. "I have no doubt you can easily keep him, if you want him."

"I should like to do it in his place — that's what I should like," said the Princess.

"As I say, you don't even know what it is."

"It may be nothing," she went on, with her grave eyes fixed on her visitor.

"I dare say you think that what I wanted to see you for was to beg you to let him off. But it was n't. Of course it's his own affair, and you can do nothing. But ought n't it to make some difference, when his opinions have changed?"

"His opinions? He never had any opinions," Muniment replied. "He is not like you and me."

"Well, then, his feelings, his attachments. He has n't the passion for democracy he had when I first knew him. He's much more tepid."

"Ah, well, he's quite right."

The Princess stared. "Do you mean that *you* are giving up?" —

"A fine stiff conservative is a thing I perfectly understand," said Paul Muniment. "If I were on the top, I'd stick there."

"I see, you are not narrow," the Princess murmured, appreciatively.

"I beg your pardon, I am. I don't call that wide. One must be narrow to penetrate."

"Whatever you are, you'll succeed," said the Princess. "Hyacinth won't, but you will."

"It depends upon what you call success!" the young man exclaimed. And in a moment, before she replied, he added, looking about the room, "You've got a very lovely dwelling."

"Lovely? My dear sir, it's hideous. That's what I like it for," the Princess added.

"Well, I like it; but perhaps I don't know the reason. I thought you had given up everything — despoiled and disinherited yourself."

"Well, so I have. You should have seen me before."

"I should have liked that," said Muniment, smiling. "I like to see wealth."

"Ah, you're as bad as Hyacinth. I am the only consistent one," the Princess sighed.

"You have a great deal left, for a person who has given everything away."

"These are not mine — these abom-

inations — or I would give them, too !” Paul’s hostess rejoined, artlessly.

Muniment got up from his chair, still looking about the room. “I would give my nose for such a place as this. At any rate, you are not yet reduced to poverty.”

“I have a little left — to help you.”

“I dare say you’ve a great deal,” said Paul, with his north country accent.

“I could get money — I could get money,” the Princess continued, gravely. She had also risen, and was standing before him.

These two remarkable persons faced each other, their eyes met again, and they exchanged a long, deep glance of mutual scrutiny. Each seemed to drop a plummet into the other’s mind. Then a strange and, to the Princess, unexpected expression passed over the countenance of the young man; his lips compressed themselves, as if he were making a strong effort, his color rose, and in a moment he stood there blushing like a boy. He dropped his eyes and stared at the carpet, while he remarked, “I don’t trust women — I don’t trust women !”

“I am sorry, but, after all, I can understand it,” said the Princess ; “therefore I won’t insist on the question of your allowing me to work with you. But this appeal I will make to you : help me a little yourself — help me !”

“How do you mean, help you ?” Muniment demanded, raising his eyes, which had a new, conscious look.

“Advise me ; you will know how. I am in trouble.—I have gone very far.”

“I have no doubt of that !” said Paul, laughing.

“I mean with some of those people abroad. I’m not frightened, but I’m perplexed ; I want to know what to do.”

“No, you are not frightened,” Muniment rejoined, after a moment.

“I am, however, in a sad entanglement. I think you can straighten it out. I will give you the facts, but not

now, for we shall be interrupted ; I hear my old lady on the stairs. For this, you must come to see me again.”

At this point the door opened, and Madame Grandoni appeared, cautiously, creepingly, as if she did n’t know what might be going on in the parlor. “Yes, I will come again,” said Paul Muniment, in a low but distinct tone ; and he walked away, passing Madame Grandoni on the threshold, without having exchanged the hand-shake of farewell with his hostess. In the hall he paused an instant, feeling she was behind him ; and he learned that she had not come to exact from him this omitted observance, but to say once more, dropping her voice, so that her companion, through the open door, might not hear, —

“I *could* get money — I could !”

Muniment passed his hand through his hair, and, as if he had not heard her, remarked, “I have not given you, after all, half Rosy’s messages.”

“Oh, that does n’t matter !” the Princess answered, turning back into the parlor.

Madame Grandoni was in the middle of the room, wrapped in an old shawl, looking vaguely around her, and the two ladies heard the house door close. “And pray, who may that be ? Is n’t it a new face ?” the elder one inquired.

“He’s the brother of the little person I took you to see over the river — the chattering cripple with the wonderful manners.”

“Ah, she had a brother ! That, then, was why you went ?”

It was striking, the good-humor with which the Princess received this rather coarse thrust, which could have been drawn from Madame Grandoni only by the petulance and weariness of increasing age, and the antipathy she now felt to Madeira Crescent and everything it produced. Christina bent a calm, charitable smile upon her ancient companion, and replied, —

“There could have been no question

of our seeing him. He was, of course, at his work."

"Ah, how do I know, my dear? And is he a successor?"

"A successor?"

"To the little bookbinder."

"My darling," said the Princess, "you will see how absurd that question is when I tell you he is his greatest friend!"

Henry James.

THE STATUE OF LEIF ERIKSON.

IT is an act of poetic justice for the civilization which crowds the sea-coasts of Massachusetts, remembering that this region is by general acceptance the Vinland of the early Norse explorers, to commemorate with a work of art the most conspicuous among the brave sailors who, more than six hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims, and nearly five hundred years before Columbus, touched these shores with their adventurous prow. The Icelandic Sagas, as we like to interpret them, have given us an antiquity picturesque enough for all the purposes of art and poetry, and remote enough to satisfy the most exacting demands for historic dignity. Surely, a more romantic theme could hardly possess the imagination of an American sculptor. Longfellow, in his ballad of *The Skeleton in Armor*, has preoccupied the field with his vision of the bold Viking and the band of "fierce marauders." The ideal Norseman, as established by the license of poetry, is thus a trenchant figure, dimly descried through the mists of romance, half pirate, half knight-errant, bearded like the pard, "in rude armour drest," with naked sword and a general aspect of ruthless barbaric force. But Miss Anne Whitney's *Leif Erikson* is a very different sort of creature, by no means conformed to this ideal, and the first impression of her work is thus one of surprise, if not of disappointment.

The conception of the sculptor presents to us a full-grown giant, with a

strong but intellectual and beardless face, rather Roman than Greek, and distinctly not of recognized barbaric type. He has just set foot, in advance of his companions, upon an unknown shore, where he stands, sailor-fashion, with his legs somewhat apart, but firmly poised upon his left, in the attitude of one eagerly scanning the distance. The left hand shades the eyes; the right, resting upon his hip, holds a signal horn, bravely bedecked with Runic device like a drinking-cup of the Skalds. He is clad in a short, sleeveless jerkin, or coat of scale armor, closely fitting around the hips, and adorned with two round bossed plates upon the breasts. Beneath it a linen tunic descends half-way down the thighs. He wears a decorated belt and a sheathed dagger at his waist. Upon his long, shaggy locks is set a small, round cap of steel. The powerful arms are bare, and skin-tight leggings reveal the strong anatomy of the lower limbs. Upon the feet are shoes, apparently of slashed leather, and the legs are not cross-gartered. The general expression of the figure is one of alert and vigorous manhood; it is modeled on a heroic scale, and posed like one who pauses for a moment and for a definite purpose in the midst of an active career. Leif, however, is portrayed as a man of thought as well as of action; in the whole conception of him there is not only more of civilization than barbarism, but more of classic than romantic sentiment.

It is evident that upon this fundamental point the sculptor is ready to take issue with those who conceive that out of Scandinavia, in the tenth century, nothing better could issue than manly virtue of a brutal sort, and a very savage and coarse-fibred energy.

According to the Sagas, Leif Erikson was a prince, son of Erik the Red, Jarl of Norway. It may fairly be assumed that this rude court had received some reflection, however faint, from the civilization of the south. It was four or five centuries before the era of Leif when the hordes from this "northern hive" overran the Roman Empire, and his own ancestors may have occupied the Palatine among the conquerors. Fired by the narrative of Bjarne, who in 986 first visited the coast of North America, he set out with thirty-five men in the year 1000, and discovered Labrador and Vinland. A few years later he was sent to Greenland to spread Christianity among the Norse settlements. He is described by the Sagas as "*a great and strong man, grave and well favored, there-with sensible and moderate in all things.*" No act of piracy or rapine is recorded of him.

Upon the basis of these records, it would seem that the artist is historically justified in associating a certain degree of intellectual and moral force, if not of actual refinement, with the proper physical characteristics of her semi-barbaric hero. The burden of proof lies with those who are disposed to typify the reputed discoverer of Massachusetts Bay and the islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard as a Hun or Goth of the third century.

In an artistic point of view, the figure "composes" well all around, but its best and most picturesque aspect, perhaps, is seen by one who stands a little behind the left side. It is evident that the sentiment is sought to be conveyed less by explanatory accessories of costume or surroundings than by a direct sculptur-

esque presentment of a man with certain definite ideal qualities of body and mind. It is essentially an out-of-door statue; the idea of it is not forced upon the beholder by undue insistence of details, but lies almost entirely in the suggestions of attitude and modeling. The costume is just enough to give a date to the subject, and to emphasize its dramatic significance. If the figure itself, as the model of a man, succeeds in telling a story, it enters, according to the Greek method, into a high region of art. The reserve of the sculptor, her evident desire to depend upon legitimate methods of composition, sufficiently indicate that she is inspired with true artistic feeling. If, like her subject, she has shown herself "sensible and moderate in all things," and yet has not fallen into mere technical or academical correctness, if her reserve has not made her dull or commonplace, she has done a good work of sculpture, and has advanced the art of her country one fair step forward. We think it will be at least conceded that her figure is *correct*, yet neither dull nor commonplace, and we are greatly mistaken if, when in vesture of bronze it takes its final place, it will not be recognized always as an object of singular poetic interest. The plaster of the model is too white and pure for the subject, and refines it beyond the limit of the artist's intention. The weight and solemn color of the bronze, the diminished sharpness which this material will give to the finer lights and shades of modeling, and the stronger assertion of outline which it will confer, — all these will work to the advantage of the composition as a memorial to the Genius of Discovery.

In respect to the question of anatomy, we think no serious fault can be found. It is certainly a figure full of virile force, and, so far as we can see, no opportunity of the composition for the requisite display of muscular energy has been slighted. On the contrary, for the sake

of the dignity of art, we can find it in our heart to regret that, in her desire to clothe the nether limbs of the hero without concealing their vigorous anatomy, she has furnished them with an integument suggestive rather of modern underclothing than of habiliments better suited to the exigencies of the occasion. We should have preferred the anatomy without any concession.

If the sculptor has disdained to eke out her thought and to give significance and the color of romance to her ideal by a lavish use of accessories, this fine spirit of self-denial should not in the same degree be extended to the pedestal. It is not too much to say that the treatment of the pedestal may make or mar the whole. What cannot be told in the figure may be expressed in the stone upon which it stands. The one should supplement the other, and they should unite to tell the tale of the Norseman. A classic die, finely cut, with proper cornice and correct base and plinth, would antagonize the idea of the statue, and divide the monument into two incongruous parts. Set the figure upon a boulder, and the opportunity for the appeal to the imagination and the excitement of poetic thought would be lost. The story would not be half told. On the other hand, mount it on a block of dark red sandstone, picked into shape with a coarse chisel, its top barely large

enough for the feet of the figure, its cornice bold but of slight projection, and carved with ramping chimæras, fabulous dolphins, and strange creatures of the sea, but rather "roughed out" than wrought to the point of technical perfection; a braided belt of Runic ornament; the angles of the die slightly rounded, its sides battering outward to the plinth, and bearing inscriptions and the story of the landing in sculpture of low relief; set the whole in a basin supplied with water from masks upon the plinth, — and the spirit of the Saga would stand revealed. The schoolboy would understand the tale of the bold Viking, and even the vulgar would be touched by an effect of art.

The base in this form is still under study. It is an experiment requiring in the sculptor a thorough saturation of the mind with the Norse spirit of poetry, an invention restrained to decent and prudent conventionalities of form, not "expressed in fancy," but, within these limits, bold and free. In such an essay failure is easy, but success, though hard, will complete the work, and give to us a monument adequate to the theme, fit to decorate the entrance of the new pleasure-ground of Boston, where the sedges and the salt-marsh and the breath of the sea shall conspire with imperishable bronze to keep alive the legend of Leif Erikson.

Henry Van Brunt.

THE COUP DE GRACE.

If I were very sure
That all was over betwixt you and me, —
That, while this endless absence I endure
With but one mood, one dream, one misery
Of waiting, you were happier to be free, —

Then I might find again
In cloud and stream and all the winds that blow,
Yea, even in faces of my fellow-men,

The old companionship; and I might know
Once more the pulse of action, ere I go.

But now I cannot rest,
While this one pleading, querulous tone without
Breaks in and mars the music in my breast.
I open the closed door — lo! all about,
What seem your lingering footprints; then I doubt.

Waken me from this sleep!
Strike fearless, let the naked truth-edge gleam!
For while the beautiful old past I keep,
I am a phantom, and all mortals seem
But phantoms, and my life fades as a dream.

Andrew Hedbrooke.

IN THE CLOUDS.

XIV.

IMPRISONMENT proved an efficacious method of exorcising the "harnt" upon the jury. Much of the sojourn in the county jail was expended in criminations and recriminations. Not one of the jurymen would admit any responsibility for their plight. Not one had entertained the slightest belief in their ghostly associate. The mere contact with that practical, prosaic mundane force, the law of the land, had so roused them that they were emboldened to roundly denounce the harnt. And the name of poor Peter Rood, which had been whispered with bated breath in the jury-room, came smartly enough from the tongue even of Bylor. In fact, he was the most persistent in disavowing susceptibility to spectral influence.

"I begged an' begged ye ter shet up talkin' 'bout sech," he cried, which was indeed the truth. "An' ye jes' kep' it up an' kep' it up, till ye skeered yer-se'fs out'n yer boots, an' then I could n't do nuthin' with ye."

They had all been locked temporarily into one room of the jail, while the

sheriff and jailer consulted together as to the accommodations for so unusual a number of prisoners. In their close quarters the jurymen leaned against the wall or walked the floor, jostling each other in the shadow, for the room was dark save for the moonbeams slanting through the bars of the window. The foreman hung about in the obscure places, freely addressed, — for they knew, without seeing, that he was there, — and required to bear the brunt of all the reproaches for the calamity. Once he plucked up spirit to retort.

"Ye war the very man ez yapped fur the dep'ty," he said to Bylor, who allowed himself to be drawn into argument.

"How'd I know ez you-uns war a-goin' ter traipse down them steers an' 'low ter the jedge ez you-uns knowed mo' law 'n he do? Ye dad-burned aged idjit, ef ye war n't older 'n me I'd lay ye out on this floor."

"I felt jes' like the tail of a dog in a fight, — could neither help nor hender the critter ez toted me ahint him, but war jes' ez apt ter git gnawed ez him," said Jerry Price disconsolately.

"I looked ter see the jedge fetch him a pop 'side the head, myself," said the new jurymen, evidently unacquainted with judicial methods. He had regarded his capture to serve on the jury as a woful disaster, and could hardly bear up under this aggregation of misfortunes. "Ef I hed knowed what war comin', I would n't hev followed him down them steers."

"Six spry young steers 'mongst my cattle, — I'll never see 'em agin!" cried old man Beames from out the darkness, reminded anew of his journeying herds under the insufficient guidance of Bob. "I hev never done no wrong in my life. I hev tuk heed ter my feet ter walk in the right way. An' hyar in my old age, through another man's fault, the door of a jail hev been shet on me."

His voice dropped. They were all feeling the poignant humiliation of the imprisonment. They were honest men, to whom it could scarcely have come but for this mischance. At every contortion of wounded pride they turned upon the unlucky foreman.

"I 'lowed I'd drap in my tracks," cried Ben Doaks, "whenst he jes' tuk the Code o' Tennessee by the hawns an' tail, an' dragged it up afore the jedge."

And Jerry Price was fain to sneer, too.

"Did the Code hev nuthin' in it 'bout cuttin' out the tongue of a foreman of a jury?" he demanded.

But the Code was an unabated fact still, and the nephew of the ex-justice alone could say what was in it. "Naw, sir!" he retorted, emboldened by the allusion to his superior knowledge, "nor about jailin' a jury, nuther. I don't b'lieve the jedge hed the right ter jail the jury."

"Waal," drawled Jerry, satirically, "we-uns hed better make up our minds powerful quick how we air a-goin' ter pay him back fur it."

The foreman was saved the mortifica-

tion of acknowledging the hopelessness of reprisal. A voice without sounded suddenly.

"I wanter see how many thar air," said the jailer.

"On a jury? Shucks! ye 're funnin'. Twelve," in the familiar tones of the sheriff.

"I jes' wanter look at 'em agin."

"Ye sha'n't," retorted the sheriff.

He did not reckon on the fact that although he, as sheriff, had the legal authority and control of the jail, the jailer was possessed of the material keys, and locked and unlocked the doors at will. He opened this one now, gingerly, and every man within felt the grin they could not see.

"Brung 'em hyar 'kase they could n't count," he said, jocosely. "They air the fust boarders we hev hed fur sech ez that."

The sheriff, who was holding a lamp in the hall, pulled the door to, still animated by his sense of duty, and the jury heard the lock click as the facile jailer turned the key.

"They 'lowed thar war a harnt in the jury-room," said the officer.

Within all were silent, that they might hear.

"I ain't s'prised none," said the jailer; "plenty o' harnts hyar. Men ez war hung, ye know, — liked our accommodations better 'n them they got arterwards; that brings 'em back. Tim Jenkins war dragged right out'n that thar room whar the jury be now, when the lynchers kem an' tuk him. Hed me tied down-steers, ye 'member."

He went off gayly down the hall, jingling his keys. Presently his voice was heard in another mood, swearing at the judge and demanding, "What sorter man is this hyar Gwinnan, ennyhow, ez you-uns hev got out thar on the bench? Send me twelve men ter eat an' sleep, an' the jail ez full ez it air! Does he think I keep a tavern? Thar ain't room enough hyar fur twelve fleas!"

He compassed the problem somehow, for the jury, smarting with the indignity and hardship, were led forth the next morning, having slept as well as was possible considering the united grievances of the accommodations and the mortification, and eaten as their reduced appetites and the prison fare permitted.

They resumed their deliberations in the jury-room, and it argues much for their earnest desire to do right and their respect for their oath that they did not find a verdict at hap-hazard. They reported again and again that they could reach no decision. They were held over Sunday, and after nightfall on Monday they came into the court-room, and in guarded phrase and with some perturbation of manner announced once more that they could not agree as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner.

In answer to the usual question, the foreman was eager to explain that they had experienced no difficulty other than a difference of opinion, and felt no want of further instructions. He forbore to offer criticisms upon judicial methods, and the men behind him, all acutely realizing the position of the dog's tail, breathed more freely. The judge looked at them with a certain resentment in his eyes. He leaned back in his chair, gnawing the end of his mustache. Mink sat beside his lawyer, eager, intent, hardly appreciating at the moment the significance of the disagreement. Harshaw had turned aside with a pettish mutter to his yellow beard, for the final adjournment for the term impended, Gwinnan being compelled to leave on the train that night to hold court in a remote county in his own circuit.

How Gwinnan could infuse into his impassive mien and his soft, expressionless drawl so caustic a suggestion of displeasure is one of those mysteries of manner addressed to a subtle and receptive sense which can take account of so fine and elusive a medium of communication. The jury, in receiving their dis-

charge, felt like culprits until they were once more at large and in the outer air, when they swore at the judge with the heartiest unanimity, — on this point they could agree, — and promised themselves, taking note of his character as politician, that if ever they were vouchsafed the opportunity they would get even with him. Then among the loungers about the tavern they fell to asking the news with the hungry interest of travelers who have been long absent.

They experienced a certain surprise to find that their accountability as jurors had not ceased with their discharge. There was a manifest inclination on the part of public opinion, as embodied in the idlers about the hotel, to hold them individually responsible for the mischances of the trial. Perhaps the impression that they had been long absent was strengthened by the revolution which popular prejudice had accomplished in the interval. Its flexibility could hardly be better illustrated than by the fact that the prankish Mink had suddenly risen in its estimation to the dignity of a public martyr.

"He's a tremendous wild scamp, the Lord knows," said one, "but folks ain't jailed fur bein' gamesome, an' by rights ye oughter hev turned Mink out'n that jail this evenin'."

"Yessir," assented another. "Mink oughter be mighty nigh Hazel Valley by now, ef he had been gin a fair trial."

That conclusive formula, "This is a free country, by the Lord!" was often insistently reiterated in the discussion, for the bewildered jury discovered that the persuasion of the prisoner's innocence had never wavered after Alethea Sayles had sworn that she had seen Tad Simpkins since the disaster. The community at large had not been subjected to the morbid influences of seclusion, and mental stress, and the nervous shock which the jury had sustained upon the death of Peter Rood, and the necessity of persistent consideration of

spiritual and spectral phenomena forced upon them by the attorney-general.

"You see, gentlemen," said a young sprig of a lawyer, glad to air his information, "you went off on the wrong road. 'T war n't the business o' the defense to account for Tad. 'T was the prosecution's business to prove he was dead, and that Mink killed him. And they did n't do it; they just proved he was missing, for that girl swore she saw him afterward. They've got to prove the *corpus delicti*, gentlemen, in a case like this."

The jurymen were laughed to scorn when they suggested their doubts of the genuineness of Tad's appearance.

"Now did n't the attorney-general stuff you as full of lies as an egg of meat!" cried the young lawyer, divided between admiration of the attorney-general's resources and contempt for their credulity.

"Ye air the only folks in Cherokee County ez b'lieves sech," said another by-stander. "Old man Griff an' all his gran'chil'n lef' town yestiddy evenin' plumb sati'fied Tad's alive, an' goin' ter hunt him up. An' then I reckon the old man'll furgit all about his repentance, an' club an' beat him same ez he always done."

"Waal," demanded the ex-foreman, who was disposed to maintain the difficulty of the question, "how could a idjit keer fur hisself all this time?"

"Tad never war sech a idjit; could run a mill, an' plough, an' pull fodder, an' feed stock! I'll be bound thar's a mighty differ round old man Griff's diggins now, sure. He 'peared a idjit mos'ly when he war beat over the head. Mos' folks would look miser'ble then. He air lackin', I know, but I reckon he kin work fur hisself ez well ez he done fur old man Griff. It's a plumb shame ter jail Mink Lorey fur fower month more till he kin git another fool jury ter try him, an' mebbe send him ter the Pen'tiary fur five year. I dunno what

oughter be done ter sech a jury ez you-uns."

It was probably well for the public peace that events of general interest had taken place during the seclusion of the jury which the by-standers found a certain gloomy satisfaction in detailing, and their attention was thus readily enough diverted from the disagreements of the jury-room to the circumstances of Peter Rood's funeral, — who preached the sermon, and who were in attendance. They all sat, solemnly chewing, tilted back in their splint-bottomed chairs on the front gallery of the little hotel. The lights which came from the doors and windows of the building, slanting out in wide shafts, seemed to sever the gloom in equal sections. The figures of the men were dimly seen in the dusky intervals. The stars, in infinite hosts, marshaled in the black sky, for the moon was late tonight. Only about the horizon were melancholy desert spaces. The summit line of the distant mountains was indistinguishable in the gloom. The landscape was all benighted. The presence of invisible trees close at hand was perceptible only to some fine sense of the differing degrees of density in the blackness. A horse trotted through the slant of light falling into the road and showing the sleek roan of the steed and the impassive face under the drooping hatbrim of the rider, — then loomed an indeterminate centaur in the alternate glooms. The sounds of the town were shrill, then faint, with lapses of silence. One forlorn cricket was piping somewhere between the bricks of the pavement.

"'Pears ter me," said Bylor, "toler'ble cur'us ez they wagoned deceased" — he had adopted the word from the reports of the sermon — "way up yander ter Eskagua Cove, ter be buried in the graveyard thar."

"Waal," explained a by-stander, "his mother 'lowed he'd feel mo' lonesome

down hyar 'n he would 'mongst the mountings, — an' I reckon he would."

"Ennybody ez air dead always looked lonesome ter me," suggested Ben Doaks.

"I don't b'lieve thar 's a man in the Newnited States, alive or dead, ez lonesome ez me!" cried the cattle-owner. "I wisht that thar durned moon would heft over the mountings. Ez soon ez she shows her aidge I'm a-goin' ter light out arter my cattle an' Bob."

"'Pears ter me," said Doaks, reflectively, "ez things hev turned out mighty cur'us, ez he war buried in the same graveyard whar Lethe Sayles seen Tad's harnt."

"I wouldn't go by thar of a dark night fur nuthin'," declared Bylor. "Mought see both of 'em."

"I reckon," said Ben Doaks, "ez Peter Rood knows all 'bout'n it now, — whether it war Tad's harnt or no."

Something at a distance sounded sharply and fell into silence.

"I reckon folks ez air dead hev got suthin' mo' ter tend ter 'n studyin' 'bout folks they knowed in this life," said Bylor, nodding his head with grim conviction.

"Yes, sir-ee!" exclaimed the ex-foreman, as he chewed vigorously, and spat at the post which upheld the floor of the gallery above; he was an effective marksman. "They hev got a verdict in* the courts of the t'other world on Peter Rood by now. They ain't got no failin' human jury thar," he continued sanctimoniously. "I reckon he's burnin' in Torment before now." He offered this suggestion with the singular satisfaction in the symmetry of the theory of fiery retribution characteristic of the rural religionist.

Ben Doaks stirred uneasily. "I dunno 'bout that," he said, dubiously. "Rood war a perfessin' member." He, himself, laid great stress upon this unattained grace.

"I know that," said the ex-foreman, "but 'tain't done him no good. I hearn

him 'low at camp ez he war a backslider, an' ef the truth war knowed I reckon he war a black-hearted sinner."

Once more that strange sound, half smothered by the distance, smote upon the air. Then the regular hoof-beat of a horseman riding by on the red clay road interposed and rattled against the stones, and echoed from the bridge below with hollow reverberations.

"What war that cur'us noise?" demanded Ben Doaks.

"Sounded ter me like cattle a-beller-in'," said old man Beames.

The attentive pause was illustrated by the red spark of each man's pipe, dulling as it was held motionless for a moment in the hand; then restored to the smoker's lips, it glowed into subdued brilliancy, sometimes giving an elusive glimpse of the delicate and shadowy blue smoke curling from the bowl. There was nothing but a vague murmur, dropping presently into silence.

"I b'lieve," said Bylor, "ez Peter Rood hed suthin' on his mind."

"Me, too," spoke up another man. "He sot next ter me, an' he looked troubled an' tried, somehows, an' wunst in a while he sighed mightily. I dunno what ailed him."

"I reckon he war sick," suggested a by-stander.

"He did n't 'pear ter be sick. He turned an' looked at me plumb pleased ter death when that Lethe Sayles 'lowed Tad war alive. An' then when the 'torney-gineral made it out ez 't war jes' Tad's harnt he jumped for'ards, an' pinte with his finger, an' next thing I knowed the man war a harnt hisself."

The sound in the distance had become continuous, louder. Once more it broke upon the conversation. "Boys," said Jerry Price, in a tone of conviction, "suthin' is a-goin on somewhar."

The vocation for the rôle of spectator is strong in humanity. Each of the long, lank mountaineers started up with unusual willingness, under the impres-

sion that he was balked of some entertainment at which nature intended that he should be dead-headed. The distant murmur was once more lost in the sounds nearer at hand. A sudden resonant, brazen clangor challenged the dark stillness. It had a vibratory, swaying iteration, for it was the court-house bell, rung as an alarm to the law-abiding population. As the group started swiftly in the direction of the sound, a man came running at great speed down the pavement, almost overturning old Beames, and called loudly to the proprietor of the hotel, asking if Judge Gwinnan were within. They recognized the deputy sheriff as he rushed into the bar-room.

"The old man's been hevin' hell with Mink Lorey, down yander at the jail," he explained in breathless gasps. "He kerried on like a crazy idjit when we tuk him back,—fout like a wild-cat every foot o' the way. An' now thar's a crowd at the jail a-batterin' the doors, an' breakin' the winders, an' swearin' they'll take Mink Lorey out."

In pursuit of the promise of excitement their feet did not lag. They heard, as they set out, the deputy's rasping voice behind them renewing his anxious demand for Judge Gwinnan; then all other sounds were lost in the ceaseless thud of their own feet, and the insistence of the bell filling the darkness with its deliberate alternations of tone, till the night rocked and swayed with the oscillating, remonstrant sound. Approaching the court-house, they could hear those fainter and continuous vibrations of the bell-metal, the turbulent but bated undertones, that set the air a-trembling and seemed some muttered affirmation, some reserve of clamors, that should presently break out, too, and intone wrath and measured menace. The darkness seemed unparalleled, since there was something to be done and at hazard. Only at long intervals in the blackness, windows and doors of dwell-

ings were opened, and here and there a venturesome female head was thrust out in baffled and hopeless curiosity. But most of the houses had closed blinds and barred doors, for the alarm of the court-house bell had told the inmates all that the prudent might care to learn. The streets of Shaftesville, grass-grown as they were, had known the tread of lynchers, and distrusted any lawless mission. It was so dark that men, meeting at intersections of the streets, ran blindly against each other, recoiling with oaths,—sometimes against trees and posts. A few provident souls, carrying lanterns, and looking in the blackness like fleet fire-flies, were made aware when they encountered the rescuers, in pressing in among the crowd in the jail-yard,—the posse and the mob otherwise indistinguishable,—by having the lanterns struck out of their hands. The jail was silent; its very vicinity had a suggestion of glum resistance. Some consciousness in the air of a darker and solid mass was the only cognizance that the senses could take of its propinquity, except, indeed, the sound of breaking glass. A rail had been dragged from a fence, and, in the hands of unseen parties, after the manner of a battering-ram, the glass in the lower panes was shattered. This was wanton destruction, for the bars withstood the assault. The working of some instrument at them, ever and anon, was an evasive bit of craft, for, follow the sound as they might, the sheriff and his posse could never locate it. A light showing in an upper window was saluted by a volley of stones, and quickly disappeared. The missiles fell back in the dense, panting, nameless, viewless crowd, eliciting here and there a howl, succeeded by jeering laughter.

Once, as the glass crashed in a lower window, a child's voice within whimpered suddenly; a soothing murmur, and the child was silent.

"Mis' Perkins," called out a voice

from among the mob to the jailer's wife, "make Jacob open the do'! Tell him we'll string him up ef he don't, when we git holt o' him."

There was intense silence in the closely jammed, indistinguishable crowd without, for who could say who was the posse or who the mob, helpless against each other?

A murmur of remonstrance within. An interval. A sharp insistence from the crowd, and a quavering response.

"I *can't*, gentlemen!" cried a shrill feminine voice. "Jake's sech a bull-headed fool, he *won't*!"

The summit line of the distant mountains was becoming vaguely visible; the stars were not less bright, the black earth was as dark as ever, but the moon-rise was imminent.

There was suddenly a surging commotion in the crowd; it swayed hither and thither, and rushed violently upon the door. The point of attack being plain enough, there was some feeble resistance, offered presumably by the posse. A pistol was fired in the air — another — a wild turmoil; all at once the door crashed and gave way; half the assailants were carried over its splintered ruins by the force of their own momentum. There were lights enough now springing up in every direction. Men with torches dashed through the halls, holding them aloft with streaming clouds of flame and smoke, as erratic as comets. It required only a moment, with the united exertions of half a dozen stalwart young fellows, to break the door of Mink's cell; it offered no such opposition as the main entrance.

There was no cry of joy as they rushed in; no fraternal embrace for the liberators who had risked so much in the cause of natural justice.

The cell was empty. The bars at the window were firm as ever. The locked door was broken but a moment ago. And he was gone!

The word rang through the building.

The infuriated crowd pervaded the cell in a moment, like some tumultuous flood. The jailer himself was not to be found. His wife and children had sought refuge elsewhere.

The doors were guarded against the sheriff, while a select party searched every room in the house. Some serious fright was occasioned to certain malefactors, who had reason to fear the people more than the law, and esteemed the jail in some sort as a haven, but there were many appeals for liberation. One of these, a victim of the federal court, Big Brandy Owen by name, made so earnest an insistence that his case was considered. But he was no genuine moonshiner, it was argued, in inversion of the usual pleas; he was only a saloon-keeper, who had fallen a victim to the liquor laws. "We dunno ye," they prevaricated. "Ye ain't labeled Brandy, ye see." And so they locked his door upon him.

They did as much damage as they could, in default of accomplishing their object, and on retiring they dispersed without recognition among the peaceful citizens who had weakly striven, half heartedly, to uphold the law.

The moon was up. The Great Smoky Mountains, in magnificent immensity, clasped the world in the gigantic curve about the horizon east and south. The trees seemed veiled in some fine, elusive silver web, so gleaming a line of light came to the eye from their boughs. Frost sparkled upon the grass-fringed streets. The shadows were sharp and black. The stars — few now — faintly scintillated in empyreal distances. The town was so still, not even a dog barked. The rescuers experienced a luxury of bravado in the realization that it was for fear of them that it was fain to hold its breath and lie in darkness, save for the light of the moon. Perhaps it was as well, and spared further mischief, that they exulted in riding their horses at a gallop through the streets, breaking now

and then into wild fantasies of yells, with a fantastic refrain of echoes.

The rioters after a time dispersed. A long interval, and perhaps a single equestrian figure would ride down the straggling street and whoop aloud, and turn in his saddle to listen for a comrade's response, and then ride on.

Finally silence fell. The waning moon was high. The night was well-nigh spent. Sundry movements of shadows on window blinds, sundry dim yellow lights showing through them, despite the lustre of the moon, indicated that the inhabitants considered that the drama had been played, and were betaking themselves to bed. Alethea Sayles, crouching in the dormer window of the cottage where the witness fee had sufficed to lodge her, looking with dilated eyes over the little town enmeshed in the silver net of its frosted trees, strained her ears in the silence, and exclaimed in the anguish of suspense, "They mus' hev tuk him out, aunt Dely, or they would n't hev been so gamesome."

She knew little of town ways. Had the mob been successful, the frost itself could not disappear more silently.

Mrs. Purvine, her wise head pillowed, for the first time in her life, as she remarked distrustfully, on "town folkses' geese," sleepily assented.

The moon looked down in Alethea's upturned eyes. The fir that stood by the window tapped upon the pane. She felt as if it were a friendly and familiar thing, here where there were so few trees; for the sight of houses — crowded, indeed, they seemed — overwhelmed her in some sort, and embarrassed her. It was all a-shimmer with the frost; even an empty bird's-nest on a bough was a miracle of delicate interweaving of silver gleams. Her hair in its rich dishevelment fell in coils and tangles half-way to her waist. She clasped her hands over one knee. It was an interval of peace.

"Lethe!" said Mrs. Purvine, rousing

herself. "Ain't that gal kem ter bed yit!" The admonition was a subterfuge. She was about to impart information. "Lethe, ef ye b'lieve me, these hyar crazy muskrats o' town folks hev got *sun-bonnets ready-made* in these hyar stores."

The vicissitudes of the trial had been the veriest trifles to her. She had utilized the metropolitan sojourn. She had pervaded the stores, as women of her sort do elsewhere. Mighty little there was in these stores that aunt Dely had not rummaged.

"Ye tole me that afore," said the absorbed Alethea.

Mrs. Purvine chuckled aloud as she reviewed the fact. It afforded her an occult complacency, yet she laughed at it.

Presently she recurred to it.

"My cracky! Lethe," she exclaimed, "who makes 'em?"

And with this problem in her mind, she fell asleep among the dubious comforts of "town folkses' geese."

XV.

The fires of discontent smouldered throughout the next day. Although many of the country people had left town, there was more than the usual stir upon the streets. Idle knots of men strolling about or standing on the street corners neglected their avocations in eager discussions of the events of the previous evening. There was very general reprehension of the action of the mob, — so general that it might suggest a wonder as to whence came its component elements, and an unpleasant feeling that perhaps a satirical ringleader might be advancing these rebukes, and watching with secret laughter their effect. Many rumors prevailed, some so fantastic as to balk the credulity that sought to accept them, and others probable enough to be a solution of Mink's

disappearance. Some maintained that he had been liberated by the mob. Others said that at the time of the onslaught he had been hidden in the cellar with the jailer and the jailer's family; and this was again roundly denied, for the cellars were reported to have been thoroughly searched. It was said, too, that the prisoner had been gagged, bound securely, and boldly carried forth from the back door through the crowd in the intense darkness, and that he was now held in retreat at the sheriff's house. However it might have been, that officer received about noonday two or three threatening letters signed, "The men that elected you."

He had since been disposed to exonerate himself, and he bore a troubled, anxious face about the town, and talked in a loud, strained, remonstrant falsetto. It was through some words which he let fall, in the perturbation of the discovery that he was liable to be held to account personally by this unknown and numerous enemy, that it became public he had applied to Judge Gwinnan, not in his judicial capacity, but for advice in this emergency, and that it was Gwinnan who had devised the ruse which had baffled the rescuers.

The curiosity as to Mink's fate grew so pronounced as the day wore on that a party of young roughs went openly to the jail and interrogated the jailer. For that functionary had returned. He showed himself at the window of his stronghold jauntily enough. He had a jovial expression, a black mustache that turned cheerfully upward, — for he laughed often and usually laughed last, — quick brown eyes, and a bushy, unkempt head; he was unshaven and in his shirt-sleeves. He seemed to care not an atom for the illogical views of his fellow-citizens.

"I'm appinted by the sher'ff o' Cherokee County ter keep folks in jail, an' by Hokey, I'm a-goin' ter do it."

They begged him to let them in;

they had come to see him sociably, — a-visitin', they protested.

"Can't git in hyar, 'thout ye steal a horse or kill yer gran'mother, one." He shook his keys jocosely at them, and vanished.

At noon, when the train was due at the little station, the mystery was solved. The jailer was strolling up and down the platform, grave enough for once in his life, and with apparently no purpose. Asked if he were going to Glaston he replied, with an effort at his usual manner, "Not in these clothes, if the court knows itself, an' it rather think it do!"

It was a day of doubtful moods, of sibilant gusts of wind and intervals of brooding stillness. There was a pervasive suggestion of moisture in the air, but as yet no rain. The odor of decaying leaves came from the woods on the other side of the road. The sunshine was uncertain. White clouds were silently astir in the upper regions of the atmosphere; among the distant blue ranges the intervenient valleys could be distinctly located by the mist rising from them, elusively showing, then veiling the further heights, and anon falling like some airy cataract over a mountain side, seeming to cleave it in twain, and simulating a gap, a pass, in the impenetrabilities of the massive clifty range. The little stream that flowed along on the other side of the rails reflected the vacillating sentiments of the sky: now a cloud driving faster than its current showed up on its lustrous olive-green surface among the reflections of the crimson sumach bushes that lined its banks, and now it glittered in a burst of sunshine and emulated the azure of the changing heavens. The little town lay at a considerable distance; whether it hoped to grow up to the depot, or desired the advantages of civilization without its close contact, one might speculate in vain. Its clustering roofs were quite distinct among the thinning red and yellow and brown leaves of the trees.

A number of loungers waited to watch the train pass; for it was only a short time since the road had been completed, and the engine was still a mechanical miracle in the estimation of many of the country people, who came sometimes great distances to see it. Harshaw was going down to attend the court at Glaston. He was much smarter than usual, although he wore on his yellow head a soft wide hat, which gave him a certain highwayman-like aspect. A gay necktie of blue shot silk showed beneath his yellow beard; his stiffly starched cuffs, already much crumpled, protruded beneath his coat sleeves.

"What are you about, my friend? Going to jump the country?" he demanded of the deputy-sheriff, who was embarrassed, and replied evasively that he was waiting to see a man. Harshaw turned to greet Gwinnan, who was also going off, having adjourned the court a few moments too late the preceding evening and thereby failing to catch the night train. Harshaw accosted him with a full expression of his large, bluff, familiar manner. It was received with a certain coolness, which may have been Gwinnan's normal social temperature, but Harshaw was keenly alert to descry significance, and was disposed to refer it to the hasty threat at the court-house door. Gwinnan's impassive inexpressiveness gave him no intimation whether or not it had been repeated, and as the judge stood looking about the little unpainted wooden depot, all its business easily to be comprised in the two rooms, Harshaw began to detail to him how much the road had cost, how it was hoped it would aid in developing the resources of the country, how it had already begun to conduct itself like a sure enough grown-up railroad, and had got into law. Suddenly the two shining parallel rails trembled with a metallic vibration. A distant roar growing ever nearer and louder impinged upon the air. A cloud of smoke appeared above

the trees, and with a glitter of burnished metal, a turmoil of sound, a swift gliding rush, the overpowering imperious presence of the engine gladdened the sight of the simple country folks.

Gwinnan was silent as Harshaw talked, until suddenly that worthy broke off, "Hello! what's going on here?"

Some distance up the red clay road from the direction of the town, a buggy was driven at a furious rate, with the evident intention of forestalling the departure of the train.

All the loungers saw it. The conductor saw it, and yet he cried out, "All aboard!" and sprang upon the platform as the train began to move. The by-standers understood the ruse the next moment. There were two men in the buggy: one was handcuffed; the other was the sheriff. The deputy and two guards dragged the prisoner across the platform and upon the slowly moving train, which forthwith rattled away around the curve at the greatest speed of which it was capable, leaving the suspected rescuers gazing blankly at it, and realizing that because of the insecurity of the county jail Mink was to be lodged in the metropolitan prison of Glaston.

It is said that nothing so expands the mental horizon as the experience of emotion. In this sense Mink was becoming a wise man. He knew despair not as a word, a theory, a sentiment, but in its baffled, futile finality. He had conned all the fine vacillations of suspense. He had exhausted the delusions of hope.

Only the supreme passion of rage had as yet unsated capacities. As he sat in the car, shackled, among his guards, he fixed his shining eyes, full of suppressed ferocity, on Gwinnan's face, who was absorbed in a book and heedless of his fellow-travelers. The guards did not notice the prisoner's gaze, and after a moment it was diverted for a time. For Mink had quick enough percep-

tions and no mean power of deduction. He divined that his guards and fellow-passengers were in much perturbation lest the train should be stopped. At every intersection of the country roads with the track there was a perceptible flurry amongst them, an anxious outlook to descry mounted and armed men.

He had himself no further expectation of deliverance.

"Nobody's goin' ter resk ten year in the Pen'tiary fur rescuin' me in broad daylight whar they could be knowed. Ef the mob wanted ter hang me, though, *they would*," he said, with the cynicism of the truth.

"Nobody wants ter hang you-uns, Mink, nor hurt ye no-ways. All ye need is a leetle patience ter wait fur another trial," said the deputy.

"I ain't got no mo' patience," said Mink drearily.

His fatigued faculties, that had almost sunk into stupor under the strain of excitement and suspense, roused themselves to take note of the surroundings. The motion of the train filled him with amaze. He held his breath to see the fantasies of the flying landscape with-out. The panting snorts and leaps of the engine, like some great living monster, the dull rolling of the wheels, the iterative alternating sound of the clanking machinery, each registered a new estimate of life upon his intent, expressive face. His eyes rested on the lamp fixtures shining in their places as if he beheld enchantment. The tawdry ornamentation, the paneling of light and dark woods with occasional glimmers of gilding, the faded red velvet of the seats, were to his unaccustomed eyes unparalleled magnificence. He asked no questions. He accepted it all simply, without comment, without consciousness. His fine head, with its rich coloring of complexion and eyes and hair, looked as if it might have been painted upon the panel of maple on which it leaned, he sat so still. His hat lay on the seat

beside him; he was well used now not to wear it. It may have been because he was innocent, it may have been because he felt no shame, but the handcuffs on his wrists seemed not more ignominious than a wild creature's captivity.

He had been so docile, so unresisting all the morning that the deputy, who had grown to like the young fellow in their constrained intercourse, and valued him far more than a duller and a better man was disposed to treat him as gently as was consistent with duty. The guards were jolly and they joked with him; but he had little to say, and presently they talked to each other, and looked over their shoulders at the rest of the company, covertly entertaining themselves with such fragments of the conversation as the roaring and clangor of the train permitted to be audible. They noticed after a time that the surroundings had ceased to interest him, and that he was looking with lowering and surly ferocity at Judge Gwinnan, intent upon his book.

"Look-a-hyar," said one of the guards, nudging Mink violently, "ye 'pear like some wild varmint. Ye look ez keen an' wicked an' mean ez a mink. Quit eyin' Jedge Gwinnan like that, else I'll blindfold ye, — sure 's ye born, I will."

Mink's dilated eyes rested upon the unconscious, half-averted face for a moment longer. Then they turned to the face of the deputy in front of him.

"That thar man," he said between his set teeth, and for all his voice was low it was distinct, even in the rumbling and noise of the train, so charged it was with the emphasis of intention, the definiteness of a cherished revenge, — "d'ye know what he hev done ter me? He put Pete Rood on the jury, though he knowed Pete hated me, an' why. He put the jury in jail, kase they war fools, an' 'lowed they hed a harnt on the panel, an' bein' jailed confusticated 'em so they could n't find a verdict. *He* knows an' *they* know Tad's alive, but I hev got ter

bide in jail fower month longer an' resk the Pen'tiary agin, account o' a drown-ed boy ez hev run away. An' when my friends wanted ter take me out'n jail, — God A'mighty! I did n't know I hed sech friends, — he goes out'n his way ter tell the sher'ff how ter flustrate 'em. An' I war gagged an' ironed, an' toted out'n the back door, an' kep' at the sher'ff's house, an' am tuk off on the train. 'T war n't his business. Ye know thar war n't ez much ez that done whenst the lynchers kem fur Tim Jenkins, — *not ter save the man's life.*"

"Waal, he hed ter be hung some time, ennyhow," said the deputy indisputably.

"What did this hyar Jedge Gwinnan do all this hyar fur?" continued Mink.

"Waal, Mink, he war obleeged ter, by his office. Ye know I don't hold no grudge ter ye, though ye mighty nigh bruk my head when I arrested ye; yit I'm bleegeed ter iron ye an' gyard ye. I could n't set no mo' store by ye ef ye war my own blood relation," said the deputy.

"Naw, sir! naw!" exclaimed Mink. "This hyar man have tuk a notion ter Lethe Sayles, — I seen it; an' he 'lows I ain't good enough fur her, an' he be doin' sech ez he kin agin me on account o' her."

The deputy sheriff broke into a horse laugh. The others laughed, too, but more moderately. "Ye air teched in the head, Mink," one of them remarked.

"Mebbe so," Mink responded quietly enough, but with a glancing gleam in his dark eyes. "But I'll remember what he hev done ter me. An' I'll kill him fur it. By the Lord, I'll kill him fur it. An' ye shell see the day."

He leaned back against the window, with his eyes cruelly bright, his lips curving, tossing his tangled hair with a quick, excited gesture, as if he saw his revenge an accomplished fact.

Somehow his look impressed the guards.

"Naw, ye won't," said one of them. "Ye won't do nuthin' like it. Ye air goin' ter jail *fower* month an' arter that ter the Pen'tiary *five* year, an' time ye git out'n thar ye'll be so powerful pleased ter be foot-loose ye'll mind yer manners the rest o' yer days, an' ye will hev clean furgot Jedge Gwinnan."

He evidently thought some harshness salutary. Mink made no reply, and they presently fell to talking together of their town affairs and gossip, excluding him from the conversation, in which, in truth, he desired to take no share.

XVI.

In contrast with the steam-cars, the old ox-cart was a slow way of getting through the world, and had little of that magnificence which forced itself upon Mink's jaded and preoccupied faculties. But as Alethea turned her face toward the mountains, it seemed the progress into Paradise, so happy was she in the belief that the rescuers had prevailed. For she, aunt Dely, and Jerry Price had left town early that morning, before doubts and contradictions were astir. The waning yellow moon still swung high in the sky, above the violet vapors of the level west. Long shadows were stalking athwart the fields and down the woodland ways, as if some mystic beings of the night were getting them home. A gust of wind came shivering along the road once and again, — an invisible, chilly presence, that audibly rustled its weird garments and convulsively caught its breath, and was gone. Above the Great Smoky Mountains the inexpressible splendors of the day-star glowed and burned. She walked behind the cart much of the time with Jerry, while aunt Dely sat, a shapeless mass, within it. A scent of tar issued from its clumsy wheels, heavy with the red clay mire of many a mile; a rasping creak exuded from its axles,

in defiance of wagon grease. The ox between his shafts had a grotesque burlesque in the moonlight. The square, unpainted little vehicle was a quaint contrivance. Four of the dogs ran beneath it, in leash with their nimble shadows. And aunt Dely's sun-bonneted head, nodding with occasional lapses into sleep, was faithfully reproduced in the antics of the silhouettes upon the ground that journeyed with them.

Now and again the Scolacutta River crossed their way in wide, shining curves scintillating with the stars, and then Alethea would perch upon the tail-board, and Jerry would clamber into his place as driver, and the dogs would yelp and wheeze on the bank, reluctant to swim, and the ox would plunge in, sometimes with a muttered low of surprise to find the water so cold. Forging the stream was slow work; the wheels often scraped against great hidden boulders, threatening dislocation and destruction to the running gear. The transit was attended with a coruscation of glittering showers of spray, and left a foaming track across the swift current. Sometimes it was a hard pull up the steep, rocky bank opposite. The old ox had a sober aspect, a resolute tread, and insistently nodding horns. His sturdy rustic demeanor might have suggested that he was glad to be homeward bound, and to turn his back upon the frivolities of civilization and fashion. Not so aunt Dely. It seemed for a time as if her enforced withdrawal from these things had impaired her temper. She woke up ever and anon with caustic remarks.

"I reckon now, Lethe Ann Sayles, ye be goin' ter bide along o' yer step-mother?"

"Ye know that's my home. I hev ter, aunt Dely."

The girl's voice was clear, sweet, thrilling with gladness, like some suddenly awakened bird's singing a stave before dawn.

"I b'lieve ye!" satirically. "Enny-

body but you-uns would be 'shamed ter own up ez ye hev got no home. Old ez ye be, an' ye ain't married yit! How old be ye? Lemme see," — with a tone intimating that she would give no quarter, — "nineteen year, five month, an' fower days. It's plumb scandalous," she muttered, arranging her shawl about her. "Ye Bluff!" addressing the ox in a querulous crescendo, "ye goin' ter jolt the life out'n me, a-tryin' ter ape the gait o' the minchin' sinners ye seen in Shaftesville! Actially the steer hev got the shuffles! I tell ye, Sodom an' G'morrah war n't nowhar fur seethin' sin ter Shaftesville. The devil be a-gatherin' his harvest thar. His bin an' barn air full. Them folks will know some day ez store clothes ain't no defense agin fire. They hev bartered thar salvation fur store clothes. But I do wisht," she broke off suddenly, dropping her voice from her sanctimonious whine to her cheery drawl, "I hed one o' them ready-made sun-bonnets. I hed traded off all my feathers an' truck for store sugar an sech afore I seen 'em. I was so full o' laff that I could n't keep my face straight whenst I viewed the contrivance."

The darkness had fled; the moonlight had failed; the fine, chastened pallor of the interval — the moment's pause before the dawn — showed the colorless sky, the massive dusky mountains, the stretches of woods below, almost leafless now, the gaunt, tawny fields here and there, the zigzag lines of the rail fences, the red clay road. There were gullies of such depth on either side that the ox, who received so little supervision that he appeared to have the double responsibility of drawing and driving the cart, demonstrated, in keeping out of pitfalls, ampler intellectual capacities than are usually credited to the bovine tribe. But indeed his gifts were recognized. "I ain't s'prised none ef some day Bluff takes ter talkin'," his mistress often averred, with her worldly pride in her possessions.

The wind freshened; the white frost gleamed; a pale flush, expanding into a suffusion of amber light, irradiated the blue sky; and the great red wintry sun rose slowly above the purple ranges.

They had barely passed through a gap of the mountain, and entered Eskaquaque Cove, when they saw riding along an intersecting road close to the bank of the river a girl in a yellow homespun dress, with a yellow bonnet on her head, and mounted on a great white mare. She had the slaie of a loom in her hand which she had borrowed of a neighbor, and which served to explain her early errand.

Alethea, in her joy, had forgotten Elvira's sneers and gibes the night she had brought to the Hollow the raccoon which Mink had given her. All other considerations were dwarfed by the rapturous idea that he was at liberty. Eager to tell the news, she sprang forward.

"Elviry!" she cried. The girl drew up her mare and turned about. Alethea ran down the road and caught the bridle. "Elviry," she reiterated, "Reuben air out o' jail! He's free! He's free!"

The news was not received as she expected. Elvira put back her bonnet from the soft rings of short hair that lay about her head. She fixed her dark eyes on Alethea in doubting surprise.

"Waal," she demanded, as if herself sitting in judgment, "who killed Tad?"

"Tad be alive ez I be!" cried Alethea, harried by the reawakening of those questions which she had thought were forever set at rest.

"An' did the jury say sech?" Elvira asked. It might have seemed that with the breach between her and Mink complete, she was not rejoiced to hear of his good fortune.

"The jury could n't 'gree," said Alethea breathlessly. "The rescuers tuk him out."

"Sech ez that be agin the law," said Elvira staidly.

"I ain't keerin' fur the law!" cried Alethea. "He hev done no harm, an' all the kentry knowed it. An' 't war n't right ter keep him cooped in jail. So they tuk him out."

She lifted her head and smiled. Ah, did she indeed look upon a wintry landscape with those eyes? So irradiated with the fine lights of joy, so soft, they were, it might seem they could reflect only endless summers and plains of asphodels. The gaunt, bleak mountains shivered in the niggardliness of the averted sun; the wind tossed her loose locks of golden hair from beneath her brown bonnet as if they were flouts to the paler beams.

Elvira looked down at her with the pitiless enmity of envy.

"Waal," she said, "'twixt ye two ye hev done me a powerful mean turn. Mink kep' a-tryin' ter cut out Pete Rood till I did n't know my own mind. An' then ye a-tellin' them tales 'bout harnts till Pete drapped dead, — ye knowin' he hed heart disease! Yes, sir, he's dead; buried right over yander in the graveyard o' the church-house in the cove. An' I reckon ye be satisfied now, — ef ye kin be satisfied."

She looked away over the swift flow of the river, and fell to flecking her shoe with the hickory switch she carried.

Alethea's face fell. She still stood holding the mare's rein, but aunt Dely's voice had broken upon the silence. For Bluff had followed Alethea when she turned from the main road, and had refused to be guided by Mrs. Purvine's acrid adjurations. As to Jerry, he was stalking on ahead, unaware that the others were not close on his steps. Sawing upon the ropes on Bluff's horns which served for reins, aunt Dely succeeded in drawing him up when she reached the spot where the two girls stood. She suddenly joined in the conversation with an astute intention.

"Yes, sir, Mink's out," she said, con-

firming her niece's statement. "An' ye'll hev ter do mighty little tollin' ter git him back agin, Elviry," she added beguilingly.

"I don't want no jail-bird roun' me," said Elvira, with a toss of her head.

"Mebbe ye air right, chile!" cried Mrs. Purvine. "That's edzacly what I tole Lethe." She nodded gayly, and her head-gear, swaying with the expressive gesture, could not seem more jaunty had it been a ready-made sun-bonnet from the store. "Ye mark my words, Lethe air goin' ter marry a man she seen in Shaftesville." Elated with this effort of imagination, she continued, inspirationally, "He 'lowed she war a plumb beauty, beat ennything he ever dreamt could hev kem out'n the mountings. He air a town man, an' he be a fust rate one."

"Oh, aunt Dely!" faltered Alethea, amazed and almost speechless.

But aunt Dely, charmed with the image she had conjured up, had no mind to relinquish this mythical man, and added another touch of verisimilitude: "He's well off, too. Lethe, she don't keer nuthin' 'bout riches, but bein' ez I hev' sociated so much with town folks, I sorter set store by worldly goods, — though not enough ter resk my soul's salvation, nuther."

Aunt Dely's evident desire was to combine spiritual and material welfare, and in that she was not unlike more sophisticated religionists.

The opinionated Bluff being induced to turn around at last, aunt Dely let fly a Parthian dart: "But ez ter you-uns, Elviry, I dunno whether ye hed better be lookin' down on fust one boy, an' then another. Ye'll git lef' hyar a lonesome single woman, the fust thing ye know, — *the only one in the cove!* But then, mebbe ye'd better jes' bow yer mind ter the dispensation, fur arter all ye moughtn't be able ter ketch Mink. The gals honey him up so ez he air toler'ble sp'iled; they 'low he air

special good-lookin', though I hev never been able ter see good looks in him sence he kem ter my house, one night, an' bedeviled my front steps so ez they hev never been so stiddy sence."

"Aunt Dely," cried Alethea, when they were once more on their homeward way, "what ailed ye ter tell Elviry sech a pack o' — Respect for her elders restrained her.

"I war prompted by my conscience!" replied the logical Mrs. Purvine, unexpectedly. "I can't be at peace with my conscience 'thout doin' all I kin ter purvent a spry, good-lookin' gal like you-uns from marryin' a wuthless critter sech ez Mink Lorey." She made no secret of her designs. "He be good a plenty an' ter spare fur that thar snake-eyed Elviry Crosby, but I want ye ter marry Jerry Price, an' kem an' live along o' me."

The immaterial suitor evolved by Mrs. Purvine's conscience dwelt in Alethea's mind with singular consistency and effect afterward. When she was once more in Wild-Cat Hollow, and day after day passed, — short days they were, of early winter, — and Mink did not come, expectation was supplanted by alternations of hope and disappointment, and they in their turn by fear and despair. Was it possible, she asked herself, that he could have heard and credited this fantastic invention of Mrs. Purvine's affection and pride; that Elvira had poisoned his mind; that he was jealous and angry; that for this he had held aloof? Then the recollection of their old differences came upon her. His sorrows had obliterated them in her contemplation. It did not follow, however, that they had brought her nearer to him. He had long ago fallen away from her. Why should she expect that he would return now? She remembered with a new interpretation his joyous relief the morning that she had told to him and his lawyer in the jail the story of her glimpse of Tad; although she

had shared his gratulation, it was for his sake alone. She remembered his burning eyes fixed with fiery reproaches upon her face in the court-room, when the disclosure was elicited that it was in a graveyard she had seen the missing boy. After all, she had done nothing for him; her testimony had fostered doubt and roused superstition, and other and stronger friends had effected his release.

She became silent, sober-eyed, and absorbed, and went mechanically about the house. Her changed demeanor occasioned comment from Mrs. Jessup, who sat idle, with a frowzy head and an active snuff-brush, by the fireside instead of on the porch, as in the summer days. "When Lethe fust kem back from Shaftesville she 'peared sorter peart an' livened up. Her brain war shuck up, somehow, by her travels. I 'lowed she war a-goin' ter behave arter this like sure enough folks, — but shucks! she 'pears ter be feared ter open her mouth, else folks 'll know she hev got a tongue 'twixt her teeth." For Alethea found it hard now to reply to the continual queries of Mrs. Sayles and Mrs. Jessup, who had relished her opportunity, and in the girl's observation of village life were enjoying all the benefits of travel without impinging upon their inertia or undertaking its fatigues. The elder woman sat smoking in the corner, her pink sun-bonnet overhanging her pallid, thin face, ever and anon producing a leaf of badly cured tobacco, and drying it upon the hearthstone before serving her pipe. Now and then she chuckled silently and toothlessly at some detail of the gossip. It had hurt the girl to know how little they cared for the true object of the expedition. They had not even asked for the result of the trial. Mink Lorey was naught to them, and they did not affect a picturesque humanity which they did not feel.

"Waal, sir!" Mrs. Sayles would say, "I'll be bound them town folks air talkin' 'bout Dely Purvine yit. I jes' kin

view in the sperit how she went a-bogue-in' roun' that town, stare-gazin' everything, like she war raised nowhar, an' war n't used ter nuthin'. Did n't the folks laff powerful at yer aunt Dely?"

"I never seen nobody laffin'," protested Alethea, loyally.

Jacob Jessup, sober enough, but surly, was wont to sit in these days, too, idle by the fire. The farm work, such as it was, had been done. The stock he fed when he liked. He chose to consider Alethea's metropolitan trip as a bit of personal self-assertion, and sneered whenever it was mentioned, and sought to ignore it as far as he might. For his own part, he had never been to Shaftesville, and he grudged her the distinction. He would not recognize it; he treated the fact as if it were not, and thus he extinguished it. He seemed somehow, as he sprawled idly about, to take up much more room by the fire than the women, despite their skirts, and he was often engaged in altercations with the dogs, the children, and the pet cub as to the space they occupied. The bear had been reared in a bad school for his manners; he had grown intelligent and impudent and selfish in captivity among his human friends. He would stretch himself along the hearth in front of the family, absorbing all the heat, snarling, and showing his teeth sometimes, but steeling himself in his fur and his fat and his fortitude, and withstanding kicks and blows till his persecutor was tired. Sometimes Jessup would catch him by the rolls of fat about his neck and drag him to the door, but the nimble beast would again be stretched upon the hearthstones before the man could reach his chair. Jessup did the brute no great hurt, for, lowering and ill-natured as the fellow was, he was kindly disposed toward animals, and this made the more marked a sort of spite which he seemed to entertain toward the raccoon which Mink had given Elvira, and which she had brought to Alethea. The grotesque

creature was in some sort a domestic martyr. As it scuttled about the uneven puncheon floor, he would affect to stumble over it, swear at it, seize it by the tail, and fling it against the wall. But the coon was of a mercurial disposition, and its griefs were readily healed. It would skulk away for a time, and then be seen eating stolen delicacies in its dainty fashion, washing the food between its two fore-paws in the drinking pail. Old man Sayles, silent, subdued, sat a sort of alien at his own fireside, sorting seeds, and bits of tobacco, buttons, herbs, tiny gourds, which went by the name of lumber with him, in a kind of trough beneath the window that served in lieu of sill. Now and then he passed his hand over his head and sighed. Perhaps he regretted his second matrimonial venture; for the domestic scene was one of frowzy confusion, very pronounced when crowded into one small room, instead of being shared with the porch, which the wind swept now and shook, and where the mists congregated of evenings or the frosts convened. The children, L'onidas and Lucindy, were shrill at play. The baby had got on its feet, and was walking into everything, — unwary pans and kettles and tubs of water. Tige's overbearing disposition was very manifest in his capacity as fireside companion. And when the chimney smoked, and L'onidas preferred his complaints at Alethea's side as she sat and carded wool, and the cub leaned his weight against her as he contemplated the fire with his head upon her knee, and her step-mother scolded, and Jacob Jessup fumed and contradicted, and the experimental baby brought down the churn with a crash, while the cat lapped amid the waste, Mrs. Jessup would shift her snuff-brush to the other corner of her pretty mouth, and demand, "Now ain't Lethe a plumb fool ter live hyar along o' sech cavortin' ways up on the side o' a mounting, a-waitin' fur a pore wuthless scamp like Mink Lorey, when she

could hev a house ter herself in Pioningo Cove, with no hendrance but Ben Doaks, a quiet, respectable boy, ez I don't look down on kase he ain't got religion! I know some folks ez religion itself can't help."

Sometimes, however, — it was at long intervals, — even Mrs. Jessup would be summoned to rouse herself from the heavy sluggishness that made all exertion beyond the necessary routine positive pain. The code of etiquette that prevails in the mountains, simple as it is, has yet its rigorous requirements; and when the death of a kinsman in Eskaquia Cove presently occurred, the graceless creature deplored it less than the supervening necessity of attending the obsequies. There was no snow, nor ice, nor rain, to urge as an excuse. The weather was singularly fine and dry. It was easier getting down the mountain now than in the summer. And so she was constrained to go.

The sunshine was still, languid; the air was calm. Wild-Cat Hollow wore its wintry aspect, although below in the cove one might have glimpses of red and yellow, as if the autumn yet lingered. Everywhere there was a wider outlook because of the denudation of the woods, albeit the landscape was the more gaunt, the more rugged. It was like a mind stripped of the illusions of youth; the stern facts are the plainer, and alas! more stern. The purplish-garnet hue of the myriads of bare boughs in the forests covering the mountain slopes contrasted with the indeterminate blue of the sky. There was a fibrous effect in their fine detail; even the great mass, seen at a distance, was like some delicate penciling. Singularly still it was, the air very dry; the dead leaves on the ground did not rustle; the corn-stalks, standing withered and yellow in the fields, did not stir. The only motion was the slow shifting of the shadows as the day went on, and perhaps high, high even above the Great Smoky, a swift passing of

wild geese flying southward, their cabalistic syllable *Houk! Houk!* floating down, seeming in the silence strangely intoned and mysterious. At night a new moon looked through the gaunt, naked trees. The feeble glimmer from the little log cabin was solitary. The stars themselves were hardly more aloof from the world, from life. The narrow vista through the gap only made visible how darkly indistinguishable was the cove, how annihilated in the blackness were the mountains.

No sound of cattle drifted down now from the bald; the herds were gone; sometimes in the midnight the howl of a wolf echoed and reëchoed in all the tortuous ways of the wilderness; then silence, that seemed to tremble with fear of the reiteration of the savage cry. Alethea was prone to be wakeful and sad and anxious, so perhaps it was well that she had much to occupy her thoughts during the day. The baby fretted for its mother. Mrs. Jessup was not a model mother, but she was the only one the baby had, and it was not recreant to filial sentiment. It exacted a vast number of petty attentions from Alethea which it had never before required. Tige and the cub resented the pampering she gave it; they were jealous, and made their feeling known in many dumb manifestations: they kept themselves sadly in the way; now they were hungry, and now they were thirsty, and they whined continually about her.

She hardly noticed at first that a thick haze had appeared over the cove, yet did not dim the sky. It climbed the mountain sides, and hung like a gauze veil about the cabin and the sheds. Suddenly she became aware of the pungent odor of smoke. She put the child away from her, as it clung to her skirts, and stepped out upon the porch. The dog and cub pressed close after her, fancying that they scored one against the baby, who had sunk, squalling because of its desertion, upon the floor.

She looked about for a moment at the still white presence that had usurped the earth, the air, the sky.

"Somebody hev set out fire in the woods!" she cried.

"Hev ye jes' fund that out?" drawled Jacob Jessup, as he sat on the porch. Her father and he were languidly discussing whether they should fire against it. It was far enough away as yet, they thought, and with the annual conflagrations in the woods they had become experts in judging of the distance and of the emergencies of fighting fire with fire.

She listened as they talked, thinking that Sam Marvin's home, miles away, would presently be in danger, if they were right as to the location of the fire. The cruel flames would complete the desolation she had wrought. Her conscience winced always at the recollection of its bare, denuded plight. Some small reparation was suggested in the idea that she might save it; she might go thither now and fire the dead leaves on the slopes below. Above there was a desolate, barren stretch of rocks, covering many acres, which the flames could hardly overleap. There was no wind, but a slight stir was now in the air. Its current was down the mountain.

She set out, Tige and the coon with her: the wild thing ambling demurely along with all the decorum of cultivated manners; the domestic animal barking and leaping before her in mad ecstasy for the simple privilege of the excursion. The cub looked after them from the doorway, whined, and crept within to the fire.

As she went she was vividly reminded of the day when she had journeyed thither before, although the woods had then worn the rich guise of autumn, and they were now austere and bleak and silent, and shrouded in the white smoke. She even noted the lick-log at the forks of the road, where she had sat and trembled and debated within her-

self. She wondered if what she had said in the court-room would pursue the moonshiner in his hiding-place. Would it harm him? Had she done right or wrong? It seemed to her that with some moral perversity the wrong always pursued the right, and overcame it, and transformed it.

Still walking on up the steep slant to the moonshiner's house, seeing only a yard or two before her, she presently came upon the fence. She paused and leaned upon the rails, and looked about her. The corn-field comprised more acreage than is usual in mountain agriculture. The destination of the crop was not the limited legitimate market of the region. It was planted for use in the still. She experienced another

pang when she realized that it too was a grievous loss; for Sam Marvin had been forced to leave the fruit of his industry when it stood immature in August. Now, the first of December, the full crisp ears leaned heavily from the sere stalk. She wondered that the abandoned crop, a fine one, had not been plundered. Then she bethought herself how deep in the wilderness it stood secluded. All at once she heard a rustling among the corn. Her first thought was the bear. In amaze she discerned a wagon looming hard by in the smoke. Then the indistinct figures of a man, a woman, and a half-grown girl came slowly down the turn row. To judge from their gestures, they were gathering the corn.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

No adequate biography of Honoré de Balzac has yet been written; a fact somewhat strange, considering the interest and attractiveness of the subject and the abundance of the material available. Of sketches and collections of anecdotes concerning him there are plenty, but for the most part they are trivial. The world has been informed so fully upon his peculiarities, his personal habits, his extravagances, that it may easily have exaggerated the importance of all these details, and have come to judge the character and mind of the writer by them. When Balzac is mentioned, probably most people remember him as the author who drank inordinate quantities of black coffee; who worked with extraordinary persistence and energy; who wore a white monk's frock when at his desk; who was regarded by his literary friends as a kind of Pantagruelian oddity, full of visionary ideas, given to romantic inventions, such as the estab-

lishment of the order of the Cheval Rouge; who alternated long periods of rigid seclusion and furious composition with brief outbursts of Tourangian jollity and festivity; who was a large-hearted, coarse, vigorous boon companion among his fellows; and who wrote the *Comédie Humaine*, a work concerning which the general ideas are probably somewhat vague.

Viewed in the light of his correspondence and his books, however, the life of Balzac takes on a very different aspect. It appears tragical, in fact. Nothing in his childhood or youth suggested the power he was to display in his maturity. At college, indeed, he developed a strong memory and an omnivorous taste in reading. But the receptivity of his mind seemed at this period greater than its power of assimilation. The flood of new ideas pouring in upon his brain stupefied him. A lethargic condition resulted, which alarmed his teach-

ers and friends, and he was taken home. Yet there is evidence that even at college his genius had begun to manifest itself, for it was there that he meditated and composed the *Theory of the Will*, which (as related in Louis Lambert many years later) a stupid teacher confiscated, and the loss of which he often regretted subsequently. Now it is to be remarked that in this *Theory of the Will* Balzac spoke, however unconsciously, with the kind of authority belonging to the possession, in an unusual degree, of the property analyzed. The power of the human will has seldom been more strikingly displayed than in his own career; and if the prodigal exercise of an abnormal power of volition did not in his case result in success until the capacity to enjoy the fruition of his hopes and ambitions had been exhausted, it was because he contended against difficulties which would have crushed a weaker man at the outset.

He was a mere boy when the yearning for literary fame came upon him. His parents desired him to be a notary, and he passed three years in a law office, acquiring there a mass of knowledge which he turned to good account afterwards. But the life was insupportable, and at length he was humored by his family, who allowed him two years to make the experiment in Paris, but, not to encourage him in what they thought a foolish whim, put him upon so short an allowance that no student in the Latin Quarter ever lived the life of the garret more thoroughly. There he encountered his first check. He found that he could not write anything but trash. Confident from the first in his genius, its expression was slow, laborious, and painful. His experience resembled that of no other great writer. For years he produced novels which contain scarcely an indication of his powers. He knew his work was bad, but at all events these poor stories had a certain commercial value as "pot-boilers," and his ne-

cessities were then, as always, urgent. He wrote forty novels before he caught and held his public. This fact shows the part his tremendous will power played in his career. Such a man could not be discouraged. He knew the capacities that were in him, and he would work until they obtained the mastery over their stubborn and intractable vehicle. But he was impatient. He was convinced that if fame brought money, money helped fame. He would become rich, then, by some enterprise which did not absorb all his mind. He embarked in a publishing scheme. He conceived the idea of printing the French classics in a compact form and issuing them at a low rate. The idea was good, for later it succeeded, but the time was not then ripe, and Balzac's undertaking failed. He left the publishing business heavily in debt. From that time to his death, almost, he was the slave of his obligations, and no man ever toiled more strenuously to discharge them. The agonies of César Birotteau are assuredly not imaginary. The author who described them looked into his own heart and wrote. The sense of commercial honor which sustained the perfumer was one of Balzac's most marked characteristics. It is true that the desire of fame spurred him on in his labors, but primarily they were undertaken to pay his debts; and it was the endless struggle with these that incited him to the continuous, exhausting fecundity which killed him in what should have been his prime of life.

The extent of his powers can be realized only by observation of his work. Here was a man who for ten years staved off disaster by issuing notes of hand, the payment of which and the interest on which maintained a constant demand for money, and it all had to be earned by his pen. To secure the sums required from month to month, incessant toil was necessary. He met the exigency by working sixteen,

eighteen, hours in the twenty-four; and this for months together. It has been said that his letters during this period are colorless. They are indeed sad. They indicate a mind and body strained to the utmost limit of endurance, a resolution of iron, and at the same time a pathetic sense of deprivation and isolation. He writes to his sister Laure that he yearns for Fame and Love. "Ah, Laure, Laure," he cries, "shall I live to attain my desire?" He was to die with the cup at his lips. But nothing less than death could interrupt his labors. While working as no galley-slave ever worked, having always two, three, sometimes four, books in hand at once, he found time to read prodigiously, to observe with care and precision, to make social studies in all directions, to acquire and dispense an encyclopædic knowledge. In *Facino Cane* he relates how he used to follow people in the street, workingmen, peasant women, all sorts of odd characters, to learn how they talked and on what subjects, and to obtain knowledge of their life and motives. In the same way he would wander for hours through the streets of Paris seeking good names for his creations. Like Dickens and Hugo, he attached much importance to names. He held that what he called a "dead name," that is an invented name, was objectionable. He always sought the names of living people for his uses, and was fastidious in his selection. With all the strenuousness and persistence of his work, he never hurried in finishing it. The most elaborate care was given to the perfection of everything he wrote. He had all his proofs pasted on broad sheets of cardboard, and in reading them he made so many changes that sometimes the cost of correction was more than that of composing the work originally. He would demand six, ten, a dozen, proofs, and over these he toiled as hard as over the first draft. His conscientiousness was great, and it was

shown in the smallest details. He would make a journey of several hundred miles to write a description of a landscape, a town, a house, and his portraits of places are as minute and complete as his portraits of persons. He was assisted by a memory which must have resembled Macaulay's in scope and retentiveness. He possessed the same faculty of seizing the pith of a book while glancing over the pages with rapidity. He was upheld in his incessant and exhausting labors by a constitution of remarkable strength and endurance, and a temperament of the South, reacting naturally against all that is dismal and sorrowful in life, grasping at every opportunity for joyousness, repairing the waste of mental and bodily tissue by thoroughgoing recreation whenever possible.

Nevertheless, Balzac's letters are painful. They not only indicate the stress of his unintermitted toil, but they show how the sordid, pecuniary anxieties of his situation weighed upon him. I cannot agree with the critics who see in his constant references to money only a greed of gain. It seems to me that Balzac is not chargeable with that fault. He wished, no doubt, to be out of debt and to be rich, but he cared more for his work, especially in his later years, than for what it brought him. His chief anxiety was to be independent, but the unthrifty methods of raising money which his poverty compelled him to employ continually retarded him by raising up fresh liabilities in the shape of interest, and so the Sisyphean labor was prolonged. In his correspondence the bitterness of his lot is plainly revealed. His letters to his sister and his mother, both of whom he cherished with a most constant and unselfish love, a love testifying to the unspoiled freshness of his heart even to the last, are full of complaints mingled with words of encouragement. He is killing himself; he is working eighteen hours a day; he goes to bed at seven, rises at one, works till

eight in the morning, takes a cup of coffee, and goes on again until four in the afternoon. But, courage! such and such a sum will be earned soon, and then such and such a payment can be made. It has been questioned whether he was really so heavily in debt as he represented himself to be, but there is apparently no warrant for doubt as to this. For a long time his literary earnings were small, and though he received comparatively large sums for his books during the last ten years of his life, he gives ample proof that the bulk of his income was absorbed in meeting his liabilities. No man so chained to the oar could have given his best thought to correspondence. It is in his books that one must look for that. But his letters to the lady whom he eventually married, the Countess de Hanska, and to his old friend Madame Zulma Carraud, and to the Duchesse de Castries, are full of fine reflection and often graceful and tender expression. To his sister especially he confided his hopes, ambitions, and difficulties. To her he shows his innocent literary vanity, his opinions of his own books, his views of the place they will take, and, too often, the chagrin caused by his over-sanguine previsions of the public judgment. There is no doubt that he was vain, that he believed in his own powers, that he was prone to regard all his books as masterpieces, that when he took up a new subject he thought his treatment of it would enlighten the world. But it is equally true that this self-confidence counted for much in his ultimate success, and that it was better justified by the actual extent of his powers than is often the case.

The plan of the *Comédie Humaine* came to Balzac after he had established his reputation. He was a long time in discovering his vocation, but he had been educating himself for the great work of his life during his dreary apprenticeship. He would become the

analyst of society. He would do for the human family what Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire had done for the brute creation. The *Comédie Humaine* was to be a philosophical dissection of society, a description of contemporary life and manners from top to bottom, and embracing all ranks, classes, and occupations. The conception was gigantic, and, when all the defects of the work are allowed for, it will have to be admitted that the execution is marvelous. Nor could it have been even partially accomplished save by the method Balzac adopted. A series of separate and unconnected stories would not have admitted of the subtle working out of complicated and far-reaching sequences of events such as real life presents. In the ordinary novel it is necessary either to represent a section of life cut off abruptly, without beginning or end, or fidelity to truth must be sacrificed to the exigencies of the plot. Balzac, by carrying his characters through a whole series of stories, was enabled to present them in many different aspects, and at the same time to work out those side-plots and ramifications of human relationship with which real existence abounds. His method enlarged his canvas enormously, and also gave an entirely new interest and emphasis to his situations. But only a master could have accomplished so great an undertaking with the measure of success he has achieved, or could have avoided the difficulties inherent in the scheme. In considering the qualifications demanded for the work, some of the faults charged upon Balzac are at least explained. To do what he attempted,—that is, to paint human nature as it existed in his time and country,—a mind as many-sided as nature is needed. But to paint human nature as manifested in the social organization, a catholicity of view is required which excludes optimism. It is one thing to describe the world as it ought to be, or as one would have it, but quite another to

describe it as it is. In most novels we find bad men repenting and becoming good, virtuous men rewarded by material prosperity, the villains punished and the heroes triumphing. But how far is this from what actually happens! As John Stuart Mill observes, "The general tendency of evil is towards further evil. Bodily illness renders the body more susceptible of disease; it produces incapacity of exertion, sometimes debility of mind, and often the loss of means of subsistence. Poverty is the parent of a thousand mental and moral evils. What is still worse, to be injured or oppressed, when habitual, lowers the whole tone of the character. One bad action leads to others, in the agent himself, in the bystanders, and in the sufferers. All bad qualities are strengthened by habit, and all vices and follies tend to spread. Intellectual defects generate moral, and moral intellectual; and every intellectual or moral defect generates others, and so on without end." This, of course, is but one side of the case, but it is precisely the side which fiction usually ignores, to the detriment alike of art and verisimilitude. But Balzac did not ignore it, and his recognition and full representation of it constitute one of his strongest claims upon posterity. In him, indeed, we see a resemblance to Nature, who distributes good and evil impartially, indifferently; elaborating the hideous and venomous tarantula as carefully as the gentle dove or the fragrant rose, and not seldom seeming, as in the tiger, to lavish her most splendid ornamentation upon incarnations of ferocity and savage power. Balzac took society as he found it. He did not attempt to improve it, unless showing it its own image might have an elevating tendency. He regarded his mission as that of a scientific social historian. And he undertook not only to describe society in its external aspects, but to analyze the springs of its various activities, to explain and characterize the motives

that inspired it, and to dissect away the conventional tissues which concealed its true desires and intents.

In applying his analytical methods he was deterred by no sentimental restraints. He looked everywhere, and set down what he saw, — vice or virtue, honor or infamy, as the case might be. That he should have been a cause of offense to many was inevitable, and equally so that the frank intrepidity of his analysis should be denounced as insufferable coarseness. He is coarse. There is no need to deny it, and his coarseness is often an injury to his work. But the question is whether, with a more delicate temperament, he could have done the work before him; and if the answer to this question is in the negative, as I think it must be, it will perhaps be considered well that he did it, even with the drawbacks attached to it. For so powerful a work has never been accomplished by another, nor is likely to be. And even in his most audacious moods, when, as his critics have said, he seems to take special delight in the analysis of some monstrous vice, some hideously deformed character, the marvelous insight which exhibits the inmost workings of a depraved human soul, the equally marvelous truth of touch which shows the gradual obscuration and extinction of the good principles and tendencies, assuredly produce upon the reader no seductive or demoralizing effect, but rather the emotion caused by the spectacle of an implacable destiny urging the lost creature to its doom.

Take as an illustration the shameful career of General Hulot, in *La Cousine Bette*. In all fiction there is nothing at once so appalling and so true as the study of that character. Beginning with a vice, he proceeds to the establishment of a habit. The habit masters him. To it are sacrificed, in succession, his domestic happiness, his fortune, his friends, and finally his honor. Ruined, expelled from the society of his equals,

humiliated, and broken-spirited, he becomes the mere thrall of a base appetite which has absorbed all his vital energies. In the end the appetite grows into a temperament, and the wretched victim disappears in an abyss of ridicule and imbecility, having broken the heart of his noble wife for the sake of a servant wench whom he makes her successor. The remorseless manner in which the career of General Hulot is traced, as though he were a curious disease rather than a man, undoubtedly adds to the impressiveness of the narrative. Every new symptom is faithfully recorded. The growth of the vicious habit proceeds steadily, pitilessly. One by one all the barriers between the victim and ruin are thrown down. As he sinks lower we observe the degradation of his mind. With each relapse the recuperative power diminishes, and when the terrible end arrives we feel that nothing else was possible in the circumstances.

Take, again, the career of Lucien de Rubempré, in the *Illusions Perdues*. There the key-note is struck in the first chapter. We have before us two young men: the one, simple, upright, patient, confiding, humble; the other, brilliant, gifted, fickle, unstable, selfish. Lucien is the second, and he works out his destiny in strict accordance with evolutionary law. His career in Paris is strikingly presented. Going there as a poet, from the provinces, with lofty ideals and ambitions, he is plunged into indigence. Temptation falls in his way. He has the choice between the companionship of a Spartan band of young philosophers and patriots, and affiliation with a circle of journalists, unscrupulous, selfish, malignant, corrupt. The journalistic employment offers him some material advantages. He is dazzled, and yields. Once in the downward way, everything tends to hasten his fall. His scruples are easily overcome, and he learns to lampoon his friends, to dupe

his employers, to play a base and double game. The description of the Paris journalism of the period in this book is one of Balzac's revenges, and it is a terrible revenge. He had been the target of the *feuilletonistes* for years. They had denied his genius, laughed at his pretensions, ridiculed the seriousness of his purpose, refused to see any but the frivolous side of him. In the *Illusions Perdues* he gave them their answer. There is no reason to suppose that he rendered them less than justice. Certainly his representations, though attacked, have never been refuted. The French journalism of the time was undoubtedly very corrupt, and he exposed that corruption with unequalled force and courage. Lucien de Rubempré joins this band of press brigands, and for a time prospers exceedingly; but having been foolish enough to desert the liberal for the administration journals, he is furiously assailed by all his former friends, and this is the beginning of the end for him. He has many adventures, but his feeble character carries him steadily downward, in spite of all opportunities to recover lost ground, and at last, having exhausted the possibilities, he dies by his own hand. Now the capacities and course of Lucien de Rubempré are in perfect accord. There is no error of judgment on the author's part. The young man marches straight, as by the necessity of his nature, to a given goal, and it is impossible to conceive of his avoiding the disasters which are at once his fault and his misfortune.

One of the most terrible of Balzac's characters is Philippe Bridau. In him we see a man who, beginning life fortunately, and having acquired honors and reputation in the army under Napoleon, falls into habits of debauchery. At first his faults are peccadilloes. But he has no real principle. He is thrown among scoundrels, and they quicken his degradation. One vice facilitates another. He proceeds from bad to worse, and

presently he appears a full-fledged villain, a thief, an assassin, a wife-murderer, a parricide. As he descends, his character hardens. His speech indicates the growth of infamy within, as his actions show his increasing familiarity with the externals of vice and crime. The picture is revolting, it is horrifying, but it is not monstrous. Philippe Bridau grows into the ruffian and scoundrel he is before our eyes. Each change for the worse is registered, and springs naturally from antecedent causes. It is thus that evil really tends to extend and increase evil. It is thus that the evolution of the bad in human nature proceeds. The subtlety and fidelity of the analysis, moreover, constitute an irresistible attraction. We appear to be witnessing one of those sombre dramas the Greeks affected. We feel that the Fates are presiding over the action, and that the evil must work itself out despite all opposition to its influence.

The tendency of weak humanity to take the line of least resistance, so often observed in real life, has been freely illustrated by Balzac. Thus the young Rastignac, in *Le Père Goriot*, on his introduction to the Parisian world plumes himself on resisting the bold and undisguised criminal propositions of Vautrin, but falls with scarcely a struggle into the net spread for him by Madame Nucingen. The fate of old Goriot makes a strong impression on him for the moment, but he goes from the grave of the miserable father to the house of his mistress. He has made his choice, and having parted with his scruples, and being endowed with audacity and perseverance, he mounts, prospers, becomes wealthy and distinguished. Is not this also in harmony with nature? Society does not punish the vice that respects conventions. It rewards courage and success without any regard to the morality of the applicant. Many of Balzac's characters are reprehensible, and flourish. Many are virtuous, and suffer.

We find virtue oppressed and vice triumphing, in his pages. We find dull greed often outstripping brilliant parts. We find malice joined with energy stronger than amiability linked with infirmity of purpose. But in all of this the writer has been entirely true to nature, and has fulfilled his function of analyst loyally and without bias.

The force of dominant ideas upon human character has seldom been more strongly exhibited than in *Father Grandet* and *Balthazar Claes*. The first is the type of the miser. Having passed his best years in amassing money, having become enormously wealthy, he develops a parsimony and a greed which would be merely disgusting if not relieved by a force of character which makes him, if not less a miser, at least a remarkable one. Here, too, the gradual growth of the vice maintains the interest, while the cunning of the crafty old man in compelling his sycophantic relatives to do his work and bear his expenses proceeds naturally from his lust of gold. In Balzac's hands the most odious of vices acquires a certain sombre grandeur, and in revolting from Grandet's meanness a regret is felt that a man of so much intelligence should become the victim of so degrading and dehumanizing a passion. What Grandet is, however, his character and environment have made him, and the trick by which he forestalls the market for his vintage is not more natural than the gesture of cupidity with which, when dying, he seeks to grasp the silver crucifix.

In *La Recherche de L'Absolu* the same study is varied. Balthazar Claes is a rich Fleming, who dabbles in chemistry until he thinks he has discovered the universal solvent. To this idea he becomes a prey, and by degrees is so absorbed by it that he forgets his obligations as a husband and father, and dissipates his fortune in the pursuit of his experiments. His neglect, abstrac-

tion, and reckless expenditure break his wife's heart. For a time he returns to himself, and promises to renounce the quest of "The Absolute." But the dominant idea is too strong for him, and with the infatuation and obstinacy of the chronic drunkard he at last seizes every opportunity to procure fresh means for his favorite pursuit, hesitating at nothing to obtain what he wants. After doing all in his power to ruin his children, he dies at last in the belief that he has grasped the secret; but strength and life fail him before he can impart it to any one. So, it might be said, Balzac himself toiled through a long career to find the secret of happiness, and died at length in the bitterness of realizing that it had come to him too late to be enjoyed.

That Balzac was specially attracted by the eccentric and the sinister in human nature is certain, and M. Gabriel Ferry, in one of a series of papers recently published in a Paris journal, on Balzac and his Friends, has given an illustration of this in the author's own words. In a conversation with George Sand, Balzac thus defined the difference in their method. "You," he said, "seek man as he should be; I take him as he is. Believe me, we are both right. These two paths lead to the same end. I am also fond of exceptional beings; I am one of them. I am obliged to bring forward my vulgar characters, and I never sacrifice them unnecessarily. But these vulgar characters interest me more than they do you. I magnify them; I idealize them, in an inverted sense, in their ugliness or their stupidity. I give to their deformities startling or grotesque proportions. You do not know how to do this; you do not want to see the people and the things which give you the nightmare. You idealize in the pretty and the beautiful; it is a woman's work."

The dramatic instinct was strong in Balzac, and he could not sacrifice the

larger opportunities for the display of his analytic and graphic powers which the exploitation of the seamy side of life afforded. Yet there is more of reality than of imagination in many of the scenes and characters in his books which have been most criticised. M. Ferry gives an example of this in relating George Sand's remarks upon the scene in *La Cousine Bette*, where Madame Hulot, distracted by the threatened ruin of her family, offers herself to Crevel. George Sand protested that this was monstrous, incredible. Balzac replied, "The history is real, the fact happened. I have conveyed into my romance an example of human baseness, — that is all." In the same way, when taxed with exaggeration in describing the wealth of old Grandet, he at once named half a score of living men in the provinces still more wealthy, and specified one who was in the habit of keeping always in his house a sum of several millions of francs in money. The part played by money in Balzac's works has been much commented on. Certainly he did ascribe to it a potent influence in society, but the only important question is whether he was justified in his position. He is not alone in maintaining that the cult of the Golden Calf is the dominant religion, and as much has been asserted of other countries than France. The view he presents of a society moved and controlled mainly by selfishness is no doubt humiliating. The almost illimitable power he attributes to wealth is not less so. But the charge brought against him, of taking an unnecessarily low view of society, seems not altogether clear. If the facts are not as he represented them, the indictment will hold. But inasmuch as he never pretended to depict life from the idealist point of view, confining himself strictly, or as strictly as he could, to describing things as they were, it is necessary to prove his infidelity to the actual before he can be justly arraigned.

His bad people stand out from the canvas with startling vividness. There is an energy about them which makes them seem to be more a work of love with their author than they really were. This energy, however, is the most remarkable fact in all Balzac's work. The creative imagination has never been stronger than in him. Explanation of this gift, in the present backward state of psychology, is almost hopeless. All his biographers and critics have attempted it, and all have failed. Charles and Gautier come nearest to the truth in saying that he was *a seer*. He himself could not define his power, but several times he has essayed fragmentary outlines of it. Thus in *Facino Cane* he says, "Observation had already become intuitive with me, or, rather, it seized external details so thoroughly that it proceeded beyond them instantly; it gave me the faculty of living the life of the individual upon whom it was exercised, by putting myself in his place." And he says, further on, "To what do I owe this gift? A second sight? Is it one of those faculties the abuse of which leads to madness? I have never investigated the causes of this power. I only know that I possess and make use of it." All masters of fiction have this creative and substitutive power more or less. It was strong in Dickens and in Thackeray. But it has never been manifested at the same height as in Balzac. The tremendous energy which informs all his work, and which lends such significance to his speculations on the will, given in *Louis Lambert*, — that essence, as he puts it, which is subtler and more powerful than electricity, — endowed the creatures of his imagination with a vitality not less real and vivid than that which animates material beings. It did more than this. The fiery heat at which his brain worked not only impressed upon his characters a bodily distinctness and individuality, but it forced to the front and kept in evi-

dence everything which belonged to that individuality. Balzac's men and women appear so real because we are made to enter into the most intimate relations with them. It is not merely their physical portraits that are drawn for us with a master's touch; it is their mental habits and characteristics, their foibles, their virtues, their thousand-and-one petty ways, and their habitations, from garret to cellar. Taine says that Balzac first describes the town, then the house, and then the person who lives in it. He does so, but not exactly for the reason given by Taine. It is because this knowledge is really essential to the comprehension of men and women. All of us speak to our contemporaries as plainly through our personal habits, our domestic arrangements, our furniture, books, pictures, bricabrac, music, and whatever goes to make up the sum of our intimate manifestations, as through our intercourse, business, and politics. Balzac knew this intuitively: hence the prodigious elaboration and pains with which he completes his picture; hence the importance he ascribes to inanimate things, and especially to houses, rooms, and furniture.

There is in the profusion of his details not seldom something oppressive. The reader, if he be accustomed only to thin and colorless fiction, is made giddy by this crowd of images, and rendered uneasy by the earnestness of the narrator. Balzac said of himself, "Ideas flow incessantly to my brain. I am like a tree loaded down with too heavy a crop of fruit." There is truth in the figure. His fecundity was so great that while it did not confuse him, it no doubt often prevented him from making a selection among the swarming ideas which surged through his mind. But through all and over all the power of that mind is manifested. Sainte-Beuve says that Balzac's energy almost makes the page tremble as you are reading. It pervades all his works as the throbbing of the en-

gine pervades an ocean steamer at sea. And next to his energy is his flexibility. The Nasmith steam hammer, which can gently crack an egg, or fall with fifty tons' weight upon a heated mass of iron, is a not inapt symbol of this versatile genius, which could descend into the mud with a Marneffe, or rise with a Seraphita into an atmosphere too rarefied, almost, for mortal lungs; which could enter one day into all the scoundrelism of a Philippe Bridau, and on the next could paint a Benassis, a David Sechard, a César Birotteau, a Colonel Chabert, a Cousin Pons. If, as has been alleged, Balzac's good people are all more or less imperfect, the fact itself is a proof of the fidelity of his art. For in real life imperfection is the rule. It is only in idealistic fiction that wholly upright, pure, impeccable characters are found, and the further they are removed from the weakness of our common humanity the less they impress us. There is only one such character in Balzac, and that has been singularly misunderstood. Seraphita is not a romance, but a mystical poem, and a noble one. The central figure, Seraphitus-Seraphita, is emblematic of the spiritual condition in which, all the frailties of incarnated existence having been overcome, sex ceases; for pure spirit can have no sex. Reality is left behind in this book, which is not a story, but a didactic work, and which contains not only the Swedenborgianism Balzac got from his mother's library, but a mass of occult doctrine, the origins of which must be sought in the theosophy of India. Balzac was deeply disappointed because Seraphita did not acquire the popularity he had anticipated. Few men would have hoped to obtain any vogue for such a book; but he lived so much in the ideal that it was even more interesting to him than what the world calls the real. To Balzac his creations were the most real things he knew. When Jules Sandeau was once telling him about the sickness of his

sister, he interrupted him: "That is all very well, but let us return to reality; let us discuss Eugénie Grandet." Nor was there any affectation in this. He had called into existence a world of his own. He had peopled it with his own creations. They were endued with the vibrating energy of the brain from which they sprang. If they lived for the world, how much more did they live for him! When he went on a journey he would say, "I am going so-and-so; it is where M. Benassis, or Madame de Mortsauf, live." He always thought of his characters as of the people whom in all the world he knew best.

If he yielded too much to his predilection for the *bizarre* and exceptional, if his dramatic instinct led him to put his evil characters in too strong relief, it must not be ignored that he dealt conscientiously with his virtuous men and women, that he has described the beauties of nature with exquisite delicacy and insight, that he has written scenes of pathos not excelled in literature. If in some of his novels of Parisian life the atmosphere is close and malodorous; if in his pictures of the sordid scramble for wealth he has introduced us to too many Gobsecks, and Claparons, and Molineuxes, and Fraisières, and Kellers, and Nucingens, and Du Tilletts, in such stories as *Le Médecin de Campagne* he has led us into the most pure and stimulating of country air; in the *Lys dans la Vallée* he has given us charming rural sketches. Taine quotes with admiration one of his descriptions of a country garden on a spring morning. There is no odor of the lamp about it. It breathes all the freshness and fragrance of free nature, and it is elaborated with the unflinching patience and scrupulousness which Balzac brought to all his work.

His good men are thoroughly human, and therefore not free from faults. But where are there to be found more inspiring examples, more thrilling and moving representations? César Birot-

tean would not be half the man he is were it not for his weaknesses. As he stands, feeble, narrow, ignorant, vain, gullible, there is a grandeur and a nobility about him which draw all our sympathies to him. The Père Goriot, is he not a foolish, indulgent old man, of loose morals and a single idea? But as we follow the tragedy of his life, and stand at last beside his wretched death-bed, the greatness of his love and sacrifice transfigures him before us, and we uncover before a majesty of calamity which compels our respect. The Médecin de Campagne is a larger canvas, less thronged, and less saturated with passion. The feeling that breathes through it is of steadfast beneficence, not born of, but incited by, deep personal grief. It is not an ideal picture, for Balzac knew the original, and has named him in his letters. In the Illusions Perdues David Sechard stands nobly out as the type of an honest man. In the Parents Pauvres appears one of the most touching of the author's creations,—the friendship of Pons and Schmucke. Both these are wonderfully drawn characters, but the latter is perhaps unique in its simplicity, tenderness, loyalty, and affection. Humanity is the better for such studies, even when they end tragically, and Balzac, though often bringing his good people to sorrow and death, so subtly employs his art that the material success of brazen vice, however flourishing and triumphant, appears sordid and shameful by the side of the martyred virtue.

Many of Balzac's young men are endowed with energy, audacity, unscrupulousness, self-love; in short, all the qualities fitted to advance adventurers in the turbulent Paris world. They succeed often by fraud and treason, duplicity, mendacity, and chicane. They tread under foot better but less hardy people. They make ladders of their friends, and kick them down when they are no longer useful. They are immoral, cynical, heartless. But their success only renders

them more odious. In no case is it so represented as to be seductive. Rather, the inference drawn is that by such methods worldly success can be attained, but at the sacrifice of all that makes life worth living to any being above the level of a brute. These fashionable parasites, these neophytes of the Bourse, these haunters of the *coulisses*, are after all but convicts and criminals in masquerade. They inspire loathing and contempt, both they and the women with whom they are related. All this reverse side of Paris life, however,—we have the word of Balzac's contemporaries for it,—has been faithfully described by him. Sainte-Beuve, who disliked him heartily, has admitted this circumstantially. Gautier, Gozlan, Werdet, Desnoirterres, Baschet, Taine, all have declared the work of the social historian lifelike and true. It is ugly, hideous, if you will, but it is not imagined. Sainte-Beuve, indeed, says that Balzac sometimes confounded the realities of life with his own creations, and no doubt this is true. A man who brought into existence between two and three thousand people, each and all vitalized from head to foot, and who could not thenceforth rid himself of this swarm of characters, might easily commit such errors occasionally. But much of what has been called exaggeration in Balzac arises from the intensity and force of his creative faculty, which threw everything into the strongest relief, and which infused into the veins of all his personages an activity so preternatural as to make their behavior at times appear strained to the reader unfamiliar with his style. Also, as Gautier has said, his artistic tendency to present striking pictures caused him to arrange his scenes and figures with a view to realizing the full value of contrasts, of high and low light. Thus, in the *Ménage d'un Garçon*, he employs the virtues of Joseph Bridau as foils to the vices of his brother Philippe. Thus D'Arthrez and Chris-

tian are contrasted with the Du Tilletts, the Rastignacs, the De Marsays, the Maxime du Trailles.

In the exploitation of the life of youthful genius in poverty Balzac has shown that profound knowledge which comes from personal experience. He had lived it, and in the struggles of Lucien de Rubempré, of Raphael, and others of his characters he reproduced his own trials and griefs. Goethe's

"Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte,"

did not apply to him. He had eaten the bread and drunk the water of affliction, and his inner vision had been enlightened. In the *Peau de Chagrin*, indeed, as in *Facino Cane* and *Louis Lambert*, he has given many autobiographical fragments. He never hesitated to utilize his own experiences or his own possessions in this way. It is said that the famous gallery of pictures collected by Cousin Pons contains an accurate catalogue of his own paintings, and there is no doubt that he arranged a room in his house, in the *Rue des Batilles*, for the express purpose of testing the accuracy of a tragic scene he had conceived between Henry de Marsay and Paquita. It is to be noted that few of his young men are poets; in fact, in the whole *Comédie Humaine* there are only two, Canalis and Lucien de Rubempré. Balzac neither wrote verse, nor cared for it. In the *Grand Homme de Province à Paris* there are some sonnets. These were written by his friends. Gautier composed one, Madame Emile de Girardin another. It would be a mistake to conclude that Balzac had no poetry in him. His works prove the contrary abundantly. But he certainly had not the gift of verse.

Little has been said so far concerning his female characters. It is as impossible to render an intelligent judgment upon them in a few words as it would

be to define the intellectual, moral, and social status of the population of a city in a sentence. Balzac's aim was to sound the heights and depths of the society of his time. He excluded no types and he softened no characteristic marks. He meant to put on his vast canvas the best, the worst, and all the many intervening classes. Accordingly, his range of study is as wide as civilized humanity. For a time there was a disposition, especially among foreign critics, to question the fidelity of his studies of great ladies; but since his letters have been published it is apparent that he not only had ample opportunity to observe this class of women, but that he took advantage of his friendships with several of them to obtain their judgment upon his conceptions, and that his Madame de Mortsau, Duchesse de Langeais, Duchesse de Maufrigneuse, Princesse de Cadignan, Duchesse de Beauseant, and the whole list of aristocratic women that sweep through his pages underwent the jealous criticism of noble friends of the author, whose position and experience were guarantees for the soundness of their judgments on social questions belonging to their own order. But the fact that the women were the first to recognize Balzac's powers speaks for itself. "Who," says Sainte-Beuve, "has better painted the belles of the Empire? Who has drawn more delightfully the duchesses and viscountesses of the end of the Restoration? — those women of thirty, who awaited their artist with a vague anxiety, so that when he and they met there was, so to speak, an electric shock of recognition." It was in the *Femme de Trente Ans* that this part of Balzac's mission was first clearly revealed. There is in that work a marvelous depth of analysis. The writer penetrates into the innermost soul of his heroine, and lays bare her mental processes with a precision and fullness which may well have astonished his generation. From that

time the woman of the period realized that she had found her historian, her painter. Certainly, the portraits which issued from Balzac's studio were often anything but flattering. To a Madame de Mortsauf or a Baronne Hulot succeeded a Marneffe, a Sylvie Rogron, a Madame Nourrisson, even, that epitome of depraved womanhood. The evil pictures were not less careful, striking, lifelike, than the good ones. Sorrow went hand in hand with Virtue. Nothing can be more pathetic than the situation of that beautiful victim, Madame de Mortsauf, in the *Lys dans la Vallée*. Placed between a brutal husband and an ardent lover, she maintains her honor and purity at the expense of her life. It is a battle, but without its sustaining excitement; a sombre, prolonged, deadly contest, in which at every turn the outrages and cruelties of the husband plead the cause of the lover. The death of Madame de Mortsauf is profoundly touching, and conceived with great power. Yet it is in the trials of women in the middle class that Balzac, perhaps, has produced his strongest effects. The history of Agatha Bridau and the Widow Descoings, for example, the history of Eugénie Grandet, that of the wife and daughter of César Birotteau, that of Margaret Claes and her mother, are full of a knowledge of life which seems more thorough and familiar than that displayed in the scenes from a higher social sphere. Balzac affected a cynicism about women which is largely contradicted by his own creations, and almost wholly by his own life. The Rabelaisian wit and *grossièreté* which he exhibited when with his artist and literary friends, and which took form in the *Contes Drolatiques*, were hardly real manifestations of character. The man who had but two strong desires in life, — "to be famous and to be loved;" who deliberately renounced all the pleasures of Parisian existence, and led the life of an ascetic, of an anchorite, in or-

der to attain freedom from debt and celebrity; who held that the writer must mortify the body in order to give full vigor and lucidity to the spirit, and acted for twenty years upon his own theory; who to the close of his life showed such tenderness of affection to his mother and sister; who loved but one woman, and married her, cannot, without introducing hopeless confusion into any study of his character, be regarded as the coarse, sensual creature Balzac has sometimes been represented. Few, indeed, of his contemporaries lived as pure a life as he. In his writings the vivid description of immorality must not be confounded with what is not to be found there, namely, the display of a fondness for the vice described. It is true that Balzac often painted evil with a certain scientific enthusiasm, but it was a scientific enthusiasm, — the enthusiasm, for example, of a physician for a new disease, and not the passion of a sensualist or a lover of evil for evil's sake. The distinction here is important, and cannot be safely disregarded. The creator of the Marneffe, had he been what some seem to have thought him, could never have been the creator of Madame de Mortsauf, of Pierrette, of Eve Sechard, of Seraphita.

He has portrayed many noble women. He has lavished an unequalled analytic and descriptive power upon them. He has delighted to show them in the family relation, unselfish, patient, tolerant, confiding, always ready to sacrifice themselves — nay, to crucify themselves — for those they love. He has shown them loyal, affectionate, prudent, wise, far-seeing, pure, innocent. His women are not, indeed,

"too good

For human nature's daily food."

They are natural, with the defects of their characters as well as with the virtues. But they are thoroughly real. We all know many like them. It is human nature that Balzac lays before us,

and with a fullness and completeness no other writer has approached, if we except Shakespeare. If in the ethics of the female world he describes there is sometimes that which jars upon the Anglo-Saxon mind, fault must be found with the state of society rather than with its historian. Balzac assuredly drew with a faithful and exact pencil the manners and morals of his time and country. In so doing he reproduced of necessity the local color, the national characteristics. We must accept these if we wish to avail ourselves of the immense magazine of facts concerning human nature which the *Comédie Humaine* constitutes.

Something has been said incidentally of his mystical writings, but they deserve a closer examination than can be given them here. In the first place, it must be observed that all men of strong creative force, all great writers of fiction especially, naturally and indeed inevitably lean toward the preternatural. This tendency was strong in Dickens and Thackeray and Bulwer. It must be so in those who possess the faculty of peopling "the void inane" with creatures of fancy, and of imparting to them all the traits and characteristics of living humanity. The idea of another sphere of existence is perfectly simple to the man who daily and hourly enters into and acts in such a sphere, and who knows that the creations of his brain have for him a reality often as objective as that of the desk he writes upon. Balzac, being thus gifted and thus prepared, inheriting also from his mother a liking for the occult, read widely in the literature of mysticism, and assimilated his studies easily. He knew the extent, antiquity, and uninterrupted descent of the occult sciences. The researches into mesmerism and clairvoyance which were made in his time were followed by him with deep interest. He knew and had experimented with the Didier brothers, whose clairvoyant feats a gen-

eration ago were the talk of Paris; nay, of Europe. He was as familiar with Herder as with Swedenborg. He had studied the Cabala and the mediæval alchemists as well as the sparse fragments of Oriental occultism and theosophy then open to the Western world. In his sketch of the Theory of the Will, given in Louis Lambert, he has summed up a philosophy which certainly was not his own invention, but many of the inductions of which he, with characteristic boldness, carried farther than his predecessors had ventured. In his speculation on the base of thought, he has postulated the existence of a force almost completely one with the *Akasa* of Hindu occultism, that subtle world essence, the matrix of electricity and magnetism, which some modern men of science have almost recognized in terms. In Louis Lambert and Seraphita, however, two distinct lines of thought are traceable. In writing the latter book he was under the influence mainly of Swedenborg. The framework and the salient outlines are from the seer's doctrine. In the strange discourse delivered by Seraphita before her ascent into the mountains an older mysticism than that of Swedenborg may be perceived, and an infusion, always luminous, of Balzac's own thought. In the extension given by him to the conceptions or revelations of previous writers, the keenness of his spiritual insight and the robustness of his reasoning power are exhibited strikingly. In Louis Lambert he has dealt more with the doctrines of the cabalistic writers, and here also are found many theories curiously in accord with the speculations which have recently been introduced from Asia to the West. It was not to be expected that these works should be received with the welcome given to his studies of society, though he himself was chagrined at their comparative failure. Even now there are relatively few readers who are prepared by previous

study to appreciate or comprehend them. They indicate, however, the grasp of Balzac's mind, and they refute the criticism which would deny him the possession of power or capacity in the higher regions of thought and imagination.

That he was thoroughly at home in those higher regions is too much to say. He could breathe at a great altitude, and he did not lose his self-poise or his perceptive faculties there. But the great work of his life was on a lower plane, among the toils and strifes of mundane existence; and the philosophy which pervades his writings is that of a man of the world. In politics he was an absolutist, and this position was a natural result of his observation and his limitations. He saw vividly and comprehensively the life of his own period. He had concerned himself little with the past. Democracy as revealed to him was full of evil. Absolutism in action he had not familiarized himself with, and therefore he regarded it as a remedy for and refuge from the license, the lawlessness, the iniquity, which he encountered. Being an absolutist, he was also in favor of a strong ecclesiastical system, and for the same general reasons. These theories, founded upon a too restricted view of human progress, are unworthy of him, but we should no more judge him by them than we should judge those English men of science of the present day whose strange views of politics have recently been put forward. It is when he has to do with the affairs of his own world, with questions of social moment, the laws of commerce, criminal jurisprudence, art, music, manners and customs, architecture, etc., that he exhibits his reflective and critical power most brilliantly. As Taine says, he reasons, and his characters reason, about everything, and almost all that is said deserves to be studied.

Balzac's style is peculiar. He took infinite pains with it, but he could not make it light or graceful. It is a close-

ly woven, compact, altogether unique style, representing the abundance and the energetic emission of his ideas. With him the difficulty always was to find room for the thoughts which crowded incessantly upon him. There was never any barrenness in his brain. On the contrary, the profusion of his ideas, the clearness of his impressions, the completeness, to the smallest accessories, of the mental pictures which his mind evoked, compelled in him so strong a habit of elaboration that the reader is often almost overwhelmed by the prodigality of his descriptions, and for those who demand only the story the frequent delays resulting appear vexatious and unnecessary. This packed, pregnant style would indeed be injurious to the reputation of any author less heavily freighted with important matter. But in Balzac, if there is at times a plethora of description, there is nothing that can be called padding. If he may be thought sometimes to expend too much labor upon the details of a picture, the relevancy of the details is incontestable, and the finish of the picture marvelous. Everything, too, with him, has a distinct bearing upon the end to be attained, and everything contributes to the impressiveness of that end. The description of the *Maison Vauquer*, in the *Père Goriot*, for instance, is a necessary introduction to the story. The key-note of the action is there struck. The tragedy is fairly opened by the scene which exhibits that sordid dining-room and its mistress. So, too, with the description of the *Claes* house, in the *Recherche de L'Absolu*, and also of the northern scenery in *Seraphita*. It is all necessary to the thorough working out of the author's plot. But what relieves Balzac's manner of the heaviness which is its peril is the singular energy of expression which pervades it. This has been referred to before, but it counts for a great deal in every point of view from which Balzac can be examined. There

is a life, a suppressed passion, in all his writings, which differentiates them from those of any other author, and which imparts to them a seriousness and an interest perhaps incapable of a more exact and lucid explanation. The intense absorption of the author in his own creations, the attitude of sober historical narration which even compels the acceptance of occasional extravagances and discords, doubtless contribute to this result. When a writer is convinced of the reality of what he is describing, something of the same faith passes into the mind of the reader; and when the creative energy of the writer is what Balzac's was, the impression produced is almost irresistible. It has been said that he employed strange and uncouth language; that his style was wanting in restraint and purity; that, as Sainte-Beuve intimates, Bonald could have given him useful lessons. Perhaps so, but Balzac is and always will be a much more important figure in literature than Bonald, and for sufficient reasons. He has taken for the expression of his thought whatever words, whatever phrases, were best adapted to give it force and impressiveness. He has rummaged the vocabularies of art, of science, of philosophy. He has not hesitated to use dialect or slang when the occasion called for it. The result is the most varied, rich, and comprehensive of styles, if not the most elegant. Classicism he had necessarily discarded. He was a man essentially of his own time. But he had taken all society for his province, and in writing its memories he employed all the Babel of languages which it comprises. And he was at home in them all, from the *argot* of the Bagne to the *patois* of Touraine; from the terminology of the cabalists to the slang of the studios.

Like many men of genius, he aspired to something foreign to his capacity. He believed that he could write good acting plays, whereas his dramatic abil-

ity, when cast in that form, was paralyzed. He wrote bad or poor plays repeatedly, but never one which could keep the stage. The necessity of succinctness in the drama, and of omitting all the details with which he was wont to crowd his pictures, embarrassed him fatally and caused his failure in this *métier*, which, moreover, he only attempted seriously when his style was fully formed and his literary habits were fixed.

The dramatic instinct was strong in him, nevertheless, and it is answerable for certain of his more serious faults. He was carried away by the situations he conceived, and not seldom sacrificed fidelity to nature to the love of picturesque and moving effects. No doubt, too, he inherited from his Tourangean ancestry a certain tendency to the florid. Thus color was sometimes more regarded by him than justness of composition. In dealing with the more delicate emotions he showed frequently a clumsiness which many writers not endowed with a tithe of his grasp or power have escaped. In the pursuit of his psychological studies, in the dissection of society, he displayed an indifference to the effect of his investigations upon the public mind which has been charged against him as immorality. Such an accusation, however, implies a failure to realize the true nature of Balzac's undertaking. Only when he misrepresents what he saw is he chargeable with infidelity to his engagement.

When the immensity of his labors is considered, the scope of his enterprise, the profundity of his analysis, the vividness of his description, the lifelikeness of his portraiture, the complexity of his plots, the skill with which he conducts the various movements of his characters, their distinctness and individuality, the realism of their reasoning and action, and finally the marvelous force with which all this mechanism is invested, and which urges it on inexorably to the appointed ends, it will perhaps be conceded that

a good many faults and shortcomings are required to counterbalance such qualities, gifts, and performances.

Paul Albert says that Balzac has shown the highest point the human intellect can attain to when destitute of an ideal. That Balzac was not altogether destitute of an ideal his mystical works demonstrate; but since the labor of his life was devoted to an undertaking the accomplishment of which necessarily excluded idealism, it seems rather hard measure to use against him offensively that which was a primary condition of his work. One does not think of reproaching a physiologist for not having an ideal. One perceives that an ideal is wholly irrelevant to his function. Yet Balzac was a physiologist in a very literal sense. It was his business to set down what he saw, not what he would have liked to see. Had he pursued any

other course than that which he followed so persistently and to such astonishing lengths, it would not have been possible for Taine to say, as he did, that Balzac, with Shakespeare and Saint Simon, is the greatest magazine of documents on human nature the world possesses. He is much more than that. He is far too great a writer to be summed up in an epigram, however smart, or labeled with a definition, however neat. As the historiographer of society, his importance and interest are certainly great; but what reinforces and gives solidity and permanence to his work is the penetration — the saturation, rather — of all his writings with that genuine human feeling, human passion, and sense of human weakness which lend to his creations a reality and a life such as will be sought in vain, outside of his pages, in the literature of fiction.

George Frederic Parsons.

JAMES, CRAWFORD, AND HOWELLS.

WE have long been used to the spectacle of English novelists turning out their work with all the regularity and punctuality of a machine in good running order. Anthony Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant occur at once to one as authors whose fiction could be counted on every season, year after year; and there was something agreeable in the reflection that one would get his minor canon or small lord, with now and then a bishop and a premier, as promptly and as surely as he got his tax-bill. It is only now, however, that one may count with equal confidence upon the home supply, and through the agency of the monthly magazine one may have his James, or his Crawford, or his Howells, year in and year out. We name these three because they are at present the most distinctly professional novel-

ists in America, and add their books to the annual sum of fiction with a delightful regard for the public eye and ear. Surely, it is no small mercy that, in these days of wearisome readjustment of all earthly affairs, three estimable gentlemen devote themselves with incredible industry and cheerfulness to the task of entertaining their countrymen. They are knights of labor who never seem dissatisfied with their lot, never work less than twenty-four hours a day, — it is impossible that they can accomplish all they do in less time, — and never seem to be engaged on any strike or boycotting lark.

Perhaps it is an equal cause for self-congratulation that they so rarely ask us to listen to their opinion on any of the topics which we go to them to escape. An eminent lawyer, in the good

old days when antislavery agitation was running huge cracks through church and state, expressed his devout thankfulness that there was one church in Boston to which he could go without fear of having his conscience disturbed. We feel a somewhat similar confidence when we open a new book by one of these three authors. To be sure, Mr. Crawford suffered a temporary aberration when a few months' residence in this country sufficed to qualify him to produce that droll variation of an English political novel, — *The American Politician*. Mr. Howells, too, came alarmingly near giving us views upon the divorce question, but was restrained by his artistic conscience, and gave us instead the reflection of an American surface, without his own reflections upon the reflection. But, barring these cases, the authors in question have provided us with a cool and shady retreat from the din and heat of modern discussion.

It might be supposed, at first glance, that Mr. James in his latest novel¹ was not going to let us off, but intended to drag us with him into the labyrinth of the woman question. Nothing could be more unjust. Mr. James, with the quick instinct of an artist, saw his opportunity in the strange contrasts presented by a phase of Boston life which is usually taken too seriously for purposes of fiction. We do not remember any more striking illustration of Mr. James's general self-expatriation. He comes back, as it were, to scenes once familiar to him, bringing with him habits of thought and observation which make him seize upon just those features of life which would arrest the attention of an Englishman or Frenchman. The subtle distinctions between the Laphams and Co-reys are nothing to him, but he is caught by the queer variety of humanitarianism which with many people outside of Boston is the peculiar attribute of that much

suffering city. He remembers, we will suppose, the older form, the abolition sentiment which prevailed in his youth, and now is curious about the later development, which he takes to be a medley of woman's rights, spiritualism, inspirationism, and the mind cure. He notices a disposition on the part of what a clever wit called Boston Proper to break away from its orbit and get entangled in this nebulous mass, and so he takes for his main figure a woman who is young and old by turns, according to the need of the novelist, a Bostonian of the straiter sect, who has yet, by the very force of her inherited rigidity of conscience, martyred herself, and cast in her lot with a set of reformers who are much the worse for wear. Olive Chancellor's high-bred disdain of her seedy associates is mingled with lofty devotion to the cause which they misrepresent, and the composition in character is extremely truthful and skillfully shown. What renders it even more fine as a personal portrait is the admixture of passionate, womanly appropriation of the girl whom she looks upon as the young priestess of the new church of womanhood; and the manner in which the woman is always getting the better of the doctrinaire strikes us as showing more completely than anything else in the book how thoroughly Mr. James has possessed himself of this character.

The second lady of this drama is Verena Tarrant, who was constructed for the purposes of the story, and is, we may say, a purely imaginary being. Mr. James may have had an indefinite image of the Priscilla of Hawthorne's *The Blithedale Romance* floating in his mind when he built this impossible Verena. Impossible, we say, because, while Hawthorne manages to invest Priscilla with a delicacy of nature in spite of her surroundings, Mr. James, in his analysis of Verena, makes her refined, beautiful, spiritual in her power, and in a hundred ways, when he is not

¹ *The Bostonians*. By HENRY JAMES. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

analyzing her, succeeds in betraying a cheap imitation of spiritual beauty. That Olive Chancellor, with a cataract over her inner eye, should fail to perceive the innate vulgarity of the girl is not surprising, but it is too much to ask of us that we should make Basil Ransom stone blind also.

Basil Ransom, however, is in certain ways equally remote from the life which he is supposed to represent. It was a clever notion to bring the antipathetic element from the South, and in a few features this hero of the story has a little likeness to an actual Mississippian; but we cannot resist the conviction that Mr. James has never been in Mississippi, as the phrase goes, and trusts to luck that his readers have not been there, either. We have not much quarrel with him on this ground, however. Perhaps we ought to be thankful, since an intimacy with Ransom's native surroundings might have produced another book of the story, in which the hero should have been built up as patiently and minutely as was the case with the Bostonians themselves. Suffice it to say that the fact of an extreme Southern birth and breeding count for a great deal in orienting this important character.

We have intimated that the book is not in the least a contribution to the study of the woman question, so called. It is rather a study of the particular woman question in this book. Instead of the old, familiar predicament of one heroine and two heroes, one of whom must get and one lose the prize, the two heroes are a man and woman, but the struggle is of the same general character. Who is to have Verena? Shall it be Olive or Basil? That is the question which is asked with great particularity and at great length. The novel is divided into three books: in the first, Basil is barely introduced, but Olive and Verena are built up like a coral reef; in the second, the contesting parties manoeuvre for position; in the third, the

conflict takes place, with what may be called a tussle at the end. We hope we may be pardoned for a slight "derangement of epitaphs" and for a possibly flippant manner in stating the argument of the book. The astounding array of particulars invites one to pause and see if he cannot abstract the generals. Indeed, one stands in amazement before the delicacy of workmanship, especially in the first few chapters. The minute touches with which the portraits of Olive Chancellor and Miss Birdseye are elaborated, and the quick, firm strokes that depict Mrs. Farrinder and the Tarrants, have never been excelled by Mr. James. There is a page given to Mrs. Farrinder which is simply a masterpiece in its way; its compactness intensifies its brilliancy, and the wit of its quiet sentences is as keen as it is easy.

The character, however, on which Mr. James has plainly expended the most careful and, we are tempted to say, loving descriptive art is that of Miss Birdseye. At first one fears that the author does not appreciate her, but one ends by seeing that Mr. James knew the pathetic nobility of the figure, and admired it, even while he was apparently amusing himself and his readers. It is not art alone that can do this, — something of personal tenderness must go into the process; and this character is the one redeeming feature of the book, if one is considering the humane aspects. The other persons are either ignoble, like the Tarrants and Mrs. Luna, or they are repellent for other reasons; but Miss Birdseye one falls in love with, quite to the exclusion of the proper heroine.

When we say that most of the characters are repellent, we are simply recording the effect which they produce upon the reader by reason of the attitude which the author of their being takes toward them. He does not love them. Why should he ask more of us? But since he is extremely inter-

ested in them, and seems never wearied of setting them in every possible light, we also accede to this interest, and if we have time enough strike up an extraordinary intimacy with all parties. It is when this interest leads Mr. James to push his characters too near the brink of nature that we step back and decline to follow. For instance, the details of the first interview between Olive and Verena in Olive's house carry these young women to dangerous lengths, and we hesitate about accepting the relation between them as either natural or reasonable. So far does this go that in the author's exhaustive reflections upon the subject directly afterward we feel as if another step only were needed to introduce a caricature by Mr. James upon himself. All this is still more apparent in the final scene of the book, which ought to have been the climax; instead of which, by its noise and confusion, and its almost indecent exposure of Miss Chancellor's mind, this scene allows the story just to tumble down at the end.

Mr. James himself is, we fear, somewhat contaminated by the people whom he has been associating with in this study. His book begins, as we have said, with a remarkable piece of writing, but by and by he falls into a manner which could only have been caught from the Tarrants. His own manner has a trick of being almost too familiar, with its elisions and its easy-going phrases; but his constant resort to the initial *well* in conversation, and his habit of reporting the mind as well as the conversation of his baser characters in a sort of third personal evasion of elegance, add to the general effect of slouchiness which much of the book produces.

We have been drawn by the spirit of the book into a more minute criticism than we had intended, but after chasing with Mr. James so long, it is difficult not to go on chasing him a little. It is when we stop and take the book as a whole that we forget how fine the web

is spun, and remember only the strong conception which underlies the book; the freshness of the material used; the amazing cleverness of separate passages; the consummate success shown in so dangerous a scene as the death of Miss Birdseye, where the reticence of art is splendidly displayed; and, in fine, the prodigal wealth scattered through all the pages. There is sorry waste, and one's last thought about the work is a somewhat melancholy one, but we all have a lurking affection for prodigals.

It would be hard to find a stronger contrast of methods than that which is exhibited by *The Bostonians* and *A Tale of a Lonely Parish*.¹ With two cities to draw from, Mr. James gave us really only four or five people, but they were types. Mr. Crawford takes us to a quiet English village, and introduces us to all the best people in it, — four or five, also. They are not types, — at least, they do not represent principles, or vagaries, or tendencies, or anything of that sort; but they are characters in a drama which vibrates between the tragic and the comic. There have been novelists who have said, Come to this little retired spot, and look into the apparently uneventful lives of the people; look long enough and deep enough, and you will see what will move you to tears or laughter, — the real conflict which goes on in human souls. But this is not just what Mr. Crawford intends. He sketches a lonely parish, and draws in a mild-mannered vicar and his wife, a young candidate for honors at the university, an unmarried English squire of middle age, and a refined Englishwoman and her child, who come to the village from no one knows where except the vicar and his wife. For nearly half the volume the reader is lightly entertained with the chronicle of the matter-of-fact converse of these people; there is no attempt at discovering

¹ *A Tale of a Lonely Parish*. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

their spiritual anatomy, and except for the distant rumble of an approaching catastrophe the reader might think it scarcely worth while to attend very closely to such a harmless society. Nevertheless, he does attend, for he knows that Mr. Crawford, with all his ease of manner and apparent innocence of intention, is too clever a novelist to invite him to so meagre a tale as the ordinary development of the relations between the persons of the story would suggest. There is no subtlety of character-drawing to suggest that one is to be entertained by a conflict of souls; there is no humor to suggest that the whole tale is a piece of playfulness. One is aware, instead, in the earlier part of the tale, that the author is setting his stage. The figures are placed leisurely, but firmly; the scenery is sketched broadly, and one watches the sluggish current of the narrative with entire confidence that a quick, exciting denouement is in waiting.

We think Mr. Crawford has managed all the earlier portion of his tale with capital reference to what is to come. He gives the veteran novel-reader a perfectly open secret to keep; for in the entrance of a young mother and daughter there clearly is supposed some kind of a husband and father concealed in the background, and it requires no great penetration to imagine just the person who does finally appear upon the stage to create the disturbance which sets all the characters into animated activity. For a little while, indeed, one anticipates a double mystery, and is given to suspect Mr. Juxon, the squire, as keeping a secret somewhere about his person; but if Mr. Crawford intended this for a blind, as we think likely, he makes but little of it.

This art of preparation is well understood by our novelist. He employs it with great success, not only in leading the reader through the earlier pages up to the point where the movement sud-

denly quickens, but twice at least in more special instances. The immediate preparation for the advent of Goddard and that for the attack on Mr. Juxon are both excellently managed. There is no cheap use of premonitory signals, but the reader experiences an emotion which may be likened to the sensation one feels in the sultriness which precedes a thunder-storm, or in that breathless condition of the air that makes one look uneasily for a squall.

These marks of a novelist's power are very agreeable, and betoken a good grip of the story and a self-confidence which gives the reader a sense of security and a belief that he is not going to be trifled with. In this respect Mr. Crawford shows a positive advance on his previous work. He shows also a good understanding of the limitations of his story. Even the inconsequential character of John Short's infatuation for Mrs. Goddard, which at first seems like a feeble diversion in the tale, comes to have a fit enough place, and certainly is not overworked or allowed too much importance. The simplicity of modeling accords with the whole plan of the story. The characters all have a reality; but this is reached not by any attempt at building up carefully conceived individualities, but by a vivid and ready use of conventional persons with whom the reader is already acquainted. No one needs a special introduction to any of the people in the book; if formally introduced, one is ready to say, Your face is so familiar to me that I am very glad to have the pleasure of calling you by name.

No, the attraction of the book lies in its really being a tale, and a clever one. The situations follow each other, when the action finally is accelerated, with a quickness and naturalness which do not suffer the interest to flag. One is in no great doubt as to the termination, but one is quite curious to know the successive turns; and this, we take it, is a trib-

ute to the skill of the narrator. Is not this the proper function of the tale, that it should interest the hearer not so much in the issue as in the unwinding, and that the hearer should be just enough intent upon the immediate situation to be ready to leave it as soon as it opens into the next? At any rate, we pay Mr. Crawford his dues when we say that his tale interests one up to the end, and leaves nothing but a general satisfaction at the turn everything has taken. As we have intimated, the novelist's aim is very different from that of a writer who has taken up his quarters for the time within the consciousness of his characters, and is busily engaged in exploring his temporary establishment.

Do we come back to a novelist of this order when we inquire into the nature of Mr. Howells's latest novel? ¹ A careless classification includes Mr. James and Mr. Howells, but we fancy we are doing them both justice by wedging Mr. Crawford in between them. They are really scarcely more like each other than each is like their younger companion. Their common ground is simply that they occupy themselves with similar material,—namely, the men and women whom their readers are likely to meet,—and that they work from individuals to the general, rather than, as in Mr. Crawford's case, accept ready-made individuals out of the general lot. The use which they make of their material is very different, even as their purpose is different. Mr. James is bound to find out all he can about his characters, and he performs a vast number of experiments with them, extremely ingenious and very satisfactory to the scientific mind. Mr. Howells is not a vivisectionist; he is a naturalist, who makes use of the microscope occasionally, but ordinarily depends upon his own highly developed organ of sight, for a study of the habits and variation

of a few species which have come to interest him. He widens his range of observation and then contracts it, but his mode of operation remains the same. What his characters will do when left to themselves, that is his interest, and he watches them with unflagging attention. The difficulty with him, as with many another naturalist, is that he is too much of a specialist, and that his specialty limits the range of his sympathy. Sparrows, orioles, wrens, are all engaging little creatures, and one may observe them with great delight; but after all, an ornithologist may make a mistake who looks with all his might and main at some chattering English sparrows, when likely as not there is a flight overhead of some strong-winged wild geese sweeping northward after a southern hibernation, or possibly even some hawks poising in upper air for a downward swoop.

It is by such decorous figurativeness that we hint at our slowly hardening disappointment over the limitations which Mr. Howells chooses to set himself. What we continue to admire is the fidelity with which he portrays the life which does interest him, and the unfailing charm which lies in his lightness of touch. He has chosen for his theme in *Indian Summer* a very elusive yet sure human experience, for he has attempted to fix that consciousness of loss of youth which afflicts many men at the uncertain period when a slight sluggishness of one's nature is discovered,—the *sumach* period that comes at different ages in different persons. He has not intimated that women have such a period, but he concentrates his attention upon the hero of his story, who is admirably conceived. The grace with which he has managed to betray Colville's self-discovery without torturing the reader, to keep his hero heroic while he smiles at him, is the best thing in the book. As usual, the incidents of the story are insignificant; we are told

¹ *Indian Summer*. By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

rather how the several people behave than what they do. In one instance, however, there is a very clever turn to a situation, which is so quietly done as possibly to escape the attention of some. At the critical moment of the story, if the story can be said really to have a crisis, the hero, who could be happy with one, if t'other fair charmer were away, betrays instinctively his choice when, as he runs to the side of the carriage about to be overthrown, he cries, "Jump, Mrs. Bowen! Jump, Effie! Imogene"—Imogene understands that order of his thoughts very well, and prefers to be pulled out of the other side of the carriage by Mr. Morton; but it is characteristic of Mr. Howells that he should let his crisis take care of itself, as it were. So essentially undramatic is he that if he were engaged in setting forth the life and career of Julius Cæsar, the Rubicon would appear in all the diminutiveness of its actual nature, and not broadened or deepened by its historical overflow. He would doubtless say, in justification of himself, that the crossing of the Rubicon was not momentous in itself; that it merely represented one step in a series, every one of which was significant if you chose to consider it so; that a person is rarely consciously dramatic, and that it is a mistake to treat him as if he were. We are not offering to discuss at length Mr. Howells's philosophy of novel-writing, but wish to indicate something of the practice into which it leads him,—a practice, we contend, that lessens the meaning of every selected act by making no one of them especially significant. Mr. Howells may wish to persuade us, by keeping our eyes intent upon the near roadside, that we are not climbing much of a hill, but the objection to his course is that when we get to the top of the hill we are not suddenly made aware of our progress by being shown the prospect before or behind.

As for the other characters of his story, there are two that win the reader's affectionate interest: the clergyman, who is enjoying a veritable summer after the frost had set in, and Effie Bowen, a delightfully drawn child. It is in the depicting of this little figure that Mr. Howells's art is seen at its best. We do not remember that he has before drawn the portrait of a child, but it is easy to see why he should do it well. His sympathy finds genuine expression, his liking for caprice can be indulged without exaggeration, and the very limitations of a child's nature accord with the limitations of Mr. Howells's art; for he sees people, as it were, here and there, and that is just the way we see a child. No large conception is required, no long-sustained sight following a figure through devious ways, but mainly a sympathetic, penetrating vision of a miniature nature which discloses itself by little signs. Imogene seems to us scarcely a successful portrait. The literary conversation, indeed, is inimitable, and is a first-rate piece of character-drawing; but the basis of the character, in the idealizing of Colville's early love affair, appears too weak to sustain the whole structure. Mrs. Bowen is better, yet neither of the two ladies is quite new enough, as a variety, to warrant us in regarding her as a distinct addition to Mr. Howells's *Gallery of Nervous Women*.

It is one of the subtle perils of the reviewer that he should mistake his own entertainment for the performance of critical duty. It may be counted, then, either as a return to a sharp sense of his responsibility, or as a wish to range himself with the persons whom he has been considering, when he reminds the reader of what he said at the outset,—that these three authors have a fair claim on public gratitude. We may turn their books upside down or inside out, but, after all, are not the

books positive additions to the sum of pleasure in this tumultuous, sadly knocked-about world? More than that, we may well put our criticism behind

us, or in the fire, if you will, and join in an honest self-gratulation that James, Crawford, and Howells are telling their stories year in and year out.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

At the last sitting of the Club a contributor seemed inclined to treat with a certain levity his own suggestion of advertising for a friend. Yet is there not a serious side to what was, no doubt, at bottom, his thought on the matter? If one cannot exactly publish an advertisement for the purpose, might there not be ways, open to persons even of the most sensitive taste, of extending the possibilities of intimate human relations beyond the small circle of hap-hazard association? It is a curious thing to reflect on, that this connection of two persons in friendship, while it is one of the most important facts in their lives, is one of the things left most completely to chance. We do not go out, some fine morning, and examine all the diverse characters in our environment, and deliberately choose this or that one for a friend. It is left rather to mere "accident, blind contact, or strong necessity of loving." A natural reason for this, it may be said, is that the case of friendship is unique among human relations in the fact that the choice must necessarily be mutual. It would be awkward, that is to say, if, after making a deliberate examination of the whole field, we should choose, and not be chosen. Another difficulty in the way of wisely making a free selection among any great number of persons is that, after all, however wide our circle may happen to be, it is only wide relatively to circles which are very narrow. The largest round of acquaintance has but a small circumference in the

great mass of humanity. With the greatest number of those included, moreover, it covers but a "speaking acquaintance." The most experienced and the most widely circulated of us have been able to "summer and winter" but a very few people. Sometimes I think the only men I really know are those who were in college with me. This is not on the principle "*in vino veritas*," but on another principle that might well be embodied in a Latin maxim, if it is not, "*in juventute veritas*;" which is not quite the same as saying that "children and fools speak the truth." This is probably the real reason, by the way, that all through life there are never any friends like the college friends, — there are never any whom we know so through and through; and out of perfect knowledge comes the only perfect trust.

Whatever the difficulties in the way of a wider reach of friendships, it does not seem reasonable that we should be so shut up to the small geographical limitations of our village, or city, or "set." Why might not people seek out friends for their friends? There would be nothing odious about that sort of match-making. I know and love a man in California, for example, who is just suited to a man I know and love in Berlin. Why do I not bring them together? When one prints a book, or even a magazine article, and some kindred spirit, hitherto unknown, is courageous enough to follow his sensible first impulse (instead of letting that sullen goblin, the sober second thought, fling cold

water all over it), and writes to say he likes it, why may not this sometimes be followed up, and become the basis of something worth while? (Of course there are always ear-marks in any such letter, to distinguish that of him who writes because he likes your thought and that of him who writes because he likes to say so.) In some such ways the half-souls that Plato tells about might find their other halves. Or the quarter-souls might find their other three quarters; for was not Plato's idea inadequate to the fact as to most of us, who need a group of at least three others to make a complete and satisfying integer of companionship?

It is an interesting and yet after all a melancholy reflection that very likely, at this identical instant, there is sitting down to a dinner-table in London, or putting on his gloves in Munich, or walking through the Common in Boston, a person who is more nearly akin to ourselves, and more fitted in every way to be our dearest friend, than any one of those whom chance has hitherto thrown in our way. For it *was* chance — or (if we do not like the implications of that word) the concatenation of causes uncontrolled by our own volition — that determined our closest friendship, whatever it is. At the very moment we first took that hand, some other hand, for aught we know, may have brushed by, at no greater distance, on the other side, — a hand that might, it is as likely as not, have *fitted* our own better in every possible respect. How do I know, even as I write these words, and dip my pen in the ink, and pause, but a letter has been addressed in Calcutta or Stockholm which, had it been addressed to me, would have renewed and illuminated my whole future life? But the man and I are fated to be strangers. We have never met, shall never meet. There is no magic telephone threading the air between us; and, if there were, we should only exchange some superficial

word. Nothing short of living some segment of life together can make two men into friends. Even letters are of little avail. The best of our epistles do not bring the deep places of our minds into communication. They are hardly more than some less abrupt species of telephonic "hello."

But, for all that, even the oldest and gnarliest of us keep somewhere a vague belief in new possibilities of intercommunication, and sometimes we are moved to sing (under our breath) in such wise as this following: —

TO THE UNKNOWN SOUL.

O soul, that somewhere art my very kin,
From dusk and silence unto thee I call!
I know not where thou dwellest: if within
A palace or a hut; if great or small
Thy state and store of fortune; if thou'rt sad
This moment, or most glad;
The lordliest monarch or the lowest thrall.

But well I know — since thou'rt my counterpart —
Thou bear'st a clouded spirit; full of doubt
And old misgiving, heaviness of heart
And loneliness of mind; long wearied out
With climbing stairs that lead to nothing sure,
With chasing lights that lure,
In the thick murk that wraps us all about.

As across many instruments a flute
Breathes low, and only thrills its selfsame tone,
That wakes in music while the rest are mute,
So send thy voice to me! Then I alone
Shall hear, and answer; and we two will fare
Together, and each bear
Twin burdens, lighter now than either one.

— Do poets often compose in their dreams? I ask this question because of an occurrence for which I have encountered no psychological explanation, though I find that others have had similar experiences. One morning I awoke from a dream in which I had been composing verse, a stanza of which lingered in my memory a few minutes. As I lay thinking it over and endeavoring to retain the words, the very effort seemed to have an effect like a breath on a snow-flake; it all slipped elusively away, and the remembrance of it faded utterly, leaving nothing but the consciousness that it had been.

The process of composition was un-

like that employed in waking consciousness, in which thoughts gradually centre themselves around a poetic conception, and then are moulded into form with slow elaboration and painful mental exertion. All sense of effort was absent. The finished verse, perfect in rhythm and rhyme, came spontaneously into being, like some natural creation, flowing as freely as a brook flows. My feeling on awakening was one of exquisite delight at the beauty of the operation, mingled with dissatisfaction that such excellent means should be employed upon such meagre material; for the *motif* struck me as commonplace, if not meaningless.

I lay no claims to poetic rank, although, like hundreds of other writers, I have frequently devoted to verse-making time which probably might have been better employed in other things. It was done more for mental recreation and as a literary luxury than with ambition for the crown of laurel. The fault of such work was mainly, I think, in a failure to give sufficient finish and symmetrical form to what seemed to be a good poetical conception. I could not make adequately manifest to others the image which I clearly perceived in the marble. In my dream-verse, however, there was no fault to find with the form, but the work itself did not appear worth the doing.

I am inclined to account for this phenomenon of composition in sleep on the principle governing the numerous well-authenticated cases of work performed in a somnambulant state. There have been writers, for instance, who have thus unconsciously done some of their best work. Mental labor of any kind is the more easily accomplished, of course, the less the attention is distracted by consciousness of material surroundings. When our thoughts are concentrated upon what we are doing, then the mind least feels its thralldom to matter. It is for this reason that our work most easily

proceeds after we have been at our desks for an hour or so, and the mechanism of the brain has settled down to smooth and steady running, like the engine of an ocean steamer that has worked its way out of tortuous harbor channels into the deep water of the open sea. It seems likely that somnambulistic work is done after a similar fashion. There is a central idea planted firmly in the mind, where lie also the unarranged thoughts on the subject. Certain conditions, akin to those causing crystallization in a liquid where all the requisite elements are in solution, bring about the right adjustment of mental forces; the thoughts obey this mysterious impulse and quickly gather themselves into shape, while the mind is unconscious of everything but the one object in view, and hand and pen automatically do its bidding.

The most notable case of dream-poetry which has come to my knowledge is that of the writing of the poem called *A Rose-Leaf*, by the late Mrs. Helen Jackson, who, in a letter to a friend, related how she actually and literally dreamed it, awaking with the words on her lips. She immediately wrote the verses down, and then handed them to her physician, — it was but a few weeks before her death, — with the question, "Can you tell me what this means? I am sure I do not know, myself!" Another curious instance is that of a lady I know, who tells me that she could not possibly write a line of verse, but that, as she is falling asleep, her thoughts invariably take the form of rhyme and rhythm.

It seems as though the work of the improvisators of the Middle Ages might possibly have been done by their throwing themselves into a state of unconsciousness to external influences akin to dreaming; though, after all, their gift appears to have been the same in kind as that of the trained orator, who attains his facility through self-mastery, and at

the same time a loss of self-consciousness, as he merges himself in his subject.

As the orator, the singer, the actor, throw themselves, by the force of their will, into their art, and in a greater or less degree lose the consciousness of their surroundings, may there not be some way by which we writers could throw our consciousness so utterly into our work that the mysterious machine,

our brain, once set agoing, might keep on, unbeknown to our external selves, until its task were done? Then we might inspect the finished product of our pen in a shape all ready for editorial judgment, which, under such circumstances, would surely be one of approval! If I could only do this, I am sure I would turn out a better poem than the forgotten one of my dream.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Biography. Macmillan has issued the fifth volume of the Dictionary of National Biography, bringing the work down to "Browell." The editor, Mr. Leslie Stephen, is avoiding the danger into which he threatened, in the earlier volumes, to fall, that of giving great space to minor persons. — The Life and Letters of Joel Barlow, LL. D., by Charles Burr Todd (Putnam's Sons), will be reviewed in the next number of *The Atlantic*. — Diderot, by John Morley, forms the fourth and fifth volumes of Macmillan's very neat uniform edition of that author's writings. It is safe to pronounce Diderot Mr. Morley's most important work. — The Life of a Prig, by One (Holt & Co.), is a very clever bit of satire, the edge of which will perhaps cut deeper on the other side of the water than on this. The hero's various religious enthusiasms are delightfully described, and his audacity is charming throughout. "If this little work," he remarks, "should have the effect of making even one prig more priggish, the writer will not have labored in vain."

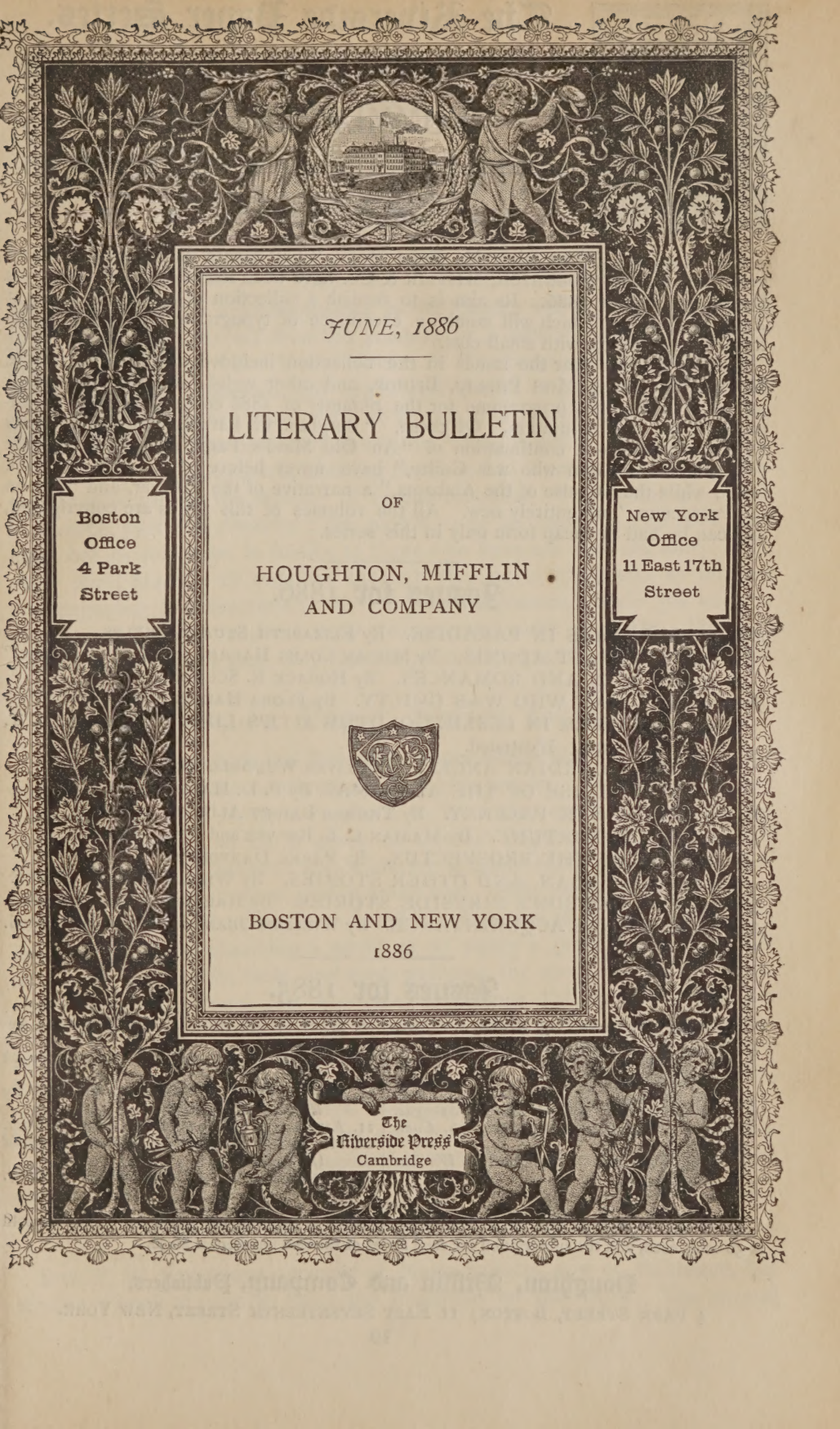
Medicine and Hygiene. Ounces of Prevention, by Titus Munson Coan (Harpers), is a collection of papers having reference to ventilation, drainage, diet, the care of the body, and so forth. Dr. Coan hopes by his little book to help in that training of the community which is to make a man a physician long before he is forty, and to shrivel the other horn of the dilemma. — Tokology, a book for every woman, by Alice B. Stockham, M.D. (Sanitary Publishing Co., Chicago.) This is a revised edition of a book published originally in 1883, and devoted to giving advice as to the production and early care of children. Tight lacing catches it, and we rub our hands. — The Adirondacks as a Health Resort, showing the benefit to be derived by a sojourn in the wilderness, in cases of pulmonary phthisis, acute and chronic bronchitis, asthma, hay-fever, and various nervous affections. Edited and compiled by Joseph W. Stickler. (Putnam's.) Dr. Stickler fortifies his position not only by citation of cases, but by many letters from persons who have resorted to

the wilderness, and as these are, in most instances, persons of education and intelligence, the letters have a higher value than ordinary testimonials.

Cookery. French Dishes for American Tables (Appleton & Co.) has an appetizing air. The work, which is conveniently arranged and neatly printed, is translated by Mrs. Frederic Sherman from the French of Pierre Caron, who is described on the title-page as "formerly chef d'entremets at Delmonico's." — E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, issue a series of monthly *menu* cards, giving a very complete list of dishes in season. There is one unknown to us, — hominy ice cream. It must be nutritious; is it also agreeable? — Food Materials and their Adulterations, by Ellen H. Richards (Estes & Lauriat), is a sensible, practical book, which the ordinary housekeeper will find of use.

Books for Young People. Wakulla, a story of adventure in Florida, by Kirk Munroe (Harpers), gives a lively picture of whatever is extraordinary in the experience of settlers in Florida. All the adventures in the book might have happened to one family, but we suspect that most families are provided with lightning-rod devices, and this one was not; hence all the storms of accident burst upon their devoted heads. — Two Arrows, a Story of Red and White, by William O. Stoddard. (Harpers.) Life among the Nez Percés and Apaches forms the basis of this story, in which young Indians and young whites bear a part. The book is generous toward the Indians, and does not make one hang his head so much as some truthful Indian narratives do.

Education and Text Books. Outlines of Psychology, with special reference to the theory of education, by James Sully; reading-club edition, abridged and edited, with appendices, suggestive questions, and references to pedagogical works, by J. A. Reinhart. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.) Mr. Reinhart has undertaken to adapt Mr. Sully's comprehensive work to the needs and uses of teachers in America, especially to those who are in training in normal schools.



JUNE, 1886

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN
AND COMPANY

Boston
Office
4 Park
Street

New York
Office
11 East 17th
Street



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
1886

The
Gibberside Press
Cambridge



The Riverside Paper Series.

A LIST OF THE NEW ISSUES FOR THE
SUMMER OF 1886,
TOGETHER WITH THOSE PUBLISHED DURING THE
SUMMER OF 1885.

The success of "The Riverside Paper Series," first issued last Summer, was so great that Messrs. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. have been led to continue the series for the Summer of 1886. Its aim is to furnish a collection of novels by the best American authors, which will combine excellence of typography and the most attractive appearance, with small cost.

During the last year the issues in the collection included novels by ALDRICH, HOLMES, HOWELLS, MISS PHELPS, BISHOP, and other well-known writers; and it will be seen that the programme for the Summer of 1886 contains volumes by authors of no less reputation. Of these, "Burglars in Paradise," by ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, — a continuation of "An Old Maid's Paradise," published last year, and "The Man who was Guilty," have never before been issued in book form; while the "Cruise of the Alabama," a narrative of the late war, and "Not in the Prospectus," are entirely new. All the volumes of this series are copyrighted, and can be had in cheap form only in this series.

Issues for 1886.

- May* 15. BURGLARS IN PARADISE. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.
 " 22. A PERFECT ADONIS. By MIRIAM COLES HARRIS, author of "Rutledge."
 " 29. STORIES AND ROMANCES. By HORACE E. SCUDDER.
June 5. THE MAN WHO WAS GUILTY. By FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.
 " 12. A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE. By Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY. Illustrated.
 " 19. THE GUARDIAN ANGEL. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
 " 26. THE CRUISE OF THE ALABAMA. By P. D. HAYWOOD.
July 3. PRUDENCE PALFREY. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.
 " 10. PILOT FORTUNE. By MARIAN C. L. REEVES and EMILY READ.
 " 17. NOT IN THE PROSPECTUS. By PARKE DANFORTH.
 " 24. CHOY SUSAN, AND OTHER STORIES. By WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.
 " 31. SAM LAWSON'S FIRESIDE STORIES. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
Aug. 7. A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Illustrated.

Issues for 1885.

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|--|--|
| 1. BUT YET A WOMAN. By Arthur S. Hardy. | 8. MARRIED FOR FUN. By an Anonymous Author. |
| 2. MISSY. By Mrs. Miriam Coles Harris. | 9. AN OLD MAID'S PARADISE. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. |
| 3. THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. | 10. THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE. By William Henry Bishop. |
| 4. ELSIE VENNER. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. | 11. AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN. By Edgar Fawcett. |
| 5. AN EARNEST TRIFLER. By Mary A. Sprague. | 12. MARJORIE'S QUEST. By Jeanie T. Gould (Mrs. Lincoln). |
| 6. THE LAMPLIGHTER. By Maria S. Cummins. | 13. HAMMERSMITH. By Mark Sibley Severance. |
| 7. THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY. By William D. Howells. | |

The books are of 16mo size, and are attractively bound in paper in uniform style. They are sold at 50 cents each, and the subscription for each series of thirteen numbers is \$6.50.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Publishers,

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON; 11 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.'S
LITERARY BULLETIN.

A New Story by Professor Hardy.

EW announcements in the literary world could excite more interest than the promise of a new story from the author of "But Yet a Woman." The press and the public have requested and urged and almost importuned him for another novel, and at length this popular desire is granted. The new story is entitled "The Wind of Destiny," and is at once a fascinating novel, and an illuminated picture of human experience and the mystery of human influence. The scenes are partly in Europe, partly in America; the plot is — to be found in the book, and must not be told here, in justice to those who have not read the story. The same pure, bracing air breathes through this novel which was so marked and engaging a characteristic of "But Yet a Woman," while the style is even more admirable and the story stronger and more masterly. We congratulate our readers that they have in prospect a gratification so noble and delightful.

Riverside Paper Series for 1886.

The favor with which the Riverside Paper Series was received last year more than justifies the continuance of it this season. The series for this year will consist of thirteen numbers, to be issued one a week, beginning May 15. The list, which is given on another page, cannot fail to prove highly attractive to persons who wish, for summer reading, stories of positive excellence and interest, and at small cost. Fifty cents for Dr. Holmes's delightful story "The Guardian Angel"! It seems as if an apology were due for offering so charming a novel at so paltry a price. But the public will surely pardon the fault, and even welcome the story with open hands, and with like eagerness Mr. Aldrich's "Prudence Palfrey," Mr. Howells's "A Chance Acquaintance," Mrs. Stowe's exquisitely humorous "Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories," Mrs. Whitney's "Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," and the other books which form the series. Of these, Miss Phelps's "Burglars in Paradise" and Mrs. Loughead's "The Man who was Guilty" have never appeared in book form, and Parke Danforth's "Not in the Prospectus" and Mr. Haywood's account of "The Cruise of the Alabama" are entirely new.

The Transfiguration of Christ.

Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, recently of Massachusetts, now of Baltimore, has written a book of positive value and freshness on this topic. The several

chapters forming the book treat: The Nature and Method of Christian Thinking, The Time of the Transfiguration, The Place of the Transfiguration, The Transfigured Christ, The Appearance of Moses, The Appearance of Elias, Jesus Only, and The Transfiguration and the Resurrection. The treatment is thoughtful, scholarly, reverent, and, in the best sense, modern, and the book will well reward the careful attention of those whom the subject attracts.

Mr. Whittier's Latest Volume.

"Saint Gregory's Guest and Recent Poems" is welcomed with affectionate appreciation by both the press and the public. Rev. J. Max Hark, in the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, pronounces it "one of the daintiest and richest-looking books lately issued from the Riverside Press, and, after mentioning several of the poems, he concludes by saying:—

Whittier never wrote anything stronger and more peacefully clear than "Adjustment," which first appeared in the *Andover Review*, or than the three "Hymns of the Brahmo Somaj." His tribute to the memory of Pennsylvania's great thinker, Elisha Mulford, is fine, equal to the very best the poet ever wrote even in his best days. I know of nothing more appropriate to the subject, more worthy of the author of "The Nation"

and "The Republic of God," than this nobly simple tribute, brief as it is:—

"Unnoted as the setting of a star
He passed; and sect and party scarcely
knew
When from their midst a sage and seer
withdrew
To fitter audience, where the great dead are
In God's republic of the heart and mind,
Leaving no purer, nobler soul behind."

The New York *Times* remarks that "the poet, on the verge of fourscore, has lost nothing of his tenderness nor of his human sympathies."

With Birds and Books.

Under this title the New York *Times* gives its readers a very hearty invitation to read Mr. Burroughs's books, especially his "Signs and Seasons," just published. It remarks:—

We know of but one writer, and that is Donald Grant Mitchell, who for charm of style approaches Mr. John Burroughs. Of that class of books which publishers designate as "out-of-door books," we are inclined to give "Signs and Seasons" the first place. That strange weirdness which Thoreau has, Mr. Burroughs lays no claim to. If anything, it is Mr. Burroughs's naturalness which makes his books such delightful reading. In "Signs and Seasons," more than any other work of the author's, we find a true follower of Gilbert White. It is at times the prose of bird

life which is carried on to the verge of poetry, but then again, with something of cosmical lore, nature's graver moods are interpreted, and then we have the epic. We do not care where this book is read, in New York or in London, it will carry the reader out into the woods; he will hear the birds sing; he will listen to the flow of the river, and will see the snow falling, covering with its fleecy mantle mother earth. It is that closer sympathy with nature which we suppose makes what Mr. Burroughs writes about so impressive.

Miss Thomas's Poems in England.

Mr. Frederick Wedmore, noticing "A New Year's Masque" in the London *Academy*, remarks that "Miss Thomas's poems have had a remarkable reception, and there is much in them that deserves it," and says that one who can write such a poem as "Patmos" has a quietude and strength of her own, and should possess her soul in peace."

Gentleman's Magazine Library.

In noticing the fifth volume of this curiously varied and instructive library the *New York Times* remarks:—

From that vast storehouse of facts, past and present, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Mr. Gomme has compiled a number of books, and in the one under notice he presents "Archæology." Geologic and prehistoric remains, ancient encampments and earth-works, examination of burrows, tumuli, descriptions of arms, implements, ornaments, are all given. The records are of all times,

beginning when the magazine was young, and concluding some ten years ago. The volume is a useful one, as it permits of research without having to labor through a haystack of books in order to find your archæological needle. A great deal of curious matter worthy of preservation is discoverable of a zoölogical character.

The New Theology.

One of the most intelligent writers of Pennsylvania says, in the *Lancaster Intelligencer*, that the *Andover Review*, within the two and a half years since it started, "has gained for itself a large and strong constituency, and become the acknowledged exponent and leader of the most wide-spread and important movement of contemporary religious thought in America." And he adds:—

In fact, this new movement in theology, or New Theology, as it is commonly called, is arousing attention and interest far beyond the professionally theological or even religious circles. It seems to appeal in a remarkable degree to the whole intelligent portion of the general public. Nor is it hard to understand why this is, after reading the two hundred and fifty pages of the neat little volume just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, in which is given the clearest, fullest, and latest exposition of this new movement under the title of "Progressive Orthodoxy." There

is such absolute freedom from the ordinary theological hair-splitting, such a vein of wholesome common sense running through it, and the whole so plainly, honestly, and engagingly expressed, that I don't wonder at its popularity. Now that it is within reach of all, I hope there will be less ignorance displayed and nonsense expressed on the subject, by both pulpit and press, than has been done in some quarters in the past. It is a book thoughtful people will eagerly buy and read, and it will do them good, too.

The Satchel Guide for Europe.

The *Boston Advertiser*, speaking of the new (fifteenth annual) edition of the "Satchel Guide," says:—

There can scarcely be need of any praises on the reviewer's part to insure for this admirable little volume an appreciative welcome. Its value as a pocketable compendium of succinct, useful, and well-arranged information on points of more or less immediate interest to those "vacationists" who have little

or no time to spend over the bulkier guide-books is already pretty widely recognized. The maps and letterpress are as usual one of the most excellent features of the book. Twelve pages of Addenda contain information that tourists using the present guide will find it to their interest to read.

The *New York Times* recognizes its value in showing "how to make a continuous route in certain directions, so as to take in the maximum of what is to be seen within the minimum of time."

Bird Ways.

Mrs. Miller's charming little book may well be read now, when the cause of the birds and their defense against the fashionable whim which would use all their heads and most of their wings on ladies' bonnets are so earnestly pressed. The *Christian Register*, of Boston, says of it:—

This collection of notes on the manners and habits of birds is extremely interesting reading. The smooth-flowing English is simple enough for young people; and it is just the book to put into the hands of boys espe-

cially, not only to teach them the thousand wonderful facts about bird-life, but so to imbue them with appreciation of that life that they will not destroy it.

"A Very Readable, Stimulating, Thought-provoking Book."

Mr. George W. Cooke, who has given us excellent books on Emerson, George Eliot, and other great writers, says of Mr. Fiske's "Idea of God :"—

This little book ought to be widely read, because it puts the problem of religion on a new and strong ground of reason and science. It takes science out from its position of antagonism to what is best in religion, and makes it a true ally of faith and devotion. It will do much to reconcile religious minds to the doctrine of evolution, and it will help to show how that doctrine may be applied

from first to last in all problems of origin. Evolution becomes, according to this interpretation, the constant activity of God, and it is shown that he uses natural rather than supernatural methods in the process of creation. A very readable, stimulating, and thought-provoking book Mr. Fiske has given us, and one that will do much good in the cause of a rational religion.

"Is not this a Great Life?"

Professor Joseph Le Conte writes with admirable intelligence, discrimination, and sympathy, of the Life of Agassiz, in the *Overland Monthly* :—

Those who knew him best know that, great as he was as an original worker and writer, he was still greater as teacher, and greatest of all as friend and companion. He sowed seed-thoughts broadcast everywhere and on all occasions, in public lectures and in familiar conversation, anxious only that they might find good soil, spring up and bear fruit, but careless whether or not the sower be recognized. No scientific man ever worked more intensely and continuously, or accomplished more and higher results embodied in permanent form : but the greatest work of all was the powerful impulse he gave to biological science by his own personal and contagious influence. Is not this a great life ?

Now, it is such a life which we find embodied — vividly embodied — in the book before us. The writer modestly calls herself

editor. The book, indeed, especially in the first part, which treats of his European life, is little more than correspondence ; but such correspondence ! and so skillfully, lovingly, put together ! . . . And surely, the story of such a life is worth telling. What can be more stimulating to the young than the picture of his bright childhood, with its intense, open-eyed love of Nature, and of his ardent youth, with its eager desire and passionate seeking for truth ; what more inspiring to manhood than the lofty, unselfish purpose toward which he worked with an energy which repeatedly broke down his health in spite of his powerful physique ; what more satisfying to ripe age than the moral grandeur of his later years ? No one can read the book without being stimulated, elevated, purified.

Dr. Holmes in London.

Already, in advance of Dr. Holmes's visit to England, and before it was known that he intended to make this visit, the *Whitehall Review* gave the following hearty greeting to the volume of his poems recently issued in London :—

That spirit of unfading youthfulness which is characteristic of the man and of all his writings impresses with peculiar vividness the student of these poems. Old age with Wendell Holmes is but a merry jest : he says, like the light-hearted Venetian, "With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come," and he scorns to greet old age with the hushed voice and tender melancholy of Coleridge. To him life is something like his own wonderful "One Hoss Shay," a thing to be looked on as lasting forever until the *summa dies*, the *ineluctabile tempus*, does come, —

which when it comes, let it come. Health, humor, and humanity smile on us between the lines of these delightful verses ; it would be difficult indeed to be downcast or despondent in their bright company. To grow old gracefully is not an easy art ; there is a courage needful for the growing old rightly which is not the most facile virtue to assume. But our dear Bostonian has it, and it flows from him through the clear channel of his writings into the brains and hearts and nerves of his readers.

Italian Popular Tales.

This admirable book of Italian folk-lore has commanded the hearty praise of the best critics in America and Europe. The London *Saturday Review* strongly commends it. The New York *Tribune* says :—

In this handsome volume Professor Crane has translated over one hundred stories from recent Italian collections, especially the important publication of Dr. Giuseppe Pitré. Taken down directly from the mouths of the people, a large proportion of them in Sicilian, Neapolitan, Venetian, and other dialects, and now rendered so far as possible into simple and homely English, they are genuine specimens of the folk-tales in which Italy has been quite as rich as other European countries, although from various causes comparatively little use has been made of them there as literary material. To students of the quasi-science of comparative folk-lore, the tales will be all the more interesting because they have come down to us by oral tradition, unaffected by literary influences. We find many old ac-

quaintances among them: Puss in Boots; Cinderella; Beauty and the Beast; Aladdin; the Forty Thieves; the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Dancing Water; Hop o' My Thumb; Jack and the Bean-Stalk; the House that Jack Built; Don Giovanni; Sindbad the Sailor; Cupid and Psyche; Bluebeard, and a score of other popular fictions, some of which seem to be the inheritance of all the world, appear more or less changed in this remarkable collection. Professor Crane does not enter into the discussion of the origin and mode of diffusion of the stories, although he supplies, in copious and careful notes at the end of the volume, a stock of references and observations which those who wish to pursue this branch of the subject will find valuable.

Punch on "Frank's Ranche."

Punch for April 10th has the following excellent lines on Mr. Marston's new book:—

"If you want to know what's to be done with our boys, Here's a capital book that one really en- joys! For of life in the Rockies—the smooth and the rough— In 'Frank's Ranche' is the story told frankly enough.	With adventure and travel 't is brimming— in short, 'T is a fund of good spirits, statistics, and sport! You should read it at once, for there's not the least doubt That 'E. M.' knows full well what he's writ- ing about."
---	--

Mr. Stedman's "Poets of America."

The *New Princeton Review*, speaking of this notable book, says:—

The solid qualities of the book are the result of patient, conscientious, scholarly work which shows on almost every page; its finer qualities, the delicate touch of sympathy, the glow of hope, the spiritual magnetism, are the fruit of the poetic temperament which no amount of industry can ever cultivate unless it first has the seed. . . . The great merit of the book is that it brings us near to the heart and mind of our best singers, and helps

us to listen with the spirit and with the understanding to their songs. We have read again and again the sympathetic and reverent chapter on Whittier, the graceful praise of Longfellow, the wonderfully serene and equitable study of Poe, the generous estimate of Lowell, which the coming years will surely confirm as no less just, and we must feel that this is one of the most delightful and profitable books of the decade.

Mr. Story's "Fiammetta."

The *London Literary World* finds this novel very engaging. It remarks:—

The very air of sunny Italy has breathed into this tender story of a young man and maiden, and of what a summer gave them and took from them. . . . This is exceptionally

beautiful in many ways, and perhaps the outline may induce a desire to see how skillfully and picturesquely Mr. Story has filled in the pathetic details of a summer idyl.

The *Boston Advertiser* declares: "It is refreshing to take up a novel so charmingly out of the ordinary course in its whole tone and manner of treatment." The *Christian Union* says: "The heroine is a beautifully drawn Italian girl, full of sweet and noble instincts, and whose charm of feature, form, and character has been very successfully transferred by the artist to a small canvas."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Riverside Paper Series. New issues for the Summer of 1886. The success of this Series during the Summer of 1885 has led the publishers to announce a second Series for this year. The stories which make up its thirteen numbers are by the best American authors, and the volumes combine excellence of typography and attractiveness of appearance with small cost. They appear as follows:—

- May* 15. **Burglars in Paradise.** By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.
 “ 22. **A Perfect Adonis.** By MIRIAM COLES HARRIS.
 “ 29. **Stories and Romances.** By H. E. SCUDDER.
June 5. **The Man who was Guilty.** By FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.
 “ 12. **A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.** By Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY. Illustrated.
 “ 19. **The Guardian Angel.** By O. W. HOLMES.
 “ 26. **The Crishe of the Alabama.** By P. D. HAYWOOD.
July 3. **Prudence Falfrey.** By T. B. ALDRICH.
 “ 10. **Pilot Fortune.** By MARIAN C. L. REEVES and EMILY READ.
 “ 17. **Not in the Prospectus.** By PARKE DANFORTH.
 “ 24. **Choy Susan, and Other Stories.** By WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.
 “ 31. **Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories.** By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Illus.
Aug. 7. **A Chance Acquaintance.** By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Illustrated.
 Per vol. 16mo, paper covers.....\$0.50
 Subscription for the set, 13 vols.....6.50

The Wind of Destiny. A Novel. By ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY, author of “But Yet a Woman.” 16mo.....1.25

Boston Illustrated. An Artistic and Pictorial Description of Boston and its Surroundings. Containing full descriptions of the City and its immediate Suburbs, its Public Buildings and Institutions, Business Edifices, Parks and Avenues, Statues, Harbor and Islands, etc., etc., with numerous Historical Allusions. New edition, revised and rewritten by EDWIN M. BACON. With many new Illustrations and Map. 12mo, paper covers......50

The Transfiguration of Christ. By the Rev. F. W. GUNSAULUS, of Baltimore. 16mo.....
California. By JOSIAH ROYCE, Instructor in Philosophy in Harvard University, formerly Professor in the University of California, and author of “The Religious Aspect of Philosophy.” In American Commonwealths Series. With Map. 16mo, gilt top.....1.25

A Memorial of the Life and Genius of George Fuller. Richly illustrated with engravings and etchings, and containing Portrait. With Life of Fuller by W. D. HOWELLS, a Sonnet by WHITTIER, an estimate of Fuller's genius by Mr. F. D. MILLET, and reminiscences by Messrs. CLOSSON, ENNEKING, and others, etc., etc. Edition limited to three hundred copies. Folio, each, net.....25.00
(Sold only by Subscription.)

Saint Gregory's Guest and Recent Poems. A new volume of Poems by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. 16mo, illuminated vellum covers.....1.00

Hamlet's Note-Book. By WILLIAM D. O'CONNOR. Crown 8vo, gilt top.....1.00

Signs and Seasons. A new book by JOHN BURROUGHS. 16mo, gilt top.....1.50

The Gentleman's Magazine Library. The Chief Contents of the “Gentleman's Magazine,” from 1731 to 1868. Edited by G. LAURENCE GOMME, F. S. A. In fourteen volumes. Each volume, 8vo, \$2.50; Roxburgh, printed on hand-made paper, \$3.50, net; Large-Paper Edition, Roxburgh (50 copies), printed on hand-made paper, net.....6.00
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A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe. Edition for 1886, revised with additions. A compact Itinerary of the British Isles, Belgium and Holland, Germany and the Rhine, Switzer-

land, France, Austria, and Italy. With Maps of Great Britain and Ireland, Continental Europe, Switzerland, Street-Plans of London and Paris, Tables of the Comparative Values of United States and European Moneys, a Traveller's Calendar of Ecclesiastical and Popular Festivals, Fairs, etc., and a List of Famous Pictures in the Public Galleries and Churches of Europe. 16mo, roan, flexible, net.....\$1.50

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One Summer. By BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD, author of “One Year Abroad,” “Aulnay Tower,” etc. New Popular Edition. With forty-three Illustrations by AUGUSTUS HOPPIN. 12mo 1.25
N. B. The price of “One Summer” with Hopkin's illustrations has hitherto been \$2.50.

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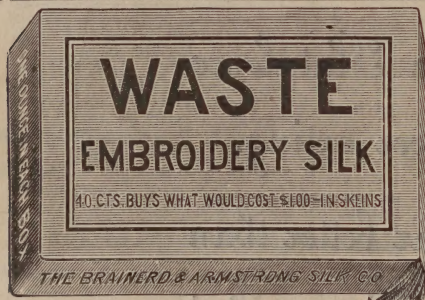
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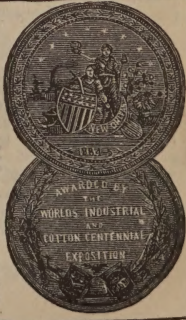
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